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Harper's Magazine

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JANUARY 1960 . . . . . JUNE 1960



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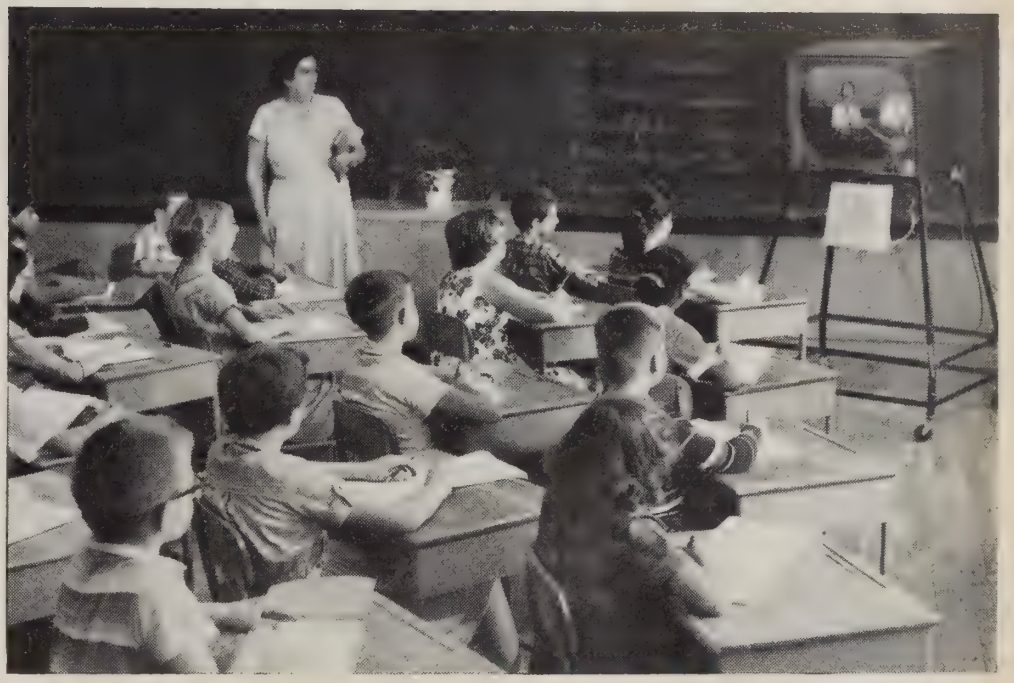


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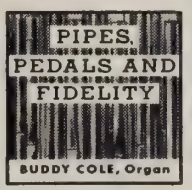
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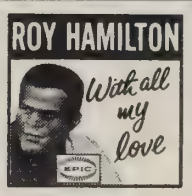
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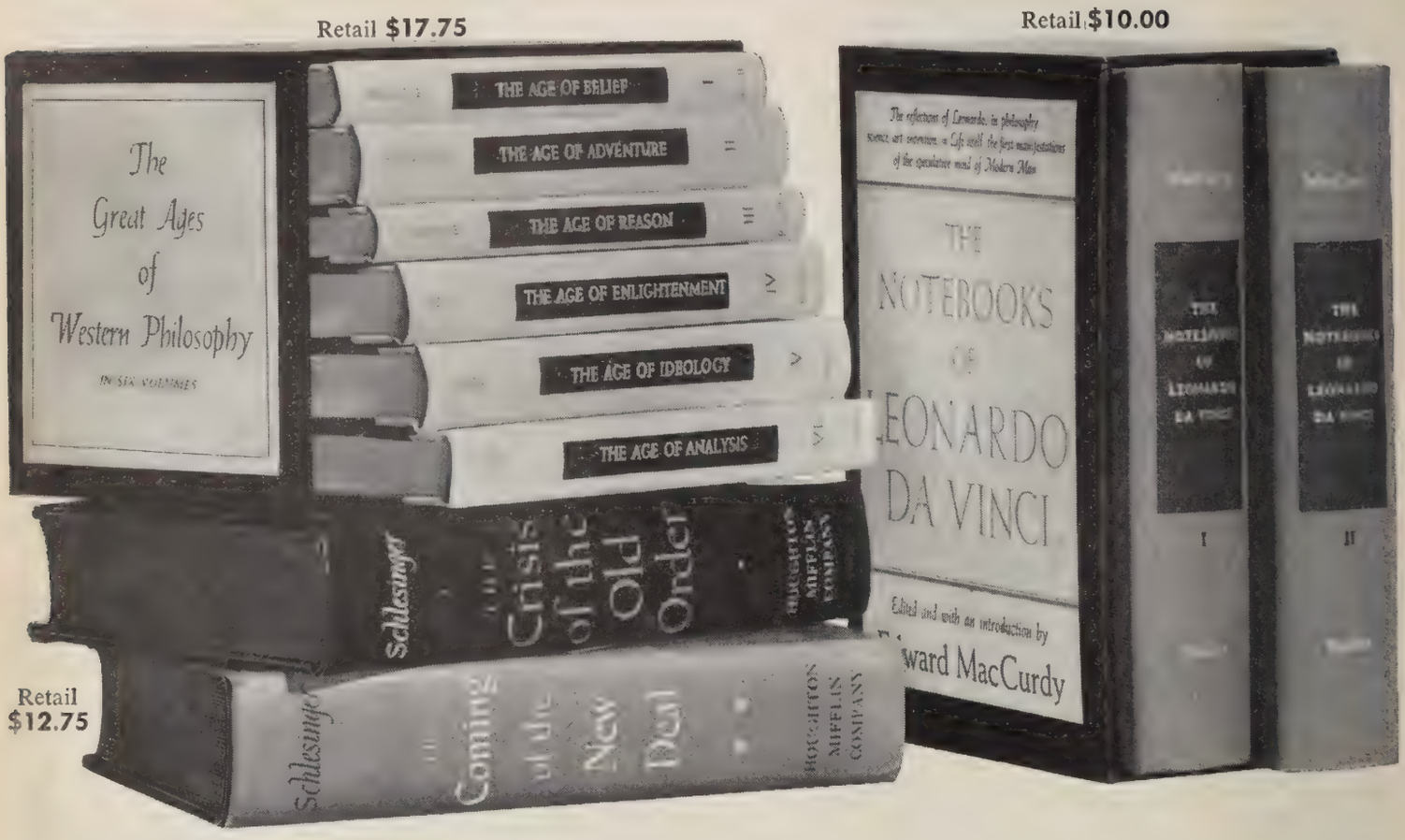
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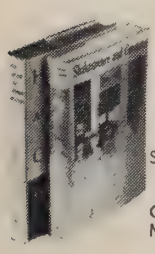
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LETTERS

Policy in a Vacuum

To the Editors:

James L. McCamy ["Rebuilding the Foreign Service," November] proposes a new corps of policy planners, virtually outside the Foreign Service, vaguely related to it but set apart as an elite group of Thinkers. . . .

I believe the proposal contains a basic fallacy. Policy cannot develop in a vacuum. It needs to be framed by men who have faced the actualities of operations in the field for more than a brief time. The system the United States uses singles out men who have capacity and in due course puts them in positions to advise on policy. . . . Two no longer active illustrate the point . . . Joseph C. Grew and William Phillips.

George Kennan's rise was far from "accidental." His unusual promise had been noted early in his career. He was given diversified experience and then the opportunity to shape the Containment policy. Similarly, the policy of economic aid was developed by an under secretary and a group of Foreign Service officers. . . .

Mr. McCamy's treatment of the integration program with which my name is associated is confusing. . . . The integration policy was like emergency surgery. The operation had been advised earlier when it would have been less drastic and the period of convalescence much shorter. No one was more conscious than I of the difficulties which the program would entail for a few years. . . . As for the entrance examinations, our committee protested against the exclusive use of objective tests and urged some essay questions. Any proposal to substitute for the oral examination the British type of "house party"—which is under fire in Britain—would raise a storm. It would be charged, with some truth, that we are looking for socialites. . . .

Mr. McCamy says that since 1836 "no Secretary of State has been tough enough and skillful enough" to make a successful reorganization of the Department of State. Yet he wants Mr. Herter to do it in thirteen months; and he never mentions Congress!

Henry M. Wriston
President, The American Assembly
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

The effect of the Wriston program, as Mr. McCamy acidly points out, was to force many Departmental officers to join the Foreign Service merely to keep their jobs. Many of these "Wristonees" have perforce taken on the protective coloration of the gray-flannel mind and striped pants and disappeared without a trace; others have brought an unaccustomed liveliness and imagination to otherwise routine jobs. The Foreign Service has contended from the start that the Wriston program has "seriously diluted" the quality of the service. . . . The fact is that the most serious dilution has been caused by the placement of too many untrained and uninterested Foreign Service officers in responsible and highly specialized positions in the Department of State. (The difference between a Departmental economist, old style, and a Foreign Service economic officer is roughly the difference between analyzing a balance of payments and checking a bill of lading.) The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has expressed particular concern regarding the destructive effects of such haphazard staffing on cultural exchange, intelligence, and policy planning; . . . actually every bureau has its grim tale to tell of visa or protocol officers vainly attempting to prepare budgets—or foreign policy. Mr. McCamy is quite right; the Foreign Service can produce a polished executant of other men's policies. . . . But it cannot produce policy-makers and it cannot staff the Department of State.

Unsigned

Because publication of his name might jeopardize the author's livelihood, we have departed from our usual policy of using only signed letters.—The Editors.

Hayseed Democracy

To the Editors:

Richard Lee Strout's article, "The Next Election Is Already Rigged" [November], clearly and concisely puts the finger upon the source of much of our political difficulty which makes our Democracy both unrepresentative of the people's will and unequal to meeting their need.

Walter P. Reuther
Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Strout is bewailing the lot of the city-dweller. . . . But even the farmers are moving to the city to get in on the good wages, the higher living standards. . . . They are leaving the farm because they can't make a living in rural

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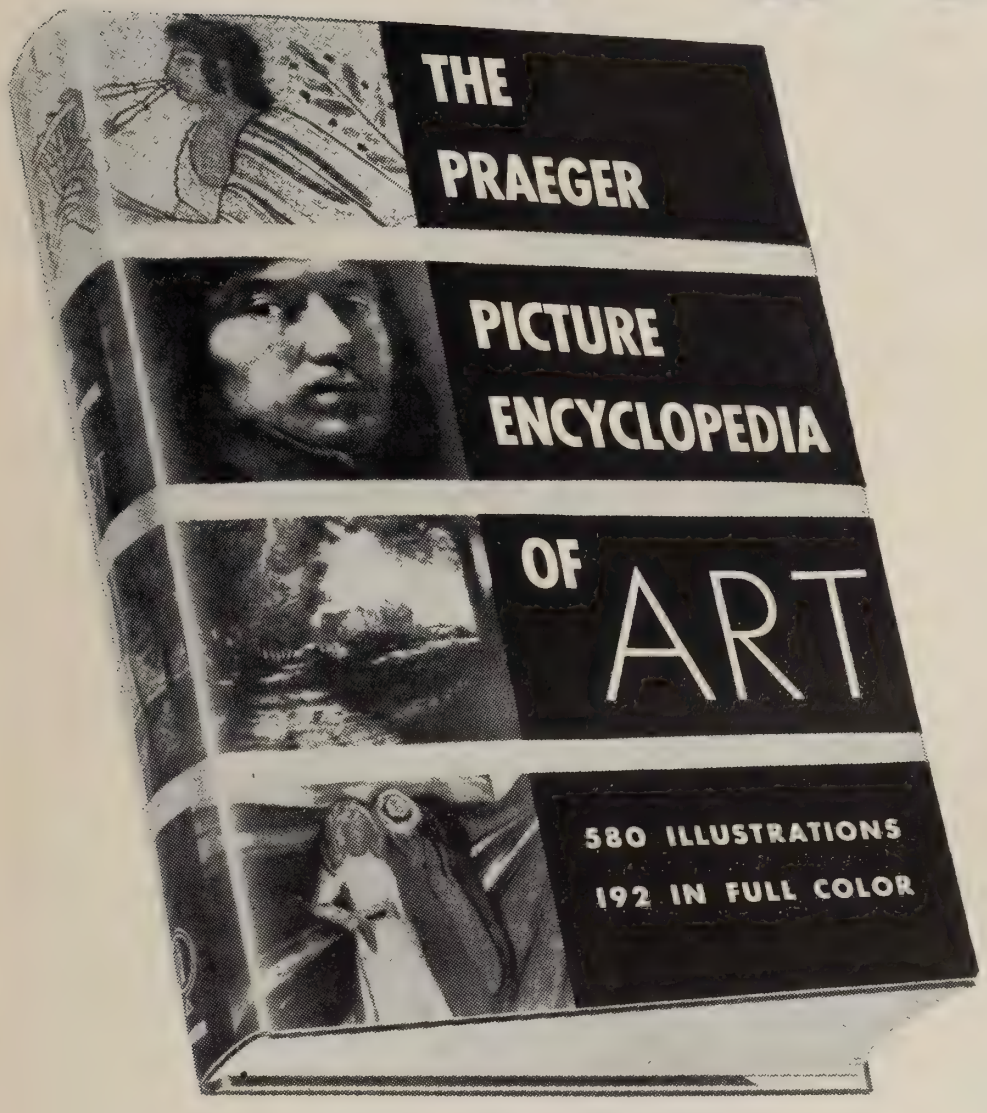
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America. . . . Cities are popular because that is the place to get the most for the least effort. What has Mr. Strout to bellyache about? E. C. OMAN
Boscobel, Wis.

Rich or poor, city dwellers—Mr. Strout believes—shouldn't let their country cousins rob them of their political rights. —The Editors.

"The Next Election Is Already Rigged" is a most important article. Only an aroused citizenry can do something about malapportionment. On November 4 a mild proposal to increase the representation in the Maryland House of Delegates of the large suburban counties of Baltimore and Washington was presented to the Legislative Council. The votes of the rural counties and Baltimore City defeated the move, 12 to 5.

STEPHEN H. HESS
Special Assistant
in the White House Office
Washington, D.C.

Our town, population 9,190 has one representative. The town next door has 89 people . . . and one representative, of course. . . . Politics is not the art of the impossible. As Mr. Strout says, the farmers run Vermont. It is a fair prediction that they will be running this state "forever hereafter" unless we have the miracle of an entrenched group voting itself out. WILLIAM O. MOESER
Springfield, Vt.

Legislative Wizardry

TO THE EDITORS:

"Medicine Man from Alabama" by Williams S. White [November] properly pays tribute to the enormous legislative skills of Senator Hill. . . . He is really the very model of a great Senator, and his many legislative contributions in the fields of health, education, and public power will live long after the rantings and ravings of some of his more voluble colleagues have achieved deserved oblivion. MIKE GORMAN
Exec. Dir., Committee
Against Mental Illness
Washington, D.C.

Reading and Reviewing

TO THE EDITORS:

It was admirable of you to print Elizabeth Hardwick's article ["The Decline of Book Reviewing," October]. Perhaps she was a little harder than the circumstances warrant on the *Herald Tribune Book Review,* though a few months from now, if that review doesn't improve enormously, even tougher treatment will be warranted. As for the *New York Times,* my opinion of it is so well known that I don't need to state it here. I would only say that I can hardly imagine the *Times* treating any other subject of public interest—the theatre, music, politics—in the shabby way it treats books. . . . The greatest newspaper in the world, which over the years could have built up a crew of first-rate critics, has obviously never had any intention of doing any such thing. As a publisher, I regret this; if I were a professional writer of books, I would regret it even more.

ALFRED A. KNOPF
New York, N.Y.

Miss Hardwick's only reference to book reviewing outside the metropolitan area of New York suggests that she has not read any of the good regional book pages. . . . Her cavalier dismissal of "all those small-town Sunday Book Pages" makes her guilty of superficial coverage of a subject about which some profound study is needed. . . . The *Herald-Post* "Book Shelf" does indeed attempt to be selective to the extent that books reviewed can be recommended, but the reviews are not always blandly favorable.

LAURA SCOTT MEYERS
El Paso *Herald-Post*
El Paso, Tex.

In her most readable, if disturbing, lament for the state of book reviewing Miss Hardwick said that *Time's* reviews have the largest readership, "possibly nearly five million each week," but they "do not affect the sales of books one way or another." She is wrong on both counts. The correct figure would be closer to ten million. As for sales, we recently surveyed bookstores across the land. . . . A characteristic comment by a big Seattle bookstore proprietor was "*Time* sells more books for us than any other medium." Survey available on request. FRANK R. SHEA, *Time*
New York, N.Y.

The supplement on writing in America is the best thing of its kind I have seen. The Stanley Kunitz piece was fine; it is always good to see how the really alive academic poets know about all sorts of other writers, beat and otherwise. The Yerby article seemed to me the real shocker of the issue whether ironically intended or not. It is one of the harshest evocations of literary, social, and political despair I've ever seen.

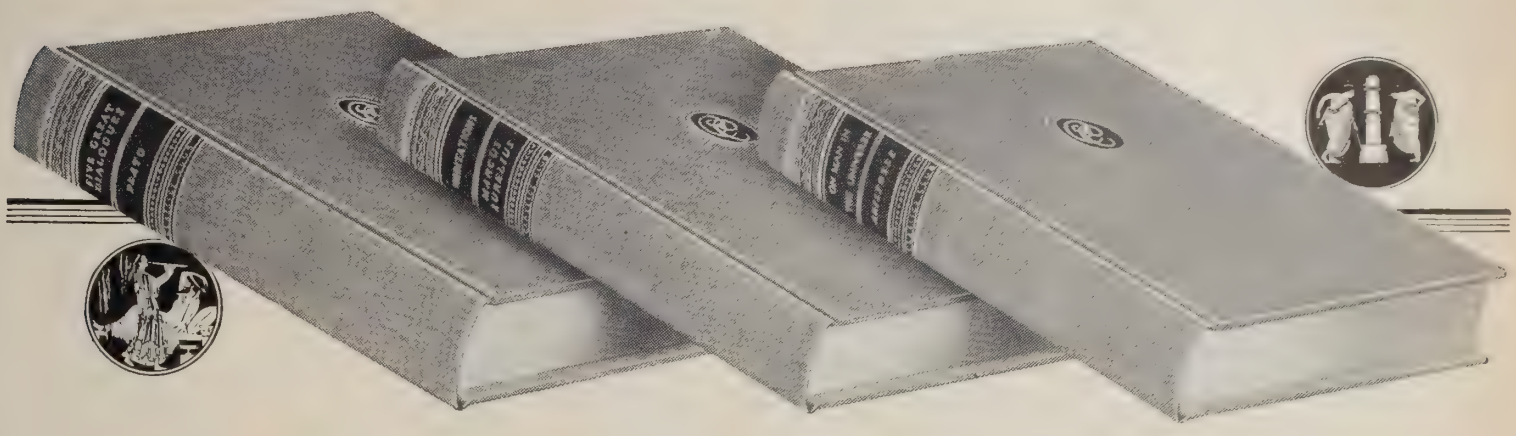
GEORGE STARBUCK
Boston, Mass.

Miss Hardwick's article is the most intelligent and courageous piece I have read in years. Here at last is someone

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who refuses to wallow about in a morass of mediocrity. By the by, why don't you spend some time looking over the old *Harper's* of twenty-five or thirty years ago?

FLOYD ZULLI, JR.
Boston, Mass.

Mr. Zulli's suggestion has been anticipated. The result is the newly published anthology, "Gentlemen, Scholars and Scoundrels, A Treasury of the Best of Harper's Since 1850."—The Editors.

Reluctant Virgins

TO THE EDITORS:

Elizabeth Bowen in "The Virgins and the Empress" [November] referred to the extreme competition among high-born young Roman girls for an appointment to the Temple of Vesta. She wrote: "If there were recalcitrants, I have not heard of them."

Indeed there were, although it cannot be determined whether the families or the young maids themselves balked at the dubious honor. Suetonius records that . . . "when the death of a Virgin caused a vacancy in this College . . . many citizens busily tried to keep their daughters' names off the list of candidates. . . ." I think the glory connected with Vesta had become very tarnished by the time Augustus "restored the republic."

SANFORD H. ELWITT
Cornell U., Ithaca, N.Y.

Misunderstood Mediums

TO THE EDITORS:

A faculty wife from Madison, Wis., once assured me that a person of sufficient moral stature could grow new arms, new legs, etc. A particularly saintly uncle of her mother's, she declared, had grown a new right foot within three weeks of losing the original in a railway accident in Ireland. . . . When I inquired whether it had come complete with corns and calluses, she charged me with undue levity.

Now I have read Dr. Ian Stevenson's weighty discourse ["The Uncomfortable Facts About ESP," July] and Mr. Murray Teigh Bloom on the exquisite photo-interpretative talents of a Dutch medium ["Is It Judge Crater's Body?" November]. It occurs to me that you are really missing a bet in not persuading the lady from Madison to write up her story. She too is terribly sincere, utterly open-minded, and clearly unable to distinguish fact from fraud or miching mallecho from moonshine.

RALPH THOMPSON
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Summerfield's Help

TO THE EDITORS:

A postscript to "Damp Stamp" [Victor H. Johnson, "After Hours," November]: An unlaureled genius in the Post Office of humid Hanover, New Hampshire, tells stamp buyers, "Rub them through your hair." I did. It works.

HARLAND MANCHESTER
New York, N.Y.

Bronze Age Revisited

TO THE EDITORS:

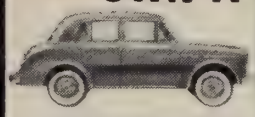
Was Robert Day's cartoon [October] meant to illustrate the Stone or the Bronze Age? The wheel was invented in the Bronze Age when men wore woven garments, not animal skins; used metal weapons and tools instead of crude stone or wooden implements; and lived in huts, not caves. We regret that Mr. Day is not more historically inclined.

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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

New Hope for Television?

THAT faint light on the horizon may be just the glow of slow-burning TV executives; but it *could* be the first hint of a new day for broadcasting. For there is a chance—a bare chance—that all the uproar over the latest television scandals may lead to a real change in the industry.

All right, I know this sounds like the babbling of a soft-headed optimist. The whole history of broadcasting has been mottled with one scandal after another. Each of them stirred up a brief eruption of public outrage; Congress made a few righteous gestures toward reform; and then within a few months all was forgotten, and the mountebanks crawled back to business as usual. Each time the cynics—who have always set the tone of the industry—became more confident than ever that the public is a collection of harmless boobs, willing to put up with anything.

Maybe this dismal history will repeat itself once more. Certainly Washington is showing scant indication that it will do anything more effective this time than it has in the past. But there are (I think) some reasons to hope that a genuine change is beginning to ferment within broadcasting itself. In time it could weaken the pervasive influence of the cynics, so that the responsible men of the industry—frustrated for so long—might at last have a chance to show what they can do.

The nature of this ferment will be examined in a moment, so that you can judge for yourself whether it seems to warrant a cautious optimism. (It is bubbling more vigorously in some networks than in others.) But first it may be worth noting, very briefly, why any immediate hopes probably will have to rest with the industry rather than Washington.

First of all, Congress is never eager to offend a powerful vested interest in an election year—especially one which controls a main channel of publicity. Moreover, it has done nothing about worse scandals in the recent past—including the corruption of officials who were supposed to regulate broadcasting, and the private bartering for enormous profits of air channels that belong to the public.

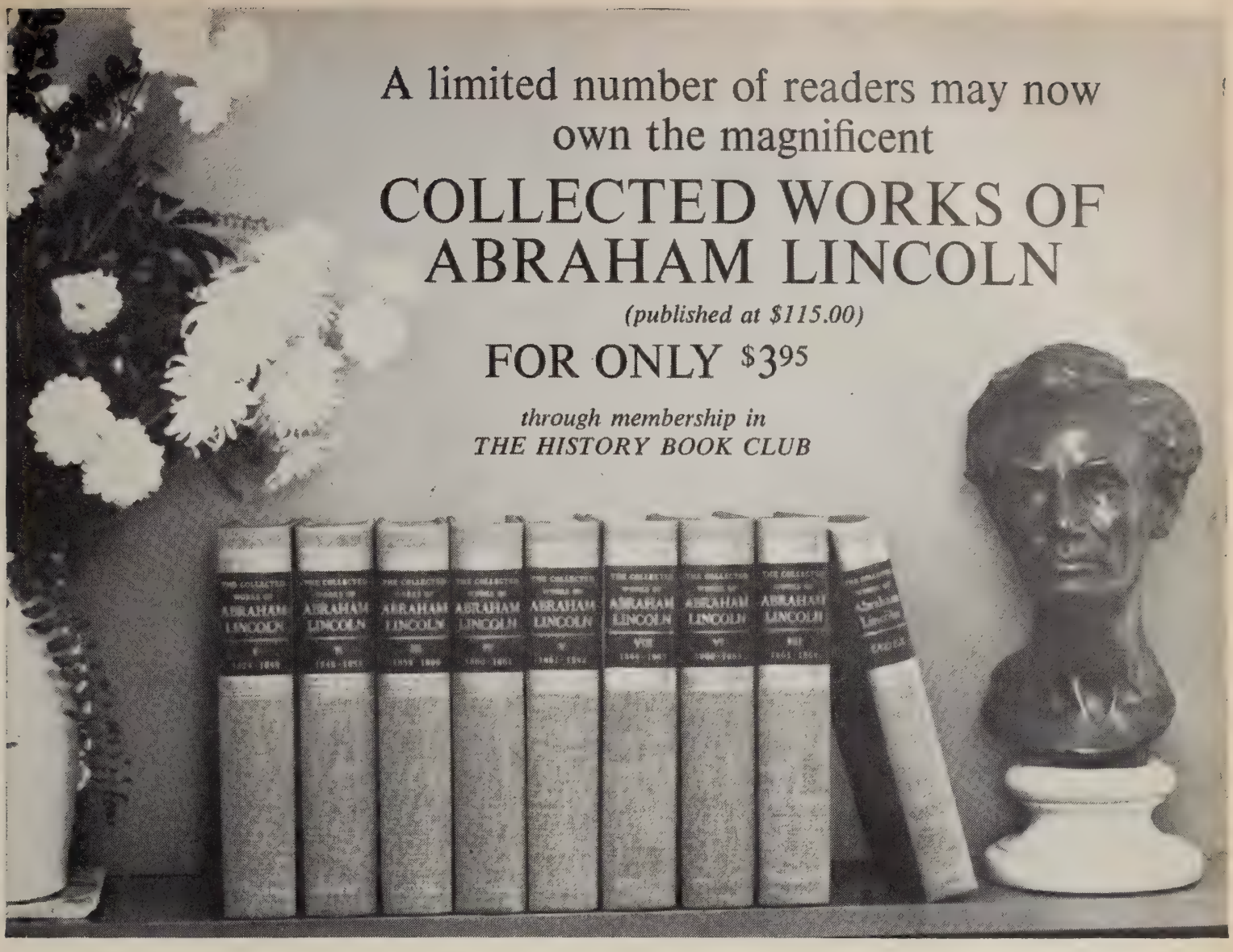
Then, too, a good many members of Congress have a personal stake in the business. Eleven Senators and twenty-two Representatives own broadcasting stations, or big chunks of their stock—either directly or in the names of relatives. For instance, the wife of Senate Leader Lyndon Johnson holds a controlling interest in the only TV station in the capital of his state, plus three other Texas stations; while Senator Warren G. Magnuson—chairman of the committee which handles broadcasting legislation—is a major shareholder in KIRO of Seattle. (If this apparent conflict of interest bothers them, not one has yet mentioned it out loud.)

Consequently it seems reasonable to suspect that the TV investigations which will re-open with a roar when Congress convenes in January will result in some spectacular publicity—but not in much constructive legislation, at least in this session.

Neither can we look to the Administration for the kind of driving leadership needed to get action. Since it offered none in its heyday, how could it now in its twilight months?

The Federal Communications Commission—the independent agency set up to protect the public interest in these matters—has been making noises lately as if it might be rousing itself from its long slumbers. But don't hold your breath. From its very beginning, under Democratic and Republican Administrations alike, it has made no serious effort to do its job. True enough, its authority is not as clear-cut as it should be; but it has seldom used what authority it has, or enforced its own rules, or carried out the recommendations of its own staff. Another miracle of Lazarus would be needed to breathe life into this moribund body.

Perhaps the next Administration will try for such a miracle. That would require two things: (1) new legislation, giving the FCC sharply-defined powers and emphatic orders to use them; (2) new personnel, to replace the worn-out political wheel horses who have been traditionally put out to pasture in the Commission's cozy



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offices. But at best this is a year or more in the future.

Finally, Washington's current haroosh about TV isn't likely to come to much because our lawmakers are excited about the wrong things. Congressmen who shudder with horror over a fraudulent quiz program haven't even glanced at the vastly more harmful frauds which still saturate the air—for example, the systematic falsification of American history in countless phony Westerns. In their concern about the corruption of one twelve-year-old quiz contestant, they have ignored the wholesale corruption of millions of children through a steady diet of violence, sadism, and crime.

SO THEIR investigations almost certainly will produce little but headlines until they begin to ask the really important questions about broadcasting. What should the country expect from its radio and television systems? Is entertainment enough? Is an audience poll the only valid yardstick for deciding what to broadcast? Here is the most potent tool yet invented for education and communication; is the national interest best served by devoting it largely to advertising?

Though Washington has not yet got around to such questions, some people inside the industry have been asking them for a long time. Until recently, nobody paid much attention. The "practical" men in broadcasting brushed them aside as visionaries, and nuisances to boot.

The reason for this goes back to the origins of broadcasting. It began as a curious amalgam of two trades—journalism and entertainment—and has remained so to this day. Consequently it has recruited its talent from two very different sources: show business and writing. One group came from Hollywood, vaudeville, and Broadway, the other from newspapers, magazines, and universities. The two never have mixed very comfortably.

The Show Biz crowd always has been dominant. It formed an early alliance with the businessmen who financed the industry and the advertisers who support it, because it offered the most marketable product. For entertainment nearly always will draw a bigger audience than information. It is pleasant, soothing, undemanding; while information about the real world is likely to be disturbing and to require some effort at comprehension. The mass public (as Hollywood and Madison Avenue constantly remind us) has the mind of a fourteen-year-old—and we all know that most children will reach for a candy box rather than a bottle of vitamins.

Inevitably, then, broadcasting took its moral tone from show business. It soaked up the ethics of the entertainer—an ethic which has been notoriously low ever since Hamlet, with no trouble at all, persuaded a troupe of strolling players to queer their script. Deception comes naturally to the entertainer; it is, indeed, the essence of his trade—whether he is a Shakespearean actor, a magician, a carnival barker, or a medicine show spieler—and he can't for the life of him see anything wrong in it.

This outlook was neatly summed up by Albert Freedman, the quiz-show producer who was recently indicted for perjury and is now living in Mexico. There really was nothing fraudulent about the fixed quizzes, he argued, because "the entertainment field from time immemorial has been based on showmanship, spectacle, and illusion." Since "a sponsor, spending millions in advertising money, demands a good show," he felt it his plain duty to rig the questions "to sustain interest and suspense." After all, that made everybody happy, didn't it? Nor had he any compunction about lying to the grand jury concerning "certain conditions of quiz-show production" because he had "spent many years in the field of entertainment."

One can't help feeling a certain sympathy for Mr. Freedman. People raised in that tradition can hardly be expected to see the difference between deceiving an audience and a grand jury—or to see anything wrong about the payola, or the adding of a little soap suds to the foam in a beer commercial. And when this entertainer's ethic was thrown together with the anything-for-a-quick-buck philosophy of a good many sponsors, the present squalid state of broadcasting was an inevitable result.

FOR a long while this situation has bothered the other main group in broadcasting: the journalists.* Heaven knows that American journalism is beset with faults—but it does profess a code of ethics. This code is very different from the moral tradition of the entertainment world; every journalist knows what it is; and although he may violate it all too often, he at least knows that he has done something wrong.

Its chief canons are these:

1. A newspaperman should try his best to report the truth; he should never traffic in deception—for the sake of a good story, or to help a friend, or to benefit himself, his church, or his political party.

2. He should shun any kind of financial in-

* The distinction between the Entertainers and the Journalists in broadcasting is an important one, but it is also an oversimplification. For example, President Robert Kintner of the National Broadcasting Company was originally a reporter, and a good one, but on many issues he sides with the entertainers. Conversely, President Louis Cowan of Columbia Television often turns up in the other camp, although he has no background in journalism. A number of similar examples could be cited on both sides.

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HR-2

Point Four students from 17 countries visit Puerto Rico to observe Operation Bootstrap

OUR photograph was taken in Puerto Rico, but there isn't a single Puerto Rican present. The people having their picture taken come from seventeen different countries, as far apart as Pakistan and Peru.

They have all flown to Puerto Rico for the same reason. Their countries want them to get a firsthand view of *Operation Bootstrap*, Puerto Rico's famous self-help program.

About the time *Operation Bootstrap* was first getting up a full head of steam, the United States announced its Point Four program to help underdeveloped nations. Immediately, Governor Luis Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico sent this message to Washington:

"In the last ten years, we have begun to do things you call for in your Point Four. We have worked out techniques and pretty much solved the basic problems.

"We have something to show the underdeveloped countries of the world. Send us their representatives and we'll teach them what we have learned."

Since then, nearly ten thousand Point Four students have come to Puerto Rico from 118 different countries.

More and more come every year. They study everything from refrigeration to public administration. They visit towns and schools and farms and factories. They take courses at the Commonwealth's booming universities.

Eventually, they go home to apply the things that they have learned. And to report the things that they have seen.

They can say for certain that the democratic principles of *Operation Bootstrap* really work. This is great good news on five continents.

These Point Four students came to Puerto Rico from Bolivia, British Guiana, Chile, Costa Rica, Ecuador, El Salvador, Grenada, Guatemala, Honduras, Liberia, Nicaragua, Pakistan, Peru, the Philippines, Surinam, Thailand, and the West Indian Federation. Among them are a public health official, a factory supervisor, half-a-dozen home economists, a civil engineer, and a professor of agriculture. Elliott Erwitt took this photograph in the exhibition hall of Puerto Rico's Institute of Culture.

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Intermission stroll during the Glyndebourne Opera Festival in Sussex.

Night at the opera: where else but Britain?

SOME people think the British are crazy. Cricket matches last for days. Lawyers wear wigs. And, in a mad-hatter way, everything stops for tea.

Our picture does little to refute this impression. Those black-tied and fur-belowed people have just listened to Mozart in a jewel of an opera house that sits in a country garden. Before the show, they saw the wood and play croquet on a lush Elizabethan lawn.

The occasion is the Glyndebourne Festival (May 28 to August 16) that has its unlikely home at a 400-year-old manor house. You are as apt to meet a Beecham or a Bing in those meadows as you are to meet a Southdown lamb. All three are worth meeting.

The delightful truth is that Britain blossoms with surprises all year round. You can see the bottle-kicking and hare-pie scrambling in the Spring. Or watch the Scots toss cabers in the Fall. The weather will probably surprise you too. In a country where roses sometimes bloom at Christmas, the Summer seldom occurs exactly when it should.

For good, sane information see your travel agent. He's a wizard with maps, timetables, reservations and itineraries.

For free booklet "Theatre, Festivals and Music in Britain," see your travel agent or write Box 173, British Travel Association.
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terest in the matters he is reporting.

3. Editorial matter should be kept rigidly separate from advertising.

4. No advertiser should ever be permitted to influence what goes into the editorial columns; these are the responsibility of reporters and editors alone, and this responsibility cannot be evaded or delegated.

To its shame, journalism has not tried to enforce these standards as rigorously as the legal and medical professions attempt to enforce their codes. It has no professional body empowered to discipline offenders. Consequently, there are plenty of newspapers which will print puffs for advertisers. Some sports writers serve on the side as paid press agents for race tracks and ball clubs. I once knew of a Wall Street reporter who would accept profitable stock tips from financial firms (though he did get fired when his paper found out about it). And it has become a common practice for newspapermen (especially gossip columnists) to accept favors from business firms seeking publicity—a junket to the opening of a new hotel, a case of liquor at Christmas, a free plane trip.*

Yet when they do these things, most journalists at least feel ashamed of themselves. The publications they respect (and are most respected, incidentally, both by readers and by advertisers) are those which observe the code most uncompromisingly—the *New York Times*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the *New Yorker*, to mention only a few. And the heroes of the profession are still legendary figures like Harold Ross, who wouldn't let an advertising man set foot on the editorial floor, and old E. W. Scripps, who reported a scandal involving himself on the front page of his own newspaper. Battered as it may be, the code does make itself felt.

IT IS felt even in one small segment of broadcasting: the news and public-affairs departments of the major networks. These form a lonely realm of their own, far removed in spirit from the world of the entertainers.

Two things set them apart:

1. The character of their personnel. Because their people come mostly from journalism or the academic world, they generally behave in the tradition which shaped them. To cite a minor but telling illustration, they do not use their programs to promote their private business interests. Nobody ever saw a Chet Huntley, a John Daly, an Ed Murrow, or a Lyman Bryson plugging a book he has written; that would be almost as unthinkable as if Walter Lippmann were to advertise one of his books in his syndicated newspaper column. By way of contrast, the entertainers do this sort of thing all the time. In fact, a special publishing firm has recently been formed for the specific purpose of developing books by TV personalities—such as Art Linkletter and Groucho Marx—who are willing to plug them on the air. Any literary merit they may have is, presumably, coincidental.

2. The control of their material. News and public-affairs programs are produced by the networks themselves. If a sponsor wants to advertise on them, that's dandy—but he has no say in what goes on the air. A sharp line is drawn between advertising and editorial content.

On most other broadcasts, of course, that is not the case. Typically they are controlled, not by the network or station which carries them, but by the sponsor. They are produced to his order by an ad agency or (more commonly) by a "package operator"—such as the firm of Barry and Enright which specialized in the concoction of rigged quiz shows.

You can see the results most clearly by imagining how the same system would work in publishing. Suppose a magazine editor said to his advertisers:

"From now on I'll sell you not only my advertising pages, but also

*Mea culpa. I once rode, for free, on the inaugural flight of a new air service to the Dominican Republic; and another time I accepted some wine from a public-relations man who happened also to be a friend. The story I wrote about the flight offended both the airline and Dominican dictator; and I never wrote a word about the wine-maker or his product. But this is no excuse. In fact, I'm now inclined to feel that it makes my behavior worse, since in effect I welshed on an implied bargain—which I never should have entertained in the first place. Never again; from now on, no favors.

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most of my editorial space. I'll continue to print and distribute the magazine—but you furnish the stories and articles which go into it."

To the advertisers—at first glance—this proposition looks wonderful. They don't know how to write themselves, of course, but they know exactly what they want. So they hire a gang of package operators to get it for them.

The Romantic Lipstick Company, for example, wants a short story by Ernest Hemingway, and it instructs its packager accordingly:

"Tell him it has to be exactly four thousand words long, with a dramatic break about every thousand words, so that we can insert our ads in the middle of the copy. The heroine has to use Romantic Lipstick of course; she will renew her makeup three times in the course of the story. A happy ending naturally—we don't want anything downbeat. And, oh, yes, remind Hemingway that we can't have any bullfights. The chairman's wife hates 'em, and besides they might take the readers' minds off cosmetics. He had better set the story in Mineola, with our new factory as background. Otherwise the Old Man can write exactly as he pleases."

To everybody's surprise, Hemingway refuses to play. The firm doubles its offer, and is bewildered when all it gets from Hemingway is a rude telegram, collect. In the end it settles for a short story by one of the boys at the ad agency. He doesn't write as well as Hemingway, but he's co-operative.

The Miracle Patent Medicine Corp. avoids these difficulties. Its packager uses his allotted editorial pages for a puzzle contest, carefully rigged to sustain reader interest and make sure that the big money goes to the right people.

Because the Feather-edge Safety Razor people are operating on a low budget, they decide to reprint a Western serial which originally appeared in *Collier's* in 1937. Audience surveys prove that Westerns are sure-fire, and obviously it is safer to use a proven product.

At this point the fantasy breaks down. If a magazine were run that way, its readers would shift, but quick, to another publication; after all, they have some three thousand to choose among. But the TV audience has no such choice. There are only three networks—all offering much the same fare. The same tribe of package operators provides the same brand of quizlings and cowboys for all three.

There is another difference. Publishing is a private enterprise, at which any number can play. Broadcasting is a quasi-public monopoly, permitted to use the public's scarce and precious air channels because it—supposedly—serves "the public interest, convenience, and necessity." If the industry continues to ignore this obligation—if it continues to hand over its responsibility for programing to the sponsors and the quick-buck artists of Show Biz—then the public has one recourse. It can demand a competing broadcasting system, which will not be controlled by the advertisers and which will really operate in the public interest.*

THE quiz and payola scandals convinced some people in broadcasting that this could become a real threat. A larger number seem genuinely worried over the loss of public confidence, which might well impair the effectiveness of TV advertising. (Even before the scandals broke, a few TV executives were expressing concern—usually in private—about the rising mutters of public discontent.) Still more are concerned about the mounting pressure for some variety of pay TV. Hence that ferment of change mentioned earlier. In self-defense the industry is beginning—slowly and reluctantly—to reconsider both its moral standards and its methods of operation.

One result could be a gradual shift away from the pervading Entertainers' Ethic and toward the traditions of journalism. Already a few straws of evidence seem to point in this direction:

Item: President Frank Stanton of CBS has announced that his network is determined to become "masters of our own house . . . to be more certain in the future that it is we and we alone who decide not only *what* is to appear on the CBS Television Network but *how* it is to appear." He declared with some solemnity that "we accept the responsibility for content and quality"—and added, with a note of foreboding, that the new policy "will undoubtedly be challenged in many ways from many quarters." This assumption of editorial responsibility is, of course, the fundamental canon of the journalist's code; if Dr. Stanton can make it stick, the resulting changes could be revolutionary.

Item: The influence of the journalists within the industry seems to be growing. A year ago Ed Murrow and Fred Friendly—the leading team of documentary producers—were disheartened and half-convinced that their kind of TV was on its way out. At this writing they and their associates are exuberantly turning out the most impressive series of programs they have ever done, including their remarkable reports on missiles and on the population explosion.

Item: One sponsor—Philip Cortney of Coty, Inc.—has proposed that advertisers should take their hands off TV programs. "Businessmen who buy advertising in newspapers and magazines exercise no control over the editorial and entertainment sections of those media," he observed. "Let's adopt this same practice for radio and television . . . let the networks and stations be responsible for entertainment and editorial content."

This advice might have carried more force if Coty hadn't been a competitor of Revlon, of quiz-show notoriety. And other sponsors have been notably slow in following Cortney's lead. Indeed, the TV critic of the *Times* predicts that they will move in the opposite direction—toward more censorship of programs, rather than less. Perhaps mistakenly, I feel more cheerful than Jack Gould; I'm persuaded that most businessmen are smart enough to realize, in time, that they aren't editors . . . that any attempt to control programs more tightly will increase their hazards, rather than their safeguards . . . and that their wisest

*One possible plan for such a system was suggested in this space last July. Other proposals have since been made by Walter Lippmann, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and others. There is no shortage of models; such systems are operating successfully in Great Britain, Canada, West Germany, and many other countries.

course, in Mr. Cortney's words, is to limit themselves to "honestly selling their products and services." (But maybe time will prove me wrong.)

Item: The networks already are moving to produce more programs themselves—with encouraging results. Since September, TV has carried more really good programs than in any season I can remember. Witness Sir Laurence Olivier in "The Moon and Sixpence" . . . Sir Alec Guinness in "The Crime of Jebel Deeks" . . . a first-rate production of "Our Town" . . . operas such as "Fidelio" presented with respect and taste . . . "Medea," Turgenev, and Ibsen in conscientious productions . . . more hours in prime evening time, when most people watch TV, for programs of more than trivial content.

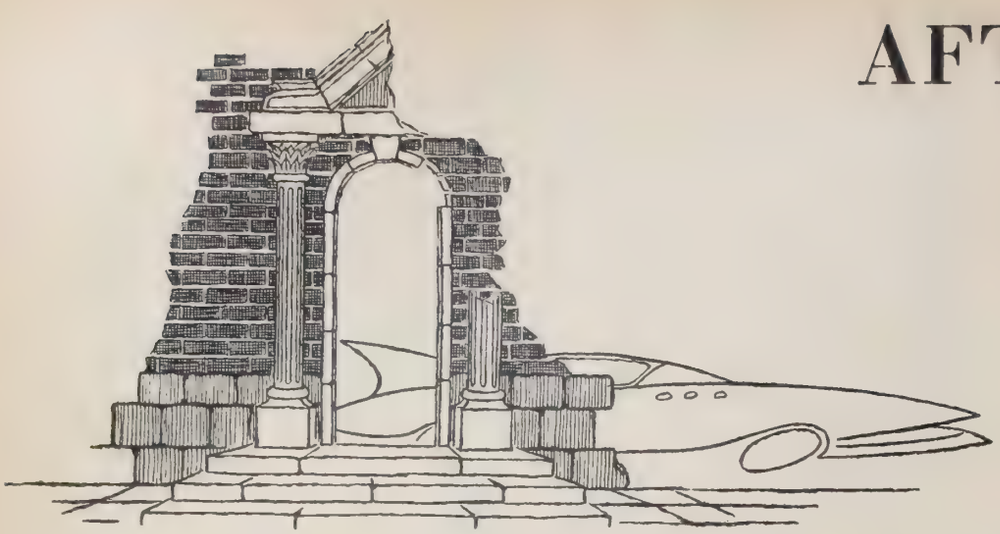
The current of change apparently is moving at different speeds in different networks. CBS—which for a long time has shown more awareness of public responsibility—seems to take the need for a new look more seriously than any other. NBC gives the impression of moving grudgingly, in hopes that all the fuss will die down pretty soon—but it is moving; its dramatic and musical programs have shown a gratifying improvement, although its reporting and documentary services still lag behind CBS. The ABC network, on the other hand, seems to be waiting out the crisis with a Buddha-like stolidity; if either its policies or programs are changing, the shift has been imperceptible to me.

It is possible, of course, that the whole movement will die down as soon as the latest scandals are forgotten and the industry recovers from its fright. Certainly, as Dr. Stanton hinted, the commercial and Show Biz elements can be expected to put enormous pressure on the brakes. I still have hopes, however, that the men who control broadcasting—including the sponsors—will turn out to be more far-sighted than that. They now have a Heaven-sent opportunity to cut away the infected tissue—if they will use their scalpels fast and unflinchingly. But if they don't, the industry may never have another chance to reform itself; for the inevitable surgery will then have to be done by Washington, with its customary meat-ax.





AFTER HOURS



THE EROSION OF DETROIT by Russell Lynes

IN October in Detroit I had dinner with a museum curator, an historian of local architecture (whose main problem is to see that Detroit's old buildings get photographed before they are torn down), an art critic, and an architect. There is a rhubarb going on in Detroit now about whether to raze the old City Hall.

"This," said the curator who was trying to explain the problem to me, "is City Hall." He cleared a space on the tablecloth and planted a butter plate on it. "This [a fork] is the open space in front of it, and this [a salt cellar] is the war memorial. Beyond that is another much larger space with a sort of park in it."

"I'm Janus-faced about this," the historian said. "I see the arguments on both sides."

"It's the business pressure groups that are pushing the Mayor," the curator said. "We need to organize our own pressure group."

"They want to put five arches by Yama where the City Hall is," the historian said, "with a parking lot underneath."

"Does Yama want the building torn down?" the architect asked.

"Yama" is the distinguished local architect, Yamasaki.

I asked if the building could be made to serve no useful purpose and I was told that the city engineers had said it would cost a great deal to repair it. "But," the architect said, "that's what the city engineers *would* say if the Mayor wants to tear it down."

"Well," the historian said. "It's not a first-rate building, but it has charm. It has more charm than a parking lot would."

The others agreed that this was so. The point was far less the need to preserve a distinguished architectural monument than to try to maintain some of the pleasant quality of the city of which they were fond. Eighteenth-century buildings were, of course, nearly as rare as nightingales in Detroit, though there had been several and the last one disappeared only a few years ago. The early nineteenth-century buildings had almost all been wrecked and the last half of the century was disappearing rapidly . . . victims of expressways, of urban-renewal programs, of real-estate developments, and, of course, of apathy, decay, and changes in taste.

This same conversation could have taken place in San Francisco, in New York, in Bridgeport, in any American city with a past and presumably a future. The delights of a city are in its variety, the richness of its texture, the patchwork of its growth, its surprises, and its accidents of taste. Crash programs of urban redevelopment that clear away slums instead of revitalizing old buildings (which happily is now being done in some cities) primarily serve the interests of the suburban developers; they drive people away from the city. And this is all right with more and more Americans who live in the suburbs and do not understand people who love cities.

I confess I found it hard to love Detroit, what I saw of it, but neither did I love its suburbs. Possibly this was because I got the impression that nobody loved it very much; it was just a place where there were jobs.

The next morning the architectural historian took me on a tour of part of the city and of Grosse Pointe, its most luxurious suburb. We drove past the City Hall; it was bigger than I had imagined it and it seemed to me a very pleasant building of the sort erected so frequently in the 1870s. It has a kind of fantasy of grandeur not unlike Philadelphia's City Hall or the old State Department Building in Washington—becolumned, many-roofed, pedimented, and balconied. We also looked at the new City Hall, a dwarfed variant on the United Nations building, and the Ford Auditorium—built with money, I gathered, that was kicked in by Ford dealers everywhere as a tribute to Edsel Ford. It all looked spick and span against a backdrop of water.

We drove out a very wide thoroughfare, an avenue of gas stations, stores, old houses, movies, churches, and clubs for gentlemen, in the direction of Grosse Pointe.

"That house," the historian said, "has a beautiful grape chandelier in it." He pointed to a red brick mansion of the 1870s. "It still has its original Eastlake interiors. It's about to be torn down, of course. They're making this an expressway."

"Too bad," I said. Eastlake was once the *sine qua non* of decoration in this country, a sort of Messiah of "good taste," but genuine Eastlake interiors are rare indeed today. (There is one from a Vanderbilt house installed in the Museum of the City of New York, the only one I



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know that's been officially preserved.)

"This is Grosse Pointe," he said a few minutes later. "Actually there are several Grosse Pointes; they run together."

Grosse Pointe is also in the process of being torn down, though the destruction is not the result of decadence but of conversion. The community is being converted from a suburb of mansions to a suburb of luxurious houses, from estates to what I once saw referred to in a real-estate ad as "gentlemen's estatelets." There is some reason to mourn this, for the mansions that are being torn down in order to make room in each case for four or five houses were, in some instances, distinguished examples of architecture known politely as "Eclectic" and impolitely as "Bastard European." It is perhaps the most polite kind of architecture that America has ever produced. It is refined and it is genteel, and some of the vast houses that still look down across their wide, manicured lawns to Lake Saint Clair have an elegance and dignity that we do not often associate with the 1920s when many of them were built.

Grosse Pointe seems to be both next-of-kin and distant relative of Detroit, the Motor City. Like nearly all suburbs the automobile made its existence possible in the first place (in Grosse Pointe motor money made it lavish as well), but like suburbs far removed from Detroit it turns its back discreetly on the present and faces the past. Not all the fortunes that built Grosse Pointe came from cars, but one is reminded of such fortunes by the fact that a vast white steamer, said to be the largest private yacht afloat, is tied to a pier at the foot of Mrs. Dodge's garden and is constantly visible from her Louis XV chateau. One notes, too, that the Henry Fords live comfortably in a rambling house once described by a European impresario as the most luxurious house he had visited anywhere in the world.

BUT Detroit is not just a dichotomy; it is a trichotomy. It is not just city and suburbs; it is city and suburbs and dream of glory. I took a taxi from Grosse Pointe through part of Detroit to Dream of Glory and saw on the way as much honky-tonk as one is likely to see anywhere in America; urban slums in head-on collision with suburban slums. Then $6.00 later I arrived at the General Motors Technical Center in a landscape as flat as a matso and as characterless.

Now, I thought, we're getting to the point. This is what Detroit is really about. Here is know-how; here is the vision of industry; here is tomorrow today—Wednesday on Tuesday. I sat and waited for a friend in a glass and white marble reception building and watched several dozen nozzles in an artificial lake shoot sprays of water fifty feet in the air, a sparkling curtain with a rainbow at the top. Men in uniform gave (or did not give) passes to drivers wanting to enter the Technical Center. It reminded me of the days when I had worked in the Pentagon during the war, though no one asked to inspect my briefcase.

In a few minutes my friend arrived; a telephone call to someone beyond the fountain cleared us for take-off; and we drove to the cafeteria where we lunched a few yards from a splendid gold screen by the sculptor Bertoia; we were a tiny island of snoopers in a sea of GM employees.

The fact that the Technical Center sits on six hundred acres of flat land and cost $85 million may be significant to General Motors but the architecture of the Technical Center should be significant to everyone. Here is unity with variation; here is consistency without boredom, seriousness without pedantry, function with playfulness. The Dream of Glory was General Motors', but the architect who told them what the dream should look like was Eero Saarinen.

The Technical Center is not a building but a campus—a collection of eight or ten long, low structures, the reaches of their walls sheathed in glass (curtain walls, they're called), but tied firmly to the ground by end walls of solid glazed brick, sometimes bright red or blue or yellow or orange, sometimes in somber colors. There seems to be more water than grass. Most of the buildings face a rectangular lake half a mile long, I would guess, and perhaps two hundred yards wide, in which there is not only the fountain that I saw from the reception build

ing but another designed by Calder, the Mobile man. There are several other lakes, equally rectangular but smaller; on one of them, I was told, employees are invited to skate in the cold months.

Our tour of the buildings was strictly, if amiably, guided by a man from the service department. One doesn't walk from building to building; one rides. The distances are considerable and the drives are lined with young trees which one day will be nearly as high as the buildings. The function of the Center, we were told, is to "promote science, the mechanical arts, and styling." There is a research building, a building for "manufacturing development," one for styling, and one for engineering. There is "a 100-mile-per-hour wind tunnel, a radioactive tracer laboratory, electronic computers, a metallurgical building housing an experimental foundry, dozens of engine-testing laboratories, and a huge room where a section of an experimental production line can be put into operation." This is hearsay (or I should say "readsay," since it comes from a brochure); we were permitted to see none of those wonders. Security, you understand.

The wonders we did see were architectural—Mr. Saarinen's, not General Motors' . . . two beautiful staircases, for example, one made of white stone, its steps suspended from the top of the building by thin chromiumed rods and under it a pool filled with bowls of ferns and the sound of lapping water. This one was in the Styling Building. The other staircase was in the Engineering Building, also stone steps, held by tension rods in a gently rising curve and looking something like a wire sculpture by Lippold. It was as though Mr. Saarinen were saying with a smile to the engineers, "How do you like this for engineering?" The engineers' respect for Saarinen's building, I was told, was far greater than that of the styling boys. None of the engineers tinker with Saarinen's structure, or even hang pictures on his walls without consulting him. The styling experts, however, have decorated the interior of their own building with results you can guess by looking at the interiors of GM cars.

"How can they design the cars they do when they work in buildings as well-designed as these?" I said to my friend.

"A not very original observation," my friend replied. "That's what everybody I bring here says."

As we were waiting on the second floor of the Styling Building to be shown around, I looked at a row of portraits of the directors of General Motors . . . red chalk drawings that might have been made any time in the last century. Maybe this is the point, I thought. In the days when the mansions of Grosse Pointe were built, the businessman's glorification was personal and his house was his expression of triumph. Now his glorification is corporate and it is his company's façade that matters. He doesn't build houses now; he builds whole campuses instead. Corporate ostentation affords the corporate leader the same gratification he once derived from personal ostentation and now he can call it "progress." Did the old tycoons in the Grosse Pointe mansions say: "What is good for me is good for America"? I suppose they did.

ONE ought to have to go a thousand miles and into a different civilization to get from Grosse Pointe to the Technical Center. But hundreds of GM executives do it every morning in half an hour through the peripheral decay of a city. They follow the old route from Nostalgia to Discovery by way of Obsolescence. So do Americans everywhere.

If they noticed it, they couldn't but be saddened by it. If they were saddened by it, perhaps the old City Hall wouldn't be torn down to make a parking lot, or the handsome old house be razed to give shoulder-room for an expressway, or the blight that creeps from block to block be allowed to despoil the cityscape. But they do not notice. It matters less to them what they do to ruin the places where they live and work than how fast they can get where they're going. They pour down the expressways like the torrents of spring, and as the flood of cars rises the banks give way, little by little, and destruction spreads across city and suburb and open country. And who would stem the flood? Certainly not Detroit, the Motor City . . . most certainly not.

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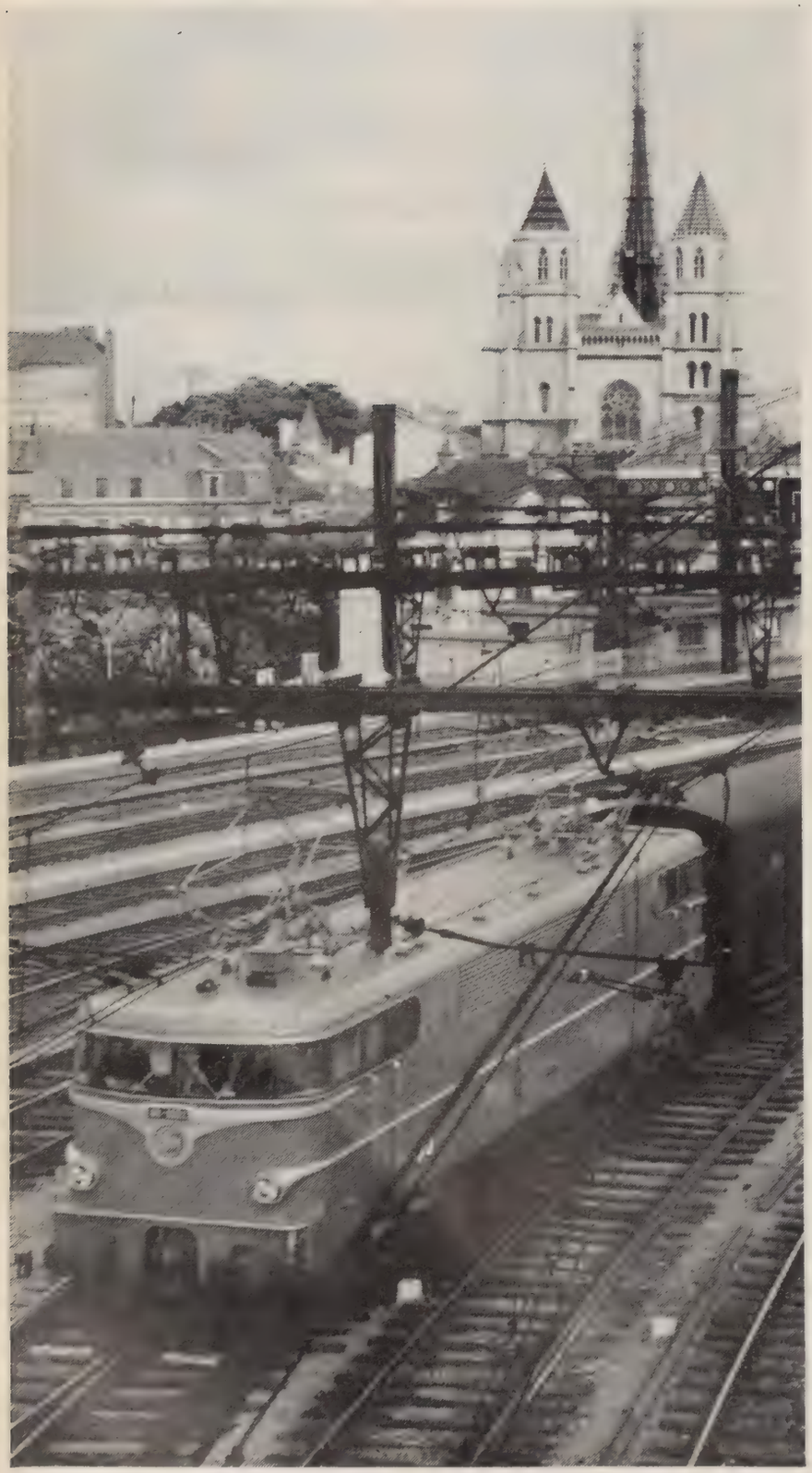
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Harper's MAGAZINE

GOOD-BY TO THE 'FIFTIES —AND GOOD RIDDANCE

The Stuffy Decade produced some of the most wonderful nonsense in history—but why didn't anybody laugh?

ERIC F. GOLDMAN

TODAY the United States may be suffering from a number of perfectly obvious ills but they are all connected with—and worsened by—something that is none too tangible. That something is an atmosphere, a climate of opinion, a habit of reacting.

Where it came from is plain enough. We've grown unbelievably prosperous and we maunder along in a stupor of fat. We were badly scared by the Communists, so scared that we are leery of anybody who even so much as twits our ideas, our customs, or our leaders. We live in a heavy, humorless, sanctimonious, stultifying atmosphere, singularly lacking in the self-mockery that is self-criticism. Probably the climate of the late 'Fifties was the dullest and dreariest in all our history.

This situation is the more striking because never in history has a nation been more ripe, more begging for mockery, for satire, for wit. Look at this land today: We have a President, an overwhelming public hero, who persists in talking platitudes straight out of the old days of the Rutherford B. Hayes Marching Societies.

We have a Vice President, a front-running candidate for the Presidency, who is widely hailed by our press as a new man, a wonderful new man, because he intermittently stops using slander as a political weapon and has ceased making dogs the subject of his high policy declarations.

We have an opposition party, a powerful opposition party in firm control of both branches of Congress, which for the most part is afraid to oppose on important issues. And there is its latest shining gladiator, Senator Lyndon Johnson—the choice for President of such cognoscenti as Dean Acheson—a leader who most conspicuously demonstrates his statesmanship by a profound sympathy for natural gas and an extraordinary ability to compromise the heart out of basic legislation.

We have mighty business leaders in this country, in Cabinet posts and out. At the time of the Hungarian revolt, one of them, a vice president of a large corporation, offered us his wisdom. He said: "The way to settle that Hungarian situation is to buy those fellows another little country of their own someplace, say in South America." A while ago, when the Sputniks were first going up, the ex-head of General Motors

and then Secretary of Defense contributed his definition of basic research: "Basic research is when you don't know what you're doing."

We have an intellectual class in this nation with its own interesting characteristics. Much of it—railing endlessly against conformity and the gray flannel man—daily, more eagerly, seeks gray flannels for itself and daily, more eagerly, wraps tighter about itself a conformity to the Democratic party and to Sigmund Freud.

We have a popular journalism that, with a perfectly straight face, talks on and on about the new American home and its principle of togetherness. Pursuing this theme, one of the most widely read magazines asks, in words that continue to baffle me: "Why did you marry your wife? Only because she was a woman?"

We have other mass media, the great radio and television networks. Endlessly delivering themselves of paeans to the majority will and to freedom of speech, they quiver and reach for the blue pencil at the anticipation of twenty-eight letters from some minority religious or racial group, not to speak of the National Council of Women Chiropractors.

PIETY IN THE JUKE BOXES

WE HAVE a solemn national fetish too: a deeply-held assumption that the people are wise and informed, and because they are wise and informed they should continue to have a jugular hold on the all-important decisions of today's foreign policy. Early in 1959 a Los Angeles newspaperman got a little worried about the wisdom of the people and he went out in the city with his own polling question: "Do you think the Mann Act deters or helps the cause of organized labor?"

Twelve per cent told the reporter to take his nonsense and go away; they knew what the Mann Act said. About half the people questioned promptly proved they had no idea what the Mann Act said but that did not stop them from having loud, firm opinions. Here are some of them: "We're strictly against that Act in our family. Poppa doesn't get paid enough as it is." Or: "My husband's in the union and I'm for anything that helps the workingman."

Matter of fact, we have a *vox populi* which has developed a still more interesting characteristic: it has learned to talk out of both sides of its mouth almost effortlessly and without a tremor of embarrassment. When the Russians showed how far ahead they were in the missiles field, a thousand voices in the United States cried out that America was done with sneering at the eggheads; we were going to have real schools, yessir-ee, and real respect for learning.

The same press which described this vast national penance also reported—usually without even so much as a groan—how community after community was cutting down school bond issues; the action of the University of Idaho which blithely gave an honorary Doctor of Laws to one Dario Louis Toffenetti, of Toffenetti's restaurants, for "promoting better health in the world with the genuine Idaho baked potato"; and the words of the new Dean of the College at, of all places, the University of Chicago, who proclaimed that the University was ending its overemphasis on brains. Chicago was now eager, the Dean went on, for the student of "beauty and brawn . . . the ordinary American boy, who will only make a million in later life, the ordinary girl, who wants a husband. . . ."

And we also have here in America, over the whole of this land, a kind of creeping piety, a false piety and religiosity which has slithered its way to astounding popularity. The bookstores offer such volumes as *Go with God* or *The Power of Prayer on Plants* or *Pray Your Weight Away*. To continue on the higher levels, in 1956 the Reverend Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell, minister of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City, ran an ad in the *New York Times*. "For a spiritual lift in a busy day," the ad said. "DIAL-A-PRAYER. Circle 6-4200. One minute of inspiration in prayer." Three years later, Circle 6-4200 continues to answer. Try it sometime. I tried it and I will say this much—it does not exceed one minute.

But to come down from these higher levels. Recent juke-box hits include "I've Got Religion," "Big Fellow in the Sky," and—my favorite—"The Fellow Upstairs." Not long ago the Ideal Toy Company established rapport with its era. In response to "the resurgence of religious feeling and practice in America today," the firm announced, it was producing a doll which, when you stroked it, went down in a kneeling position.

Modern Screen magazine ran a series called "How the Stars Found Faith." The articles included Piper Laurie's account of a day during her visit to Korea, when she was riding back through the enemy patrols. And Piper wrote:

Eric F. Goldman's books include "Rendezvous with Destiny," which won the Bancroft Prize for History in 1952, and "The Crucial Decade, America 1945-55." He is professor of history at Princeton.

"I felt wonderful because I knew, somehow I just *knew* there were not four of us, but five of us going back in that jeep. And guess who the fifth passenger was. It was good old God."

Arthur Godfrey and Jane Russell have spoken up too. Godfrey declared: "Don't tell me about science and its exact explanation of everything. Some things are bigger. God is the difference. He gets around." Jane Russell added: "I love God. And when you get to know Him, you find He's a Livin' Doll."

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CLOWNS?

OH my God (or perhaps in our beatific era I should say oh my goodness) where are the guffaws in this country, the purifying wit and humor, the catharsis of caricature, the outcries against all this unmitigated nonsense? They come here and there in a few publications or broadcasts, a few weary voices, a few groans or a few bright shafts, but for the most part the scene is unruffled and unrufflable. Our faces are straight, our thoughts are doggedly constructive, our ramparts are high and wide against the man who belly-laughs. Sometimes I think the real menace to America is not Communism at all. Sometimes I think we are just going to bore ourselves to death.

This is not only a dreary situation; it is a downright dangerous one. It is hardly necessary to point out that as long as there have been human beings, laughter has been the most certain release from comfortable certitudes, the greatest protection from inanity and hypocrisy, the surest spur to fresh, imaginative thinking.

Even the American 1920s were justified, if they were justified at all, by the men of laughter. While the smog of Aimee McPherson, mahjongg, and Warren Gamaliel Harding lay thick over the nation, a band of inspired heretics frolicked away. There was a Fiorello La Guardia kicking up his heels in Congress; a Sinclair Lewis and a Will Rogers, each in his own way subjecting the scene to a persistent irreverence; an H. L. Mencken, endlessly clowning and cannonading, more than ready to explain that he continued to live in America for the same reason that people like to go to zoos. The program of these men was hardly positive; it was never intended to be. But they also serve who only speak the rollicking negative—particularly in eras of positive, so very positive thinking. Without these and similar Americans of the 1920s, the national mind could never have been kept flexible enough to permit the sweep of adventurous thinking in the 1930s.

In some eras laughter is not only effective but close to essential. These periods come when a nation, having solved an important problem, is anxious to put on its slippers and relax and yet is worried by a different and dangerous situation. The solution of the problem produces self-satisfaction; the dangerous situation brings fear. Both the fear and self-satisfaction help lock men's minds against fresh ideas, a locking that can be loosed only by the acid of mockery and satire.

Certainly the American decade of the 'Fifties—having at least temporarily conquered poverty at home and yet frightened by the world situation—was just such an era. It had a special characteristic which makes the freeing of minds all the more important. An international revolutionary movement brandishing weapons of annihilation is something new in history, something new in the most fundamental sense of the word. More than any previous problem in the American experience, the situation calls for genuine pioneering in ideas and techniques.

Every passing day only makes it more obvious that the problem is not being met—and cannot be met—by mere adaptations of old ideas, by weary extrapolations on the weary doctrines of liberalism or conservatism, Kennanism or Taftism. Its solution requires thorough break-aways; the ground must be cleared of confusing and distracting carry-overs from the past, even from the immediate past. And that ground can be cleared only by the beneficent destructiveness of skepticism, of caricature, and of laughter. If the 1920s, with its men of the persistent cocked eyebrow, made possible the freshness of the 1930s, the coming decade could render the future a similar service that happens to be far more urgently needed.

Perhaps we are about to produce such a note. Now and again evidence appears that a good many of the most gifted minds in the oncoming generation are in a mood of Menckenism. (I say the mood of Mencken because of course it was this and not any specific ideas of his or his confreres which counted and would count.)

But if the oncoming generation does not soon present us with the wondrous gift of laughter, somebody better had. The American civilization which we all cherish could go down either with a whimper or a bang, as the poet's phrase suggests. It could also end with us just sitting solemnly on our lawn chaises, overfed, oversanctified, and overbearing, talking a suicidal stuffiness.

Harper's Magazine, January 1960



By EDWARD R. F. SHEEHAN
Drawings by N. M. Bodecker

Evelyn Waugh Runs a Fair

He may be the most high-handed eccentric since Ivan the Terrible—but he does manage his family, friends, and parish parties with an unbelievable sort of style.

SINCE I was educated systematically in the suspicion of the Lion and of Lloyd George, the idea of actually visiting England had always frightened me a little. When I eventually managed to outgrow my misgivings, it was for a curious if not contradictory reason: I enjoyed reading Aldous Huxley, Graham Greene, and Evelyn Waugh and wanted to meet them. My pilgrimage was inopportune, for when I reached London I found that Huxley was in California and Greene in Cuba. The only member of my triumvirate geographically accessible was Waugh and he, so everyone said, was Olympian in his aloofness.

Nor did I feel that my credentials would very much impress Waugh. I was a struggling young writer with not much money, attempting to install myself as a foreign correspondent for a group of New England newspapers. I rented a room in an establishment called the Hester House, off Russell Square. I had no friends in London. It was a cold, humid, rainy summer.

There were no alternatives: I had to try my luck with Waugh. He supposedly never even acknowledged requests for interviews, but wouldn't brevity displease him least? I scrawled out something postcard asking whether we might not meet when he next came up to London, and sent it off to Stinchcombe, Gloucestershire, where he was then living.

I was astonished at the promptness of his reply to a proposal so casual. His letter had two enclosures: an engraved invitation card and a large printed poster. The invitation read:

MR. & MRS. EVELYN WAUGH
request the honour of your company at a Garden Fete in aid of St. Dominic's Church, Dursley to be held (weather permitting) on Saturday August 14th, 3 p.m.–7 p.m. at Piers Court, Stinchcombe, Dursley

*

Refreshments—Children's Sports—Stalls, Etc.

*

Admission 1/-; Children 6d. Donations gratefully accepted from those unable to be present.

*

A small but interesting collection of Paintings, mostly Victorian narrative pictures, and of rare books, never previously exhibited, will be on view in the house 4 p.m.–7 p.m. (wet or fine). Admission 1/-.

The poster said much the same as the invitation, but the letter was in a class by itself:

Piers Court, Stinchcombe
Nr Dursley, Glos.
August 6th

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your kind interest in me.

I suggest you change your plans slightly and come here on the fourteenth for the fete. You would find material for an article on a typically English rural event and you could be of great help to us.

We need men of resource to manage traffic, detect thieves, "bark" at side shows, spend money, and judge children's sports. Also in the morning to help erect booths.

Have you any accomplishments other than wri-

ing—conjuring, ventriloquism, contortionism—that you would be willing to display? Can you draw lightning portraits? We can offer you a bed on the night of the fete and the remains of the refreshment tent. There will not be much luncheon or dinner for us that day. Plenty of wine, however, for willing helpers.

Perhaps you play the trumpet? The Stinchcombe Silver Band would welcome a solo while they rest.

Have you a motorcar or do you wish to be met at Stroud?

Yours faithfully,
Evelyn Waugh

Please post attached poster in Grosvenor Square.

I replied by accepting Waugh's invitation and apologized for my lack of experience in ventriloquism, contortionism, and the other lively arts. I volunteered, however, to recite selections from *Finnegans Wake* standing on my head and afterwards to organize the hopscotch.

"It is good of you to come and help at our fete," Waugh wrote by return post. "I presume you are in robust health, in which case you can be of great service on the morning of Saturday erecting booths, carrying pictures, etc. Therefore if it is convenient I suggest your coming Friday evening."

Waugh seemed to be more in search of a stevedore than in need of a house guest, but his invitation, whatever its motive, did represent the chance to pass an entire weekend with a novelist whose writings I revered. Besides, I was weary of the stale kippers and garrulous landlady at the ghastly Hester House.

An indulgent drama critic on one of the London newspapers had advised me I might soon grow equally weary of what he called Waugh's "snobbery." One aspires to many things in the course of a lifetime, and during that rainy British summer I rather fancied I aspired to snobbery. I obediently mounted the poster in Grosvenor Square and then went to Paddington Station and took a train to Gloucestershire.

THE MAN IN THE RED SMOKING JACKET

I CANNOT remember very much about Waugh's gardener, who met me at Stroud Station, but I do remember the ride in the twilight to Waugh's house in Stinchcombe. The deep valleys of Gloucestershire meet at Stroud, and then the town climbs the abrupt Cotswold hills. When we reached the high grassy ridge of the Cotswold, stretching before us was the wide valley of the Severn River. The sun had set; some horses were grazing near the road, their dark silhouettes outlined against a backwash of purple light.

It was nearly dark by the time we turned into the drive. There, looming before us, was Waugh's Georgian manor. The gardener left me alone on the front doorstep and drove off. I rang the bell more than once and waited. Finally I tried the door and found it locked. I began to feel—to borrow a phrase from Malcolm Muggeridge—like a letter delivered to the wrong address. Just then the door opened and I found confronting me a rather round, rubicund man in a red smoking jacket.

"Mr. Sheehan, I should imagine?" Evelyn Waugh put an oversized cigar back into his mouth and extended his hand. A sharp-nosed but attractive woman came out of the drawing-room and Waugh introduced her as Laura, his wife. Before I could exchange pleasantries with her, Waugh had picked up my luggage and started up the stairs. "Come along," he said, "I'll show you your room. I say, your bag is rather heavy, perhaps you'd better lend a hand. What have you got inside?"

Nothing unusual, I indicated, beyond some books and a carton or two of cigarettes.

"Cigarettes," he repeated. "Cigarettes! Well, here we are. This is your room. Unlike your overheated American homes, we have no central heating in this house, so I imagine you will have to get along without it. Now, do you want some supper?"

"No, I had something a little after six," I said. "I mean, I thought you would have dined already."

"My dear fellow, dine at six o'clock? We never dine at six o'clock here. We'll be waiting for you downstairs, where you can have something to eat when you are ready to join us. *Six o'clock!*"

My chamber, the master guest-room, was large, old-fashioned, and comfortable. The bed was lavishly canopied, the canopy generously tasseled. In a corner of the room stood an enormous Victorian washstand, an impressive monstrosity elaborately decorated with metal work and mosaic. In the adjoining bathroom was a more conventional basin with a gaping hole in it. As if not to be outdone, this basin had pasted onto it a testimonial which proclaimed: *"This willful destruction of property was perpetrated by Lady Genevieve Fennington-Cawley."*

There was a knock at the door. I opened it to find a lean, red-headed young man of about fifteen. "Oh hello. I'm Auberon Waugh. Should the housekeeper heat hot water or will you draw

your bath cold? Also do you prefer your fish boiled or broiled?"

"Well, if you don't mind I'll take my bath cold and my fish boiled," I said with some uncertainty, fearful lest taking them any other way might have bordered on the savage.

HIS VIEW OF HOLLYWOOD

THE Waughs and the eldest of their six children were waiting in the drawing-room. They may not have eaten at six, but they had eaten, and I picked at my fish self-consciously while they quietly surveyed me.

Waugh sat opposite me, on the edge of the divan, nursing a brandy. Contemplating him, I tried to imagine him in his youth, for in the back of my mind was the description, made by one of his earlier Boswells, of a radiant young man of sensuous mouth, splendid eyes large and set far apart, and "hyacinthine locks of hair." I thought that if age had not faded such features neither had she disciplined them. His reddish hair he still has in abundance, but mere ruddiness has replaced radiance in his face. Most remarkable now are surely his eyes, which alternately dart, distend, and wander far, far from under the arched eyebrows which so sparsely frame them. The plump unity of his features, the large head resting on a short, comfortable frame, somehow combine to give him an almost elfish look.

The remarkable eyes came out of their far-away gaze and focused sharply on me.

"Where are you from?" Waugh asked.

"From Boston." I said.

"I have been there."

"The politics are interesting there." I was trying to make conversation.

"You like politics?" he asked, apparently intrigued.

"I love politics," I said, plunging forward.

"I loathe politics," he rejoined. "Please change the subject."

Throwing out the first thought that came to me, I told him about an American woman I met in Florence who could talk of nothing but her dog. Hoping to get him started off on any kind of tangent, I asked him why middle-aged women talked so much of dogs.

"Why old boy," Waugh said, "it's obviously to keep you from talking about politics!"

The remark did not put me at my ease, but at least it meant Waugh was shifting into second gear. He now let out the clutch on one of his favorite subjects. "You Americans," he said. "What an extraordinary breed you are! And by the way, what extraordinary questions you ask. While on my lecture tour in your country, the inquiry most often directed at me was whether or not I slept in the nude."

"In America it's sex or money," I conceded, expressing surprise that in his case it was not the size of his royalties they asked about.

"On the contrary," he said, "the problem was not their avarice but mine. They could not meet my price. In Hollywood, I was offered $125,000 for the cinema rights to *Brideshead Revisited*, but even that was not enough for what they wanted in return. I did not see how they could cast the same man as nineteen years old in one frame and then as thirty-two in another—unless of course they took a nineteen-year-old and waited thirteen years to finish the film. Your Hollywood people are not as patient as I, so there we were, high and dry."

Waugh was no more indulgent about the state of England than he was about the state of Beverly Hills. As the evening progressed many of the kingdom's greatest names, best known novelists, newest plays, and nearly all the practices and preferences peculiar to its modern epoch became victims of his exquisite disdain.

". . . Oh yes, she showed up *here* once. We got rid of *her* in a hurry, didn't we? . . . You remember, old girl," he addressed his wife, "when he cornered me that Saturday afternoon in White's—don't ask me how he got in—waving the manuscript of his new play in my face like a regimental flag. I had to be left in peace, so I glanced at a few pages and then told him that either one of us was illiterate or gobbledegook had become a language. The play ran three seasons in New York. . . ."

Waugh's judgments produced occasional chuckles among the children and uncritical silence from Mrs. Waugh, a woman of few words who seemed to accept those of her husband with a serenity that bordered on adoration. The conversation eventually drifted to the fete, and I asked Waugh why of all people he, who so valued his privacy, should be opening his home to the public. "Why dear boy," he said, "because St. Dominic's Church is in financial need and because the parish is part of our simple way of life here." Rising, he went to the corner of the room and pulled down a wall map of Piers Court, which he beckoned me to examine. At first I thought it unusual that an estate of only some few acres should require mapping out; but as he murmured again "way of life," I thought I understood.

Waugh's new reverie was interrupted by Virginia, his teen-aged, red-haired daughter. "Where are we going to put Teddy tomorrow?" she asked. They had already begun calling me Teddy.

"I think we'll put Teddy in the car-park," said Waugh. "Teddy will do splendidly in the car-park. We have the special headpiece for him."

"Headpiece?" interjected Auberon. "Papa, you're not going to make Teddy wear *that*."

"Yes, the headpiece," Waugh replied cryptically. Little I said from then on raised a shadow of interest in Waugh's face—his family seemed amused at the magnitude of my inability to stir him from his daydreams—until I mentioned Graham Greene's letter in the Manchester *Guardian*.

"What letter in the *Guardian*?" Waugh came quickly back to life.

"Greene has written to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris," I explained, "protesting the denial of a Church burial to Colette, and the *Guardian* has a story about it on the back page."

"Why, the man is mad," Waugh exclaimed. "The man is mad. I love Graham, but he is mad. I remember once when he came down here from London for a visit. The family were all away. Graham and I were both working and we met only at meals. Then I discovered that for hours Graham would disappear from the house. When I finally asked him what he was doing, he explained that he could not write another word until a certain combination of numbers—I think it was 987, something like that—appeared to him by accident. He was spending all his time by the roadside waiting for those numbers to pass on a license plate. He could not write another line until he saw them. Well, it is a poor country road, and there are not many motorcars. Graham had a long wait."

We retired for the night on that note. Tomorrow was the fete and there was a long day's work ahead. "There will be a great deal to do in the car-park, Teddy. And with your headpiece you will be the paragon of the day."

THE SEVEN MINOR VIRTUES

SATURDAY dawned a morning of alternating showers and sunshine. Waugh said he had a whole convent of Poor Clares praying it would be fine for the fete, and throughout the morning it was nip and tuck. Until the very hour of the fete—three o'clock—we were not to know who would gain the day, the Poor Clares or the Powers of Darkness.

The Waugh family were having breakfast as I entered the dining-room, smoking a cigarette. "Now come here, Teddy, sit down and have something, and get rid of that blasted cigarette!" Waugh leaped out of his chair, seized the lighted cigarette from my mouth, opened the window, and threw it out.

We ate a substantial country breakfast of fruit, bread, sausage, ham and eggs, and tea, served by the Waughs' matronly cook. Then I asked Auberon, a good-natured lad, if he would show me around the "park." This mellow, rambling, tree-girt house was enhanced without by a manicured front lawn, a miniature mock Greek temple, and classic statuettes in various poses. In the rear, there were hen coops, lamb coops, and pig pens. A rolling side stretch of luxuriant grass rising into a hillock was to serve as the car-park for the afternoon.

Bron (Auberon) took me first to the Greek temple diagonally facing the front of the house, a garden Acropolis with the torsos, stumps, and heads of Ionic columns deposited about in contrived Romantic decadence. But the temple was not nearly as intriguing as the mystery of "The Edifice" (so Bron called it) toward the rear of the house. The Edifice was a complex of pillared, classical walls about five feet high, an ornate obstacle course without roof, pediment, or apparent purpose. Surmounting the walls were seven small statues. "What do the statues represent?" I asked Bron. "They are the seven virtues," he said. "Oh? Temperance? Chastity—?" "No," he answered cryptically, "they are the seven minor virtues." To this day I do not know the identity of the seven minor virtues, for when I re-entered the house and asked Waugh, he mumbled something about my limbering up for the car-park and placed a broom in my hand.

Mrs. Waugh was already running around in faded blue jeans. This was not out of character, for she was the day-to-day manager of the physical establishment.

I had Victorian books to rearrange for exhibit in the library, ladders to climb, rugs to roll up, and electric lights to move. Waugh allowed electricity at Piers Court, but no radio. He finally installed a telephone, but most of the time refused to answer it. He does not own a gramophone, for he claims he cannot understand music, not even the classics. As for television, he said he had never heard of it. For Waugh, progress means something more than sitting-room electronics and bathroom plastics. It means a whole new nineteenth century.

Nowhere among Waugh's possessions was the nineteenth century more affectionately enshrined than in his collection of Victorian-epoch narrative pictures, some tragic, some satirical, some otherworldly, each telling a story of its own. "The Prince and His Friends"—a caricature by Max Beerbohm of King Edward VII and his entourage—was one of these. Three paintings respectively depicted travel during the last three centuries. A journey aboard a Victorian railway carriage was benevolently joyful, but fierce highwaymen were shown as still at large during the eighteenth century, and representing the twentieth were the hysterical passengers of a crash-bound modern airship. "They are all doomed," chuckled Waugh, and lit up another cigar.

Despite all the shifting around the exhibition required of Waugh's treasures, he was never in any doubt about where to put what. He seemed to have predestined the position of each object as he would a character in one of his novels—each occupying its proper place, some ordained to attract great attention, others to play supporting or only incidental roles. Waugh assigned a protagonist's prominence to the monstrosity—the Victorian washstand. "Get Bron to help you, and place it on the landing of the stairs," he decreed. Negotiating the marble monument around banisters to its place of honor was no easy task, and Waugh's directions hardly helped.

"Watch the corner, Teddy!—wouldn't want to stick you with a replastering bill. Ah, that's it. Splendid!"

The rarest collector's item of the day, however, was not exhibited and Waugh's decision to conceal it from public view struck me as unworthy of his comic genius. I refer to The Commode, an immense armchair repositorium upholstered completely in leopard skin. Only the great perforation amidships betrayed this specimen for what it was.

Toward midday the heavy work was done. Waugh poured himself a gin and bitters. Then Bron, rather out of breath, broke in on us.

"Papa," he said, "there's the nicest young American down at the gate. He's all by himself and it's still hours before the fete. What shall we do with him?" The gate had been locked until the appointed hour, a young sentinel posted before it.

Waugh poured himself another gin. "Teddy," he turned to me, "go down with Bron to the gate and look this fellow over. If he's acceptable, invite him to luncheon. If he's not, get rid of him."

On the way down the path, Bron and I devised the signal system to be implemented when I had decided whether or not the stranger was up to snuff. We decided I would engage him in a brief discussion of Waugh's works (something I hadn't dare do with Waugh) and if I mentioned *Vile Bodies* Bron was to invite him in.

The stranger at the gate turned out to be a young fellow with horn-rimmed spectacles from the American Embassy in London, an articulate chap called Conley. Conley was a Waugh worshiper who not only had read everything his idol had written but had left London that morning at an impossible hour because there was only one train. "I didn't want to miss the opportunity of meeting him for the first time," he said. "I'm sorry to be so premature."

"Don't worry," I replied, "I don't think he'll consider you a vile body."

Bron carried the motion. "I say, won't you come to luncheon?" Three other early birds, all old ladies, we left behind to reflect on the large notice posted at the gate:

No Admittance on Business

Waugh was waiting for us in front of the house. No sooner had I introduced him to Conley than Father Collins of St. Dominic's, Dursley, came up the drive in his car. Father Collins opened his door, and several glass jars of peppermints fell with a crash to the ground. The infant Waughs, a few of their countryside chums, Bron, and Mr. Conley bent down to clean them up.

"Don't bother," Waugh counseled Conley. "We have plenty of child labor here. Besides, your services will be put to better use in the scullery."

"But the broken glass is mixed in with the sweets," Conley observed.

"That is no reason for throwing them away," Waugh retorted, "and any casualties will be for a worthy cause."

At a quarter to three it was raining again, and all the outdoor games seemed doomed. Waugh's resignation bordered on mysticism. "The Poor Clares are praying for good weather," he said, "and it will be fine." The weather was as good

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Edward R. F. Sheehan, who is now press attaché at the American Embassy in Beirut, was for three years correspondent for the Boston "Globe" and other New England newspapers, in Europe, North Africa, and the Middle East. During his visit to the Waughs at Piers Court, his host told him to "write anything you like . . ."

as his word, for at five minutes to three, when he told everyone to "man your battle stations" it had rained for the last time that day.

"All ready, Teddy? Then follow me. We must dress you up in your headpiece first."

I followed Waugh to the room that sheltered the leopard-skin commode, the only place downstairs not rearranged for the fete. From a wooden cabinet Waugh extracted a gleaming metal object. "Teddy, this is your headpiece," he said. "How formidable you will look in the car-park!" The headpiece was a German helmet of Franco-Prussian War vintage, complete with spike. How it sparkled in the new sunlight that now illumined the room, how it bathed me in reflected glory as only a brass hat can! And the spike! It looked as long and sharp as a bayonet.

"No thank you," I said.

"Why what on earth do you mean?"

I told Waugh he would have to impale me on that spike before he would ever get me to wear it publicly on my head.

"My dear boy," he protested, "do you realize what this means? You are trying to deprive the fete of one of its prime attractions—a unicorn in the car-park."

But Waugh was not beaten. In the moist green grass of the car-park, that afternoon, a unicorn grazed. It wore horn-rimmed spectacles and attracted much attention. Conley made a good unicorn.

THE BABY AUSTIN'S BURDEN

THE fete was on. With Conley replacing me in the car-park, I was temporarily at large. The visitors swarmed over the grounds of Piers Court; they queued into the house and then came popping out of it like tweed peas from a Georgian pod. Waugh did not at first mingle with them. Not that they were all unworthy of that honor, for a lot of distinguished and dashing people had come down from London and not a few members of the "old" nobility were there.

The Lord of the Manor of Stinchcombe was enthroned in the Greek temple, attired, not in the loud country tweeds he is famous for, but in a bourgeois dark gray suit. There was a great deal of activity outside the house. When Waugh eventually caught sight of me in the crowd, he beckoned to me, told me the sideshows required my services, and assigned me to peddling homemade muffins to the younger set. Laura Waugh was operating the cardboard roulette wheel and Father Collins supervised the secondhand bookstall, where a book on the Pope lay alongside *The India-rubber Man,* by Edgar Wallace. Virginia was reading palms and Bron ran a stall where the maladjusted were allowed, for a penny a throw, to vent their hatred of human society by heaving rocks at old chinaware.

Music was provided by the Stinchcombe Silver Band, inadvertently syncopated by Pepsi-Cola being popped open all over the lot. An ensemble resplendently dressed in blue and red, the Silver Band puffed its way through an unfamiliar repertoire in which each member seemed to be applying his own private theory of melody. A mysterious tent labeled "The Holy Friar" intrigued me terribly, but so busy was I marketing my muffins and so long was the queue outside I could not get into it.

Waugh was so pleased that he descended into the crowd and parked himself on the front doorstep. An enormous woman waddled up to him.

"How old is this house?" she demanded.

"Madam," Waugh said quietly, "the part you're looking at is Georgian, and it's 150 years old."

"Well," she snorted, "I have a Georgian house that's 300 years old!"

Next came Douglas Woodruff, editor of the distinguished Catholic London *Tablet,* and himself not an unimpressive human monument.

"What do you think of the new Greene letter?" Waugh inquired.

"What's this?" asked Woodruff, puzzled. "*What* Greene letter?"

"You mean you haven't heard?" Waugh said condescendingly. "I thought *everybody* had." Beating out a man like Woodruff with a morsel of this kind was enough to put Waugh in his finest fettle that weekend.

At about 4:30, the crush of visitors on the lawns and those queuing up to get inside the house had reached its peak. Suddenly, past the constable at the gate whose duty it was to detour all vehicles to the car-park, up the path scattering minor poets and dowager duchesses, past the Holy Friar's tent and to the very door of the mansion came a chauffeur-driven Baby Austin. The door swung open, and as though a mouse had brought forth a mountain, out stepped a gentleman with a pink, boiled face and long hair. He wore a bright yellow shirt, a suede jacket, pearl-gray trousers, and sneakers. In one hand he held an anthology of poetry almost the size of an encyclopedia and over his other arm he carried a bright leather bag of Polyphemic dimensions.



"Good heavens," Waugh murmured, "it's Quentin Davenport!"

The new arrival surveyed the premises, muttered something to himself, consulted his book of verse, and delved into his leather bag. Then he came in for a landing on the front doorstep, where he was stopped abruptly by Waugh.

"Look here, old boy, you can't come into this house until I see what's inside that bag."

"Damned cheek," fumed the visitor. "Leave my bag out of this."

"You have your choice, sir," Waugh said. "Open up the bag or stay out of the house."

Still protesting, the newcomer opened the bag and Waugh rummaged around inside it.

"What's inside?" I asked.

"A bottle of whiskey and some dirty handkerchiefs," Waugh revealed.

The bag incident did not do a great deal to improve the newcomer's humor, and once within the house he began to consult his bottle as frequently as his verse. To everyone who inquired after his identity, Waugh would only reply:

"His name is Davenport. He belongs to an old Catholic family and was sent down from the University for writing a blasphemous poem."

Mr. Davenport could not find very much in Waugh's house that he liked, and he made no effort to keep his opinions to himself. He was not impressed with the library, nor with Waugh's rare illuminated books, the fruit of twenty years of collecting. Repton's architectural masterpiece *Brighton Pavilion,* Pyne's *Royal Residences,* some volumes on the Crystal Palace at Hyde Park, the illuminated Victorian psalters, the chromolithographic folios of the mid-nineteenth century—all of these Waugh had described as depicting "a great turning point in the history of industrial design and domestic decoration."

"Balderdash," said Mr. Davenport. "Ho! Ho! Look at that one! Rare, he says. I've seen six like it in Charing Cross!" *The Shakespeare Gallery* (some engravings done in 1805 by Boydell), Bickman's eighteenth-century, copper-engraved *Universal Penman,* four high pedestals cut down to pilaster size, and an elephant-foot wastebasket, Mr. Davenport reviled as "rubbish and rot of imperial capacity."

In the drawing-room hung a painting labeled "An Afternoon on the River," by Augustus Egg, R.A., the first patron of the pre-Raphaelites. Hearing some of the visitors speculate on whether it was an early Egg or a late Egg, Mr. Davenport quivered his nostrils and assured them "it is obviously a poached Egg, left too long lying about."

When the car-park began to disgorge the motorcars and people began to head back to London, I went into the room of the leopard-skin commode, where I found Conley having a drink with Waugh. I reminded Conley there were no more trains to London that night and that if he wanted to ask for a lift back only a few cars remained. Whereupon Waugh grabbed him by the arm and said, "Come along, Mr. Conley!" Before Conley knew what had happened, Waugh had dragged him out of Piers Court and down the rolling front lawn. From a distance I could see an Austin trundling down the path. Waugh, planting himself firmly in the middle of the path, raised his hand. The vehicle screeched to a halt. Waugh flung open the rear door and a spirited discussion followed between Waugh and the owner of the motorcar. Even from the front lawn it was apparent that Conley did not want to get into the car, and it seemed that the occupant was as reluctant about accepting Conley's company. Waugh settled the dispute by stuffing Conley into the Austin, patting the roof as one might pat the head of a stray dog one wants off the premises, and sent it on its way.

"What did you do with Mr. Conley?" I asked Waugh as he came back up the path.

"I put him in the motorcar with that horrible pansy going to Bath," Waugh said.

"But Bath is not in the direction of London."

"I know."

Champagne was served that evening before supper. I helped Waugh bring the bottles and crystal glasses into the dining-room. I loosened one of the corks and left the bottle on the table. Soon there was an explosion, and for

an instant I thought Conley had returned to murder Waugh for putting him in the car with Mr. Davenport. But it was only the champagne cork. The champagne began to fizzle over onto the table and cumbersomely I tried to stop it with the palm of my hand.

"Pour it, you silly ass!" Waugh shouted.

Wiping up the spilled champagne, I remembered a similar embarrassment Waugh himself was said to have experienced when he accidentally splashed port on a superior officer during his wartime sojourn in Yugoslavia (a mission from which he returned insisting Tito is a woman). "People who can't be careful shouldn't drink," complained the officer. "I do not intend," Waugh replied, "to abandon the habit of a lifetime to appease your temporary displeasure."

But no such rejoinder occurred to me, and still flustered, I forgot to stop smoking when we sat down to dinner. Waugh's eyes popped out of his head. Before I could marshal my presence of mind, he took the cigarette out of my hand and crushed it.

"Papa," Virginia complained presently, "I caught Teddy talking politics with Mrs. Potter."

"You did?" Waugh asked. "Who is Mrs. Potter?"

"Why Papa, you remember. She's the Archbishop of Westminster's sister. Mummy relieved her of three shillings twopence at the roulette."

"Oh yes. I recall talking to her before she went into the Holy Friar's tent. She was still unaware of the nature of our Holy Friar, and I believe she thought we had hired a bogus monk to hear unauthorized confessions."

"I never did get inside that tent," I said. "Who *was* the Holy Friar?"

"The Holy Friar was an old frying pan, perforated in the center and suspended on a string," Waugh revealed.

"Evelyn," Mrs. Waugh interjected, "I feel badly about Mr. Conley. I feel dreadfully guilty about the way you put poor Conley into the motorcar with Mr. Davenport." Everybody began to feel badly about Conley.

"Teddy, will you go to early or late church tomorrow?" Waugh asked. Then he smiled mischievously. "Mr. Davenport belongs to an old Catholic family, and was sent down from the University for writing a blasphemous poem. I wonder what will happen to Conley. . . ."

I awoke the next morning, not on my own initiative, but because Waugh was standing below my open window calling, *"Teddy for early church,"* through a megaphone. I understand he has since been neglecting this instrument in favor of a Victorian ear trumpet, which he brandishes at literary luncheons.

For the ride to church, Waugh did not have a horse-drawn victoria, but he did have the next best thing: a Ford station wagon so old even his family complained about it. With Mrs. Waugh driving—and her cigar-flourishing husband managing to make the dowdy back seat more aristocratic simply by sitting on it—we were soon on our way to hear one of Father Collins' earnest sermons and to collect the Sunday morning papers for the reviews of the fete. (Waugh was disappointed; the rural editions did not carry any.) When we returned to Piers Court, Waugh showed me a letter from a back issue of the *Times* which observed that "one refrains from smoking at meals as a matter of elementary courtesy."

ABROAD

WAUGH and his wife drove me to the station that afternoon. We were a good twenty-five minutes early for my train and they waited with me. This gave Waugh the opportunity to examine my somewhat weather-beaten gray hat, which lay atop my luggage. He was nearly as critical of my hat as Mr. Davenport had been of his house.

"You puzzle me, Teddy. You refused to appear in our car-park in a handsome headpiece but you are prepared to walk the streets of London in this hat. Most extraordinary."

"What would you have me wear?" I asked.

"Buy a bowler."

It was his parting shot, for when the train came and he helped me with my luggage, he said simply, "It's been great fun. You must write to us. I hope you can come again sometime." I thought I detected a trace of whimsical affection in his good-by.

As I catnapped in the train, the kaleidoscope of the weekend passed before me as the panorama of a man's life is said to pass before him at the moment of his death. I saw Victorian washstands, boiled fish, and the poached Egg. Chromolithographic folios and the leopard-skin commode. Spilled champagne, anonymous statues, and elephant-foot wastebaskets.

But I never saw Waugh again. And to my two or three letters came the same reply printed on a postcard: "Mr. Evelyn Waugh is abroad. His letters are not being forwarded. They will be dealt with on his return."

The postcards were addressed in his own hand.

FRANK GIBNEY

THE MISSILE MESS

A former Congressional aide tells why we have fallen so far behind the Russians in building the decisive weapon—and how bungling in Washington is making the dangerous gap still wider.

THE Americans—as Nikita Khrushchev explained to a Soviet audience after his trip to the United States—have the scientists and resources for successful exploration into space. The reason they have not equaled the achievements of the Soviet Union, he said, lies in the defects of their government, of their capitalistic system.

Viewing our space and missile programs, we might easily conclude that our government is inexplicably engaged in an effort to prove Khrushchev correct. For most of the indignant words said recently about the "missile lag" and our "inglorious second place" are all too true. The sugar-coated explanations offered by the American leadership only deepen the impression of a gross national failure.

Briefly, the situation is this:

It is six years since the United States discovered the urgent necessity of intensifying its effort both to develop long-range military missiles and to further the exploration of space. The two aims, as we shall see, are indivisible. During this period ample warning has been given of the Soviet Union's huge strides in these fields. The United States has worked out military missile systems and lofted its own earth satellites. A "new" government agency, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, has been set up to direct and co-ordinate space projects. A multi-billion-dollar industry has grown out of this work.

But no concerted effort has yet been made to counter the Soviet advantage. The United States—as General Medaris noted before retiring as the Army missile boss—is now roughly five years behind in the development of space vehicles. Our relative strength in missiles is little better. In its 1960 budget the Administration has committed the country to several more years of inferiority in what is acknowledged as the ultimate military weapon: the intercontinental ballistic missile. Although the Secretary of Defense estimated that the Russians have three missiles to every one of ours, their real superiority is more likely double that.

If this were the result of a spectacular Soviet scientific breakthrough, it might be understandable. It is not. As Khrushchev so rightly conceded, the United States has long had the necessary talent. In 1955, for example—two years before the appearance of Sputnik—the Army first began fruitlessly asking the White House for permission to put up a space satellite. But the talent and the materials—all ready, willing, and able—have been handcuffed by executive mismanagement, apathy, and a feckless Micawberism almost unparalleled in our history. This has not only exposed us to military danger. It has, for the first time in all our history, turned this country away from the challenge of a new frontier.

This article has been written out of a sense of fear, alarm, and national shame. I am not a technical space "expert," and I am aware of the tendency to dismiss anyone discussing such matters without a "doctor" or at least "general" before his name as equivalent to the scoundrel who practices medicine without a license. Yet space is only one of the complex and partly technical issues which must be decided not by specialists, but by the public debate of ordinary citizens. It is a pressing issue, and largely a political one.

In the spring of 1958, six months after the appearance of Sputnik, I went to Washington as a part-time special consultant for the newly founded House Committee on Space and Astronautics. The mood in Congress at that time was one of deep, honest concern. A permanent blue-ribbon committee was set up quickly to consider the space and missile problem, chaired by John McCormack, the House Majority Leader, with Joseph Martin, then Minority Leader, as the ranking Republican member. Its sense of urgency was reinforced by the testimony of the specialists

already at work on space and missile programs. We received the impression—which turned out to be correct—of a group of talented and dedicated men engaged in the frustrating task of trying to wake up their fellow citizens—and their government. Our hearings went quickly. Both houses of Congress passed a bill for a new space agency in record time. With all too trusting an attitude, Congress gave the President virtually a blank check for cleaning up and redirecting the whole space effort. This very authority, concentrated in the White House, later proved to be the chief stumbling block.

This accusation against the Eisenhower Administration by no means absolves its predecessor. The Truman Administration fostered space and missile developments to a degree. But it displayed little or no imagination in assessing their potential.

It was not that the facts were unavailable. The Air Force signed its first contract for a study of a long-range missile in 1946. By that time the Army had already installed Wernher von Braun and the German V-2 missile experts at a testing range. In 1948 the first report of James Forrestal as Secretary of Defense noted some research work on an earth satellite. But the United States in those days was still recovering from the heady illusion of its early atomic lead over the Soviet Union. Those on high scarcely thought of planning ahead for a less comfortable military future.

In 1953, however, the picture dramatically changed. Scientists at the Atomic Energy Commission reported a thermonuclear breakthrough which permitted a devastating amount of explosive to be packed into a small warhead. This discovery should have moved the most unimaginative minds into a drive for the fastest possible ballistic missile program. The Truman Administration might have taken refuge in the then limited scientific knowledge: the only available warheads were too big to be lifted by any feasible missiles. But after 1953, such an excuse was no longer tenable. Every available fact pointed to a speedy development of missilery and space exploration.

There are five specific reasons why this development barely sputtered off the launching pad: (1) a mania for reorganization as a substitute for executive direction—coupled with a disastrous emphasis on "public relations"; (2) the cult of scientists-know-best; (3) budget worship; (4) inter-service and inter-organizational rivalry; (5) an unwise and unworkable distinction between "military" and "civilian" efforts. These factors all grew out of one overriding deficiency: a lack of decision in the White House and the Secretary of Defense's office.

Each of the failings can still be corrected. But the time margin for doing so has dangerously dwindled.

THE REORGANIZATION MANIA

AT THE last reading there were roughly sixty governmental committees and organizations concerned in one way or another with space and missilery. Some are new, some old. Some are military, some civilian. But they all cling tenaciously to life and authority.

The three services have had their own space and missile programs from the beginning. Although the Air Force has lately been assigned most of the so-called "military" space mission, the Army continues to hold onto some part of it. The latest organization—the National Aeronautics and Space Agency—has expanded in less than two years from roughly 8,000 to 18,000. But its forerunners and their affiliates are still there, and woe to the contractor, the military administrator, or any man with an idea who neglects to touch all the bases.

In one year, 1957, the Air Force's leading space and missile officer, Lieut. Gen. Bernard Schriever, spent some 200 days appearing before various committees—only a few of them Congressional. Dr. Walter Dornberger, the former German V-2 general, now working for the Bell Aircraft Corp., had to make no less than 678 presentations before various groups, in his six-year efforts to get the Air Force's Dyna-Soar project—the basic step to a manned space vehicle—off the drawing boards.

One way to get order and decision out of this bouillabaisse would be to break through normal service and departmental systems with a centrally controlled project like the wartime Manhattan District, which made the atom bomb. But this involves admitting a national emergency—the very thing the Administration has been unwilling to do. Instead it has reshuffled existing agencies and their responsibilities every time a new process is discovered, or a new kind of missile needed. Washington seems actually proud of such constant reshuffling, like a compulsive executive who feels he has done a day's work in rearranging the piles of papers on his desk.

A typical reorganization effort was the transfer to the new space agency of Wernher von Braun's Army Ballistic Missiles Agency at Huntsville, Alabama. The decision was made by President Eisenhower last October at a meeting of his nine-

man Space Council, and it was presented as another bold step forward. Actually, it settled almost nothing. It left open the question of how much of ABMA would go to the new agency. It gave no firm mandate to NASA for the speedy development of the Army's Saturn, the 1.5 million-pound rocket cluster which holds the most immediate, if not the only, hope for matching Soviet propulsion. It *did* divorce the most successful single group of space technicians from its long-standing command and logistical support by the Army—a dubious gain.

On September 2, 1959, the able staff of the military subcommittee of the House Committee on Government Organization published a report on the progress of the missile effort. Its tone was patient and objective, its implications disturbing. The record, as the report unfolded it, was not merely an account of inter-service rivalry. Underlying the continual changes and counterchanges in administration *(e.g.* "in March of that year [1956] Secretary of Defense Wilson appointed a Special Assistant in Guided Missiles, thus recreating a post he had abolished three years earlier") was a basic confusion over whether the Defense Department should run the missile effort directly, or leave it to the services.

This confusion was never resolved, either by Secretary of Defense Wilson or by his successor Secretary McElroy. And what little action either took seemed disturbingly negative. ("Let's clean up this Democratic mess" was the only mandate one of the first "missile czars" received.) The temporary departmental organ, the Advanced Research Projects Agency, was founded to co-ordinate the military missilery effort among three services. It has dragged on long after its important work projects have been parceled out to the Space Administration or the Air Force. And ARPA was not alone.

"Is it good sense and sound administration," the subcommittee asked, "to have conjointly an Advanced Research Projects Agency, a Director of Guided Missiles [since transformed into the head of the Civilian-Military Liaison Committee], and a Director of Defense Research and Engineering, with their associated technical panels and advisory committees, all seeking on behalf of the Secretary of Defense to keep on top of the fast-moving missile and space programs? . . ."

Within the military programs, the subcommittee found a pattern of hasty improvisations growing into unwieldy institutions. A prime example is the dependence of the Air Force on private contractors to do its military decision-making. In 1953 the hard-pressed Air Force staff asked two brainy scientific administrators, Dr. Simon Ramo and Dr. Dean E. Wooldridge, to set up a corporation to mastermind the contractors working in the ICBM program. This decision was based on a report of a committee, in which, incidentally, Ramo and Wooldridge were the prime movers.

Since then, through successful corporate reorganizations—and mounting corporate profits—the Ramo-Wooldridge company and its "independent" affiliate, Space Technology Laboratories, have continued to act as a kind of outside brain. They decide, as Dr. Ramo said: "how big the missile should be, what warhead it carries, what accuracy it can be expected to have, how to get that optimum accuracy, etc. . . ."

There is nothing sinister about this. Drs. Ramo and Wooldridge and their executives are dedicated, able men. They have agreed to numerous safeguards to avoid making capital of their privileged position. But the spectacle of a private profit-making company rendering national *decisions* makes the old Dixon-Yates concept look as harmless as a Ford Foundation research project.

OPERATION SALVE

THE new Space Administration, in contrast, has displayed a violent do-it-yourself mentality—enough to recall Admiral Rickover's general comment that "if we keep on getting every agency in the government set up with all of its own facilities, pretty soon we will not have enough space for cemeteries." NASA's boss, Dr. T. Keith Glennan, may not have brought a heavy administrative record with him from the Atomic Energy Commission, but he has yielded to no bureaucrat in his zeal to gobble up manpower and facilities.

Yet he views his charter as a restricted one. His philosophy has been to do as much work as possible *within* the agency—and rely on private contractors, or other government agencies, as little as possible. The Air Force, for example, had been working on a man-in-space project, the highly-touted Project Mercury, for a year and a half before it was turned over to NASA. (At the House hearings in early 1958 the new deputy head of NASA had brushed off a similar man-in-space proposal as a circus stunt—"like shooting a lady out of a cannon.") After protracted studies, NASA turned over work on the Mercury space capsule to a new and untried contractor, dismissing the old ones. The result, inevitably, was an eight months' delay.

The reason for NASA's parochial attitude lies in the agency's origins. Instead of setting up a new organization—a Manhattan District, or a commission like the AEC—as many in Congress hoped—the White House asked permission to entrust the "civilian" space effort to a body already in existence, the National Advisory Council on Aeronautics. NACA was a good, gray, research organization, but neither its tradition nor its leadership was suitable for the type of operational agency which Congress hoped it would become. As Dr. Glennan himself said in 1959: "We do not conceive our job as taking us into operational systems. . . ."

When the Congress was readying its first hearings on the Space Act of 1958, there was a brief orientation session with one of the Washington officials who were pressing the President's proposals. In a tone of patronizing popular contempt, he explained why the space program had been drafted at that time.

"The people in this country," he said, "are getting hysterical about the Sputnik business. We thought we'd better give them something to salve their mood."

If nothing else in the missiles and space program has fulfilled its potential, "Operation Salve" has succeeded magnificently. For two years the U. S. public has been led to believe that everything is doing just fine. This intensive propaganda effort, one can assume, resulted from a high-level conviction that the public could not be trusted to hear any bad news.

The first Soviet successes, for instance, brought assurances that if Russian "thrust" was strong, American "guidance mechanisms" were far superior. When Russians proved the virtue of their guidance mechanism by hitting the moon (after the U. S. had failed) the tune was changed. The Washington experts then pointed out the superior "sophistication" of American hardware and lauded our triumphs in "miniaturization." (They did not explain that we had to miniaturize because we lacked the propulsion for heavy equipment.) By virtue of repeated press releases (NASA's public relations staff rose in one year from one to 28½) the public was led to believe that the seven U. S. astronauts of Project Mercury were on the point of going into space any minute in 1959, although it was highly doubtful that any non-Russian astronaut would make a real space journey before 1961.

As chief of NASA, Dr. Glennan became a past master of the salve technique. Headlines like "Administrator Admits Lag in Propulsion but Calls for 'Sane Course'" correctly report the tenor of his message. Other Washington administrators have displayed equal skill. The Pentagon's Director of Research and Engineering, Dr. Herbert York, coined a really happy phrase when he called the Soviet lead in space propulsion "more a question of acute embarrassment than national survival." Glennan topped York, admittedly, when he told the country that the Soviet moon rocket achievement, Lunik III, leaves this country "no further behind than it was yesterday."

In October, President Eisenhower called the U. S. progress in military missiles "remarkable." The ICBM, he noted, was "operational." (How many ICBMs—as distinguished from the short-range IRBM—are operational, the President's secretary did not say; but those Americans who know the Council's number sometimes have different nights.) In the same month NASA rendered a 1959 verdict to send almost the only Administration to NASA directly reabout space—loftier edict of the year before. The the space lag of the Council, incidentally, are pened, Nixon both Congress and the public by have would familiar excuse of "Executive privilege." out why

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THE MYTH OF CIVILIAN VS. MILITARY

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setts Institute of Technology, Dr. James R. Killian, brought doctor-worship to a new high in Washington during his incumbency as the President's Scientific Adviser. His successor, Dr. George Kistiakowsky, has a going tradition to continue.

"You want to see where this city is run from," said a Washington military man as he stalked past U. S. science's social stronghold, the Cosmos Club, "just go inside and look at those two or three tables having lunch."

No one would quarrel with the proposition that scientists are indispensable in a scientific age. But unfortunately, the scientists have been m[illegible] drifting into the role of policy-makers. It is a on Gov[illegible]or which they are only rarely fitted. In on the prog[illegible] so much of its authority to this new patient and obj[illegible]c "advisers," the Eisenhower Ad- The record, as the [illegible]king the classic confusion be- merely an account of inter[illegible]be driver of the vehicle. lying the continual changes an[illegible] trust in the sci- in administration (*e.g.* "in March [illegible]e of his own [1956] Secretary of Defense Wilson a[illegible]er than Dr. Special Assistant in Guided Missiles, thus[illegible]n shortly ing a post he had abolished three years ea[illegible] instru- was a basic confusion over whether the Def[illegible]y." Department should run the missile effort direct[illegible]ing or leave it to the services.

This confusion was never resolved, either of by Secretary of Defense Wilson or by his successor Secretary McElroy. And what little action either took seemed disturbingly negative. ("Let's clean up this Democratic mess" was the only mandate one of the first "missile czars" received.) The temporary departmental organ, the Advanced Research Projects Agency, was founded to co-ordinate the military missilery effort among three services. It has dragged on long after its important work projects have been parceled out to the Space Administration or the Air Force. And ARPA was not alone.

"Is it good sense and sound administration," the subcommittee asked, "to have conjointly an Advanced Research Projects Agency, a Director of Guided Missiles [since transformed into the head of the Civilian-Military Liaison Committee], and a Director of Defense Research and Engineering, with their associated technical panels and advisory committees, all seeking on behalf of the Secretary of Defense to keep on top of the fast-moving missile and space programs? . . ."

Within the military programs, the subcommittee found a pattern of hasty improvisations growing into unwieldy institutions. A prime example is the dependence of the Air Force on private contractors to do its military decision-making. In 1955 the hard-pressed Air Force staff their actions. For this type of mind the present Washington scene is made to order. It was Dr. Killian, for instance, who laid down the law about the "civilian" use of space, ruling out military applications before the possibilities had been adequately explored. But no one in Congress was able even to question him about what may well be a rash decision. The reason? As the President's adviser, Dr. Killian was automatically covered by the doctrine of Executive privilege, as the Eisenhower Administration most broadly interprets it. Unlike a Cabinet officer, he was not accountable to Congress.

BUDGET UEBER ALLES

NEWCOMERS to Eisenhower's Washington are understandably surprised by the sacramental character of the word "budget." The man from the Bureau of the Budget, in most government programs, is the man who calls the turn. During the hearings of the House Committee on Space and Astronautics, the accent on "budget" was apparent in almost every statement from members of the Executive branch. Not only was the language of the bill outlining the new space agency drawn up by the Bureau of the Budget. The Budget experts also pegged the new program at a minimal level of financing.

The result was a paradox. Congress was painfully anxious to give the new space program every penny it needed. The committee to which I was attached, made this abundantly clear. Yet the budget estimates presented were worked out with the caution of the controller's office in a small-time factory—hardly the mentality expected of people supposed to trail-blaze a new and only partly known frontier.

In the fall of 1959, after the Soviet Lunik bounced itself off the moon, the Administration leaders of Operation Salve were able to criticize Congress for having lopped something under $30 million from the latest appropriation of some $485 million. This particular action of Congress was ill-advised. But there was a huge irony in the sudden howls of criticism coming from voices so long mute on the subject of further money needs. At the 1959 appropriation hearings Dr. Glennan, as Dr. Dryden before him, had answered Congressional offers of more money with the usual assurance: "At the present state of our development I think we have the money to carry through this program on an urgent basis. . . ."

This budget-watcher's philosophy does not necessarily save money. There is much sense,

on the contrary, in Wernher von Braun's assertion that dragging out a program tends to make it more expensive, and in addition you are likely to wind up with an obsolescent vehicle. For example, work crews on the critical Atlas program have yet to go on a double shift.

Moreover, the really big waste is being caused by lack of purpose at the top—and sheer sloppy administration. Since 1945 roughly $2.3 billion has been spent on missile projects which were scrapped or used only in an extremely limited sense. Most of this money could have been saved if decisive action had been taken in the 1950s on selecting or rejecting various programs.

THE INTER-SERVICE MAYHEM

FROM the start, inter-service rivalry—"bloodletting" would be a more accurate term—has existed primarily between the Army and the Air Force. (The Big Navy admirals are content to build up their own dubiously effective carrier force on the side lines; the undersea Navy's own brilliant contribution to missilery—the submarine-based Polaris missile—is so obviously indispensable that even the Air Force has rarely questioned its value.) The Army-Air Force contest has long been far nastier and more destructive than the rough but friendly football game which the defenders of autonomous services like to depict.

The extreme was reached in the development of two rival missiles—the Army Jupiter and the Air Force Thor—and their rival air-defense systems, Nike-Zeus and Bomarc. Each service withheld information from the other and treated the other's representatives as virtual spies. The Army circulated a written memorandum on the virtues of Nike among members of Congress, while the Air Force divulged results of a top-secret test which showed the Nike performing unfavorably under simulated attack.

Each service charged mismanagement. "In the Army's view," as the House Operations Subcommittee report noted, "the failure of the Air Force to employ the retainer fix [a device in the missile's motor] when the Army did in March 1958, led to the destruction of four Air Force missiles at a cost of many millions of dollars and the loss of national prestige, since the Thor Able of August 1958 failed in the Free World's first lunar probe attempt."

Such tooth-and-claw rivalry flourished largely because of inaction in the office of the Secretary of Defense. Charles Wilson, for one thing, allowed both services to build their respective ICBMs for a full year, before deciding which service was to operate them. His successor, Neil McElroy, made so many overseas inspection trips, according to bitter jokers in the Pentagon, that it became virtually impossible even to find him—let alone force a decision from him.

The cost of this rivalry has been staggering. Whatever competitive gain resulted was more than canceled out by the millions thrown away on processes already obsolete or defective—which could have been avoided if there had been any real sharing of information.

The only arbiter of these conflicting interests is the President's Space Council. This body has not been known for its activity—at this writing it has not yet appointed the permanent secretary provided by law. When events forced the Council to bestir itself, the decisions rendered were often contradictory, *e.g.* the 1959 verdict to send von Braun's organization to NASA directly reversed a Council edict of the year before. The rare meetings of the Council, incidentally, are hidden from both Congress and the public by the now-familiar excuse of "Executive privilege."

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given to the military only, only what is their problem and not anything else. The rest of it stays under civilian control and that is the reason for having this agency [NASA]."

The President's intention in trying to separate "military" from "scientific" programs is praiseworthy. But of all the experts called before Congress, not one has been able to make a satisfactory distinction. Most of them have wisely testified that any generic separation is impossible.

What the attempted distinction sometimes amounts to is an effort to keep the military on the missile pads and out of space. But the same principles govern both space exploration and missile-firing. The same discoveries are vital to both.

One of the most provocative spokesmen for a military effort in space projects as well as missilery is Brig. Gen. Homer A. Boushey, the Air Force's Director of Advanced Technology. Boushey makes the point that military satellites and space weapons "at least for the next twenty years" will be of primary importance to the *defender*. Out in space, he suggests, may lie the one possibility of neutralizing the appalling offensive capabilities of nuclear missile warfare. In other words, space vehicles may provide a deterrent against aggression more stable and enduring than any known system of retaliatory counter-weapons.

Boushey lists the following possibilities for military space use: (1) several varieties of reconnaissance satellite, including an almost instantaneous early warning system against missiles (there are no adequate anti-missile warning systems at present); (2) manned space platforms; and (3) "defensive" satellites capable of attacking any object in space or of constituting a constant mobile deterrent against attack.

He has also broached the possibility of a military deterrent base on the moon—an idea that brought down the White House's disapproval and either howls or smirks from many scientists. Yet the moon could be the perfect place to locate a system of really massive retaliation. It could not be knocked out in advance. Why? Because it would take a good forty-eight hours for any earthly-located weapon to travel to the moon —and it would be observed from the moon at the moment of firing. On the other hand, weapons could be directed from the moon to earth in far less time, thanks to the moon's lighter gravitational pull.

Is this fantastic? Many sober, scientifically intelligent Air Force officers do not think so. Naturally no project for a moon base should be put ahead of the urgent demands of the earth-sited missile program—our national survival may depend on its success in the next two years. But the point that Boushey and others make is that the two programs are not conflicting. One naturally flows from the other. And with the Russians so close to lunar exploration, this country cannot afford to dismiss military uses of space out of hand.

All of the space projects mentioned above have, of course, civilian uses. The gains from the uses of satellites in navigation, communications, and weather forecasting would be tremendous. Satellites might anticipate, also, some of the problems the world is about to face in matters like the split-second scheduling of jet airliners.

In sum, the "military" and the "civilian" applications of space and even of missilery can no more be separated from each other than can "military" and "political" power, which in an age of such fearful war potential, come inevitably to be seen as one.* In the first place, all concede that ultimate military power is too destructive to be used, as long as—and this is an important qualification—the non-aggressor party possesses enough deterrent strength. Where total warfare is accounted impossible, the equivalent of military pressure is exerted by the very fact of a country's technical and scientific achievement.

A so-called "scientific" achievement like the Soviet Sputnik amounted to a military-political victory. Sputnik symbolized what the strategists call a force-in-being, which admitted of no competitor. The effect in sensitive areas, like the Middle East and Eastern Europe, was enormous.

The Russian moon probe has reinforced this political-military lead. Where two systems of great military power are locked in a bitter, but bloodless struggle—and looking for allies—a glance at the chess board can have the same effect on a neutral as two years of World War II. At the moment, whatever the experts in Operation Salve say about "overall U.S. scientific superiority" (which presumably includes advances in American dental equipment and swimming-pool construction technique), the American side of the chess board looks lousy.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

THE basis for a successful space and missile effort is not another series of scene-shifting government "reorganizations." We do need purpose, authority, urgency, a sense, as General Medaris put it, that we are "in a race." We have

had enough broadcasting of our achievements. We now need a few honest words about how and where we are behind, from the people in authority who should have said them long ago.

Of first urgency is a massive speed-up of the military missile program. This should not only embrace as yet untested missiles like the Minuteman, but should include our operational ICBMs as a stopgap. The time is fast coming when we can no longer count on the Strategic Air Command as a deterrent against the missiles which Khrushchev boasts are on his assembly lines.

In the field of space, two specific projects should receive top priority besides the much discussed Mercury project. They are: (1) the Air Force's Dyna-Soar, the forerunner of a manned space vehicle; and (2) the Saturn project for a 1.5 million-pound thrust rocket cluster. The Saturn is the prelude to big-league space exploration. The 1.5 million thrust Nova motor, now under development by NASA, will have to be clustered itself to get into interplanetary space—and the lessons learned in the Saturn cluster are essential for any further steps. The Saturn, furthermore, is necessary for the space stations and heavy satellites in warning and reconnaissance systems. Space is the highway of the immediate future, as surely as Mahan's "broad highway" of another day was the sea. Its control will be equally decisive.

If any reorganizations do occur, Dyna-Soar, Saturn, and a few projects like them must continue unimpeded beneath the scaffolding.

NASA in its present form and under its present leadership has not succeeded in becoming the directing agency of the space effort. Either it should revert to the status of a smaller research agency, dependent for support on the military services—as many experts suggested to Congress—or it should be integrated into a large new Manhattan Project for space. This should be directed by an officer of Cabinet rank, with a Cabinet title. It should incorporate both civilian and military components, in the knowledge that no real separation is possible.

The military services *do* need a real reorganization, with different services built around the tactical needs and possibilities for armed force. The division of the services in the missiles field has only highlighted the fact that the present system is fast becoming archaic. The military themselves are aware of this. Lieut. Gen. James M. Gavin's proposals in his recent book offer firm guide lines for such a reorganization.

In its September report, the subcommittee of the House Government Operations Committee thought this service reorganization problem pressing enough to warrant a merger of the Army and the Air Force—the Navy's function remains separate and still capable of departmentalizing. Said the subcommittee:

> . . . The logic of new weapon technology has virtually destroyed the traditional basis for services organized around strategic land, sea, and air missions. . . . Land-based strategic missiles, whether organized in squadrons or battalions, require technical capabilities that have no unique service orientation. . . .
>
> The strategic missile with nuclear warhead is the decisive weapon of the next decade. In its land-based aspect, particularly, it calls for a single military organization to develop, produce, and deploy the weapons.

IS COMPETITION NECESSARY?

THE U. S. is not in the space business as a scientific hobby. The ringing words of Dr. Killian, "the compelling urge to explore the unknown," might make a good motto for a college mountain-climbing society; but an urge, however noble, is not a firm base for national policy. Bluntly stated, the United States must make a major effort at space conquest because the national interest demands it. Khrushchev does not share the President's view that space exploration is not "competition." His crude saber-rattling shows his awareness of its political-military importance. To ignore this is as dangerous as if we had failed to develop nuclear physics in the 1940s.

The exploration of space, like nuclear physics, is beyond the point of individual discoveries in the laboratory. It is being translated from a scientific into an engineering problem. Its results have been concrete enough to justify a major national effort. If the expenditures for future big space programs are huge, they are not insupportable. They can be made up partly from the clear economies of a sensible command setup. Ultimately, if some kind of gradual disarmament can be achieved, the money now given to necessary, but unproductive, military costs could be diverted to the peaceful purposes of space exploration.

But let's not enjoy our peace before we win it. The surest way to win it is to march into space first. A sure way to lose it is to continue at our present hop, skip, and crawl—allowing the Soviet Union to command this new realm, and incidentally proving Khrushchev's boast that there is nothing inherently wrong with Americans or their machines: it's just the "capitalistic system."



By WAYNE KERNODLE

Drawings by Dan Nevins

Last of the Rugged Individualists

A favorite American folk hero—the Southern Mountaineer—is even saltier (and more dangerous) in fact than in legend . . . but he is now sentenced to extinction. A farewell portrait by the chief anthropologist of William and Mary College.

THAT fierce individualist, the Southern mountaineer, has long been one of America's favorite characters. He has given us a whole series of folk heroes, from Andrew Jackson and Davy Crockett to Li'l Abner. His songs have become a national fad. He has inspired a considerable literature, ranging from serious fiction to the hillbilly cartoon.

And now he is about to vanish, without hope of rescue. Even if there were any practical way to save him, he wouldn't stand for it. In his aggressive—some say arrogant—tradition of independence, he would rather go under than stand beholden to any rescuer. I know, because some of the last of these rugged individualists are my friends.

As the new highways push into dozens of once-hidden coves, they are destroying that isolation which, over the course of the generations, molded the character of the Southern highlander. It is a character which the rest of the country comprehended only dimly. He was ridiculed for his insularity, and capriciously celebrated for qualities which he probably never had and doesn't have now. What he is really like is well exemplified, I think, by the McCalls of Pin Hook Gap.

Perhaps it is best not to locate the place too precisely, because there is more than one Pin Hook Gap and more McCalls than the particular family I know. It is enough to say that it lies in the westernmost end of North Carolina, close to the high, craggy spine of the Appalachians that shuts the mountain country off from the coastal East. The Plott Balsams are here and Pisgah National Forest and the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Blacks. The Cherokee Indian Reservation is not far to the west. The mountains are high—the highest east of the Mississippi—but they are not peaks but domes, "balds," flat at the top and bare, or wooded with a kind of low, torn pine. Many have barely been explored, but they have names: Yellow Face, Dirty Britches, Inkem-Binkem. If you walk northwest of these ridges you come into a good thirty miles of nearly impassable balsam slicks and rhododendron thickets, briars, and dog hobble.

It is dense country. It is also beautiful country, with perhaps the most glorious displays of

floral vegetation of any part of the United States —dogwood and azalea and laurel and rhododendron, and about them cool pine forest and a tumble of waterfalls. This is also the land of the black bear and of the deer which once provided a main source of food for the Cherokee nation. There are frequent reports of panthers and wildcats, though few of these are actually seen these days.

Pin Hook Gap is, roughly, in between the cities of Asheville, North Carolina, and Knoxville, Tennessee. The needs of the cities have brought roads to connect them, and Pin Hook Gap has felt the glory and the sorrow of being on the route of march. But the cities have not been corruptors directly or intentionally. The boondocks themselves have conceived their own transfiguration.

The total population of Pin Hook is five McCalls plus an assortment of bears, panthers, rattlesnakes, and wild pigs.

Young John McCall, who is seventy-three years old, and his brother Charlie, who is seventy, live in a tight little cabin nestled into a cove under Devil's Courthouse. One brother and his wife live about two hundred yards away, and another brother lives by himself in a shack about a half-mile back in the thicket. Neither Young John nor Charlie has married, and only two of the McCalls have ever been more than fifty miles from Pin Hook during their entire lives. That time was almost forty years ago, when Charlie went into the Army and stayed at training camp for about three weeks before coming back home for good.

A friend of mine, Al Moore, who lives part-time in Brevard, knew a cousin of the McCalls. Through him Al got directions to Pin Hook and the proper passwords that would get us in to John and Charlie's place. It took the two of us and Al's sister, Martha Kate, the better part of the morning, in a jeep, to make it to the top of Pin Hook Ridge. Then we started to drop off into the cove at a remarkably steep angle.

THE NIGHT OF THE PANTHER

HERE, following instructions, we started blowing the jeep horn every minute. When we finally came in sight of the cabin, we stopped and sat on the horn until a figure appeared on the porch. Then we just sat there. It must have been thirty minutes before anything happened. The man on the porch stood in the doorway, leaning on a rifle, and we sat there in the jeep—waiting.

Then I got the feeling that someone was close to the jeep and looked around. There stood Charlie McCall. He had made no sound coming and had given no indication that he was there. Al Moore—who has hiked almost every inch of the territory in this section from Rough Butt Bald to Tennessee Bald and then some—introduced us. We nodded and followed Charlie up to the cabin. From the yard we howdy-ed Young John, but I haven't shaken hands with him to this day.

The beginning was mighty slow. Neither of the McCalls was inclined to start any conversation. They answered questions with the fewest words possible. At first some of the words were unintelligible to me, but Al and Martha Kate seemed to understand them well enough.

Everything about the place expressed the independent way of life. Their father had built the cabin when he first came to Pin Hook. The furniture was all fashioned by hand from cherry and walnut. It had the simple, true lines of great workmanship and was both comfortable and as sturdy as the rocks which surrounded the cove. All of their belongings had been made with tools they had hammered out themselves. The long rifle which stood across the entrance to the house had a barrel made by Charlie McCall.

Both men were tall—more than six feet—and thin, but they were not skinny. Their blue eyes were clear and sharp and their hearing was acute. They were confident men but not arrogant, cunning but not slick. They manifested a serenity unmatched by anything I have seen in the urban world. We talked about their life, which included some mining for precious stones, mica, and minerals.

With some prompting, Charlie told us about a long and ferocious struggle with a panther the winter before.

"This painter used that aire place up thar," he said, pointing out a promontory which jutted out from the balsam thickets about two thousand feet above the cabin. "He was driv by hungry and cold—hit ud been asnowin' fur a week a more. One night we heerd bangin' on the roof. We'suns tuk the rifles and got outside. He come aflyin' off the roof at us. We shot at him and he tuk off. But he come back later and was tearin' and clawin' at the windows and doors and all over the top of the house. Finally he tore a hole in the roof and come pilin' in. We fit him with arn bars and sticks and finally driv him outa the front door. John hit him in the hint leg and he'uns scremt and wailed like

a dyin' hog. We haint saw him since. He had tore up the place baddest."

In the summer the McCalls raise a plot of corn and some other vegetables, and kill a hog or two. The hogs are put into a barrel of salt brine to keep from "spiling." In late August and early September, when the berries are plentiful, they pick for days at a time and can them for winter, using an old wood-burning stove and hand-fashioned pots for the cooking. During the long winter months they work at their mining, at making the various articles necessary to keep life and limb together. What they do and how they do it is entirely up to them. They are independent, but will share a real offer of friendship. Their wishes are simple but include the great wish not to be "a-dickertated to"—by men or panthers.

When we arrived, the McCalls were just getting ready to go do some mining, and seemed itchy to get on with it. By this time it had started to rain a bit. We noticed that they were going bareheaded and with only rough denim jackets on their backs. Martha Kate ran back to the jeep and got a couple of plastic tablecloths and held them out to the McCalls. Then for a moment we were sorry, because we feared they were insulted. After a few moments John McCall took one of the tablecloths and put it over his shoulders. Charlie turned and went into the cabin. A few minutes later he returned, and into Martha Kate's hand he placed a beautiful clear ruby. She could not refuse this gesture and still maintain his friendship, so she merely let it lie in her open palm as Charlie pulled the old plastic cloth over his shoulders and he and John McCall walked off toward the hills beyond their rough-hewn homestead. Al, Martha Kate, and I went to the jeep and began our trip back to the way of life that might some day swallow up the McCalls and the painter—if he's still alive.

TURKEY PLOTT AND SARY ELLISON

FOR "progress" is on its way to Pin Hook Gap. Thirty miles away from the McCall cabin you come out onto a good dirt road and to a little community in the valley. The people at the country store were talking about the engineers who had been making surveys for paving the road and connecting it with the Blue Ridge Parkway at Wagon Road Gap and thence to Routes 19 and 23. This will connect with Highway 441, which is known as the "Over the Smokies Highway," the most scenic route between Brevard, Waynesville, Newfound Gap, Gatlinburg, and Knoxville.

They were excited about the future and the new life it meant for them. And if you know something about the stringencies of their life, you can't blame them for looking forward to more money and the chance to buy the city things that ease the hardships. I just hope the engineers leave enough balsam, "rhododaniel," white spruce, and briar thickets between the road and the McCalls to drown out the whir of those great instruments of change, the automobiles, as they wind around Pin Hook on their way to the scenic beauties which await them at the parking lots of Tennessee Bald.

It is evident that this way of life is already doomed. Twenty-one years ago, when I made my first intimate contact with the people of this region, the individualistic spirit was the first thing you noticed about the people you met. They were not special people like the McCalls that you had to go out of your way to find. They were most everybody who lived there and they simply did what was to them right and natural.

It was on my first visit in 1938 that I met Turkey Plott and Sary Ellison. I was not a complete stranger to the hill country, but my previous visits had been confined to the protected atmosphere of a church-sponsored summer assembly for young people. This time I was more on my own, and I looked forward to the exploration of the vast and exciting depths of the Great Smoky Mountains, the Balsams Range, and Pisgah National Forest. My plan was to make contact with a man named Otie Moorefield, who had been described to me as knowing more about the deep woods in this area than any man alive. From him I hoped to get instructions on trails to take—or with luck even get him to take a hiking trip with me.

My search for Moorefield led indirectly to several people who later became intimate friends. For an hour after arriving, a total stranger in this small mountain community some forty miles from Asheville, I had sought my guide in vain. Two gaunt men had ignored my questions completely, and another had "never heerd of him." Finally I got a lead from a one-eyed, gimpy-legged fellow.

"I haint saw him all day," he said, "but he mought be at Turkey Plott's."

This turned out to be the hamlet's only café, across the street and down the block. Moorefield was not there, so I decided to eat some-

thing since I had had a long, cold trip from Asheville. Here in two surprising episodes, I discovered the individualism which then characterized this community—but does not now.

Sary Ellison, the daughter of Long Butt Ellison, worked as a waitress for Turkey Plott in a defiant and condescending fashion. The place was not awfully clean, and a fairly rough-looking crowd was in the place. When I ordered a hot roast-beef sandwich, milk, and coffee, Sary took the order and went about getting it together rather pokily. Turkey made some remark about "was she gonna take all day." Sary squared off and blared out in front of everybody present:

"Who do you think you air—Hilter or somebody?"

She then threw a dishrag in my plate of food, took off her apron, wrapped it around Turkey's neck, and said, "If'n you'uns want hit on the table so fast—git it thar yourself." And stalked out.

Everybody in the café but Turkey guffawed. Turkey brought me some more food. One of the men said to him:

"Ain't nobody gonna boss Sary around."

Turkey nodded. I gathered that everybody, including Turkey, knew that Sary would be back in a day or two, but that she wouldn't stay long if anybody started acting like "Hilter." Turkey didn't seem to be particularly mad at her, either. As a matter of fact, he said he "guessed he'd a done the same thing if he'd been her." And it wasn't five minutes before he demonstrated that he would.

The grease on my hot roast-beef sandwich was just starting to congeal when two unshaven giants lurched into the café and plopped down on the counter stools beside me. They smelled of tobacco juice and corn whiskey.

Both men were visibly mad and it wasn't just the whiskey, though this had reduced their caution somewhat. Frank Gash, the biggest one, pounded his meat-axe fist on the counter so hard my glass of milk jumped and skidded off onto the floor. For some crazy reason it didn't break, but landed right side up and sat there sloshing up and down. Gash bellowed, "Whar's Turkey Plott? I'm agonna kill 'im."

Turkey had gone back into the kitchen to get an order, but he heard Gash. He came charging out between the swinging doors that separated the two rooms so fast he nearly tore them off the hinges. Plott was probably the biggest and strongest man in western North Carolina at that time.

"Who's agonna kill Turkey?" he shouted.

Without waiting for an answer, he grabbed the two men by their coat collars and banged their heads together with such force you could hear the bones crack. Then he dragged them over the counter one at a time, lifting them above his head, and threw them through the front glass window.

When the glass stopped breaking, there ensued a most remarkable and wonderful quiet. Everybody went back to eating, and Turkey went back to the kitchen. Gash and his friend were picked up by the sheriff and put in jail. When they had recovered and been released, they stopped by to apologize to Turkey for the trouble they had caused. I never did find out what had set them off in the first place, because nobody ever talked about it after that.

This kind of immediate, vigorous expression was typical and is explained in part by the special cultural environment in which such people lived.



The western North Carolina folk like Turkey, Sary, Frank Gash, and their kind were largely of Anglo-Saxon descent. As pioneers, their ancestors had pushed into these wilderness areas, staked out their claims, and settled in for good. Until 1920, and almost until after World War II, the strain was only slightly adulterated by the various migrations. Protected in their isolation by the mountains and by their own reluctance to mingle with strangers, these mountaineers escaped much of the change which was occurring elsewhere. Because economic opportunities were not abundant, education and "refinement" were neglected.

The result was a strange mixture of the proud and the shy, the ignorant and the astute, the wise and the uneducated. In a real sense they lived apart from the main stream of American culture and thus developed ways of doing things that emphasized the importance of self-reliance and responsibility for one's own fate. This difference has been widely misunderstood, since the peculiar or sensational aspects of these people have been focused upon in such ways as to make

them appear either stupid or comical, or both.

But many thoughtful people in this region, who have themselves shared this history, are watching the present changes with regret. The great levelers which have invaded their hinterland are radio, television, movies, industry, labor unions, paved roads, parkways, and tourists. What these things have done to Turkey Plott and Sary Ellison illustrates in miniature what is happening to the customs, attitudes, and ambitions of the whole region.

HOW THEY WERE TAMED

WHILE Turkey, Sary, and the other inhabitants were going their usual way, the community was being surveyed by outsiders who wanted to locate a textile mill there. They needed a wide expanse of land, pure water, and a supply of moderately cheap labor. They found the land and water in abundance at the foot of the hill about three miles from town. The first investment to build the mill amounted to more than three million dollars; later this was doubled for additions. New roads were built, workmen were brought in from the outside, and all the skilled labor in the community was put on the job. Executives and their families moved in, together with a myriad of white-collar workers and personnel experts to train the mountaineers who wanted to work in the mill.

At first this increased Turkey's business, and he added some booths "for ladies and gentlemen." He also hired two new waitresses. But a new, modern restaurant opened up near him and attracted most of the new people who wanted hygiene, soft music, tablecloths, and more courteous service. Turkey finally gave up. He sold his café, lock, stock, and swinging doors, and went to work as a construction foreman at the mill.

Sary married a young insurance salesman who later became president of a thriving firm in town. She and her husband live in a modern, ranch-style house in one of the new developments on the north side. She is president of the parent-teachers association and a charter member of the garden club. Her husband was voted "young man of the year" twice in a row and is now raising funds for a new community center, which is supposed to cut down on juvenile delinquency and rowdyism in town.

Turkey found it rough going for a while at the mill. He was a good foreman but was almost fired several times for being too demanding and for losing his temper. But he got hold of himself in time and calmed down to make a good, steady worker. For years he has been the chief of new construction and is known to be back of several plans to build better houses for the mill workers, athletic fields, and other recreational facilities. About the only time I see the fire in his eyes these days is when some die-hard native or stranger makes a crack about how the mill has taken over and ruined the place. But he talks hard now instead of hitting hard.

In varying ways such urban influences have begun to standardize the life of all mountaineers. Working hours, types of work, wages, clothes, speech, and manners that once were highly individualized are—in some places gradually, in others suddenly—becoming formalized.

There was, for example, Warrior Hull. He was a strong-minded man and able to back up what he said. You didn't have to wait a week to get his opinion, either. Warrior lived by himself in a rough-hewn cabin just outside a small mountain community near Pisgah Forest. He was an artisan in the old sense, and by experience an expert machinist. He put these talents to work at a small tannery in town, where he developed the reputation of being able to fix anything.

In time the tannery was bought by outside interests in the East, and a representative of the company made a visit to survey the investment and make suggestions for improvement. At one point he came upon Warrior working on a piece of equipment. After a while he said, "Look here, you—you can work more efficiently if you'll get organized better." No comment from Hull. The boss shouted:

"You listen to me! I mean business—I want this done differently."

Hull turned slowly, picked up a monkey wrench, and said:

"You git yore damn ass outa here and stop a-dickertatin' to me—I'll bust yore head with this here monkey wranch."

The gentleman withdrew and Hull went back to work.

There are bigger plants in Hull's town now. The population has doubled, from 3,500 to 7,000 or more, and two big mills dominate the community. Warrior Hull's type does not work for either one of them, so far as I can tell. The current residents of the town are a different breed entirely. Thirty years ago there were many Warrior Hulls, and today there are none, except those who have escaped further into the hills.

Warrior Hull is dead now. The shack he lived in, where I spent many a cold winter night

sleeping in front of his open fireplace, was knocked down by a bulldozer. Over the top of Hull's way of life runs a new superhighway.



GOOD-BY MOONSHINE, HAIL KIWANIS

AT THE same time that Warrior Hull was resisting change to the end, however, there were others in the region who welcomed "progress" and allied themselves with it. Though raised in the pioneering traditions, they joined hands with those who offered new opportunities. Some of them had gone into the Army during World War I and returned home with new notions about how to improve their own lot and that of their town.

Calvern Jones was one of the men who helped bring "progress." As a boy he was just as towheaded, barefooted, and snaggled-toothed as any of the kids of his age. He hauled many a fruit jar of moonshine whiskey from his father's cabin to the town residents in his home-fashioned, two-wheeled cart. His regular missions were widely known and folks would often taunt him as he pulled his cart along the back streets. "What you got there, Cal—some fancy groceries?" Cal would stiffen, ball up his fists, and yell:

"None of yore God damn business—you yeller self-made son of a bitch."

The first world war did a lot for Cal. It got him out of the bootleg business and into the grocery store. His experience in the Army—the new ideas he picked up and the extra schooling he took—provided him with a new weave in his personality. Mr. Calvern Jones opened up a nice grocery store all his own and began to spout salesmanship and progress, along with the doctors, the lawyers, and the newspapermen.

And they finally got progress in the shape of two big mills which now threaten to choke out Calvern Jones and pollute the clear waters of the rivers with their dyes. A recent editorial in the town's weekly newspaper commented on poor business conditions. At present there is only one grocery store in the main business section and that is an A & P supermarket. There was a Dixie store and, of course, Calvern Jones' store. The Dixie was bought out by the A & P, and Jones was forced out because his building was condemned. Several relatively new buildings are still unrented and most of the clothing stores have gone broke. Only the eating places and the filling stations prosper.

This has happened at a time when the people of the community have much more money than they ever had before. Jones blames the two mills which progress brought. Nearly everybody works for one of the mills and makes good money. But with the new wide superhighways to Asheville and Hendersonville, people flock to the city to spend their wages. So it's good-by Jones' store, farewell to rat cheese, the cracker box, fresh country butter, and a ten-cent poke of cressy salad.

This orientation toward the city and the urban way of life seems to have become the dominant urge of the present population. It extends into their social, economic, religious, and recreational activities, and into customs, mannerisms, speech, and styles of dress.

The informal way of life has given way to formal organization. The social and civic activities are carried on by Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions clubs which promote civic improvement—such as bigger and better highways into the towns and larger attractions for tourists.

Recreational activities of the old type like berry picking, mountain fox hunting, and folk dancing have also been disappearing under the onslaught of spectator sports. High-school football games on lighted fields, "huddle queen" contests, and folk festivals with imported rock-and-roll guitar players have crowded out many of the old-time street dances, informal hoedowns, and singing conventions which once were the major recreational outlets. Now kids sport Elvis Presley haircuts, talk bop slang, and dress "sharp." Their mothers belong to women's clubs.

The physical face of the communities in this region is changing, too. The kind of cabin Warrior Hull built has been replaced by rows of little white houses from Asheville to Toxaway. There is a developing sameness about everything, including the manicured camping sites for tourists, with neat piles of wood cut to the proper length for the outdoor grills. A few pure specimens like the McCalls remain. In another generation their type will disappear forever. Such men already are strangers in their own land.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Many Faces of Communism

PART I: THE THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

A report on the new tone of Russian culture —arrogant, contemptuous, yet insecure— and on the sharply contrasting intellectual climate of Poland and Yugoslavia.

I HAVE just returned from a month's trip to the Soviet Union, Poland, and Yugoslavia. So superficial an inspection could hardly be expected to yield profound conclusions. Still a swift and concentrated tour in lands previously known only through the eyes of others offers certain advantages. Old assumptions and expectations dissolve in an avalanche of new and concrete impressions. The easy abstractions which rule our thought trip up over the complexities of experience.

For this traveler, one impression was paramount. Americans have tended to suppose that Communism, as the most explicit and comprehensive of the ideologies of our day, would stamp the nations under its sway into a fairly uniform mold. The very phrase "the Communist world" conveys the notion of essential sameness. But what strikes the casual observer—or at least this one—is precisely the wide diversities in Communist practice. This phenomenon, I think, is worth examination, because it seems likely that it holds out the best, if not the only, hope, for eventual world peace.

Communism is not a monolith; it is a spectrum. At one end of the spectrum lies China—messianic, austere, passionately ideological, deeply fanatical, and inaccessible to the American observer. (Though the State Department has now relented, Peking has not—the problem today is not American passports but Chinese visas.) At the other end of the spectrum lie Poland and Yugoslavia—countries whose species of Communism confound the clichés which have dominated Western thought in the last decade. In between lies the Soviet Union, the most powerful Communist nation of them all, a singular mixture of excessive confidence and excessive insecurity . . . of extraordinary efficiency and exasperating inefficiency . . . of venturesome innovation and rigid ideology.

Power, of course, settles heavily on the Sino-Russian side of the spectrum. By themselves Poland and Yugoslavia can make little difference to the international balance of force. Yet conceivably, if the Polish and Yugoslav experiences express a possible direction in which Communism might evolve, then what is going on in these smaller countries may be of incalculable significance. It is not too much to suggest that the future may depend on whether the Soviet Union remains within the orbit of ideology or begins to move imperceptibly toward a more genial and pragmatic form of Communism.

The one safe generalization about the Soviet Union is that it is in flux. The changes which have taken place since the death of Stalin continue to be a source of local wonder and delight.

Soviet citizens talk freely about the "bad times," by which they mean the period from 1948 or so to 1953. When one asks what these years were like, they reply that no one dared speak his private thoughts, no one trusted anyone else, no one was safe from arbitrary and unpredictable terror. This relative candor about the last days of Stalin is curiously devoid of bitterness toward the Old Man himself; he is either seen as a great builder who went wrong in his last years or else as an old man deceived and betrayed by unscrupulous subordinates, like Beria.

Still the frankness about the "deformations" which took place under his sponsorship is of enormous significance. The revulsion against the

"cult of personality" and against the omnipotent secret police is deeply felt and genuine. People say over and over with fervent conviction, "We will never go through anything like that again." (When one asks how they can be sure that the cult of personality will not revive, whether any structural changes have taken place to prevent the emergence of a new tyrant, they only say, "Because we have been through this once, we will not permit it to happen again"—a proposition more convincing to the speaker than to the beholder.)

The implication of the talk about the "bad times" is that times are much better now. This cannot be gainsaid. There has been a vast increase in personal security. One hears little now about sudden midnight arrests. The secret police have been sharply reduced in power. The streets of Moscow are filled with people trickling back from exile and hard labor in Siberia. The labor camps themselves have apparently undergone a drastic change in character. More than this, Khrushchev, after eliminating Malenkov in the post-Stalin struggle, took over the Malenkov program (as Stalin once took over the economic program of Trotsky) and in the last two years has been making a prodigious effort to raise standards of life and comfort. The traveler cannot help being impressed by the variety and abundance (if not necessarily by the quality) of goods in the stores of the large cities.

At no time since the Revolution have ordinary Soviet citizens felt themselves both so free and so affluent. Quite naturally, they exult in a tremendous debt to the man who made these gains possible. But there is little evidence yet of a new personality cult. One sees few pictures of Khrushchev around and no statues, and one does not constantly feel a Big Brotherly presence as one did in pre-war Germany or Italy or in Stalinist Russia. Khrushchev is a rare bird among dictators: he wants very much to be liked. He cares about popular moods, he basks in the affection of crowds, and he goes vigorously around his country as if engaged in a perpetual campaign for re-election.

Watching these developments, some observers have expressed hope that the combination of personal security, consumer goods, and a dictator who wants to be popular would bring about a relaxation of the grimly ideological character of Soviet society. It has been reasonably argued that political dogmatism cannot survive an increase in free discussion and that administrative totalitarianism will melt away under the diversifications inherent in a consumer economy. All this may be so. There is little evidence for it yet in contemporary Russia.

Nearly all the changes which have taken place since the death of Stalin have been in what the Western liberal must call the right direction. Despite these changes, the Soviet Union remains a theological society. Khrushchev has not liberalized the regime. What he has done is to begin to normalize it. This is not unimportant: the Soviet citizen is acquiring for the first time a sense of what is normal—what is his "right"—in the way both of personal security and of material comfort, and he is not likely to relinquish these norms willingly short of the threat of war against his country. Yet this is quite a different thing from liberalizing Soviet society—from making it less dogmatic and totalitarian, more pragmatic and tolerant.

The heart of Soviet dogmatism is the principle of infallibility, applied to leader, to party, and to theory of history. The gains under Khrushchev, far from weakening that principle, may very likely have strengthened it. Thus personal security and consumer goods, by satisfying the urgent demands of the managerial and technical groups, may actually reduce strivings toward intellectual and political liberty and increase political passivity. In the last days of Stalin, Soviet citizens questioned (in the privacy of their minds) the notion that their leadership could do no wrong. But today, when leadership is beginning to produce a multitude of pleasurable results, the results themselves—from improving the style of women's shoes to hitting the moon—only verify the infallibility both of the leader and of the ideology behind him.

THE SMUG AND IMPERVIOUS

AT least it is difficult to explain otherwise the characteristic state of mind in the Soviet elite—the stupefying mixture of confidence, ignorance, imperviousness, and incuriosity. Nothing is more dismaying to the visitor than this almost total lack of curiosity (except about new productive methods or techniques). The members of the elite are absolutely confident that they know far more about Britain than Mr. Macmillan or Mr. Gaitskell, far more about France than General de Gaulle, far more about the United States than President Eisenhower or Governor Stevenson. Both this confidence and the accompanying ignorance much disturbed Hugh Gaitskell and Aneurin Bevan on their recent visit to Moscow. K. S. Karol, the newspaperman who accompanied them, has provided this testimony:

> One of the highest personalities of the regime was entirely ignorant of the existence of National Health Service in Britain. Another, who accompanied us to an anti-colonial ballet at the Bolshoi, refused to believe that a play opposing racial discrimination could be put on in the United States or that anti-colonial propaganda was legal in Great Britain . . . . The unemployed are believed to be queuing up before all the work-exchanges of Paris and London. . . . Our guide at Leningrad refused to believe that I could welcome Soviet visitors at my home in Paris, or that the best Western writers weren't Communists, or that abstract painting was not an American invention and sign of capitalist decadence. . . .

What seem ascertainable facts to the Westerner are believed in the Soviet Union only when they conform to the official stereotypes. If a statement fits the stereotype, one's Soviet friend beams with triumph; things that don't fit are rejected out of hand with smiles of pitying condescension.

Nothing is more futile, by the way, than to hope to encourage the Soviet citizen to candor about his country by admitting faults in one's own. The visitor receives no credit for such admissions; it is rather assumed that the facts are so patent and overwhelming that "even you" are "forced" to admit them. As for foreign comments on life and conditions in the Soviet Union, anything which falls short of fulsome praise is likely to be resented as needling and hostile. Paddy Chayefsky, the playwright, a member of our party, remarked, "The Soviet Union is like a husband and wife who keep telling everyone all the time how happy they are."

When pressed hard about any point, Soviet citizens seek refuge in talk about their terrible suffering during the second world war. No one can underestimate the extent of this suffering. Yet most people in the Soviet Union seem to have argued themselves into believing that they were the only victims of Nazi terror. Indeed, forgetting their alliance with the Nazis of 1939-41 (and to bring that up in the Soviet Union is accounted the worst of taste), they talk a good deal of the time as if they were alone in resisting Hitler. The fearful ravages of war have become the universal alibi, the all-conquering justification of every excess, error, or atrocity committed since. Bevan thus observed to a Ukrainian farmer that he was getting more gallons a year per cow on his own farm in Britain than Ukrainian cows seemed able to produce.

"But you weren't overrun by Hitler," came the inevitable reply.

Bevan said: "Those were not cows that were overrun by Hitler."

One has only to add that, within the elite, manners tend to be pompous and hectoring, and the conception of discussion is hopeless. I had to listen to Yuri Zhukov, the Soviet minister in charge of cultural exchanges, denounce the Russian Research Center at Harvard for its tendentious and distorted researches in Soviet affairs—tendentious and distorted, it appeared, because they refused to accept official Soviet documents as the last word. The Russian Research Center is far from infallible; still its members speak the language and make a conscientious effort to keep up with the literature. The afternoon before, I had spent some time with the professor of American history in a leading Soviet university and the head of the American section in a leading historical institute. The conversation (conducted through an interpreter) revealed surprising ignorance about American history and historians. The two Soviet Americanists, for example, had not heard of Richard Hofstadter or Oscar Handlin. But what does ignorance matter if you already possess the key to the universe?

THEIR HABIT OF LYING

THIS state of mind has one particularly unpleasant consequence. I have traveled in many countries of the world; but I have never been lied to as casually, contemptuously, and persistently as in the Soviet Union. One expects to be lied to on large issues—that writers are free to write as they please, or that the South Koreans invaded North Korea; these are high-policy lies. But one is lied to equally on petty issues, where no question of national policy is at stake but rather the relationship of one person to another.

An episode is worth recounting. Paddy Chayefsky's parents came from a village in the Ukraine, and he hoped that he might visit their home. He communicated this hope to the Soviet Embassy in Washington and again to the Writers' Union in Moscow. In due course, a trip was laid on to Kiev, where the rest of the group would meet local writers and see the town while Mr. Chayefsky would go by automobile to his village. Then, the day before we were due to go, the trip was canceled. The reason provided by the Writers' Union? "No hotel rooms are available in Kiev."

The reason did not seem convincing. Mr. Chayefsky pointed out that a Soviet writer, eager to visit a place near Montgomery, Alabama, would be a bit suspicious if he were told that the

trip was out because there were no hotel rooms in Montgomery. He then walked over to Intourist where he was informed that there were plenty of rooms available in Kiev. Being a man of determination, Mr. Chayefsky booked passage for New York and announced that he would leave the next day unless the Kiev trip was reinstated by five o'clock that afternoon. A few moments before the deadline, hotel rooms were found and the trip was restored.

So we went to Kiev. For Mr. Chayefsky to make his pilgrimage and rejoin the rest of the party on what we were told was the last plane that evening to Moscow, it was necessary for him to leave the hotel at eight in the morning. He then could drive five hours to the village, stay an hour, and drive back to Kiev in time for the evening plane. But no car appeared at eight —or at nine, or at ten, or at eleven. In a city of nearly a million, the Ukrainian Writers' Union seemed unable to find a car and driver. Around noon a car at last arrived. It was pointed out to Mr. Chayefsky that, if he went now, he could not catch up with the rest of the party that evening. But Mr. Chayefsky's curiosity and determination were at a high point, and he insisted on going. Just before his departure, a new and later Kiev-Moscow plane was discovered; if he hurried, he was now told, he still could get back to Moscow that night.

He left, drove five hours, and reached the village. The villagers had never seen an American before. They greeted him with enthusiasm; people who remembered his parents appeared; preparations had already been made for a banquet. Then, after seven minutes, Mr. Chayefsky's escort reminded him that, if he wanted to make the late plane, he would have to depart. They drove furiously back to Kiev, rushed to the airport—and found that there was no late Moscow passenger plane!

Why this fantastic effort to prevent Mr. Chayefsky from seeing his ancestral home? It was partly no doubt the feeling that this was a poor village, and that the American writer wanted to see it only to gather material about "negative" aspects of Soviet life. It was partly too the deeply-ingrained habits of falsification and contempt.

TASTE IN RHETORIC

OUR particular concern on this trip was Soviet literary life. Edward Weeks, Alfred Kazin, Paddy Chayefsky, and I made up the first American writers' delegation to visit the Soviet Union under the new cultural exchange agreement. Seeing writers may not tell one much about the power structure of a country, but it does tell a good deal about the intellectual atmosphere. A good deal—not everything. The presence of a delegation inevitably injects a certain artificiality into a gathering. Frank and confidential interchange is most unlikely, especially with one or two literary bureaucrats on hand. Freedom of comment has unquestionably improved since the death of Stalin, but it is still reserved for chat within the family. Most of the time the Soviet writers—with the exception of one or two who are sufficiently established to be permitted a certain latitude, or sufficiently brave or cynical not to give a damn—offer the foreigner a set of weary official responses. Do these people always believe what they say? It is entirely possible that men who seem rigid and impervious when foreigners voice doubts are actually voicing the same doubts in private. Delegations do not have much chance to probe beneath the surface of Soviet culture; and one feels that beneath the surface there is a good deal stirring.

Still, the official atmosphere is what matters for the moment, and delegations get a sizable dose of this. It is clear, of course, that writers are conceived by the state—and for the most part conceive themselves—as instruments in the general task of uplifting Soviet society. In part, this expresses a natural patriotic desire to take part in a vast national effort; in part, it is the arrangement of the state to keep so potentially subversive a section of the population under discipline.

"Writers are a type of gunners," Khrushchev told the Writers' Congress in May; "they clear the way for our forward movement and help our party in the Communist education of the workers. . . . You must brainwash people with your works."

This is the official literary mission. The editor of *October,* a leading cultural magazine, opened a meeting with our group by a rambling stump speech, delivered to the accompaniment of approving chuckles from his claque, about an incident in London when someone had said to him, "You want to conquer us." The editor replied, according to his own account:

"Why the hell should we want to conquer you? We have more natural resources than any country in the world. We have more gold than any country in the world. We have more diamonds than any country in the world. Etc., etc. Why in hell should we want you? Of course, if you want a

fight, we will be glad to take you on and beat you up. But we don't need you and don't want you. All we want is peace."

This seemed a strange introduction to a literary discussion; it is regrettably symptomatic. (Alfred Kazin appropriately responded that, since the United States was a richer nation than the Soviet Union, it must therefore according to the editor's own argument, be even more peace-loving.) Similarly the editor of *Foreign Literature* launched into a diatribe on, of all things, science fiction, seeking to show that Soviet science fiction revealed a serene, constructive, and optimistic nation, while American science fiction showed a nation afraid of the future—all this, the editor added, because of the need to keep the people tense and frightened in order to get them to pay the taxes required to maintain the defense spending required to maintain the capitalist economy. Yet these editors were accounted among the more free-spirited in the Soviet literary world.

The style in which they discussed such matters was as discouraging as the substance. Indeed, there is little better test of the literary sensibility of a society than its taste in rhetoric. Soviet rhetoric is brutal, strident and banal. It was disconcerting to watch the old formulas of denunciation come tumbling out when otherwise intelligent men ventured into general political or even literary discussion. And where else in the civilized world could the following verse be printed in a serious literary publication?

> Ye poets/sing out the grand story
> The song/of our young workers' dreams.
> Of inspired ones/who win a new glory,
> Of Communist/labour teams!
>
> The secrets of science/we'll master,
> The problems/of technique we'll beat;
> Advancing./with speed ever faster,
> The universe/lies at our feet.
>
> Our enemies/pale from frustration:
> How vain now/their blustering seems!
> So forward/ye pride of our nation—
> Ye Communist/labour teams!

Conceivably the poem sounds better in Russian than it does in English, but it couldn't sound very much better; in any case, no malice attaches to the translation which was done in Moscow and published in a recent issue of *Soviet Literature*, an English-language publication supposedly devoted to the most exportable Soviet writing.

The obsession with political purpose and effect has created a cult of the mass. The most sophisticated writer in the Soviet Union told us that he learned far more from the thousands of untutored letters sent to him about his books than he did from the most thoughtful literary criticism. A poet said he had received 40,000 letters about a single poem. Can such things be true? If the poet (as he claimed) read all these letters, it would have taken him (allowing two minutes per letter and an eight-hour working day) five and a half months. When did he find time to write?

Still, the claim suggests the extent to which the cult of the mass has put a premium on the quantitative approach to literature. Writers fulfill quotas like factory workers. Notes like the following abound in the Soviet literary press:

> Between the 3rd and 4th Congress of the Ukrainian Writers' Union (1954-1959) the Ukrainian writers published 65 new novels, 118 short stories, 193 collections of tales and articles, 295 volumes of verse, and 268 books for children. About 70 new plays were produced. . . . Last year alone over a thousand fiction titles with a total print of over 40 million were published in the Ukraine.

The sense of political mission brings with it an intense preoccupation with literary dogma. "Socialist realism" is still a major issue for the ordinary Soviet writer. At a recent conference on the Problems of Socialist Realism, organized by the Union of Soviet Writers and the Gorky Institute of World Literature, the speaker rather oddly stressed that, "despite the claims to the contrary made by foreign revisionists, the method of socialist realism not only exists [*sic*] but is steadily developing and becoming richer."

> The attempts of some bourgeois ideologists to pretend that Socialist realism was "decreed" by the state and "foisted on" Soviet writers was nothing short of ridiculous; in fact the history of literature and art had shown that the way had been prepared for this creative method by all the preceding artistic development of mankind and was a new natural stage of this development.

In practice, "Socialist realism" tends to become a flexible conception. One doubts whether it really exists at all; an old and cynical writer told us that Socialist realism was nothing more than what the people approved. Yet the doctrine worries Soviet writers. And along with it are the other staples of Soviet literary control: the "positive hero," the compulsory optimism, the happy ending. In his Writers' Congress

speech, Khrushchev ranged himself with the "positive" writers, the so-called "embellishers."

> Who are the nonembellishers? Some of them say that the principal task of literature consists of rooting out all the faults and failings possible, ignoring at the same time the great conquests of Soviet society. So, listen, dear friends. If it is anyone who reveals and lays bare failings and faults, and whose hand will not falter in so doing, it will be the party and its Central Committee [stormy applause].

In other parts of his speech, Khrushchev expressed a genial tolerance toward writing and a hope that writers could hereafter solve their own problems *(i.e.,* substitute self-censorship for state censorship). But his central argument left no doubt about the limited role permitted to writers in Soviet society.

WHAT THEY MEAN BY EXCHANGE

THE Soviet conception of the writer as a gunner, an engineer of the soul, a mass educator—as almost anything except a writer—has to be understood if we are to grasp what the Soviet Union means by cultural exchange. It does not mean free trade in ideas. It means rather a series of reciprocal trade agreements, in which usable ideas of one country are bartered for usable ideas of another. The editor of *October* explained to us that any impression of Soviet indifference to Western ideas was all wrong. "We are eager to take everything constructive and good you have to offer," he said, and went on to instance agronomy, metallurgy, and engineering as fields in which the West had something to contribute.

The implication, in a statement addressed to the American writers' delegation, was plain enough: the Soviet Union had nothing to learn from literary critics, editors, or historians. So the visiting scientist or engineer is assured of a warm welcome and an interested hearing. Even the visiting economist finds a ready audience for a discussion of technical problems of economic management. But the Soviet elite is not much interested in the visiting humanist, who, after all, has no techniques to communicate—has, indeed, nothing to lose but his ideas.

The hard fact is that the last thing the Soviet Union cares about is a free exchange of ideas. Nothing is more puzzling, for example, given the blazing self-confidence of the Soviet regime, than the distress, even fear, with which Soviet citizens confront the thought of the sale within the U.S.S.R. of foreign books, magazines, and newspapers.

The foreigner in Moscow, going slowly mad as he tries to figure out what is happening in the world from the pages of the London *Daily Worker* and *Humanité,* soon begins to inquire why he cannot buy the *Times* or the *Telegraph* of London, or the *Times* or *Herald Tribune* of New York. Embassies, government offices, and a few libraries receive copies of foreign magazines and newspapers; but, for all practical purposes, the ordinary foreign visitor or Soviet citizen has no access to non-Communist publications. Why? We used to tell Soviet writers that we would be glad to take them to bookshops in Washington, New York, and London where they could buy *Pravda, Izvestia,* and Soviet magazines and books. Why, we would ask, could they not take us to similar places in Moscow? This appeal left them singularly unmoved. The present one-way passage apparently strikes most of them as perfectly right and natural.

Pressing the question further produced curious results. A couple of eminent writers, separately explaining why Moscow could not put the *Times* of London or *New York Times* on sale, cited what they represented as typical Western news kiosks, one in Nice, the other on Broadway. From the lurid and somewhat lip-smacking descriptions, one learned that these stands offered nothing but sex and pornography.

"That is what you want to do with us," we were told in grandiloquent tones. "You want to make us accept your Western obscenity and filth. But we say to you that we will not accept it. We will not corrupt our people the way the capitalists have corrupted yours."

To this, one replies that the Soviet Union can keep out all the pornography it wants, but that the London *Times* is not usually regarded as primarily a medium for pornography. One says

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In "The Vital Center" Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. wrote a decade ago: "The experience of Communism has had one singular healthy effect: it has made us reclaim democratic ideas." Mr. Schlesinger had a chance to put his own statement to the test of time and personal observation last summer when he visited the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. In a series of brilliant books, he has himself helped to reclaim democratic ideas for the American people. His first book, "The Age of Jackson," won the Pulitzer Prize in 1945 when the author was in his late twenties. He has now completed and published two of four volumes on "The Age of Roosevelt." He is professor of history at Harvard.

plaintively: Let us please talk about serious magazines and books and newspapers. Why can't such be sold? The reply comes in increasingly angry and incoherent tones:

"We have told you that we do not want your filth. You want to force your Western ideas upon us. We are going to keep them out. You had better understand that. Etc., etc."

The other argument invoked to defend the ban is that the time is not ripe—the Soviet people are still like a growing child, who has to have its reading selected for it. When one replies that the theory of the forty-two-year-old infant is not convincing and that the Soviet regime is surely so well established that it has little to fear from permitting a few hundred copies of the *New York Times* to be sold each day, one only elicits new bursts of incoherence and anger.

How is one to interpret this? Do people become angry because they realize how stupid and feeble their arguments sound? Or do they really feel that Western newspapers and magazines constitute a threat to the regime? I doubt whether it is either.

What they do feel, I believe, is a sense of infallibility about their own ideas and a despair at the incomprehension of Westerners or a rage at their Machiavellianism. "Our people do not want to eat bad food poisoned with the venom of bourgeois ideas," as Khrushchev put it the other day. ". . . Let us take from each other only what is best, exchange what is best, and eat yourselves your rotten goods."

So long as the Soviet Union remains a theological society, based on the principle of infallibility, it will not permit the circulation of Western skepticism and heresy—and it will remain proud in its prohibition.

DIZZY WITH SUCCESS?

THIS state of mind is the pyschological expression of what one feels most vividly of all in the Soviet Union—an unlimited and arrogant sense of power. It is scary to see what energy a great nation can generate when it allocates its talent and resources according to an intelligent system of priorities—sternly enforced not just by ruthless coercion (as under Stalin) but by ruthless enthusiasm.

In this respect, the visitor must take care to keep his eye on the ball. The American tourist misconstrues the situation when he concludes: "These people can't even get me a ticket to Odessa; how can anyone suppose they could send a rocket to the moon?" He innocently supposes that service to the consumer is the ultimate test of efficiency. Khrushchev doesn't. He thinks it important to send a rocket to the moon and not important to supply tourists with tickets to Odessa, so the Russians apportion their talent and resources accordingly. The able men work on rockets, the dopes on tickets. And one cannot but feel that, if they ever thought tickets to Odessa important, a shift in talent and resources would make Intourist the best travel agency in the world.

Our own beloved country meanders along on the opposite theory: we allow the market to determine our national priorities—which means that we allocate a major share of our talent and resources to consumer services, and too often leave rocketeering to men who might be better employed selling tickets. If three quarters of our national energy now dedicated to creating and satisfying consumer wants were dedicated instead to building national power, we would not have to worry about the Soviet campaign to "overtake and surpass" the United States.

A mere four years ago, John Foster Dulles assured the House Appropriations Committee that the Soviet Union was "on the point of collapsing." Today, the Soviet Union has already won the race to the moon; Khrushchev has completed a triumphal tour of the United States; and the American Secretary of Defense has conceded the Soviet Union a three-to-one advantage in the weapon of the future, the intercontinental ballistic missile, by the early 1960s. In every field of national power, the Soviet Union radiates purpose, progress, and success; and it is this discharge of directed national energy which underlies the explosion of Soviet self-esteem. No wonder Russians feel on top of things: experience seems every day to confirm their faith that their ideology has conferred on them a unique mastery of the dynamics of history.

In 1930 Stalin wrote a famous article for *Pravda*. People intoxicated with one gain after another, he said, "become dizzy with success, they lose all sense of proportion, they lose the faculty of understanding realities." Khrushchev's Russia is dizzy with a success of which Stalin's Russia could only have dreamed.

Next month Mr. Schlesinger will examine two Communist societies which are moving from theology toward pragmatism—and the startlingly different quality of their cultures.—The Editors

By PIERRE SCHNEIDER

Drawings by Tom Keogh

The passing of the Paris FLEA MARKET

Misguided reformers are trying to clean up the last citadel of eccentricity, anarchy, fakery, and bargains—to the alarm of Frenchmen and tourists alike. But there is a chance to outsmart them yet.

THE newspapers have informed me that I am about to be a witness to one of those pivotal events in our history, like the fall of Constantinople or that of Newton's apple. The Paris Flea Market, or *Marché aux puces—"les puces"* as it is familiarly called—will be razed to the ground.

The Flea Market is more than a mere landmark on the tourist's map of Paris: it is a living symbol. In a world increasingly given over to planning, it stands for unmitigated chaos. While the entire universe adores progress—the new, the functional, the efficient—these 150 unkempt acres on the northern outskirts of Paris are devoted to the veneration—and the sale—of the useless, the superannuated, the superfluous. It is that unique place where a porcelain Eiffel Tower, or a fossilized shark's tooth, gilded and mounted to look like a bishop's miter, are handled with the respect due to the holy vessels of a cult.

A cult it is indeed: that of civilization, which has grown on the narrow margin separating cause from effect, desire from realization, hand from mouth. Artist, poet, idler, dilettante, individualist—all are worshipers of the gilt shark's tooth. Thus the Flea Market, a slim corner of anarchy between the traffic-laden belt of Paris' outer boulevards and the industrial suburb of Saint-Ouen, is, one might say, the ultimate home of the old-fashioned values which are gradually being squeezed out by the brave new world.

And yet the Flea Market exerts its fascination most strongly on the clean, orderly, purposeful citizens of America, Scandinavia, Belgium, or Germany. Not long ago, a table was sold to a young couple from the United States; when asked to what hotel it was to be delivered, they replied that they had none as yet, for they had landed at the airport an hour before, and had come straight to the Flea Market.

Let us take advantage of the bright Sunday afternoon and follow them. (The Flea Market is open from seven A.M. to seven P.M. every Saturday, Sunday and Monday throughout the year.) The huge, monotonous buildings of a municipal housing project look down upon the rubbly plain which has erupted into a patchwork of streets and alleys lined with dwarfish constructions of wood, tin, or cement. Enter this ramshackle labyrinth, and you are surrounded by goods—and bads—piled up to the ceilings, spilling out onto the streets.

One of the possible definitions of the Fleas might be that, sooner or later, you will find anything there. For months, a man rummaged about in a seemingly hopeless search for a wheel belonging to a seventeenth- or eighteenth-century galleon, until one morning he discovered *two* in a span of a few minutes. Furniture of all epochs, ceramics, sculpture, bronze, glass and silverware, chimneys and egg beaters, candelabras and lamp posts, primitive masks and—no less primitive—sanitary objects. A top hat crowns a mountain of Bibles; a landscape is propped against a bosomy mannequin. At random, you

will come upon a curious lute-like instrument once used, the merchant tells you, by the orchestra of the Queen of Cambodia's private ballet company; a box filled with trinkets harking back to "the collection of Alexandre Dumas"; a tiara that belonged to King Farouk; a diamond-studded jewel which, you are informed in a conspiratorial whisper, "was given to a certain person of Spanish royalty by Empress Eugénie."

Every language on earth can be heard here. One old antique dealer claims to have learned seventeen of them, mostly through conversation with passers-by.

"There are two ways to get to know the world," he says. "The first is to travel, the second is to lease a stand at the Fleas."

Two Arabs look askance at a pair of blue jeans. A Swedish couple ponder whether they really have unearthed the sword which Caesar used at the battle of Gergovia. In passing, our ears pick up strange bits of dialogue. "I am looking for a Saint Francis," says an Italian voice. "Which one?" asks the dealer. "Saint Francis of Assisi." "I'm so sorry," comes the reply, "I have a customer, a Franciscan monk, who buys them all." Farther on, a son of the pampas is inspecting a wooden casket. "Admirable! Pure Louis XVI!" exclaims the merchant. "Is that so? Then what about the Eiffel Tower encrusted on the cover?" "And what, I ask you, does *that* prove?" comes the rejoinder.

Do you wish to know where you will find what you want? Ask one of the tribe of wide-skirted gypsies who roam the Market or who hold flamenco sessions *chez Louise*, a minuscule café nudged between Chinese porcelains and Second Empire desks. From other bistros at the Fleas pour the strains of accordions playing the latest love song. The Fleas will feed you too; mussels and fried potatoes compose the traditional fare. But one eatery proudly proclaims as its *plat du jour* lobster *à l'américaine*—a courteous tribute, no doubt, to the visitors from the United States everywhere in evidence.

Painting, it seems, holds a particular fascination for Americans. A young girl stops before a stand crammed with canvases and declares: "I am looking either for an interior of a church with a ray of light falling in; or an interesting face; or a picture with a lot of depth." Do not believe for a second that the dealer is astonished by this request: at the Fleas, the demands are as incongruous as the supplies. Recently, a passer-by inquired of the owner of a curiosity shop whether he had a ceramic monkey in swinging posture which he might hang on his wall. The dealer gave him the customary reply: "No, but come back in a week or two." By one of those Fleas miracles, the dealer actually found such a monkey, and the client did return. He was delighted to hear the news, but his face fell as he investigated the animal. "Your monkey is sad; I want a laughing monkey," he said, and walked away. In spite of his disappointment, the merchant did not protest: the incident was unexpected, therefore it was normal.

FLEA MAGIC

ALTHOUGH it has no foundations, "the city of wood and dreams," as René Clair called it, is very much a reality. Some 1,500 merchants have rented permanent installations within its precincts, and about 2,000 more set up temporary stands or spread their wares on its pavements. The business transacted at the Marché exceeds ten billion francs a year, and at least two-thirds of it is conducted in solid, foreign currencies. As much as seven million francs have been paid to occupy a sagging shack.

Naturally, the project of tearing down the Marché to make room for a new housing development met with passionate protest.

"They will desecrate one of the globe's sacred spots," cries out Monsieur de Boully, who has a small corner on it. "Would anyone think of demolishing Notre Dame because Paris needs more apartments?"

The municipality of Saint-Ouen, on whose territory the major part of the Market is located, retorts that there is no question of killing the Fleas, but simply of reforming them. About half of its sections, the most disorderly ones, would be concentrated in a single area; a network of tidy arcades would be traced underneath the new buildings.

It is doubtful, however, whether the Marché would survive this overhauling. You might as well try to straighten a camel's back by submitting it to Swedish calisthenics. Already, *habitués* of the Fleas are bothered by the clean, orderly, concrete stands which are gradually replacing the cluttered huts of yesterday. "I don't come to the Fleas to see the same elegant antique shops as on the Place Vendôme or Rue Bonaparte," the Ambassador of Venezuela, Señor Hernandez, explains from behind a pile of pictures.

What differentiates the *puces* lover from the client of art galleries or antique stores is what distinguishes the hunter from the man who buys his meat at the butcher's. The fowl may not be

as good, but it is *he* who will have brought it down. For him, there is no pleasure more exquisite than wiping the dust off a blurred canvas, even though the painting may turn out to be insignificant. The magic of the Fleas lies in the possibility of discoveries. A planned Flea Market is a contradiction in terms.

Every one of the Flea Market's eccentric cells has added strength to the whole. It is complex rather than chaotic, at once prince and pariah, newborn and centenarian. In fact, there is not one, there are *seven* flea markets, covering the entire scale from rags to riches.

At the top of the ladder, there is (1) the luxurious "Biron" Market, an enclosure of two straight rows of concrete booths. To it, the wealthy guests of the Hotel Claridge or George V limit their explorations, as royalty stoops to kiss the brow of the one carefully cleaned child in the lot. Biron's statutes proclaim that all its wares are *"d'époque"*—originals. In practice, this clause has come to be construed, with growing elasticity, as meaning *"de style"—i.e.,* in-the-manner-of.

"After all," a dealer explains, "real antiques are getting terribly rare, and we can't leave our stands empty, can we?"

A block away and a rung down is (2) the "Paul-Bert," half cement stalls, half wooden shacks. Its wares are equally hybrid, oscillating between *d'époque* and *de style,* with a heavy quota of "no style" thrown in. At (3) "Vernaison," the "cradle of the Fleas," the most picturesque of the markets, with its narrow, tortuous alleys running between huts, the pretense at being exclusively devoted to antiques breaks down. Here bric-a-brac—*brocante* as the French call it—dominates.

While at Vernaison we encounter *brocante de luxe,* (4) "Jules-Vallès" provides shelter for *brocante* of the most ordinary sort. Here, no



attempt is made at discrimination—which is precisely why it is visited carefully by connoisseurs who search for a precious jade or an eighteenth-century mandolin amidst frippery and wreckage.

All the markets I have mentioned so far preserve remnants of epochs of artisans' work. "Malik" (5), the most recent of them, gathers in the debris of the industrial age: gramophones, iron bedsteads, keys, records. To reach the old, you must pass through the new: the half-mile stretch along Avenue Michelet (6) leading from the city gates to the heart of the Flea Market is occupied by such cheap commodities as might be met in a five-and-ten. After use, they can be seen again, immensely priced down, at Malik.

Finally, at the bottom of the scale, there is the Rue Lécuyer (7), on whose pavement ragpickers spread an array of unqualifiable items little better than refuse.

THE GANTLET OF SARCASM

THE principle embodied by the Flea Market being that nothing should ever be thrown away, it is not surprising that the attentive visitor will find many clues to the Market's own past. Its history falls roughly into three periods: that preceding the first world war, that which was brought to a close by the second, and the one following France's Liberation.

The first age of the Marché is dominated by the tattered figure whom we met just now on the Rue Lécuyer: the *chiffonnier* (the ragpicker) also nicknamed *biffin*. His work and behavior have changed little since the day, some eighty years ago, when 50,000 members of his corporation staged a mass protest against the invention of the garbage can. He has given up the traditional hook and lantern, and traded the basket strapped on his back for a weather-beaten perambulator. Or else, he simply carries the cream of his nightly harvest (for the passage of the city's garbage trucks, at six o'clock in the morning, marks the end of his round) rolled up in an old sack (or *"balle"*) slung over the shoulder. He unties his sack, sits down next to it, and is ready for business.

Tawdry as his assembly of corkscrews, broken combs, dented pitchers, torn blouses, etc. may seem, it is carefully scanned by connoisseurs, and first of all by the dealers of the more elevated sectors of the Market. Thus a couple of years ago, an oil portrait of Rimbaud was found in a pile of "frames" (to the *chiffonnier*, all paintings are but "frames"). It is hard to assess how much the ragpicker earns in the course of a day—perhaps 1,500 francs—but it is easy to see how he uses it, for his thirst is surpassed only by that of the man who, immediately beneath him, occupies the lowest degree on the social ladder: the bum, or *clochard*. A chronicler of the last century has recorded the recipe for an explosive beverage favored by the *biffins* of the time, the "chest-breaker": corn alcohol, spiked with sulfuric acid and spiced with pepper and onions. Today, the *biffin* is content with *gros rouge*, the low-quality red wine which he obtains in the bistros conveniently available along Rue Lécuyer. Toward the end of the day, he is frequently seen lying next to the contents of his sack.

The *chiffonnier* shares another trait with the *clochard:* an invincible distaste for society. And society, along the Rue Lécuyer, means the prospective customer. Be prepared to run the gantlet of abuse or haughty sarcasm. A woman tries to bargain ten cents off an unrecognizable garment priced twenty. "It's a dress, Madame!" proclaims the *biffin*, rearing himself proudly. Another, enraged by a customer who wishes a cut on a batch of pipes and glasses, smashes them on the ground, screaming: "What do I care?" Unlike *clochards*, however, ragpickers are an organized and recognized guild. They must possess a professional card, delivered by the police, which stipulates that they sell their products exclusively to *brocanteurs* (bric-a-brac dealers). Nevertheless, they are authorized, for a small fee, to sell to anyone at the Flea Market. They owe this tolerance to the fact that it was they, and they alone, who created the Fleas.

For until they took to unpacking their wares on an arid waste appropriately called "The Plain of the Ill-Seated," about 1890, it was simply an anonymous part of that barren belt encircling the capital, called *"la zone,"* on which the law forbade any building except military fortifications. It was difficult to remember, at the sight of this muddy expanse, teeming with sinister figures, that once upon a time a royal residence stood here, which the Marquise de Pompadour had graced with her presence. There were no streets, no alleys—only an occasional covered wagon, a few sheets of corrugated iron propped

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Pierre Schneider discovered the "Fleas" when his parents took him to the Market as a child, and he renewed his love recently by spending weeks there getting acquainted with its people. He is Paris correspondent of "Art News" and writes for many French, English, and American magazines. His most recent book is "L'unique source," a book of dialogues.

against each other. Scurrilous creatures offered sordid wares, mostly disabled furniture, old rags and mattresses, called *puciers* (fleabags) in slang—hence probably the name *marché aux puces*. You had to be truly bitten by the collector's bug to venture into that no man's land.

But that is precisely why some splendid collections originated here. During a cold winter, a visitor spied a medieval tapestry on the back of a cow; the animal's owner was delighted to trade the frazzled hanging for a warm, modern blanket. Another fanatic recalls having been hailed around the turn of the century by two ragpickers tired of hauling a cart filled with canvases. For ten francs, he bought a batch that turned out to contain works by Corot, Delacroix, Bazille, Bonington, and Daumier. In the same way, an amateur who looked little better than a ragpicker himself, assembled one of the finest collections of wrought iron in the world: it has now become the Musée du Fer, one of the attractions of Rouen. In short, only madmen—and collectors are to be counted among the mad—or poor folks frequented the Fleas in those days. Among the poor, were the painters: Renoir, Valadon, Picasso, and many others, unable to afford new canvas, bought old pictures for a few cents, scraped off the pigment, and painted on them anew.

When the first world war ended, the Flea Market entered its most glorious phase. Romain Vernaison built the agglomeration of huts which still bears his name. In 1926, the Biron Market was inaugurated. The Fleas grew more decent, yet lost none of their picturesqueness. Restaurants, bowling alleys, casinos offered entertainment. Mountebanks and street vendors milled about: gypsies, tattoo exhibitors, hawkers, fire-eaters, and bear-tamers. The Fleas even boasted their own church—a hut known as Notre Dame des Puces—and their own doctor, who gave his consultations on a bench.

In those days, the fashionable set went in feverishly for "popular" distractions. The same frolickers who, past midnight, invaded Les Halles in tuxedos and evening dresses to eat onion soup amidst hobos, butchers, and porters, now drove out to the Flea Market at dawn to nibble fried potatoes out of paper bags. Artists, actors, writers, diplomats developed the habit of making excursions to Saint-Ouen.

They still do today, as you can assure yourself by leafing through dealers' golden books filled with illustrious signatures: Lauren Bacall, Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Truman, Maurice Chevalier, the King and Queen of Greece, former King Umberto of Italy, Balmain, Jacques Fath (who, every year until his death, came to buy a ring for his wife on her birthday), Givenchy, Charles Boyer, Eisenhower, Grace Kelly, Josephine Baker, Picasso, Gina Lollobrigida, "Pierrot the Nut" (France's Public Enemy No. 1 before he was shot down), Zsa Zsa Gabor—the list is endless. The great of the world enjoy the Market because it gives them a welcome respite from adulation: here they are incognito. (To drive this point home the Fleas dealers, who address ordinary mortals *"Monsieur"* or *"Madame,"* will greet a Minister Plenipotentiary with a chummy *"Mon vieux"* and call the Comte de Paris *"Mon p'tit."*)

THE MYSTERIOUS DYNASTIES

AS THE *chiffonnier* dominated the first age of the Flea Market, so the junkman or *brocanteur* ruled over the second. Outwardly, the *brocanteur*—still the most prominent personage on the Market—is difficult to define. His wares are, by definition, motley: salvaged metal and works of art or artisanry combine in unpredictable doses. Mystery enshrouds him, and has from the outset: the grammarian Ménage was driven to despair by the fact that the word *brocanteur* had been born in his lifetime and that he was going to die without having deciphered its origin.

The police distrust his mystery for other reasons: it may mask the receiving of stolen goods. In consequence, the law requires every *brocanteur* to carry a badge. He is also forbidden to buy from minors and from anybody without address; and he must enter every purchase in a register stamped by the police. The entries must be made "without blanks or crossings out." So the *brocanteur* writes down only the briefest descriptions—a group of landscapes by Théodore Rousseau boils down to a "bunch of paintings."

The same cloud wraps the *brocanteur's* life. He is usually a man who cannot bear the odium of social conventions. Eccentricity runs high in the profession. One man, now dead, wore a hat with the inscription: "Constant Dalechamp, Prime Minister of Death"; he had two passions—doves and patriotism—which he reconciled by painting his pigeons' wings blue, white, and red. Another, nicknamed "Molecules," claimed that it was his ectoplasmic brother who tipped him off to his best killings. In general, spiritualism, occultism, and autodidacticism are frequent among these junkmen.

The Flea Market shares a rare characteristic

with the Foreign Legion and certain monastic orders: no questions are asked. But I have learned this much: many *brocanteurs* become so dynastically; a father, an uncle has passed on to them the secrets of the trade. Though uneducated, they develop aesthetic discernment through constant contact with the fruits of culture. They may develop a *marotte*—a hobby, like Pedro at Jules-Vallès, who teaches himself to play the bizarre musical instruments that land in his booth, and plays them more or less well according to the time that they remain there.

If the Flea Market makes educated people out of *brocanteurs*, it also transforms educated people into *brocanteurs*. A number of distinguished men who were unable to bear the strains of society or who got into trouble with it, have stepped behind the merciful curtain which the Flea Market lowers on the past. Currently it boasts a surrealist poet, an old companion of Lenin, a former conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, an art critic, a handful of painters (bad artists with good taste: a fairly common combination), a professor of philosophy, a doctor, a film director, several actors, a lawyer, an interior decorator. There have been aging *cocottes*, White Russian officers, but also a billiard champion, a Legionnaire, an ex-policeman, and a defrocked monk. Often, such men were collectors; ruined, they found it more profitable to sell their treasures themselves, hired a stand at the Market, and stayed on.

Most of the week the *brocanteurs* engage in a hectic activity known as *chiner*, "to play the dog," to sniff out wares. This means attending public auctions and touring the provinces (who knows? a fine old cupboard or even a valuable wood carving may be buried under a pile of logs). It demands keeping your ears open—a house whose owners are in financial straits belches forth its contents as an oyster on dry ground does its water. Finally, the *brocanteur* must spend a considerable number of hours repairing his finds.

When the *brocanteurs'* trucks arrive at the Market with the week's harvest about six or seven o'clock in the morning, the real connoisseurs pounce upon them like vultures. Knowing that a good piece will have changed hands a dozen times during the day, its price increasing 100 per cent or more in the process, serious buyers—antique dealers, for instance—scan the market in the early morning. The afternoon brings the tourists, the sightseers. Business, however, is by no means proportional to the number of visitors. Thus Saturday and Monday are better days than the more crowded Sunday. Cold, rainy days are often good: only a handful of people will show up, but they are almost certain to be customers. Monsieur de Boully, a specialist in Oriental art, recalls one particularly icy winter evening when his colleagues had closed shop and he remained alone in his dark corner of Vernaison. Suddenly, a silent figure stopped before his stand, collar turned up, face hidden under a felt hat. M. de Boully, who judged the ominous apparition to be a thief, was about to panic when the man spoke: *"Yo soy el Presidente de la Republica de El Salvador."* Later he walked away with antiques worth $800.

COLLECTIONITIS

DEALERS must learn to judge their customers. When a person exclaims, "How beautiful!" or, "How cheap!" about an object, they know he will not buy it. They can tell at a glance the idler from the amateur, and the South American millionaire from the maid who has broken her employer's pseudo-Tang ash tray and wants to replace it before he notices the disaster. They are aware that people come to the Flea Market to bargain, and mark up their prices accordingly—not too much, not too little: on the average, 10 per cent. They know that Americans have been warned by countless brochures to haggle down 50 per cent, and so they up their starting prices that much more. They sense who must be encouraged and who had better be left alone. Above all, they know that their most dependable clients are collectors and dealers.

Collectors are a godsend to dealers, for the passion that possesses them will drive them to get their wish at any cost, as a dope addict will ruin himself for opium. From the foot fetishist who buys ladies' slippers to the man who purchases the stickers on Camembert boxes, collectors run the full range of fanaticism and extravagance. One has made the iconography of the giraffe his specialty; another dotes on articles decorated with tortoises. Still another purchases statuettes of naked women—Venus, Diana—but never when they are part of a group, for, as he explains, companions would make him jealous.

Collectionitis strikes in the most unexpected quarters: it has metamorphosed a butcher into an expert on ancient porcelain and a cab driver into an Orientalist. Like the drug addict, too, collectors try to hide their vice, for fear of being exploited. Sometimes, they resort to such childish tricks as false beards. A well-to-do Polish noble-

man, a great amateur, does his rounds disguised as a beggar.

The largest part of the Flea Market's business, about two-thirds of it, is done with dealers from Paris, Rome, or New York. Third Avenue supplies itself mainly in Saint-Ouen. One antique dealer I spoke with was about to sail home with 300 cubic feet of merchandise; another had just sent back seven van-loads. You may encounter at least fifty American dealers stalking the Flea Market at any time. "We're stealing the culture out of Europe!" exclaimed one. It is a complaint one hears voiced from time to time by Frenchmen who profess to show solicitude for their country's cultural patrimony. Actually, I suspect it is an innocent trick to make buyers feel that they are carrying away something valuable. From the look of the goods, they ought to be thanked for clearing French ground of so considerable a part of the fantastic accumulation of heavy Second Empire imitations of Louis XV furnishings. Not that the American dealer is mistaken about their authenticity, but as one of them remarked: "Americans still go in for looks. Why buy an expensive eighteenth-century original when a Napoleon III imitation will please just as much, and for a smaller price?"



PROPRIETY AND FAKES

WITH the postwar era, the Flea Market has entered its third phase. The trend toward respectability was given an unexpected boost by the German occupying forces which, out of their instinctive hatred for anything that smacked of individualism, tore down the cabarets, the casinos, and even the trees that cluttered the *zone*. Now the age of concrete and gilding has opened and the reign of the *brocanteurs* has given way to that of the antiquaries. The difference between the two is put thus by a member of the latter corporation: "The *brocanteur* is like a prostitute who makes love to anyone for a set price; the antiquary is like the girl who gives herself to the man she loves." Translated, this means: today's dealers have more knowledge, more taste. The father used to throw a pair of boots on a Louis XVI armchair; the son would swoon at such sacrilege. It is an inevitable evolution, brought about by contact with the refined products of civilization. Such, in fact, is the propriety of the current Marché that more and more ladies of good society are opening stands there as a distraction, like bridge or charity. The Flea Market has come a long way!

Though both merchants and customers are showing a more discriminating interest in antiques, real antiques are growing rarer. Far from being enraged by the news of a sensational find such as "The Potato Eaters"—a canvas bought by a retired naval officer, which was proved to be an early Van Gogh and is now estimated at 20 million francs—the brotherhood of the Fleas is delighted by the publicity which these miracles provide. So the *puces* antiquarian is certainly the last man to discourage the birth of fables. The invaluable Stradivarius bought for three dollars, the Goya obtained for the price of a tube of toothpaste, the Monet acquired for a 5,000-franc note—these stories, real or false, keep alive the atmosphere of excitement indispensable to the Market's prosperity. But the blunt truth is phrased differently by a dealer: "It is easy to sell our wares; what is difficult is to find them."

Of course, a remedy has long since been devised: the manufacture of new antiques. This industry exhibits extraordinary virtuosity in the art of aging the young. This medieval tapestry was faded not by time but by being tied to the back of a car and dragged along a dusty road at sixty miles per hour. Nor was it time which scarred that buffet, but an induced fall from a third-floor window. To simulate the wear and tear of years, one clever manufacturer lent an imitation Louis XVI parquet floor to the organizer of a public ball: a single Fourteenth of

July celebration caused an erosion comparable to three centuries of normal usage. All aspects of hoariness have been translated into recipes by these counter-cosmeticians: patina, the cracks in varnishes—literally everything, down to dust, cobwebs, and flyspecks. The recipes themselves are the fruit of centuries of experimentation.

Against such devices, the wits of isolated individuals appear helpless. Fakes, like perfect crimes, it is asserted, are always betrayed by a small detail. Perhaps—but to detect it requires a powerful microscope. What hope is there for the eye of the candid visitor who cannot tell Botticelli from Gorgonzola? The expert's certificate? To the professionals, experts are a source of unending merriment. Misguided expert stories are plentiful, like that of the learned gentleman who was presented with a little brown pot bearing the letters M.J.D.D. which, after much cogitation, he interpreted as standing for *Magno jovi deorum deo* ("To great Jupiter, god of gods"). In reality, the inscription, stamped on thousands of brown jugs like this, meant: *Moutarde jaune de Dijon* ("Yellow mustard made in Dijon"). Rather than climbing out on a limb, experts like to make out certificates whose caution and vagueness is equaled only by those of diplomatic communiqués: "attributed to," "ascribable to," "in the manner of," "by the school of," and the conditional mode are the basic ingredients of their idiom. "Pedigrees"—guaranteed histories of an object's origin—furnish no more assurance than certificates. You would not think of questioning an eighteenth-century painting hanging in an eighteenth-century manor; yet the authentic manor was borrowed and the painting, a forgery, planted in it for the occasion. Frequently, a country squire has sold an old family treasure to buy his mistress a necklace and surreptitiously replaced it with a copy, so that his wife might not notice its disappearance. Generations later, in the best faith his heirs put a fake on the market.

HOW TO COLLECT

TO BE sure, in France faking is a crime legally punished. But where does faking begin? The assiduous students who set up their easels in front of the Mona Lisa obviously are not criminals. Forgery, then, begins with the intent to deceive. But intentions are a shifty matter. . . . This superb desk is signed Dubois: how are *you* to guess that the signature does not belong to the famous eighteenth-century cabinetmaker, but to a modest carpenter alive today, bearing the same name? The more intention there is, the better it is likely to be hidden.

If you pounce on a Dutch-looking landscape at the Fleas, signed "Daeldyck," you can blame only yourself for having telescoped the names of Ruysdael and Van Dyck in your mind. But if you mistake a Trouillebert for a Corot, you will not be the first to do so. Indeed, artists themselves sometimes fail to recognize their own works. The late Vlaminck once was asked to authenticate an old painting of his. Instead, he declared it a forgery and slashed it. The owner sued him; Vlaminck was proved wrong and condemned by the court. The best way, in the end, is to follow your inclination and not to worry about fakes. After all, as a dealer put it to me, "It is through the false that we rise to the appreciation of the true."

It should not be assumed, however, that the Flea Market no longer offers any alternative to worthless bric-a-brac or exorbitantly priced originals. The surest method is to collect what is out of—or not yet in—fashion. Opalines, long neglected, and therefore cheap, have suddenly become the rage. An impecunious schoolmaster was regarded for years as a lunatic because he bought blown sulfur balls; now his collection is worth millions of francs, and his only regret is that he can no longer afford to buy more. Antique dolls with closed mouths fetch high prices; when their mouths are open, they don't. Why? Nobody knows, and next month it may be the other way around. Tomorrow, there may be a collective nausea for blue and white china; *then* buy it. For the observant client who will follow his taste rather than the fashion of the day, the Flea Market is still a rich hunting ground. Disappointment will be your lot only if you come expecting miracles.

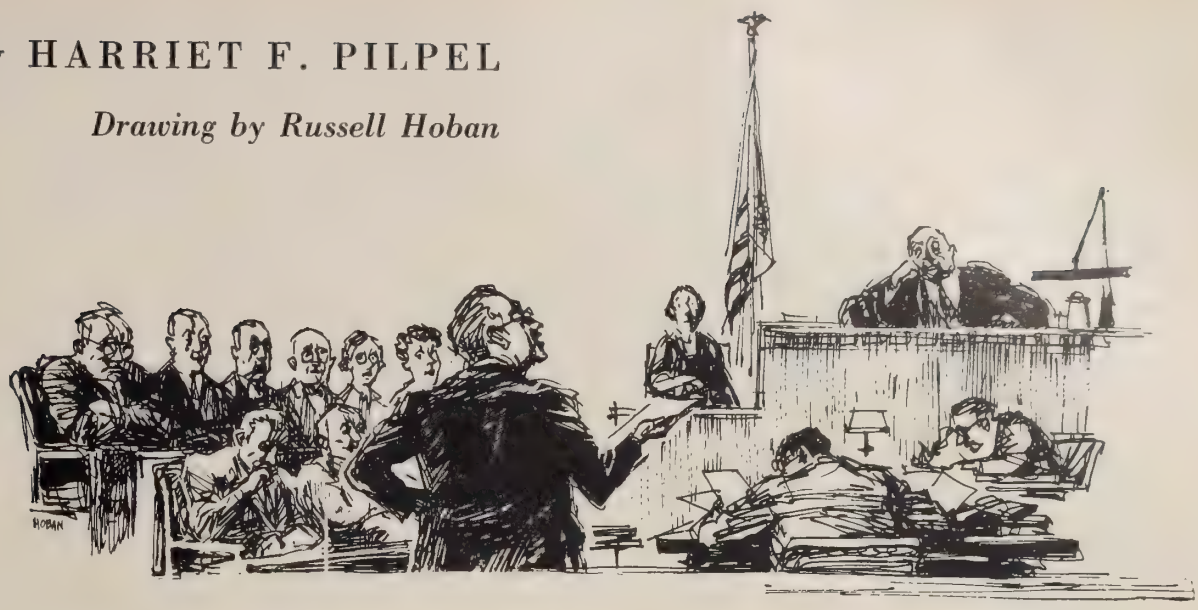
"The secret of the Fleas," a distinguished *habitué* told me, "is not to buy for one dollar what is worth a thousand, but to buy for fifty what is worth a hundred."

In short, the margin of adventure and chance on which the Flea Market is founded has shrunk, but it is still large enough to last for a long time. That is, unless the reformer's plan kills it prematurely. There is good reason for hope: the people of the Fleas have been asked to propose a plan of their own. It is quite different from the municipal one, though no more advisable.

But that is not the point. What is essential is that there be discussions, suggestions, and counter-suggestions. Time will pass. Zeal will slacken, projects fall into oblivion. I may not live to see an historical event after all.

By HARRIET F. PILPEL

Drawing by Russell Hoban



The Job the Lawyers Shirk

Their earnings and prestige are both shrinking—primarily because they have let other professions take over "one of their most important functions."

OH, I'M just a lawyer," said the man in the pin-stripe suit in an embarrassed tone. Standing next to him was a well-known surgeon, not dressed in white but exuding, none the less, the aura of our twentieth-century hero, the Man of Science.

Now I'm a lawyer myself—and rather proud of it—and I don't like belonging to an apologetic profession. But that's what we're becoming. Most of us, of course, can still laugh off such epithets as "shyster" and "mouthpiece." After all, the venal attorney has been a proper butt of satire since the days of Dickens and Gilbert and Sullivan.

But it is far from comforting to find a nationally syndicated columnist christening a mythical law firm "Avaricious, Dilatory, Flyspeck, and Stupid" and then arguing, in several hundred sharp words, that most lawyers are just that.

Then too, many of us are bothered by a nagging suspicion that the lawyer, like any workman, is worthy of his hire and that earnings are a significant, if crude, gauge of public esteem. Time was—up to 1940 in fact—when the average lawyer earned more than the average doctor. But today the medicos are economically ahead by 50 per cent, and the proportion of national income spent for legal services is about a third of what it was a quarter of a century ago.

"The biggest legal problem in the country today," said Erle Stanley Gardner at last year's American Bar Association Convention, "is the failure of people to understand the function of lawyers and to respect the legal profession."

As a countermove, the American Bar Association set up a committee whose job is to persuade TV and film producers and other mass-entertainment purveyors to present lawyers in an attractive light. I wish them success, of course. But I am afraid that something beyond a glossy public relations "sell" is needed. For the trouble lies deeper. Lawyers, I think, belong to a profession whose earnings and prestige are dwindling because they are no longer fulfilling one of their most important functions. As Dean Erwin N. Griswold of Harvard Law School has put it, they are losing sight of "the humble human relationships which law is intended to serve and with which the lawyer must deal." Too often they forget that a counselor-at-law is supposed to be more than a legal technician; he is also an adviser to human beings with human problems. His prototype from an earlier and more benign era is the friendly British family solicitor and our own compassionate, perceptive Mr. Tutt. These gentlemen were general practitioners—"family lawyers."

In their place, the twentieth century has produced specialists who earn their biggest fees in such impersonal affairs as corporate finance, capital-gains transactions, and real-estate sales. These technicians have little interest in human relations. They are largely ignorant and often contemptuous of the insights and skills modern psychology has developed. Narrow legal specialists themselves, they would like to relegate to other specialists—the psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, and marriage counselors—the human problems with which lawyers have traditionally dealt.

Most lawyers will concede the utility of psychological experts in situations where there is no choice but to use them, such as insanity pleas in criminal cases, will contests where the testator's competence is at issue, or workmen's compensation or negligence cases with psychosomatic overtones. Many attorneys will admit too that human—as well as legal—factors weigh heavily in certain fields, notably family, criminal, and negligence law (which leaders of the bar generally avoid as much as possible). But few will agree that human relations pervade virtually all of their work. Yet it is a fact that the average lawyer spends most of his time advising and persuading human beings—his own clients and the people on the other side of the table. And in almost every case non-legal considerations are involved calling for understanding of human motives and behavior.

This is most obvious in a field of law which is not popular with the most successful leaders of the bar—family law. Corporate reorganization is a lot more respected as a legal specialty than family reorganization. Yet even corporation executives get married, have children, make wills, contemplate divorce—and may demand that their corporation lawyers help solve these problems. Indeed, the lawyer is often the only objective third party outside his circle of family and friends to whom such a person goes for advice. What kind of help is he likely to get?

LAWYERS IN THE DARK

"THE most effective realization of the law's aims often takes place in the attorney's office," said a recent report on professional responsibility. "Litigation is forestalled by anticipating its outcome. The lawyer's quiet counsel takes the place of public force."

I was reminded of this admirable statement not long ago when I was sitting in the anteroom of a lawyer whose secretary apologized for his lateness. He had been delayed, she said, by a warring married couple whom he was "reconciling" in his office. As I waited, I couldn't help overhearing the dialogue in the next room. Voices grew louder and louder. Finally the lawyer's rang out above the others:

"Now, damn it, shut up. I'm telling you—you love each other."

This was an intelligent attorney. And even though their tone might be more subdued, I suspect that a good many other lawyers would have no more refined technique of reconciliation at their command. Small wonder, then, that most of them wish their clients would take their wrecked marriages and family feuds elsewhere. Sometimes, if the client can afford it, the attorney can minimize the effect of his own ineptness by referring such problems to psychiatrists or other specialists. And certainly there are few marital cases which would not benefit from specialized professional guidance. But it takes insight—of a non-legal variety—on the lawyer's part to know how to persuade the client to accept such help and above all to realize when he is beyond his own depth in the troubled waters of human tensions and complexities.

For example, I recall one apparently hopeless case where the wife's lawyer and I, representing the husband, were asked on one day to work out details of a reconciliation and on the next to "throw the book" at each other's clients in a "lawsuit." There were children, which argued, of course, for keeping the couple together. On the other hand, the couple was at sword's point—the police had been called after the husband had pushed his wife downstairs. Even worse, the two children were caught in the conflict; the daughter sided with her father and refused to talk to her mother or to eat food she had cooked while the son was so terrified of his father that he once ran in front of a moving car to avoid having to talk to him.

This couple could afford a psychiatrist and agreed to consult one. After a series of psychological tests he reported that in his opinion and the opinion of the psychologist who had administered the tests the mother and father could never successfully bridge the gap between them—the man was highly intelligent but emotionally cold, untouched by feeling; the woman was intuitive, warm, with a low IQ. Thus guided, their lawyers after so much fruitless persuasion abandoned further efforts at a reconciliation, which neither client really wanted, and instead worked out the best possible separation agreement.

But many couples can barely afford an attorney, let alone a psychiatrist or a psychologist. Then the lawyer must "cope," just as he did in the old days. This his casebook legal education rarely equips him to do, for few marital cases are clear-cut, black-and-white problems. For instance, a few months ago a couple came to my office who said they just wanted a divorce without any fuss. Would I please do the necessary? It would have been simple to proceed like a legal slot machine, for the required grounds for divorce in New York—adultery—were established. But somehow I felt my function involved something more. So I asked what they thought the basic trouble was.

The husband had a ready answer. "My wife and my father hate each other," he said. "Since I have to choose between them, I've chosen my father because I've known him much longer and he's done and can do so much for me."

Obviously, this was only the top layer of deeper troubles that called for skilled psychological probing. But the couple refused to consult a marriage counselor or other expert on the grounds that they had neither the money nor the time. Besides, their minds were made up.

Thus, as happens in so many marriage and family difficulties, the lawyer became the only outside adviser who had anything to do with the case. And he does the best he can with whatever knowledge of human beings he has gleaned over the years. In most cases, if he stops to think about it at all, he wishes it had been more purposeful and scientific. For just about every time that a lawyer advises a client he is not merely practicing law; he is also, whether he knows it or not, practicing psychology as well.

HUMAN HAZARDS

THIS is true not merely in domestic relations or criminal law. It applies equally to such bread-and-butter fields as taxation, business law, and estate planning.

Take the last, for example. The client often says he just wants what everybody else wants—to save taxes and to leave his wife fully provided for "with no strings attached." However, he must be sure that none of his money goes to his second son who, he says, is a "wastrel" though his wife doesn't realize how "spoiled" the boy is. Also, the whole thing must be set up (and here he laughs ruefully) so that not one cent goes to his wife's second husband (he's sure she'll have one). But he doesn't want a trust—it's too expensive (though it's probably the only way he can achieve his purposes). And, of course, he wants the full benefit of something he's heard of on the golf course called "the marital deduction." He doesn't know just what it is but gathers that it prevents Uncle Sam from getting one penny more than necessary. Although he may have memorized books on estate planning, the lawyer who drafts this will cannot avoid making judgments and giving advice that have nothing to do with the law.

The same thing happens in business law. For example, there were five young men who were purchasing a going business. I suggested—and they agreed—that their accountant should look at the seller's books and that, in order to decide on a fair price, full records over several years should be disclosed. I outlined the usual legal provisions and with their approval drew up a contract of sale. Everything went according to the book until we met with the seller and *his* attorney. At that point the seller said jovially:

"Boys, you know you can trust me. All I want is a plain ordinary bill of sale, like I was selling my car, and some assurance that I'll get my money. I'm not showing you or anyone else—not even your lawyer or your accountant—my books or my figures or my records and I'm not giving you any safeguards or whatever you call 'em. Take it or leave it."

Afterward "the boys" expected me, as their lawyer, to discuss with them whether they should "take it or leave it." It would have been futile to insist that this was not a question for a lawyer. After all, why do you need a lawyer on a deal anyway? Even though it had nothing to do with the law, they wanted my estimate of the seller—and of the situation. Whether I chose to give it or not, my course was not plotted by anything I had ever read in a text on business law.

Of the many other extra-legal problems with which a lawyer must wrestle the most vexing is the perennial question: Should the client settle the case or go to court? To make up his mind the lawyer tries to guess how his client and his adversary will hold up in court—and what a judge is likely to decide, not only on the basis of the law but also by the impression the litigants make and the way the case is presented. If a settlement is offered and the lawyer advises against it, how will the client feel if he then loses in court, gets nothing, and has to pay his opponent's counsel fees as well as his own (as can happen in some cases)? On the other hand, if the lawyer urges him to settle, and the client accepts less than he feels he's entitled to (which

is what a settlement always is) will he think the lawyer gave him bad advice?

All these are highly iffy, non-legal questions, calling for an estimate of human beings. There are no simple rules to follow. I had a hard time last year trying to demonstrate this to a client who was determined to calculate the precise odds in favor of winning if we went to trial. If it was 60 per cent or more, he said, he didn't want to settle. If it was less he would. Nothing would convince him that law is not an exact science and that percentages were meaningless as applied to court cases.

In tax matters too, I've found clients often want to know the worst that can happen if they follow one course rather than another: for example, should a certain sum be regarded as capital gain or ordinary income? Often, after hearing all the pros and cons, the client takes the lawyer's advice that he may well be entitled to the lesser capital-gains tax. But if, in due course, the Treasury decides the sum was ordinary income and that an additional tax (plus interest and penalties) must be paid, the lawyer is likely to be blamed for not having guaranteed against this unpleasant result. The lawyer comes to realize that the same kind of tax advice just doesn't fit every client even though the facts are identical. A higher tax bill may be well worth the price for people who would prefer it to the emotional strain of worrying about what the tax authorities may do or the shock of having later to pay a large additional sum. Lawyers, in other words, need to know their clients as well as the law.

Sometimes judging a client correctly is a matter of self-preservation. Crackpots and psychopathic personalities are often litigious. Few of us will be taken in by the man who is peddling shares in Brooklyn Bridge or the Lincoln Memorial but we are extraordinarily naïve when faced with an earnest person, claiming rights and interests, who wants legal assistance.

Recently I met a most plausible man who had received a substantial advance from a publisher for a biography of a famous political figure to whose life story he claimed to have exclusive rights. At his request, I started working on a book contract for him. After several sessions on the contract, in which my client proved extremely difficult, I began to wonder—and then to make inquiries. Finally I called the subject of the projected book. He had not, it turned out, given the author any right whatever to do the book and would, in fact, do everything he could to prevent his writing it, including, if necessary, suing me. He suggested I talk with my client's psychiatrist. (I hadn't known the client had one though by this time I realized he should.) Subsequently I found out that my "author" made a career of claiming exclusive rights to do the biographies of famous people. A greater awareness of psychological factors might well have enabled me to understand sooner what my "client" was doing.

Some years ago when there was a conference of the "counseling professions" in New York, it didn't occur to anyone to invite lawyers. Maybe very few would have accepted, for we are virtually the only profession dealing with people that makes no attempt to learn anything about them. There is, in fact, almost no cross-fertilization between lawyers and experts in human relations —psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, social workers, and the guidance specialists. Yet these latter groups are constantly exchanging knowledge with each other.

The majority of lawyers believe, I think, that they need no education in human relations. Experience, they will assure you, is the best, and the only real teacher. And it is true that a seasoned practitioner may come to know almost as much about human beings after years of practice as he knew about legal precedents when he graduated from law school. Other attorneys argue that, even if you could teach lawyers something about people and their motivations, you shouldn't. Let's stick to our last, they say. Why clutter up the law-school curriculum, as a few "progressive" schools are doing, with talk about people? A little knowledge about psychology can be a very dangerous thing, they maintain. And some psychiatrists agree. (But, of course,

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"Flexibility, tact, intuition, understanding of people are as valuable in the practice of law as the so-called legal logic," wrote Judge Jerome Frank fifteen years ago. "This leads to the conclusion, startling to many, that feminine attributes rather than masculine are important in the high task of administering justice." This thesis has not been put to any large-scale test, for less than 3 per cent of the country's attorneys and judges are women. One of them is Harriet F. Pilpel, who graduated from Columbia Law School in 1936, eight years after the sex barrier was lowered. (Last to succumb was Harvard, which admitted its first woman law student in 1950.) Now a partner in a leading New York law firm, Mrs. Pilpel holds no special brief for feminine insights. She does, however, feel that her profession needs to be reminded that clients have human as well as legal problems.

they are often leery, too, about psychologists, social workers, marriage counselors, or anyone else who threatens their monopoly.)

Generally speaking, other professions take a much more hopeful view of the uses of psychology in their own work than the lawyers do. Divinity courses everywhere are training the clergy in pastoral counseling. Social workers are taught above all that understanding what makes the client tick is a precondition of helping him. And at many medical schools, the would-be general practitioner must take background courses in psychiatry. Even the lawyer's best clients—the businessmen—have psychologists on their staffs, use psychological tests for placement and problem detection, and send their executives to seminars at such places as the Menninger Clinic to learn how to deal with personnel problems. (One of the Menninger people told me the clinic has persuaded many executives that not equipment but human failures must be dealt with to curb Accidents as well as the other two A's, Alcoholism and Absenteeism.)

CHANGING THE LAW SCHOOLS

DESPITE the widespread apathy of the Bar, there are, however, a few hopeful omens. At the Yale Law School, Professors Harold Lasswell, Richard Donnelly, and several others are working on a special project in "Law and Psychiatry" which should cast light on the question of how lawyers can become better counselors. A group at the University of Pennsylvania Law School is studying the relationship and desirable interchange between psychology and law. At Temple University, the Law and Medical Schools have been collaborating in a promising venture, which involves the presence of a psychiatrist as a passive observer at interviews between lawyer and client. At Northwestern University Law School, Professor Howard Sacks is offering some experimental courses in human personality and behavior from the standpoint of the lawyer.

Among practicing lawyers, too, there are signs here and there that the legal profession is beginning to recognize that a science of psychology exists and may be helpful. The New York County Lawyers Association has appointed a special committee which has held some fruitful public meetings on "Psychiatry and Psychology as Tools for Lawyers." In New York City also a series of experimental discussions between trained psychotherapists and practicing lawyers has taken place at the Postgraduate Center for Psychotherapy. The Lawyers Club of Los Angeles County last year announced a seminar for lawyers called "Developing Effective Professional Relations." The prospectus includes such topics as: "Lawyers Counsel People," "Lawyers Interrogate and Interview People," "Lawyers Resolve Conflict and Negotiate Agreements between People," and "Lawyers Work in Groups Either as Members or Leaders."

At the University of California a weekend workshop was held on "Sensitivity Training for the Professions." It was open to lawyers, as well as "members of other professions who are engaged primarily in client-type relationships." Also (and to my knowledge for the first time) a group has been organized in New York for the express purpose of making expert psychiatric and psychological consultation services available specifically to the legal profession in their day-to-day activities.

These recent developments are, however, just ripples on the broad surface of legal education today. There is no general indication that our profession recognizes the need once again to accept the role of counselor-at-law instead of just lawyer. That role, I think, should be redefined in twentieth-century terms. Leaders of the bar should acknowledge, individually and through their associations, that in an age of anxiety lawyers should know how and when to use expert psychological help and should themselves know something about the insights of modern psychology in dealing with their clients. The law schools should acknowledge that human personality and motivation and the problems and techniques of interviewing and counseling are also involved in the practice of law. Even more important than formal instruction is the need for an awareness of psychological factors to permeate the whole curriculum and influence the presentation of all teachers in all courses.

We must learn from the outset, in other words, that the proper study of law includes man—particularly the man we call client. And he too can play a part in changing the pattern. When he needs an attorney he has a right, I think, to inquire not only into his qualifications as a legal chess player but also his wisdom and training as a counselor in human relations. Lawyers need to be forcefully reminded that they must, at all times, take into account the nature of the specific individuals whom they are advising on the law. Only if this responsibility is fully accepted can the bar expect to maintain a position of continuing honor as a respected and learned profession.

Harper's Magazine, January 1960

HUBERT LAMB

HIGH FIDELITY —*TO WHAT?*

a musician looks at recorded music

THIS is the Age of Facsimile. With our cameras, our telephones, our radios, and our TV sets, we find ourselves constantly concerned with the products of copying devices that assail our eyes and ears with an endless profusion of facsimiles. By means of these devices we keep ourselves informed and we conduct our business enterprises, and to an increasing extent we depend upon them for our entertainment and recreation.

Of all our facsimile machines the most intriguing is the hi-fi system. The purchaser of a set of quality audio components will leave a small fortune in the Sound Room of his supplier; and as he drives home, he may begin to wonder whether the returns will justify his prodigality. He need not worry. In their fashion, they will.

He is bringing home, as the response curves and distortion ratings indicate, a mechanism that will reproduce sounds so faithfully that the original and the copy are, for practical purposes, indistinguishable. He is enriching his family life and, at the same time, keeping up with the Joneses—or perhaps giving the Joneses themselves something to keep up with. He will be able to flood his living-room with the sounds of eighteenth-century Leipzig or Tin Pan Alley, as fancy dictates, and to astonish his children and their friends with the deep-throated roar of the Stutz Bearcat or the clanking of the Illinois Central's connecting rods. And if his collection of packages includes a microphone and a tape recorder, he can look forward to relaxing on Christmas Day to the sound of last summer's birdsongs.

Of all this he is aware. But he cannot foresee the extent to which this equipment will prove to be the fulfillment of half-forgotten childhood dreams. Here is a storyteller, eloquent and engaging, ready at the flick of his finger to entertain him with fairy tales. Here is a jinni who can transport him by magic, as he wills, to the limits of the earth, providing him with a means of duplicating the unique and of capturing and retaining the impermanent.

The meteoric rise of the audio industries reflects the importance of their contribution to our society. It is not surprising that the recording companies have come to expect their products to be dignified by extensive and thoughtful reviews in our leading periodicals, or that advertising concerns have found in the promotion of records and of hi-fi components such a fertile field for hyberbole.

In general the reviewers and the writers of advertising copy have not lost sight of the fact that they are dealing with facsimile machines and with their products. If an advertisement reports that in a certain recording the "music is reproduced with something more than absolute tonal clarity or realism" or that in the album under discussion "the sun shines, the walls dissolve, and the open air enters," we recognize the poetic license of Madison Avenue. And if, below a photograph of an intent young man deftly soldering connections in an amplifier, we find the statement, "This man is making music," we are not deceived into thinking that the soldering iron is a musical instrument.

But this state of affairs, unhappily, seems to be endangered. I recently received a handsome and impressive leaflet announcing the establishment of a project "to help cultivated families build up . . . a record library of the World's Great Music, similar to the excellent collections of the World's Great Books." This prospectus concerns itself with the satisfactions of "hearing great music"; and on its final page,

below the reproduction of a print in which Frederick the Great performs as soloist in one of his evening concerts, appears this statement: "New ——— recording has brought into millions of American homes a richness of musical experience undreamed of by princes who had private orchestras at their service."

Here we are on very dangerous ground indeed. Books are books. They are originals. And a richness of experience in literature is to be gained by reading books and only by reading books. A recording is a fascimile. A "richness of musical experience" is to be acquired not through the agency of facsimiles but only through exposure to the actual performance of music. If our copies have reached such perfection that we are misled into pretending that they are endowed with the virtue and authority of originals, and if we subscribe to that pretense in disseminating them, are we not very close to the fine line that divides the facsimile from the counterfeit?

THE MYSTERY OF THE CONCERT HALL

MUSIC is a complex of intangibles. A piece of music cannot be said precisely to exist at all except during the fleeting moments of its performance. During those moments it possesses a unique and perishable identity which it has never possessed before and will never possess again.

The composer is a master architect, not a stonecutter. It is he who specifies the shape of things, the interplay of light and shade, the materials, the textures, and the colors. And his specifications are necessarily imprecise. But this imprecision is in keeping with his function. For it is not he but the performer to whom he entrusts his specifications who will give the product of his genius substantial form before their common audience.

The accomplished performer is a proficient interpreter of specifications. He is a traveler of wide experience, equally at home at the court of Louis XIV and in Times Square. He knows the serenity of the monastic cloister and the gaiety of the Viennese ballroom. It is his business to construct before his audience, precisely according to his understanding of the directions, a structure which will best serve to bring the substance of the composer's intent most vividly to life. He is a ball-player with high averages. But his appeal at the gate is not the appeal of averages. With him in the line-up there is reason to expect to see history made.

If we attend a concert to hear Mr. X play the Beethoven Violin Concerto, the experience begins when he appears on the stage. As he tunes his instrument and stands, motionless, awaiting the beginning of the music, he establishes his lines of communication with us. He and the others are about to re-create a familiar and enchanting countryside through which they will lead us. What we shall find there—unobserved before—and how, exactly, the landmarks will look we have no way of knowing. And even with Mr. X performing and with so accomplished an orchestra, there is, in addition to the hope of unforeseen delight, the possibility of disappointment and even of minor disaster. This undertaking is, for all concerned, to be an adventure. And it has a future that defies prediction.

The appropriate moment at last arrives, and the kettledrum, almost inaudibly, vibrates to the first of the enigmatic solo D's. We are airborne. And for the next half-hour, through our faculties of sight and hearing, we shall be involved as only music can involve us.

This is a social enterprise of the highest order. There before us on the stage is a community of experienced and proficient specialists, bound together, under the most stringent discipline, in the pursuit of a common purpose.

The kettledrummer stands alone in the first measure, and we note the precision of his response to the almost imperceptible movement of the conductor's baton. In the second measure our attention shifts to the wind choir which presents the *cantabile* opening phrases. As the wind players approach their cadence, we see the violinists preparing for their solo reflection on D-sharp of the opening drum notes. The instant has come. The bows touch the strings and leave them precisely in unison. Now, suddenly, the entire orchestra is engaged, the horn players projecting their insistent repeated notes with sustained intensity, the violinists, with vigorous strokes of the full bow, bringing the authority of the practiced

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As chairman of the Music Department at Wellesley College, Hubert Lamb specified the sound equipment for the new Jewett Arts Center, in consultation with audio experts and his colleagues. The listening facilities of that building are so nearly ideal as to suggest to the casual visitor that music education is chiefly a matter of learning to listen gracefully to phonograph records. Mr. Lamb would not agree.

He is a composer, studied at Harvard and in Paris, was a Guggenheim Fellow in 1948, and is Hamilton C. Macdougall Professor of Music.

gymnast to the performance of their monumental broken chords. But Mr. X, in keeping with the dignity of his position in this microsociety, still remains silent and apart. Not for more than fifty measures will he raise his instrument in preparation for the beginning of the elusive passage through which Beethoven has specified that he be introduced to us.

As we follow the patterns of the sounds and watch the players, we ourselves in our absorption become elements of a larger social entity of which these musicians constitute only a part. They play for us. We respond to their playing and they, in turn, to our response. Thus we, also, are participants in the performance. We are the audience without which neither the composer nor the performer would have reason to exist.

At the conclusion of the music, in keeping with the inescapable implications of Beethoven's directions, we burst into applause. And by this means the transition from the ecstasy of the music to the vacancy of the silence that follows is gracefully accomplished. We have been present at the celebration of a mystery.

LIVING-ROOM EDITION

LET us now suppose that Mr. X, accompanied by this same orchestra, has recorded a performance of this concerto, and that our friends, the A's, who have a superb sound system, have invited us over to hear the new recording.

On the designated evening we find ourselves in the congenial friendliness of the A's' living-room. Teen-age Susie has established herself with her schoolbooks at the desk. Mrs. A has provided us with coffee, and we have been brought up to date on the recent activities of the Planning Board, of which Mr. A is secretary. We settle ourselves comfortably, Mrs. A refilling the coffee cups as Mr. A turns his equipment on and places the new disc in position on his transcription turntable. All is now ready. Mr. A checks his controls and begins to lower the pick-up arm. The telephone rings and Susie disappears.

At a certain instant—but not at an instant more or less appropriate than any other—the sound of the first kettledrum D issues from the speaker enclosure. We were listening for this D, but we were not prepared for it. Preparation for beginning, so important in the performance of music, is here necessarily excluded.

The clarity of the sounds is extraordinary. We hear the various different instruments, each speaking in its own way, as we could not hear them at the concert when the opening phrases were performed. (Nor could anyone have heard them so clearly, unless he had shared the microphone's position a few feet from the players.) The quality of the violins' D-sharps has been exactly caught. In the *forte* which follows, each note is in place, the sound brilliant and captivating, the inner parts more readily distinguishable than we have ever heard them.

Susie returns and resumes her studying in time for the soloist's opening phrases. The warmth of Mr. X's tone is flawlessly re-created. This, without question, is magic; and we find ourselves marveling, as the succession of striking sounds enfolds us, at the ingenuity of inventors.

The record comes to an end. We congratulate Mr. A on his equipment and extend a helping hand to Susie, who is frustrated at having failed to find *"morituri"* in her vocabulary. Mrs. A removes the coffee cups.

We have listened in a cultivated home to the re-creation of a facsimile. That facsimile itself, a product of the exercise of the discretion of monitors and of the skill of editors, is a composite image of performances conducted in the vacancy of an empty hall. It is necessarily without serious blemish. The maker of facsimiles, like the fashion photographer, must concern himself first not with poetry but with perfection. The future in these enterprises is without hazard. And it belongs already to the past.

Let us now further suppose that Mr. A has recently occupied himself (no electrician's license required) with the installation of a new extension speaker in his study. He is interested in our judgment of its virtues as compared with those of his living-room system. We go to the study and Mrs. A, who has remained at the controls in the living-room, obligingly starts the new record again. Here are the kettledrum D's, the arrestingly clear wind choir, the precise violin D-sharps, and the brilliant full orchestra passage, all exactly as before. And here comes Mr. X again.

As we listen this time, we are aware of an increasing sense of detachment from such musical reality as the facsimile had possessed on the first hearing. Each instant of the present is now also an instant of a familiar past. I know beforehand that Mr. X will retard to his high D because he has already done it and I have heard what he is about to do. I know the batter will double on this next pitch. He did double when I attended this game yesterday. Here is a future which we ourselves have already followed as

spectators. As it unfolds again, it takes on the static immutability of accomplished fact. This is not history being made. It is merely history. And the more we are exposed to it, the more this detailed reflection of things past will come to stand independently as a document to be remembered in itself.

The fact is, of course, that the A's did not invite us for the purposes of art. We are here to share with them the pleasures of congeniality. It was no one's thought that this was to be an evening of revelation. It was never intended that any mystery be celebrated. And no one will later ask on which evening it was that we heard this seductive facsimile, stamped as it is with an identity of its own, distinct from Beethoven, from Mr. X, from the conductor and the orchestra, and from music.

NO, Gentlemen, we have not enslaved the Muses. No matter how sophisticated our equipment, the best we can hope from it can be no more than a partial record of a sequence of musical events. We cannot expect to see a rose blossoming but only a photographic record, precise in definition and faithful in color, of the blossoming of a certain past rose or of a composite of past roses.

Music students will find such records useful, as students of physiology find anatomical drawings useful. Those experienced travelers in music who enjoy collecting mementos will take pleasure in them as they take pleasure in their photograph albums. But the usefulness of these records to an uninitiated public does not lie, as music does, in the province of the dramatic artist. It is only the materials of music that survive the recording process. And these materials have now come to belong in the portfolio of the decorator.

The richness, undreamed of by princes, that has been brought into millions of American homes is a richness of decoration. This evening shall we have the radiance of Debussy's translucent scoring or the somber sobriety of Brahms? Are we in the mood for the intricate textures of the German baroque or the easy clarity of the Haydn quartet? Is this the moment for the brilliant brass counterpoint that delighted the doges of Venice, or should we prefer the subdued string monotone of Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagète"? Of course we are free, if fancy dictates, to change our decorations whenever we wish, and we are not obligated even to wait for endings.

The fact is we are not obligated at all. This is not the Jupiter Symphony. It only sounds like the Jupiter Symphony. The players are not there. There is, in fact, no performance. We are therefore not participants in anything; and unless our experience with music itself intrudes, we may converse, play our games of chess, and read our newspapers, quite unconcerned, taking note or not, as we will, of the engaging fabrics of sound with which we have surrounded ourselves.

But for these privileges we may well pay a price. For the jinni who stands ready, through the agency of these machines, perpetually to serve us, is an alchemist who possesses the secret of transmuting gold to clay.

The Goddess is not disposed to look with favor upon idolators who take her statue in preference to herself. Through our concern with these facsimiles we are in danger of being deprived of the gift of music. That concern degrades the very artists upon whose reputations the production and distribution of these facsimiles depend. It deceives those composers who, through overexposure to the limited areas of music caught by the facsimile process, are in danger of taking too little note of the opportunities and the responsibilities beyond. And it can mislead audiences into seeking, in the concert hall, those qualities that distinguish the facsimile, and into evaluating what they hear in terms of its faithfulness to copies and to the codes of copyists.

DONALD JUSTICE

ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS IN CHILDHOOD

WE SHALL not ever meet them bearded in heaven,
Nor sunning themselves among the bald of hell;
If anywhere, in the deserted schoolyard at twilight,
Forming a ring, perhaps, or joining hands
In games whose very names we have forgotten.
Come, memory, let us seek them there in the shadows.



A Story by TED HUGHES

Drawings by Eileen Taber

THE RAIN HORSE

AS THE young man came over the hill the first thin blowing of rain met him. He turned his coat collar up and stood on top of the long rabbit-riddled hedge bank, looking down into the valley.

He had come too far. What had set out as a walk along pleasantly remembered Tarmac lanes had somehow, almost dreamily, turned into a cross-plowland trek, his shoes ruined, and the mud working up the trouser legs of his suit where they rubbed against each other. There was a raw flapping wetness in the air that would be downpour again at any moment.

Still, this was the view he had been thinking of. Looking down from this point, he had felt, he would get the whole thing. The valley lay open in front of him, its shallow bare fields black and sodden as the bed of an old drained lake after the weeks of rain, utterly deserted.

Nothing happened.

Not that he had expected any very overpowering experience, but he had looked forward to something, some pleasant feeling, he wasn't quite sure what.

So he waited, trying to nudge the right feelings alive by the remembered details of the scene—the surprisingly familiar curve of the hedges, the great stone gate-pillar and the iron hook let into it that he had so often used as a target, the long bank of the rabbit warren on which he stood and which had been the first thing he had ever noticed about the hill when twenty years ago, from the distance of the village, he had said: "That looks like rabbits."

But twelve years had transformed him. This land no longer recognized him. He looked back at it coldly, remotely, as at a finally visited home country known only through the stories of a grandfather; felt nothing but the dullness of feeling nothing. Boredom. Then, suddenly, impatience, with a whole swarm of little anxieties about his shoes and this spitting rain and his new suit and that sky and the two-mile trudge through the mud back to the road.

A quicker way out of it would be to go straight forward to the farm, a mile away, behind which the road looped. But the thought of meeting the farmer—whether to be embarrassingly remembered or shouted at as a trespasser—deterred him. Now the rain was pulling up out of the distance, dragging its gray broken columns, smudging the trees and farms.

A wave of anger went over him, against himself for blundering into this mud-trap and against the land for making him feel so hardened, so old and stiff and stupid. He turned to get away out of it as quickly as he could and at that moment caught a movement in his eye-corner. All his senses startled alert. He stopped.

Over to his right a thin black horse was running across the plowland toward the hill, its head down, its neck stretched out. It seemed to be running on its toes like a cat, a long low sidling run like a dog up to no good. Something

unnatural about the way it ran hypnotized him.

From the high point on which he stood the hill dipped slightly in a ridge that rose to another high point three hundred yards to his right. The horse ran up to this crest that was fringed with tops of trees, showed against the sky, for a moment like a nightmarish leopard, then disappeared over the other side.

For several seconds he stood, stunned by the unpleasantly strange impression the sight of the horse had made on him. Then the plastering beat of the cold rain on his bare skull brought him back to himself. The distance had vanished in a wall of gray and all around him the fields were jumping and streaming.

Holding his collar close about his chin, he lowered his head and ran back over toward the town side of the hill, the lee side, his feet sucking and splashing, occasionally skidding.

This hill was shaped like a wave, a gently rounded back lifting up out of the valley with a sharply crested, almost concave front hanging over the river meadows toward the town. Down this front, from the crest, hung two small woods separated by a fallow field. The nearer wood was nothing more than a quarry, circular, full of stones and bracken, with a few thorns and nondescript saplings, foxholes, and rabbit holes. The other was rectangular, mainly a planting of scrub oak trees. Beyond the river smoldered the town like a great heap of blue cinders.

He ran along the top of the first wood and, finding no shelter but the thin leafless thorns of the hedge, dipped below the crest, so that he was at least out of the wind, and jogged along through thick grass toward the wood of oaks. The rain still driving blindingly, he plunged into the tangle of bramble stems at the wood's edge. The little crippled trees were small choice in the way of shelter and under a sudden fierce thickening of the rain he took one at random, crouching down beneath the leaning trunk.

Still panting from his run, drawing up his knees, he watched the bleak lines of rain, gray as hail, slanting into the bracken and clumps of bramble. He felt hidden and safe: the sound of the rain as it rushed and lulled sealed him from the world. The chilly sheet lead of his suit became a tight warm mold, and gradually he sank into a state of comfort that was all but trance, though the drops still beat uninterruptedly on his shoulders and knees and trickled down the oak trunk and onto his neck.

All around him the boughs angled down, glistening like black iron. From their tips and elbows the drops hurried steadily, and the channels of the bark pulsed and gleamed. For a time he amused himself calculating the variation in the rainfall by the variations in a dribble of water from a trembling twig-end two feet in front of his nose. He studied the twig itself, bringing dwarfs and continents and animals out of its scurfy bark. Beyond the boughs the blue shoal of the town was rising and falling, and darkening and fading again, in the white backdrop of rain.

He wanted this rain to go on forever. Whenever it seemed to be drawing off he listened anxiously until it closed in again. Sitting there, he felt suspended from life and from time in a delicious freedom and peace. He didn't want to return to his sodden shoes and his possibly ruined suit and the walk back over that land of mud.

ALL at once he began to feel uneasy. At the same moment he thought of the horse, and the hair on the nape of his neck prickled slightly as he remembered how it had run up to the crest and showed against the sky.

He tried to dismiss the thought. Horses wandered about the countryside often enough. But the vision of the horse as it had appeared against the sky stuck in his mind. It must have come over the crest just above the wood in which he was now sitting. As if to clear his mind he twisted round and looked up the wood between the tree stems, to his left.

At the wood top, with the silvered gray light coming in behind it, the black horse was standing under the oaks, its head high and alert, its ears pricked, watching him.

A horse sheltering from the rain usually goes into a sort of stupor, tilts a hind hoof and hangs its head low and lets its eyelids droop, and so it remains as long as the rain lasts. This horse was nothing like that. It was watching him intently, standing perfectly still, its soaked neck and flank shining in the hard light.

As he turned back he felt the same crawling dismay as when he first saw it coming across the land. The hair on his head went icy suddenly and he shivered. There was surely something queer about this horse. But what was he to do? It seemed ridiculous to try driving it away; and to leave the wood, with the rain still coming down so heavily, was out of the question. The idea of being watched became more and more disturbing until at last he had to twist around again, to see if the horse had moved. It stood exactly as before.

This was absurd. He took control of himself and deliberately turned back, determined

not to give the horse one more thought. If it wanted to share the wood with him, let it. If it wanted to stare at him, let it. He was settling firmly into these resolutions when the ground shook and he heard the crash of a heavy body coming down the wood. Like lightning his legs bounded him upright and about face. The horse was almost on top of him, its head stretching forward, ears flattened and lips lifted back from the long yellow teeth. He got one photograph glimpse of the red-veined eyeball as he flung himself backwards round the tree; then he was away up the slope, whipped by oak twigs as he leapt the brambles and brushwood, twisting between the close trees till he tripped and sprawled. As he fell the thought flashed through his head that he must at all costs keep his suit out of the leaf-mold, but a more urgent instinct was already rolling him violently sideways. He spun round, sat up, and looked back, ready to scramble off in a flash to one side. He was panting from the sudden excitement and effort. The horse had disappeared. The wood was empty except for the slant gray rain, dancing the bracken and glittering from the branches.

He got up, furious. Knocking the dirt and leaves from his suit as well as he could he looked round for a weapon. The horse was evidently mad, had an abscess on its brain or something of the sort. Or maybe it was just spiteful—rain sometimes puts creatures into funny states. Whatever it was, he decided to get away from the wood just as quickly as possible, rain or no rain.

Since the horse seemed to have gone on down the wood, his way to the farm over the hill was clear. As he went he broke a yard length of wrist-thick dead branch from one of the oaks, but immediately threw it aside and wiped the slough of rotten wet bark from his hands with his soaked handkerchief. Already he was thinking it incredible that the horse should have meant to attack him. Most likely it was just going down the wood for better shelter and had made a feint at him in passing—as much out of curiosity or playfulness as anything. He thought of the way horses menace each other when they are playing and galloping round in a paddock.

The wood rose to a steep bank topped by the hawthorn hedge that ran along the whole ridge of the hill. He scrambled up this bank toward a thin place in the hedge, and was pulling himself up by the bare stem of one of the hawthorns when he checked and shrank down again. The swelling gradient of fields lay in front of him, smoking in the slowly crossing rain. Out in the middle of the first field, tall as a statue, and a ghostly silver in the undercloud light, stood the horse, watching the wood.

He lowered his head slowly, and as he slithered back down the bank an awful feeling of helplessness came over him. He felt certain the horse had been looking straight at him, waiting for him. Was it clairvoyant? Maybe a mad animal can be clairvoyant. At the same time he was ashamed to find himself acting so foolishly, ducking and creeping about in this way just to keep out of sight of a horse as if it were an enemy with a rifle. He tried to imagine how anybody in their senses would just walk off home. This cooled him a little, and he retreated further down the wood, determined to go straight back the way he had come, along under the ridge.

THE rain was still falling, a cold steady weight, but he observed this rather than felt it. The water was running down inside his clothes and squelching in his shoes as he eased his way carefully over the bedded leaves. At every moment he expected to see the prick-eared black head looking down at him from the hedge above.

At the woodside he paused. The success of this last maneuver had restored his confidence, but he didn't want to venture out into the open field without making sure that the horse was just where he had left it. Then he could withdraw quietly and leave the horse standing out there in the rain. He crept up again among the trees to the crest and peeped through the hedge.

The gray field and the whole slope were empty. He searched the distance since the horse was quite likely to have forgotten him altogether and wandered off. Then he raised himself and leaned out to see if it had come in close to the hedge. Before he was aware of anything the ground shook. He twisted round wildly to see how he had been outwitted. The black shape was above him, its whinnying snort and the spattering whack of its hooves seemed to be actually inside his head as he fell backwards down the bank, and leaped again like a madman, dodging among the oaks, imagining how the buffet would come and how he would be knocked headlong. Halfway down the wood the oaks gave way to bracken and old roots and stony rabbit diggings.

Ted Hughes, born in Yorkshire, lives in New England. He is the author of "The Hawk in the Rain"—a volume of poems—and is now a Guggenheim Fellow.



He was well out into the middle of this before he realized that he was running alone.

He was gasping for breath now and cursing mechanically. Without a thought for his suit he sat down where he was, to rest his shaken legs, letting the rain plaster the hair down over his forehead and watching the dense flashing lines disappear abruptly into the earth all round him as if he were watching from safe shelter and through thick plate glass. His lungs trembled as he took deep breaths in an effort to steady his heart and regain control of himself. His right trouser turn-up was ripped at the seam and his suit jacket was splashed with the yellow mud of the top field.

Obviously the horse had been further along the hedge above the steep field, waiting for him to come out at the woodside just as he had intended, and he must have peeped through the hedge—peeping the wrong way—within yards of it.

However, this last attack had cleared up one thing. He need no longer act like a fool out of simple uncertainty as to whether the horse was his antagonist or merely crazy. It was definitely after him. He picked up two stones about the size of goose eggs and set off towards the bottom of the wood, striding carelessly.

The whole of this hill was skirted by a loop of the river. His plan was to cross the little meadow at the bottom of the wood and follow the river, a three-mile circuit, back to the road. There were deep hollows in the river bank, full of stones as he remembered, excellent places to defend himself from if the horse should come after him out there.

The bottom of the wood was choked with hawthorns, some of them good-sized trees, and they knitted into an almost impassable barrier. He walked along, looking for a way through. Then he stopped. Through the bluish veil of their bare twigs he could see the familiar shape out in the field below, waiting for him.

The horse was facing away from the wood, looking toward the river. It seemed not to have noticed him. Quietly he turned back and climbed across the clearing toward the one side of the wood he had not yet tried. If the horse would only stay down there he could follow his first and easiest plan, up the woodside and over the hilltop to the farm. As he made for the straggling line of oaks hedging the wood on that side, the rain suddenly pressed down as if the whole sky were to be emptied in a few minutes.

The oaks ahead blurred and the ground drummed. As he broke into a run, he heard a deeper sound running with him. He whirled round, a stone ready in his hand. The horse was charging straight at him across the middle of the clearing, scattering the clay and stones in an immensely supple and powerful motion. He let out a tearing roar and threw the stone in his right hand. The result was instantaneous. Whether at the roar or the stone the horse reared as if against a wall and shied to the left. As it dropped back onto its forefeet his second stone, at ten yards' range, landed with a thwack and he saw the bright mud blotch suddenly appear on the glistening black flank. The horse surged down the wood, splashing the earth like water, tossing its long tail as it plunged out of sight among the hawthorns.

HE LOOKED around for stones. The sharp encounter had set the blood beating in his head and given him a savage energy. He could have killed the horse at that moment. That this brute should play with him in such a spiteful, deliberate way was more than he could

bear. Whoever owned that horse, he thought, deserved to have its neck broken for letting the dangerous thing loose.

He came out at the woodside, still searching for the right stones. There were plenty here, piled and scattered where they had been plowed out of the field over the years. He selected two. As he looked up, the horse was within twenty yards of him, in the middle of the field, watching him calmly. They looked at each other.

"Out of it!" he shouted, brandishing his arm. "Out of it! Go on!" The horse ignored him, only twitching its pricked ears. With all his force he threw a stone that soared and landed beyond with a soft thud. He rearmed and threw again. For several minutes he kept up his bombardment, without a single hit, working himself into a fury and throwing more and more wildly, till his arm began to ache with the unaccustomed exercise. All the time the horse watched him fixedly. Finally he had to stop and ease his shoulder muscles, and as if the horse had been waiting for just this, it dipped its head twice and came at him.

He spun round, snatched up two stones and roaring with all his strength flung the one in his right hand. He was astonished at the crack of the impact—sharp as if he had struck a tile—and the horse actually stumbled. With another roar he ran forward and hurled the second stone. His aim seemed to be under superior guidance. The stone struck and rebounded straight up into the air, spinning fiercely, as the horse swirled away and went careering down toward the far bottom corner of the field, at first with great swinging leaps, then at a canter, leaving deep churned holes in the soil.

It turned up the far side of the field, climbing till it was level with him. He felt a little surprise of pity to see it shaking its head, and once it paused to lower its head and paw over its ear with its forehoof as a cat does.

"You stay there!" he shouted. "Keep your distance and you'll not get hurt."

And indeed the horse did stop at that moment, almost obediently. It stood watching him as he climbed to the crest.

The rain swept into his face and he realized that he was freezing, as if his very flesh were sodden. The farm seemed miles away over the dreary fields. Keeping an eye on the horse now, that still watched him alertly, he loaded the crook of his left arm with stones and plunged out onto the waste of gray mud.

The horse was lost to sight immediately below the ridge, but he kept twisting around every few strides to see if it was following him. Before he was halfway over the first field it appeared, silhouetted against the sky at the corner of the wood, head high and attentive, watching his laborious retreat over the three fields.

The ankle-deep clay dragged at him as he stumbled on, burdened by his sogged clothes and the armful of stones, his limbs weighing like great clods of mud. He had to fight to keep his breathing even, two strides in, two strides out, the air ripping his lungs. Upwards and out of the sucking earth he forced himself till in the middle of the last field he stopped, dropped all the stones from the cramp of his left arm, keeping just one in his hand, and continued at a walk. The horse, tiny on the skyline, had not moved.

He slumped over the top bar of the gate that led out of the field into the lane behind the farm. He became conscious of the rain again and suddenly longed to collapse full length under it, to take the cooling, healing drops all over his body, forgetting himself in the last wretchedness of the mud. Instead he made an effort, pulled himself exhaustedly over the gate-top into the lane, and leaned again, looking up at the hill.

The rain was dissolving land into sky like a wet water color as the afternoon darkened. He concentrated, raising his head, searching the skyline from end to end. The horse had vanished. The hill looked lifeless and desolate as some island lifting out of the sea, awash with every tide.

UNDER the long shed where the tractors, plow, binders, and the rest were drawn up, waiting for their seasons, he sat on a sack thrown over a petrol drum, trembling, his lungs heaving. He began to look around. The ragged swallows' nests were still there in the angles of the beams; the mingled smell of paraffin, creosote, fertilizer, dust—all exactly as he had left it twelve years ago. He remembered three dead foxes hanging in a row from one of the beams, their teeth bloody.

The nightmare he had just been through had already sunk from reality. It hung under the surface of his mind, an obscure confusion of fright and shame, as after a narrowly escaped street accident. There was a solid pain in his chest, like a spike of bone stabbing, that made him wonder if he had strained his heart on that last stupid burdened run. Piece by piece he began to take off his clothes, wringing the gray water out of them, but soon he stopped that and just sat staring at the ground, as if some important part had been cut out of his brain.



Only a self educated man can be truly educated

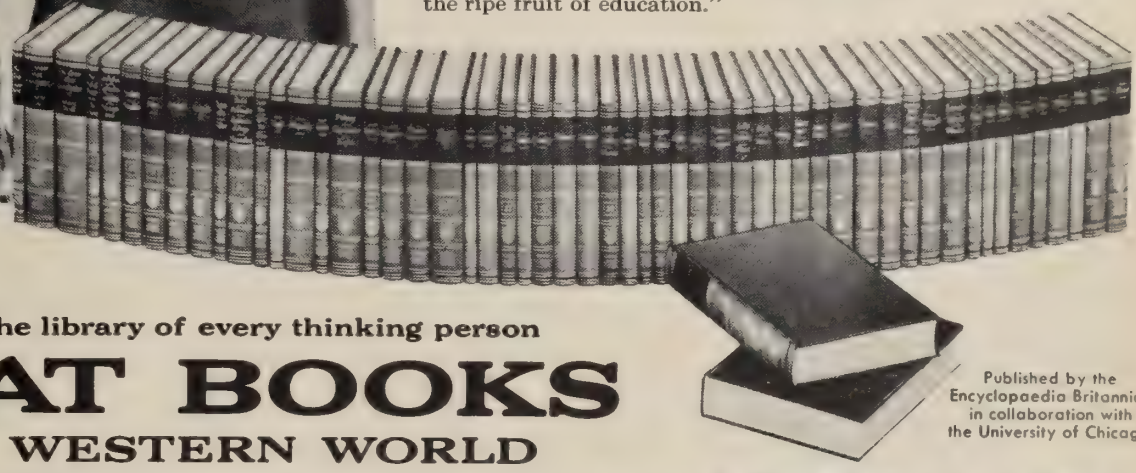
A thoughtful discussion by **William Benton**
former Asst. Secretary of State and U.S. Senator

"There are probably very few people who labor under the delusion that because they once satisfactorily completed a physics course in school their knowledge of science is complete. In fact, there is general recognition that a scientist's education is never complete.

"It is paradoxical indeed that in the equally profound areas of history, philosophy, theology, literature, all the important humanities, just the reverse is commonly held to be true. Once the required course of study is passed and a college degree earned, our education in these subjects is often assumed to be complete.

"This, of course, could not be further from the truth. A person who does not continue year after year to add to his knowledge and insight can never be a really educated man. In fact, just the opposite is likely to occur. Change is a law of life. Nothing remains static. Our interests either broaden or narrow. Our thoughts deepen or become ever more shallow. We grow in knowledge and perception or our minds shrink away to insignificance.

"The amount of formal schooling possible to us is usually limited, of course, by the necessity of earning a living. Only self-education can continue to give us the constant association with great minds and the contemplation of great thoughts which produce an educated man. The edition of the Great Books described below was compiled with this purpose in mind—to provide the nourishment the mind needs to grow in wisdom—the ripe fruit of education."



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BY *William S. White*
HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT


Arnold Newman

PUBLIC WOMEN

(Editor's note: Immediately after writing the following dispatch, Mr. White took refuge in a Trappist monastery, located two days' travel by dog-team north of Ultima Thule. Women wishing to horsewhip him should apply there in person and seek written permission from the Abbot.)

WASHINGTON—This new year is the fortieth anniversary of an experiment rather less noble in purpose than craven in execution—the adoption by a scared male society of the Constitutional amendment permitting women to vote.

The State of Tennessee ushered in this glad, glad new world by solemnly advising Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby, at four o'clock on the morning of August 26, 1920, that the process of ratifying woman's suffrage had been completed.

To describe without fear or favor the situation resulting from this happy reform, which commanding-type women had so doggedly demanded, requires more hardihood than good sense. Indeed in undertaking this task, one knows he may be accused of simple animus.

Well, a lively malice is, in fact, a part of this column. So is a certain envenomed feeling resulting from various circumstances. (Not the least of these is the exasperating and endless use among women of the word "lady" to describe all females of every age past twelve and of every manner and estate.)

I would not for a moment pretend to be innocent of malice, for two reasons:

(1) It would be untrue, and demonstrably so, at that.

(2) A thousand disclaimers, accompanied by affidavits drawn up in the presence of the Supreme Court itself, wouldn't convince the ladies of my innocence.

All the same, my complaint is not really anti-woman, or even anti-woman's suffrage. For the point of this billet-doux is not the harm that woman's suffrage has done to public policy, but rather the harm done by the various corollaries of the Nineteenth Amendment.

For once woman got the ballot she began to get into active or organizational politics. Worse yet, she sometimes even got into public office. Toward women voting—when they vote just as citizens and not as "the woman's vote"—I offer no criticism. Even toward women in politics and in the government bureaucracy I have kindly feelings—in those rare cases where they do not become Madam Chairwomen, in the first instance, and Steely-eyed Executives, in the second.

The trouble is that women generally have not taken the ballot as a *common* right. Nor have they on the whole ever understood that their participation in public affairs simply as women is both a gross oversimplification and a gross impertinence. They clamored for the vote on the sound ground that the vote was the right of *people*. And it was the argument that women were people that got them the vote—insofar as any rationality entered this national decision of four decades ago.

To vote as a *woman*, to act as Madam Chairlady as a *woman*, to serve the republic as a *woman* is, of course, first of all a denial of the whole first principle of universal suffrage. Suffrage cannot properly be extended, and surely not properly exercised, for the reason that one is different. It can only be reasonably allowed, and rightly used, as a common right in the commonality of public affairs. No man can validly assert an electoral privilege because he has red hair, or because he was born on Monday, or because he is a man. The great run of women, however, do in fact assert, and use, the right of suffrage on precisely such philosophically incredible grounds.

They put a precious note into what should be a serious enterprise: the indirect operation, through the vote, of the country's affairs. It is women, in every campaign I can remember, who themselves first speak of—and go on interminably speaking of—"the woman's vote." In the old days the theoretically limpid glances of their sex would change to glacial and implacable fury when they fell upon those poor males who, though running only for aldermen, would not promise the ladies to banish the speakeasy nationally—and also all other means by which a chap could have a drink of whiskey. And they had not been ten minutes at the business of voting before they made it unmistakably plain that there was, indeed, a "woman's vote" and that this was the way they meant to use it.

Of the same order of anti-common sense has been their traditional role in regard to the so-called political "machines." Women's organizations—whether established for politics, for social reasons, book reading, or whatnot—are, of course, *never* "machines." They are never called that, even if the same old girls maintain perpetual and iron-handed control, staring down the smallest suggestion that maybe there ought to be an *election* to choose Madam President or Madam Chairlady.

But "the woman's vote" has historically been death upon all political "machines" that (a) are not dominated by women and (b) happen to be in a different party from whatever *good* party the ladies are currently trying to elect. All politi-

cians expect a certain amount of unfair attack. But only the hardiest have been able to survive "woman's-vote" attacks that are often not merely unfair but hysterically so—and also massively uninformed. I never knew a first-rate urban politician of the old school who did not regard this sort of thing with the awe and the touching sense of hopelessness with which a peasant on a mountainside might view the opening eruptions of the volcano that, willy-nilly, conditions his life and death.

And I know no politician of the new school—urban or rural, sectional or national—who does not have, even in these days of the new sophistication, something of this fatalism toward "the woman's vote." These fellows know that there is no reasoning with this force of nature, no appeal from its righteous edicts—and no hope of making much sense of them in ordinary political terms.

ALL this comes about mostly because women, in generally choosing to vote as women rather than merely as citizens, early seized upon such notions as "morality in politics," "honesty in government," and what they term ethical progress in general. Women now regard such ideas and slogans as the copyrighted, exclusive possessions of their sex. In effect they claim the divine right, if not actually to rule, then to determine who should rule, upon what bases and for what reasons.

In a word, they first widely introduced—and have long since consolidated into a sort of unchallengeable Eleventh Commandment—the mischievous dogma of the Good Guy *versus* the Bad Guy in politics. When you have got practically the sole means to define what and who are "moral" and what and who are "immoral," you have gone a long way toward deciding how any election is going to come out. So when the women pick one fellow as *the* candidate on the side of Right-Thinking, Peace, Progress, and Plenty, the other fellow is pretty close to being licked before he starts.

If he chooses, he can go around buttonholing all who will listen, with pleading explanations that he, too, really isn't very immoral—or at least had not intended to be until he found that the a-priori verdict of



UNBU...begger child of mystery

Nothing is known about Unbu. In India, names have a meaning and her name means "love" but she has never had any. She was found in a small village down on the plains in Coonoor, South India, in the early morning, with a coconut shell which she used for begging in her hands. She was sobbing and no one knew how she came to the village. She had evidently been dropped there deliberately by someone during the night, as she had not been there the day before.

She explained the long gash in the side of her head by saying she was torn by the claws of a dog which had knocked her down to take the few scraps of food someone had put in her coconut shell. She shook her head when asked about her mother and father and said she never had any.

She did not know the place she came from but said it was big. She seemed to think she had always been on the streets alone. She had never eaten a regular meal, just scraps put in her shell or some cooked rice or vegetable she bought for a few annas (an anna is worth about two U. S. pennies) when she was lucky enough to be given any. She had never been in a house, she always slept on the streets, and her stomach always hurt.

There are thousands of little Unbus in India—hungry, sick, homeless and friendless. CCF cares for as many as funds permit in CCF affiliated orphanages. In Calcutta alone, thousands live on the streets with families staking out bits of the curb. Here they sit, sleep, wash their clothing, cook their skimpy messes over a fire made from the shreds of dung picked up from the tracks of the skinny sacred wandering cows.

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"the woman's vote" had made him so. These apologetics, however, are neither hopeful nor self-inspiring. The hapless lout usually just accepts the inevitable and settles for being—however involuntarily—the Bad Guy in the morality play already prepared by the Madam Chairladies and their assistants and outriders. Such pro-Bad Guy vote as may exist will, at any rate, be turned in his direction, if only out of human sympathy. Writers have often observed that many a good woman has climbed to her reward in Heaven over the prostrate body of a wretched husband, who was interested only in too much grog and a vain frittering away of his time upon this earth. So with the Bad Guy in politics; the women, in their wisdom, require him to make of himself a humble stile upon which the Good Guy will climb to higher things.

SOME ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS

HARRY TRUMAN never discovered how bad he was until "the woman's vote" instructed him of his highly improper conduct in "causing the death of our boys" in Korea. The appalling shambles made of our foreign policy by this kind of moralism and sentimentalism in the 1952 Presidential campaign cannot possibly be doubted. I mention it here because this is the most significant illustration in our history of what can happen to adult politics when "the woman's vote" decides to apply its own special "moral" judgments upon matters that will not really yield to such criteria. The question is not whether Truman was right; the point is that whether he was or not will never now be determined. The issue was sunk into a bottomless pit of bathos eight years ago.

As to women in office, their essential characteristics in most instances are similar to those of most career women if rather more extreme. Because they are women, they assume they are entitled to a peculiarly feminine definition of "equality." This is the kind of equality by which they have all the rights and perquisites of their position—but only such of its pains and perils as they may think fit at a given moment to accept. For example, let a woman become, say, a "GS-12" in the federal service (which means that she is much more than a secretary but not quite of sub-Cabinet rank). She will lack nothing in briskness in dealing with subordinates (especially if these happen to be women). But when it comes to dealings with her superior, by God she knows what her rights are. She is, for instance, not going to be pushed around to the point of working very late. And she will expect the ordinary male courtesies and deferences to her sex. These she will expect even while she is spending a good deal of Uncle Sam's time in lobbying on the Hill for the Equal Rights Amendment, or some such business.

If a woman is a Madam Chairlady in a political party (I apologize for using this term so much, but it has a repellent fascination to me), what then? She is most likely to be a secure type who is in at least one way to be greatly envied: She has absolutely no self-doubt. Traveling political correspondents have long known her, for she exhibits another common feminine trait in politics: Though bursting with good works, she is totally lacking a sense of humor.

Thus, when she speaks to you in private she will not just talk plain politics without oratorical flourishes, as will nearly all male politicians. She must deliver a sermonette—a stirring commentary on the wickedness of the opposition, but one barren of useful information about political realities in her bailiwick. This good lady is so certain about it all, and so overpowering, that you often leave her presence tempted to vote forever with the other party.

A CHAIRLADY IS BORN

SHE has, too, some of the attributes of the career woman in general. She will collaborate with her official party superiors, but rather in the sense suggested by a young woman I recently interviewed for the post of secretary-researcher. This person fixed me with a glance in which pity was well mixed with contempt, and stated: "I will be able to help you *if* I find that I agree with your attitudes toward so and so (the man I intended to do a book about). You will realize, I am sure, that it all depends on how *I* get along with *you*."

Look for a moment at another illustration. I have lately been receiving communications from an association "concerned with getting a woman's name entered for the nomination for Vice President in the 1960 election." One woman concluded, with admirable clarity, that "I would like to say that you do not necessarily have to support the woman." Another observed with true tolerance: "If we do not hear from you . . . we shall consider you unsympathetic to this grass-roots movement."

In this I hear the melancholy sound, as from afar, of the birth of an authentic Madam Chairlady of the near future. Only God can know how many men will cower in due time before her power, while they stand bemused at this example of woman's suffrage in action.

It is, however, against my policy to end any dispatch on so grim a note, and anyhow the note is really not all that hopeless. All is not lost (though I confess that much is). I did find an excellent secretary-researcher who does a fine job and does not remind me of a Chairlady, any more than does another young woman who shares (as the saying goes) all my sorrows and small occasional triumphs. And I know brilliantly able lady politicians who are as far from being Chairladies, or GS-12s, as it is possible to be. There is, for example, Katie Louchheim of the Democratic National Committee, who is pretty and totally feminine in the nice way and still does a superlative job. There is Barbara Gunderson, on the Republican side. There is the Victoria Regina of the Democratic party, the incomparable Mrs. J. Borden (Daisy) Harriman—whose quality is to that of far more publicized Washington hostesses about what a sonata is to, say, the art of Elvis Presley. There is, again turning to the GOP, Oveta Culp Hobby of Houston. I wouldn't know whether Mrs. Hobby was a "good" Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. But I do know that she apprehends the vast difference between feminine charm and "the woman's vote."

And there are, of course, some others. The only trouble is that I can't remember them just now.

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL



Of Biography and Biographers

DURING the holiday season, when the flood of new books thins down to a trickle, a reviewer has a momentary respite from the threat of inundation and a chance to look back at a few of the books of earlier months that he would have liked to discuss but for one reason or another never got around to.

In the latter part of 1959 an unusually large number of unusually distinguished biographies appeared. Since some of them are also unusually long, I have read fewer than I would have liked, but I seldom come to the end of a month's reading with as little sense of time wasted as I have this month. Almost all the books I shall discuss are excellent, or at least the discovery of their faults requires more learning and perception than I have been able to bring to them.

The excellence of contemporary biography is hardly an accident. Both the techniques and facilities for investigating the lives of our predecessors on this planet are probably better than they have ever been before, and the generosity of foundations and other institutions enables the biographer to avail himself of such resources on a scale rarely precedented.

In addition, the revolution in the view of personality that was brought about in the early years of this century by Freud and others has now been assimilated to the point where a biographer no longer has to choose whether to reject it with outrage or to apply it with rigidity; he can now assume that his reader has some familiarity with and some acceptance of a view of personality that allows for unconscious motives, family tensions, and all the rest of it, and he can accomplish a good deal of his task of illumination by allusion rather than frontal attack.

We are now too perhaps more humble before men and women of the past than we once were. The era of debunking biography seems to be over. Faced with problems that we cannot solve, we are more sympathetic with the failures of earlier men and women and less cocksure in judging them.

Yet for all the resources, ranging from microfilm to posthumous psychoanalysis, that the modern biographer can bring to bear on his subject, no biography ever achieves the status that publishers' announcements love to confer with fine impartiality—none can be "definitive." Some, because of greatness of style, personal acquaintance, or massiveness of research, will never be wholly supplanted. But every biography remains at most a reading or an interpretation of character. A biography is less comparable with a work like *Hamlet,* which is in some sense definitive, than with an actor's interpretation of Hamlet, which, however excellent it may be, will be only one interpretation among many possibilities.

A disproportionately large number of fine recent biographies deal with artists of one sort or another. Or so it seems to me, but since I am not going to discuss such monumental new works as Samuel Eliot Morison's **John Paul Jones** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.50), John Morton Blum's **From the Morgenthau Diaries** (Houghton Mifflin, $7.50), and Matthew Josephson's **Edison** (McGraw-Hill, $6.95), I may be saying only that, of the many good biographies recently published, I have read a disproportionately large number dealing with artists of one sort or another.

But artists do seem to make uncommonly good subjects for biography, and sometimes a public figure who particularly recommends himself to biographical study does so in part because he is also an artist; Abraham Lincoln, for instance, the American who has perhaps been the subject of the most biographies, was not only a great president but also a great writer.

The reason seems to be that an artist's most significant deeds or acts are still before us; we can look at his poems or books or paintings or sculptures for ourselves, and make our own comparison between the artifacts and the biogra-

pher's interpretation of them. We can read Lincoln's Gettysburg Address for ourselves, and speculate on the greatness of the spirit behind it, as we cannot, at least in anything like the same way, look at the deeds of Alexander the Great or the Duke of Wellington.

UNMILTONIC

RICHARD ELLMANN'S **James Joyce** (Oxford, $12.50) is a superb biography of an artist who is an extremely difficult subject. Joyce was the antithesis of Milton, who believed that the poet should live in such a way that his life too would be a poem. Joyce hardly seems to have cared how he lived, and in fact, he lived miserably and messily. One gets the feeling that he would not have bothered to live at all if he had known another way to create his art and to get material for it.

Joyce emerges from Ellmann's pages as a distinctly unappealing man. He was outrageously superstitious and self-centered, full of delusions of persecution and quick to bite the rather numerous hands that fed him, petty, jealous, cheaply self-advertising, ceaselessly using other people, quarrelsome and litigious, even oddly prudish. His conviction that the world existed to authenticate his own work reached such proportions that he regarded the Russo-Finnish War as somehow proving the accuracy of the title of his last book, *Finnegans Wake* ("the Finn again wakes"). To be sure, he was in his way devoted to his father, his wife, and his children. But he was very skillful in finding excuses for not visiting his father; he seems to have waited to marry his wife until their children were grown (there is some talk of an earlier marriage ceremony, but Ellmann gives no evidence that it ever took place); and he brought up his children without continuity in their education, without a settled home or even a native language.

Joyce was also curiously limited. Historians of culture like to see a great revolution in art and thought such as occurred in the first half of this century as a unified movement, something like a quilting bee, with each worker assiduously devoted to one corner of a vast design, while chatting away with the others. But in many respects Joyce did not participate in the artistic and intellectual life of his own time. He was in Paris with a number of the greatest painters of the century, but the only painting that seems to have meant anything to him was some third-rate family portraits. He had perfunctory and completely uninterested meetings with Proust and Gertrude Stein, and seems to have known little about what they were doing and cared less; except for Yeats he reserved his very small store of literary praise for writers of little importance and for sentimental Irish verse. He used Ezra Pound as long and as hard as he could but did not concern himself with Pound's own work. He disliked modern architecture, loathed Freud and Jung; apparently the only importance Einstein had in his life arose from the fact that Einstein once signed a letter protesting the pirating of Joyce's work in America. He had some interest in music, but when it came to music of his own time his knowledge and taste were quite spotty.

Ellmann brings to the task of portraying such a man a prodigious variety of gifts, but the greatest of these is patience. It is there that subject and author meet, for Joyce too was a man of almost unbelievable patience in his work. Everything else exacerbated him; he could break off a friendship of years' standing at the most trivial provocation; but when it came to his work he had that awesome ability to tinker endlessly that leads lonely men to build replicas of the Taj Mahal out of toothpicks, and aged filling-station attendants to create intricate mosaics out of the tops from soft-drink bottles.

At times Ellmann's patience seems excessive, as when he traces a mild and minor piece of obscenity through three possible sources, or when he suggests that Mrs. Joyce's sentence in a letter, "I feel lonely tonight," was the source of a somewhat later and somewhat different sentence that her husband wrote. But the slow patching together of detail was so much a part of Joyce's mind that Ellmann is brilliantly right in imitating it in his biography, and in the end the massive book (it runs to 842 pages, including the index) seems not a bit too long.

As a critic Ellmann's thesis is that Joyce's work is not, as it has often been seen, a condemnation of modern society but rather a timeless celebration of human life. He sees Joyce as a writer who dealt with the perfectly commonplace, the ordinary, but dealt with it not to dispraise it but in such a way as to release its intensity, its horror, and its poetry. In support of this argument Ellmann may attach a little too much importance to certain remarks Joyce made about himself, as when he said that he was "just a simple middle-class man" or that he had "a grocer's assistant's mind." Surely no one says such things about himself unless he is perfectly confident that they will never be believed, and they will certainly never be believed about Joyce.

But Ellmann's thesis holds; after his treatment of Joyce's work it cannot again be read as a kind of prose commentary on *The Wasteland*. He has convincingly demonstrated that the books are informed by a breadth of sympathy, a generosity of spirit, and a love of life that seem to have been lacking in their author's day-to-day dealings with his fellow man.

James Joyce is handsomely printed and abundantly illustrated. Ellmann has not only had access to the various great collectors of Joyce papers but has had an opportunity to talk with many of Joyce's friends and relatives in Ireland and elsewhere.

THE REVERSE

GERTRUDE STEIN, the subject of John Malcolm Brinnin's new biography, **The Third Rose** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6), was in almost every way the reverse of James Joyce. Her life was comfortable, settled, easy, full of good food and good talk and admiring, protective companionship. She never had to worry much about money, whereas Joyce was often very poor and such a spendthrift that no matter how generous his friends were he was always broke. She was a robust, self-confident, rather masculine woman; he was a frail, tortured, rather feminine man.

Miss Stein was also very much more a part of the intellectual life of her times. From her student days at Radcliffe when she studied with William James until the end of her life, she knew a great many highly gifted people, especially painters, and her early purchases of paintings by Picasso, Matisse, and others show her awareness of new movements in art. She was not greatly interested in other writers unless they were young and tractable or more consistently adulatory than most writers find it possible to be, but she ended her days as a kind of international celebrity, one of the sights of postwar Paris, turning out in her last years some not very good journalism, and as ready to be newspaper copy as G. B. Shaw.

Yet Gertrude Stein remains a writer who is a good deal more fun to read about than to read. Her best critics (Donald Sutherland and Thornton Wilder) can make her books sound wildly exciting, but to turn from their brilliant descriptions of what she was trying to do to the often merciless tedium of the pages in which she did it is like having the wind knocked out of you.

Brinnin thinks that the major experimental works—the books written between *Three Lives* and *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, many of which have been published only since their author's death—fail because they were based upon a false analogy. Miss Stein endeavored to do in writing "just what" Picasso was doing in painting, but in fact the words that a writer uses are quite different from the colors that a painter uses, and to use one as if it were the other is to end in insoluble difficulties. The result is a body of work probably without parallel in the history of literature—a group of books that are of great theoretical interest but almost unreadable.

The Third Rose is a gracefully written book that happily combines the rather gossipy surface of Miss Stein's life with a serious consideration of her work. My not very reliable impression is that it does not add a great deal to what readers of Sutherland's superb study and Miss Sprigge's more conventional biography will already know, but no other one book deals with so many different aspects of Gertrude Stein's fascinating career. Many pictures.

ODD LIVES

John Jay Chapman: An American Mind by Richard B. Hovey (Columbia, $6.50) is the biography of another American writer whose name crops up more often than his work does. He was born in 1862 of a long-distinguished New York family and he lived until 1933; he wrote on an extraordinary variety of subjects, ranging from political reform in New York to Dante; he tried his hand at verse drama and children's books and translations. Critics as astute and as different as Edmund Wilson, Jacques Barzun, and Russell Kirk have written of him with enthusiasm, and anyone can satisfy himself by reading a few pages of Chapman's prose that he was a brilliant stylist. Yet somehow his work remains little known.

One reason may be that there was a shadowed side of his career. All his life he suffered from periodic attacks of insanity; once, as a young man disappointed in love, he held his hand in an open fire until it had to be amputated; and much later, during the first world war and the early 1920s, he went through a phase of first violent warmongering and then violent racism and anti-Catholicism. But I suspect that more pertinent to his neglect is the fact that he never wrote any central, cumulative book or achieved any coherent, lasting intellectual position, beyond his conviction that the emotions lie at the center of human life, that there

"IN his particular way and for a long time, John Hersey has been writing about a profound issue—the possibility for responsible behavior amid moral chaos—which seldom finds voice in current American fiction and is apparent abroad only in the works of such writers as Albert Camus and Ignazio Silone. If such an abstraction as 'the American conscience' has ever existed, then John Hersey surely expresses it in the present era. And the expression of this conscience reaches a height of anguish and concern in THE WAR LOVER surpassed only in Hersey's finest novel, *The Wall*."

—WEBSTER SCHOTT,
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Like Gertrude Stein, Chapman was a friend of William James, and he once said that James was not a philosopher but took up philosophy "as a vehicle through which his nature could work on society." There may be a touch of wistfulness in that remark, because Chapman never really found a way for his nature (it was less a mind than a temperament) to work on society. On his deathbed, probably recalling the mute he had used when he once tried to learn to play the violin, Chapman asked that it be taken away so that he could "play on the open strings."

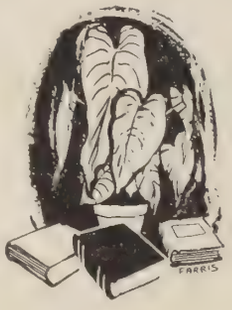
Chapman survives chiefly as a shrewd phrase-maker, a man who described Professor Kittredge "stalking about Cambridge with a vicious-looking small bag filled with burglar's tools and footnotes to Othello" and the besetting sin of education as "to want to do too much."

Hovey's life of Chapman is a pedestrian book, but pedestrian in a pretty good sense. At a measured pace it moves through the events of Chapman's life, pleasant or unpleasant as they may be, gravely tackling the many problems, both psychological and intellectual, that his career presents. Numerous quotations from Chapman's work lighten the pages.

John Jay Chapman: An American Mind is both an excellent introduction to a curious, gifted man and a commentary on American intellectual life between the Civil War and the New Deal.

IN **Prodigal Puritan: A Life of Delia Bacon** (Belknap-Harvard, $6.75) Vivian C. Hopkins has told the story of a woman who is now remembered, if at all, as the originator of the theory that Sir Francis Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays, wrote a vast treatise to prove it, and died insane. But Miss Hopkins demonstrates that Delia Bacon was an interesting woman on other grounds, a woman capable of winning and holding the respect and admiration of Emerson, Hawthorne, and many other distinguished people of her time.

She came from a family that occupied a more than respectable position in New England Congregational circles, and her brother Leonard became a famous New Haven clergyman. But the family when she was young was very poor and able to give her only a sketchy education, usually at the expense of more prosperous relatives. She had remarkable intellectual ability, however, and a consuming ambition to amount to something in the world. She came under the influence of a great teacher, Miss Catherine Beecher, herself the bearer of a great name in New England Congregationalism and sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher. As a young girl Delia Bacon determined that she too would be a teacher, and while she was still in her teens she ran her own school.



Later she became a well-known lecturer, giving courses of lectures on universal history to intellectually ambitious ladies and sometimes their husbands in Hartford, Boston, New York, and elsewhere. For a time she was dazzlingly successful, in spite of bad health and insufficient money. She also wrote stories and dramas, though without much success, critical or otherwise.

In her thirties, when she was beginning to work on her Baconian theory, Delia Bacon became friendly with a Yale divinity student who had a similarly vast and similarly heterodox scholarly project in view, and who was about ten years younger than she was. What began as a companionship of the mind became a love affair of sorts; Miss Bacon thought the young man wanted to marry her, but in fact he was showing her letters to his friends as jokes and making a laughingstock of her. This unfortunate relationship got mixed up in ecclesiastical politics; there were church trials; Miss Catherine Beecher rushed to the defense of her former student with an ill-considered book vindicating her behavior; and all in all it was a terrible thing, like the plot of a Hawthorne novel, and more than enough to do permanent damage to a mind as delicately balanced as Delia Bacon's.

After her unhappy love affair Miss Bacon threw herself with increasing fervor into her Baconian studies. She went to England to find the secrets in Shakespeare's tomb (enough of her old charm was left to win her the friendship of the Carlyles and others), and worked with ferocious intensity to prove her theory. Finally she broke down and had to be brought back to America, where she died in a mental hospital.

In *Prodigal Puritan* Miss Hopkins tells as much about Delia Bacon as anyone is likely to want to know, and more than some readers will consider essential to their education. Miss Hopkins' scholarship is thorough to the point of relentlessness. Yet Delia Bacon's strange career will always fascinate some readers, as it does me, and they will be grateful to have it so fully and carefully documented.

SANITY ITSELF

IF American society has been rich in frustrated eccentrics, talents that never quite found adequate means of expression, like John Jay Chapman and Delia Bacon, it has also bred a strain of minds that are extraordinarily sane and unneurotic, friction-less spirits that move through life finding a means of expression wherever they happen to be.

The archetype of such Americans is now being handsomely commemorated and his work made available on an unprecedented scale in **The Papers of Benjamin Franklin,** the first volume of which, covering the period from Franklin's birth until he was twenty-eight (1706-34), has just appeared under the editorship of Leonard W. Labaree and Whitfield J. Bell, Jr. (Yale, $7.50). This new edition of Franklin's writing is expected to run to forty volumes and will include many letters to Franklin as well as everything he wrote of any consequence whatever that can now be located.

In the period covered by the first volume Franklin appears chiefly as the hustling young printer and journalist. At twelve or thirteen he was writing ballads and hawking them through the streets of Boston; at sixteen he was contributing not very good imitations of English essays to his brother's newspaper; and in his

twenties he was already an established printer and newspaperman in Philadelphia, putting out his periodicals and famous almanac (the first issue of *Poor Richard's Almanac* is reproduced in facsimile in this edition), calling the attention of the Welsh residents of Philadelphia to his readiness to print in their language, and for the German residents putting out a couple of issues of a newspaper in theirs. It was not a success.

Already in his twenties Franklin exhibited the qualities that marked his maturity—his wide interests, his common sense, his business acumen, his wit, his frankness, his sense of the politic, his freedom from illusions about others. In apologizing for an offensive advertisement his paper had carried, for instance, he gave as one reason for printing it that he "got Five Shillings by it," and in reporting a marriage he pointed out that the bride was "a Relict (widow) of considerable portion." In his paper he ingeniously kept alive controversies over points of human behavior that would now be treated in advice to the lovelorn columns, and not all his jokes were delicate. At the same time Franklin was already showing the zeal for organizations for the public good that continued through his life. If there is a surprise in this book it lies in the amount of attention that the young Franklin devoted to religion.

The first volume of *The Papers of Benjamin Franklin* has been thoroughly edited, with businesslike notes and an introduction on the history and present whereabouts of Franklin's writings. It is printed in a new type face based on one Franklin himself used, and the whole production of the book is a tribute to the man who, if not the greatest of early American printers, was certainly the greatest American of any period to make his living by printing.

TWO EUROPEANS

Nobel by Nicholas Halasz (Orion, $4.50) is the biography of the great Swedish inventor and manufacturer of explosives who is now chiefly remembered for the prizes he established. In business skill and inventive genius Nobel was more than a match



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for Franklin, but in every other way he was his opposite—a secretive, ingrown, morbid man.

Nobel felt that he was ugly and unlovable. He wrote a good deal of poetry, vaguely inspired by Shelley (whom he greatly admired), about how horrible life is, and in his last years he composed a drama justifying patricide. (His intense jealousy of his father lasted all his life.) He never married, though he formed two important attachments to women other than his mother—one a sordid long-drawn-out affair with a girl he picked up in a florist's shop in Vienna and the other a friendship with a charming Central European lady, a writer, an idealist, and a pacifist, Bertha von Suttner, recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1904.

In 1888, when Alfred Nobel was in his fifties, his older brother died, and a confused newspaper printed an obituary of Alfred. It was a bitter blow to him, for he had always justified his work on explosives to himself because of their peaceful uses, but he realized from the premature obituary that in the world's eyes he was simply a merchant of death. This experience probably had a good deal to do with his devoting his vast fortune to establishing prizes for those who had benefited society.

Halasz has had access to a good deal of hitherto unavailable manuscript material, and he tells the story of Nobel in a brisk, straightforward way. But his book is so innocent of the paraphernalia of scholarship that it is impossible to discover the source for anything he says, and the book is too brief to do justice to the complications—scientific, economic, moral, and psychological—of Nobel's life and work.

You Are All Alone by Jozef Kovago (Praeger, $6) is a book quite different in scope and objective from the others discussed. It is the political autobiography of a former Mayor of Budapest, covering only the years 1950-57, and its purpose is not to explore the mystery of personality but rather to bear witness to Hungary's heroism in the uprising of 1956 and to awaken the West to her plight.

During the second world war Kovago was a leader in the Hungarian resistance to the German occupation and was arrested by the Gestapo. From the end of the war until the Russians took over (1947) he was Mayor of Budapest. For six and a half years, beginning in 1950, he rotted in various Communist prisons and then for a few brief days in late 1956 was Mayor again. Since then he has been in America, active in the struggle to restore freedom in Central Europe.

The first section of Kovago's book, an account of his long imprisonment, belongs to what is now (unfortunately) the vast contemporary literature of the concentration camp. Because of the abundance of such accounts it will probably be less absorbing to most readers than the later sections, where Kovago gives his firsthand story of the attempt to set up a free Hungarian government in 1956.

Kovago feels some bitterness (perhaps more than he expresses) that the West did not come to Hungary's aid in 1956; he believes that a "satisfactory settlement" of Hungary's position between East and West could have been reached at that time. Certainly the possibility that the West might have saved the day needs to be kept alive in the Western conscience, and Kovago's book is an eloquent attempt to do it.

ONE of the happiest efforts in the field of brief biography to appear recently is *The Great American Artists Series*. So far books about six painters have been published—three from the nineteenth century: **Winslow Homer** and **Albert P. Ryder** by Lloyd Goodrich and **Thomas Eakins** by Fairfield Porter; and three contemporaries: **Stuart Taylor** by E. C. Goossen, **Willem de Kooning** by Thomas B. Hess, and **Jackson Pollock** by Frank O'Hara (Braziller, $3.95 each).

Each volume contains an essay of about thirty pages on the painter and his work, supplemented by a chronology, bibliography, and notes of various kinds. Then follows a large group of reproductions, somewhere between eighty and a hundred, with sixteen of them in color.

The writers have not been forced into uniformity by their participation in a series, and their efforts vary a good deal, from Goodrich's scholarly and judicious monographs to O'Hara's extravagant but challenging discussion of Pollock. But in every instance the reader gets a good many facts about the painter's career and a stimulus to look at the pictures better than he is likely to have done before.

The reproductions are numerous enough to give the conscientious viewer the pleasure of tracing an artist's development, to see him pursue one experiment after another, discarding one idea and modifying another, locating a problem and working toward its solution. A very rewarding exercise.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Krishna Fluting, by John Berry.

This book, a first novel which won the first $7,500 Macmillan fiction award, is a most subtle mixture of excitements—poetry, humor, philosophy, adventure, and sex. The setting is a school for orphans in an Indian jungle, founded and run by Quakers, threatened by Kaliya—a python of exaggerated dimensions which periodically comes to choose a new victim with God-like imperturbability. (According to Hindu belief he is an emanation of Krishna and so one has to seek his own permission before killing him.) The people assembled to join in the hunt are all of mixed races and religions, especially the beautiful Peter, part Hindu, part Quaker, the hero. I'm not sure I know what it all means, but I laughed often at such minor passages as:

> For Peter modesty was almost a fetish, because it did not come naturally. The fact was, he found himself infinitely attractive. . . . Sober as a theologian contemplating the categories of evil, Narcissus took one last, steadying look in the pool, poured himself a tumbler of whisky and drank it neat, shuddering; then half a tumbler, not shuddering.

I admired the author's poetical perception, both physical and philo-

sophical, and I trembled with proper excitement at the terror of the night-long python hunt in which so much is resolved, including Peter's three-cornered love life. It is a philosophical resolution as well, for the odd cast of characters joins in Silent Meeting for a

> final effort, to pray for the victory of the hunter over the python, of Krishna's godhood over Krishna's demonhood, cosmos over chaos, Ashram [the school] over jungle, quality over quantity, great over petty, Self over self.

That's the way it is.

Macmillan, $3.95

My Earth, My Sea, by Edmund Gilligan.

Everyone knows that all things out of Gloucester are touched by the sea. The young boy narrator of this book, nephew and grandson of fishermen, is no exception. And in his fine romantical Irish way (but not sing-song) the author lets the boy tell the story of wrecks and treasure, buccaneers and beautiful women, and also of dogs and horses and sea and sky. Indeed the stories of the boy's dog, and of the mainland stallion taken to breed with wild mares on an eerie gale- and tide-swept island are perhaps the best parts of the book. Sometimes it is hard to see that all the separate strands of story are necessary to the final warp and woof of the novel's structure, but it is wonderful atmosphere-laden yarn spinning, spell-binding in its effect. Norton, $4.50

NON-FICTION

The Conservative Illusion, by M. Morton Auerbach.

As the title indicates, this book is not an objective study but an assured and didactic argument. As William F. Buckley, Jr. discusses the basic tenets of Liberalism in *Up from Liberalism*, Mr. Auerbach here examines those of Conservatism, but, alas, with less urbanity. He discusses historical forms of Conservatism from Plato through Burke and "liberal Conservatism"; then American Conservatism in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; the Southern Agrarians—Herbert Agar, John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson,

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You hear it said today that the Catholic Church seeks to entrench itself as the established religion of any and all nations.

And you are warned that wherever Catholicism dominates, religious liberty is denied to others.

"Look at Spain!" the critics say, "and Italy and Colombia, too. And remember the Dark Ages and their persecutions!"

Implicit in these warnings, of course, is the suggestion that the people of so-called Catholic countries are compelled to remain loyal to the Church against their will. Any fair-minded person who really does "look at Spain" and other predominantly Catholic countries finds that they embrace Catholicism as a matter of choice, not compulsion.

People who take the trouble to "look" at the history of religious oppression are also often surprised at what they find. They discover that the religious persecutions — almost without exception — were actuated by political rather than religious purposes; and that the chief guilt for them should be laid at the door of the statesmen and ruling houses of the nations rather than the churches.

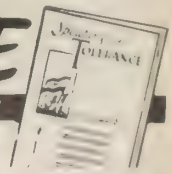
This fact was emphasized in an address to the Congress of the United States on January 8, 1826, by the then distinguished Bishop of Charleston, John England, who said: "... religion has been more frequently but a pretext with statesmen for a political purpose than the cause of persecution from zeal on its own behalf."

The Catholic Church, being universal, must exist under various flags and different political systems. In Colombia, for example, where the people are overwhelmingly Catholic, one statesman describes religion as "the fundamental pillar of our culture." The status of the Catholic Church in such a land would obviously be different than in the United States, where there are many faiths—all entitled to the same rights and privileges.

In 1916 Cardinal Gibbons, dean of American bishops, said: "Separation of church and state in this country seems to Catholics the natural, the inevitable, the best conceivable plan, the one that would work best among us, both for the good of religion and of the state." Speaking for the Bishops in 1948, the late Archbishop McNicholas said U. S. Catholics would not seek union of church and state even if they constituted a majority.

It may surprise you to hear that in at least one era of religious persecution, Catholics and non-Catholics were hanged from the same gallows. This and other dramatic stories dating back to the Middle Ages are related in a pamphlet which we will be glad to send free upon request. It will be mailed in a plain envelope—nobody will call on you. Write today ... ask for Pamphlet No. D-8.

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Allen Tate; through Russell Kirk to the "New Conservatism," and "Corporatist Utopia" (of which Peter Drucker is the prophet—"a far more realistic Conservative than any we have considered"). After this come chapters on "From Ideology to Theory" and "The Conservative Theory of Change."

I was surprised to find Herbert Agar described as "a Southerner," when he was born and brought up in New Rochelle, N.Y. and went to Princeton and Columbia. But this is the kind of mistake that anyone can make. I was more surprised to find no mention of the political and economic disagreements among the agrarians and distributists themselves, and only one passing mention of William Buckley, the most articulate new spokesman for Conservatism and editor of *National Review*, and none of his associate John Chamberlain.

In concluding the author writes:

> The falsity of the Conservative theory of history is also the falsity of its system of values. Conservatism does not speak for mankind but only for bewildered individuals and groups which are left behind by historical development.

Mr. Auerbach is obviously not of the school which believes in the theory of teaching much by insisting little, but it is a forthright and stimulating book if only because after this lambasting, it makes one want to take a closer look at the notion of "Conservative harmony."

Columbia, $6.75

Verses from 1929 On, by Ogden Nash.

This super collection, the best from all the Books of Nash over thirty years, is cure for every trouble, delight for the soul, and shrewd and kindly (sometimes more one than the other) dissection of three decades and of all time. Is the following couplet, for instance, particularly for our current problems of leisure, or is it for ever?

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> Rare or medium?

The titles alone are to laugh. "Ma, What's a Banker, or Hush, My Child," "Ha, Original Sin," "Don't Cry, Darling, It's Blood All Right." And all those fine couplets and quatrains about animals! Delirious, the whole thing. Little, Brown, $5.95

The Second World War, by Winston Churchill and the editors of *Life*.

Two *Life*-size volumes contain more than 300 pictures and paintings of the war, assembled from all over the world by the editors of *Life* with text excerpted from the six-volume work of the same title by Sir Winston Churchill, picture essays by Robert Wernick, and map captions by David Berganini. They are all here, the memorable occasions, tragic and terrible, funny and human. There is a prologue consisting of pictures and text dealing with the end of World War I and the years 1919-1929; the rise of Hitler; Neville Chamberlain in Munich; Poland, Finland, Norway, the fall of France, Dunkerque, Britain's "Finest Hour," Pearl Harbor, war in the Atlantic, the Pacific, in Burma, China, Africa, Italy, Normandy, Germany, the concentration camps, Hiroshima. World War indeed it was. Its chronicling here is an awe-inspiring message to future historians. Two volumes boxed in cardboard.

Houghton Mifflin, $25

(In two volumes boxed in heavy treated paper with a long-playing record of excerpts from Churchill's war-time speeches, $27.50)

The Liberation of the Philippines: Luzon, Mindanao, the Visayas 1944-1945, by Samuel Eliot Morison.

Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.50

The Longest Day: June 6, 1944, by Cornelius Ryan.

Simon & Schuster, $4.95

These are, by intent, two very different accounts of two of the most important campaigns in the final year of World War II, one in the Pacific, one in the European Theater. The story of the Philippines battle is the thirteenth volume in Admiral Morison's distinguished *History of the United States Naval Operations in World War II;* it is scholarly and careful—though splendidly readable—naval history. It concerns itself rightly with high strategy, with the movements of ships and units, and very few individuals emerge below officer level though the officers are ably characterized. Here is Admiral Morison's stirring record, documented from Japanese and American sources, of how MacArthur fulfilled his promise to return to the Philippines; of the dreadful Japanese Kamikaze Corps; and the final operations in the South Pacific area. Admiral Morison is a professor who spent more than half of the last three years of war at sea, on active service on eleven ships, participant in seven battles.

The book about D-Day is also written by an active participant. Mr. Ryan was a war correspondent who flew fourteen bombing missions and covered the D-Day landings, and he writes as a man trained always to look for the human-interest story. The military background is here of course, but it is the people involved and how they felt that Mr. Ryan has got down on paper. Each book is very moving in its own way; each is illustrated with photographs, diagrams, and maps to suit its special needs.

Observations. Photographs by Richard Avedon. Comments by Truman Capote.

Richard Avedon, photographer, Truman Capote, writer, and Alexey Brodovitch, typographer, have put their hands and eyes together to produce one of the handsomest books of many seasons. Avedon, a young man who revolutionized fashion photography by blowing away its stilted chic and replacing it with gaiety and motion, here reveals himself as a portraitist with a gift for making famous faces look like eroded landscapes. I find the pictures curious and fascinating but not penetrating. They make so much of the skin that they don't get beneath it. His pictorial gifts, however, are as remarkable as Mr. Capote says they are in an interesting and observant text. Simon & Schuster, $15

Japanese Prints From the Early Masters to the Modern, by James A. Michener.

This magnificent and beautiful book, containing 257 plates, 55 in color, is illuminated as well by Mr. Michener's text. The author of *Tales of the South Pacific* and *Sayonara* here tells the story of his own collection and in dedicated and uncomplicated fashion gives the history

of the traditional Japanese prints—*ukiyo-e,* "pictures of the passing world," down to those of the present day whose "thundering vitality" he so much admires. The book is large, heavy, and most pleasingly designed.
Charles E. Tuttle Co.,
Rutland, Vermont, $15

FORECAST

Lives of Artists

In an earlier part of this column Mr. Pickrel has discussed some important biographies of literary folk which have appeared in 1959. 1960 will produce many more, both biographies and autobiographies, of writers, and of artists in other fields. On January 6, Little, Brown is publishing *Evelyn Waugh: Portrait of an Artist,* by Frederick Stopp (for more about Waugh see p. 30 of this issue); January 27 is the date that Holt has designated for the publication of *Jerome Kern: A Biography,* by David Ewen; and Mercedes de Acosta, poet and playwright, friend of Garbo, Dietrich, Duse, Isadora Duncan, and the Barrymores—to name only a few of the people in her world—has written her memoirs, *Here Lies the Heart,* which Reynal will bring out in early February. The British publisher, Fredric Warburg, has written of his adventures and encounters with writers over the last quarter century in *An Occupation for a Gentleman* which Houghton Mifflin expects to release on February 25.

New Novelists

Will the new first novelists of 1960 be the subject of the literary biographies of the future? John Leggett has written for Harper *Wilder Stone,* a story "about a 40-year-old American," which will appear on January 6; on January 19, from Scribner, comes *Pillar of Salt,* by Seymour Epstein whose short stories have had critical acclaim; in February Viking plans to publish a story of the American Northwest in 1840 by Don Berry, a novel called *Trask;* and in March Dutton will present a first novel from Norway—*Lasso Round the Moon,* by Agnar Mykle. Mr. Mykle has written a second novel which caused a furor when it was published in Oslo in 1957, but *Lasso Round the Moon* is his first, and the first to be published in this country.

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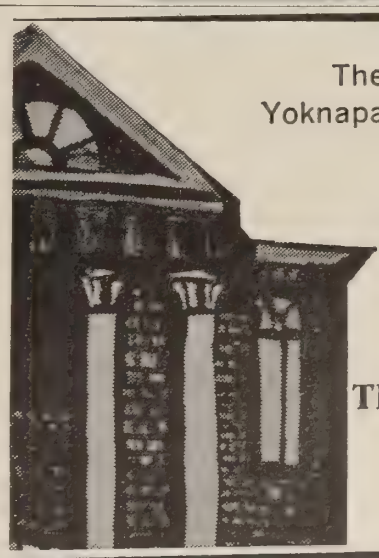
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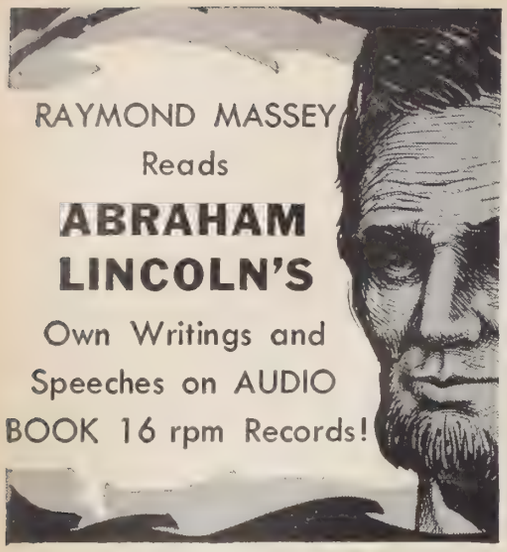
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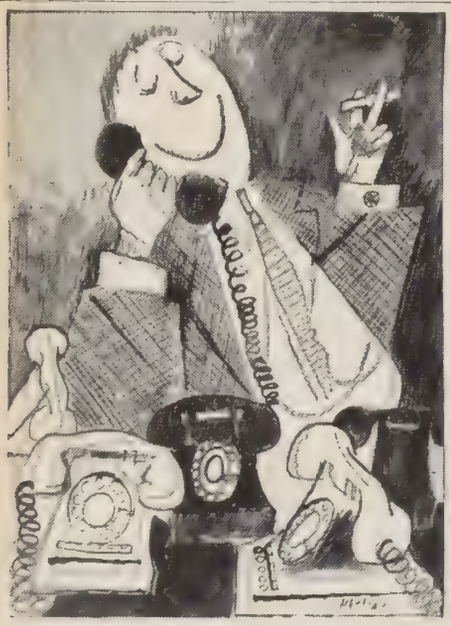
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DOWN THE RIVER WITH BEECHAM

Should a modern orchestra try to play Handel "the way he would have done if he were alive today"?

Four performances of two of the greatest choral pieces of all time enliven the current scene. And one of those performances, Sir Thomas Beecham's of Handel's **Messiah,** raises a passel of questions, musicological and otherwise. The other "Messiah," by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, raises no questions but only eyebrows. Then there are a pair of Bach **St. Matthew Passions,** both complete on four discs each. In short, this is Choral Month.

Ormandy's version can be briefly disposed of. It is a two-disc, highly abridged run-through, with a vocal quartet consisting of Eileen Farrell, Martha Lipton, Davis Cunningham, and William Warfield, and with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir (Columbia M2L263, mono; M2S-607, stereo). The only indication to the unaware purchaser that this may be a shortened version is in small print inside the album cover, where the numbers of the oratorio are listed. Of the fifty-three numbers in the Prout edition, Nos. 10, 11, 18, 27-32, 34-39, 41, 46, and 49-52 have been dropped. This is cutting on a wholesale scale, and since there are several excellent full versions of "Messiah" available, it would seem pointless to invest in this one.

With the Beecham-Royal Philharmonic "Messiah" we have a different set of problems. This is the first release of the Soria series for Victor. It has been packaged by Dario and Dorle Soria, formerly the heads of Angel Records, in an elegant, rich-looking box, with an elaborate booklet printed in Switzerland by Skira. This book contains a testy essay about "Messiah" and musicologists by Sir Thomas, the text of the oratorio, and reproductions of religious paintings by Botticelli, Martini, Mantegna, El Greco, Dürer, and others. There is no doubt that the entire presentation is remarkably handsome. It might also be ventured that there is precious little information about the music—its genesis and what it stands for—and that the price of the album has been hiked $2.00 because of the expense of the booklet and packaging. Thus the monophonic version (Victor LM 6409) costs $21.98; the stereophonic (LDS 6409), $25.98.

The Matter of Editing

So much for the physical aspects. As for the musical aspects, Beecham makes no bones about the fact this is a highly



edited concert version. In the past he has been known to tinker with a composer's orchestration. This time he has not merely tinkered. He—or, rather, Sir Eugene Goossens, who was responsible for the orchestration—has gone all out. Says Beecham, in the album notes, "If Handel is to be brought back into popular favour some reasonable compromise must be effected between excessive grossness and exaggerated leanness of effect, and this is what has been aimed at in the present version."

His argument, not an unfamiliar one, is that if Handel were alive today he would have made use of the orchestral effects that the modern orchestra is capable of; that contemporary audiences demand that effect; that any attempt to re-create the original conditions of the score is not only doomed to failure but would put an audience to sleep. And this, to me, is the most specious aesthetic argument in the realm of music.

Of course, Handel would have written his masterpiece differently had he been alive today. And Da Vinci would have painted differently, and Shakespeare would have written differently, and Newton would have had a different idea about mathematics. The only trouble is that Handel is not alive today. And we can be sure of one thing—*were* he alive today, he would have scored differently from Sir Eugene Goossens, who goes in for vulgar orchestral effects of a Bach-Stokowski nature. Handel happened to be a genius, and Sir Eugene is not.

Sold Out All Over

Carrying the Beecham argument to its logical point, why not re-orchestrate the symphonies of Mozart? Why not touch up the piano music of Beethoven, which certainly does not take advantage of the potentialities of the modern grand piano? And Giotto's perspective is faulty: let's fix it. We moderns, in our infinite wisdom, know exactly what the original creators would have done "if they were alive today."

And Handel's "Messiah," of all works! "Messiah," which has been played to death for well over a hundred years! "Messiah," which is an annual, sold-out event in concert halls and churches throughout the Western world! This is the work that Beecham says needs to be made palatable to a modern audience.

Thus it seems that Beecham, who above nearly all musicians had impeccable taste, has gone down the river. He may be correct in his assertion that we cannot reproduce the conditions in Dublin on April 13, 1742, when Messiah had its première. Too many of the Handelian conventions have vanished. Singers no longer know how to ornament the music (if we today were to hear an eighteenth-century singer in "But who shall abide," or any one of the arias, the chances are we would not recognize it, so heavily was it decorated and embellished), and many of Handel's orchestral instruments are obsolete. But we can at least try to adhere to the spirit, if not the letter; and doing the "Hallelujah" Chorus as though it were Easter Sunday in the Radio City Music Hall is, one respectfully submits, not in the spirit of "Messiah." In fact, it's downright cheap.

In addition Beecham, who knows all about Handel, has decided that several sections of the score are not as good as the rest of it, so he has relegated these to an appendix (the last side of the album). Thus it can be said that, by this rather contemptuous gesture toward the purists Beecham so detests, this is a complete "Messiah." But it is also one to stay away from. Those who would like to own a well-recorded version are directed to the Boult album (London A 4403).

Lightning and Thunder

Last month I discussed the Wöldike Viennese interpretation of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," on four Vanguard discs. Now comes a competitive set, with a German orchestra conducted by Fritz Werner, and with a group of solo singers consisting of Helmut Krebs, tenor; Franz Kelch, bass-baritone; Agnes Giebel, soprano; Renate Gunther, contralto, and Hermann Werdermann, bass (Westminster 402, four discs, stereo).

This is a fine performance, though the Vanguard still has the edge. Not only are Vanguard's singers generally more accurate and clear-voiced, but the entire presentation has more point. Werner's views are traditional. He uses a chorus that seems large and somewhat bulky, and thus he is not able to get the amount of detail Wöldike achieves. Werner conducts as though he is content to do what everybody in the last fifty years has been doing, while Wöldike gives the impression that he has restudied the score and has come up with some fresh ideas about it.

The only times Wöldike is lacking are in the big choruses. Here the music demands a sheer weight of tone that he cannot supply. At the end of the first soprano-alto duet, where the chorus comes in with the mighty "sind Blitze, sind Donner," Wöldike's lightning and thunder is heard from a great distance away, while Werner really builds up to a formidable climax. But on the whole Wöldike's interpretation is much the more stimulating.

A Way with Kids

One other disc of choral music of unusual interest comes from Pathé and contains a group of relatively short



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JONNY

The deeply moving story of a little boy lost in the dark world of childhood schizophrenia . . . and how he is being helped to find his way out.

Photographs by Homer Page
Text by Mira Rothenberg

HOUSEKEEPING AT THE BIG MUSEUM

A behind-scenes visit with the armorers, cabinetmakers, chemists, upholsterers . . . and art experts . . . who run New York's Metropolitan Museum.

By Edith Iglauer

EXPLORING THE DEEPS

A ship's-deck report on the oceanographers . . . their rugged life . . . and the surprising finds of their "new" science.

By Leonard Engel

MR. NIXON'S REMEDY FOR INFLATION

By John Kenneth Galbraith

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

works—Poulenc's **Litanies à la Vierge Noir,** Fauré's **Messe Basse** and **Tantum Ergo,** Bartók's **Six Chants Populaires Hongrois** and Honegger's **Cantique de Pâques.** These are sung by the children's chorus of the Radiodiffusion Française under Jacques Jouineau (Pathe DTX 247). Several of the scores use only organ accompaniment, the others are supported with orchestra.

None of this music is familiar and all of it is worth hearing. One of these days Fauré will be recognized as one of the greatest of all nineteenth-century composers for the voice (he lived well into this century, but his orientation was of the previous one). His "Low Mass" and "Tantum Ergo" have an extraordinary poignancy as well as wonderfully idiomatic writing. Scores like these have a type of Gounodian sweetness that is not fashionable today, and the tendency among the intellectuals is to dismiss them impatiently as a sort of French *Kitsch.* How much fine music is not played because of the taste-makers' decrees!

Poulenc's "Litanies" are much more à la mode, with their sophisticated harmonies and pungent melodic lines; and the music is fascinating. The Bartók Hungarian settings are amusing, lively, and bittersweet; and Honegger's "Easter Canticle" has the typical breadth and muscular quality of this composer. It would be hard to fault the performances on this disc. The "maîtrise d'enfants de la Radiodiffusion Française" sings with lovely tonal quality and—most unusual in any children's chorus—securely on pitch. Whoever M. Jouineau is, he has a way with kids.

AND ALSO . . .

Bach: Two-Part Inventions; Three-Part Inventions Nos. 1, 2, 5, 11, 13, 14, 15. Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. Victor LM 2389 (mono).

The great harpsichordist's last disc. She was working on the Three-Part Inventions at her death last August 16. Her voice, talking about the "Two-Part Inventions" (which she had recorded some years back), is heard on the last band of side 1.

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 3. Wilhelm Backhaus and Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. London CS 6094 (stereo).

A powerful, sinewy performance by a veteran pianist who refuses to grow old. Backhaus is incredible. He shapes the phrases with complete authority, and his technique is as strong as ever.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

BENNY

Benny Goodman has had so many comebacks that there is no use trying to keep score. Having reported one of them prematurely in these pages (June 1953), I am not eager to announce another, but along have come records so filled with the familiar Goodman lilt and discipline that they give new life to something—if only one's memories.

For the past five years the Goodman output has fallen along a curve that seemed to be leading him out of his old band, which can be heard on the three records of MGM 3E9 performing at its apogee, toward whatever peace he was going to be able to make with the 1950s, their lighter beat and less strenuous sonorities. The Capitol record (W565, November 1954) still had some old-time Goodman personnel and, indeed, one of the happiest Goodman items of that period (Atlantic 1225) was made by former Goodman sidemen, without him.

But the newest of all (Chess LP 1440) has a so-called "Goodman" orchestra filled with names—Shelly Manne, Andre Previn, Barney Kessel, Leroy Vinnegar—that apparently belong to his grandchildren, and from the West Coast at that. It comes by way of the Chess company in Chicago, a geographical compromise, and for once the jacket copy ("one of the best albums he has ever recorded") has some justice to it.

Many of the same names, and a foretaste of the same spirit, appear in the latest of his performances for Columbia (CL 1324), but I have to say for "Benny Rides Again" that it is the first record in some time that gave me an unexpected and pleasant surprise. The skills and subtlety of the moderns have been amalgamated into the Goodman standard tunes with nothing but net gain, as the backing he gets from Shelly Manne in the title number would, I think, convince the most diehard of his ancient admirers. You *can* go home again.

Benny Rides Again. The clarinet, orchestra, and quintet of Benny Goodman. Chess LP 1440.

The Benny Goodman Treasure Chest. Performance Recordings 1937-38. MGM 3E9.

Happy Session. Benny Goodman and his orchestra, featuring Andre Previn and Russ Freeman. Columbia CL 1324.

Tribute to Benny Goodman. Jess Stacy and the famous sidemen. Atlantic 1225.

B. G. in Hi Fi. Benny Goodman, his orchestra, and his combos. Capitol W565.

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The Rebirth of Jonny



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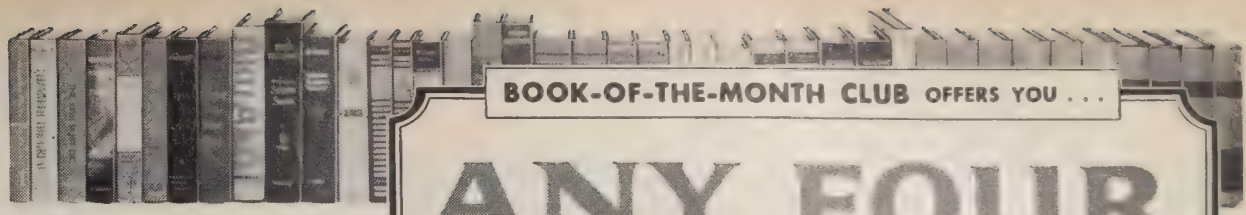
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This is the sentimental season (Valentine's Day — and in Leap Year, too!), the time of year when mail boxes are stuffed with billets-doux, heart-shaped boxes, and baubles intended to banish coolness.

We're all in favor of such Valentine's Day verses, viands, and vagaries. Far be it from us to discourage romance, which often promotes sudden financial prudence on the part of young men and may lead eventually to joint accounts . . . and even to gifts of securities to minors.

But there's one kind of romance that we discourage whenever we can, and that's romance about securities. Surprisingly enough, there are people who fall in love with certain stocks and cling to them, heedless of earnings and prospects, with a fidelity verging on fanaticism.

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LETTERS

Young Man in Moscow

To the Editors:

A perspicacious young man is George Feifer who wrote "In Their Summer Dresses in Moscow" [December]. But more significant is his skill as a tactician. He chose not to try to bridge the gap in the Soviet citizen's knowledge about contemporary Western life. Instead, he preferred to attempt a "few inches" of progress. . . .

Continued travel into the Soviet Union by representative Americans will add, bit by bit, to the credibility of their story and commence to undermine the Russian's fidelity to the world fed to him by his government.

Arthur H. Bernstein
Chicago, Ill.

New York's Newcomers

To the Editors:

Thoughtful New Yorkers—and Americans generally—probably could agree with much of your editorial analysis of New York City's troubles ["Easy Chair," John Fischer, December]. If Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz had declared what *Harper's* ascribed to him, they could also agree with the vocal jurist. But he centered his fire on Negro and Puerto Rican migrants, disdaining the delicate "newcomers" employed by *Harper's*. . . . And all of *Harper's* glossy interpretation of his spotlight appearance before a Senate subcommittee cannot hide the fact that he was guilty of using an inexcusable racial "analysis" of a problem whose scope and complexity are suggested in *Harper's* comment.

God forbid that a Leibowitz TV and radio appearance should be inflicted on the rest of the nation. Let him "trumpet" in decibel-deaf Brooklyn.

Roy Wilkins
Exec. Sec., NAACP
New York, N. Y.

As a new teacher in one of New York's junior high schools, struggling with the combined problems of inexperience, oversize classes, the heavy teaching program, a staggering clerical load, and difficult children (facetiously called "adjustment" classes), I would like to add my voice to the Easy Chair's greeting to Judge Leibowitz. . . . A fascinating study could be made of the decline of the public school in our city by examining the number of children withdrawn in favor of private schools in the last five years. New York seems to be growing old, as Dickens' London was old—full of abuses, deprivations, and injustice. More power to Judge Leibowitz for calling a spade a spade.

A public school teacher
(Name withheld on request)
New York, N. Y.

Rather than being detrimental, Negro and Puerto Rican immigration has been essential to New York to supply the large pool of unskilled labor needed by many of the city's basic industries. An end to immigration, voluntary or enforced, would . . . create new problems—of unemployment, lower tax resources, and increased demands upon public revenues. . . . Three impressions left by Mr. Fischer's article particularly need correction:

(1) New York has never expressed a "moral obligation to provide subsidized housing for every poor family that takes a notion to move to the Big City." Two years of residence are required for eligibility to public housing. . . .

(2) There is no reason to believe that the city's water supply is endangered with or without continued immigration. With the completion of the Delaware system the supply will be sufficient to the end of the century.

(3) New York has not reached the limit of its borrowing powers. Many important facilities are financed in whole or in part outside of the municipal debt limit.

Few would dispute that New York has problems. One may doubt that they will be solved by ending Negro and Puerto Rican immigration. Rather, such an action would have the effect of labeling these groups as unwanted and inferior. And people so designated cannot be blamed for exhibiting the anti-social behavior attributed to them. . . .

Gerald M. Pomper
The City College
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Fischer makes certain assumptions which I question. First—that an informational program or even a scare technique can discourage the movement of low-income people to a city like New York. . . . The lure of improved earnings and living conditions has attracted people to urban communities since the dawn of the Industrial Revolution. Population movements vary directly with the volume of employment. While New York is a relatively low-wage center, it has other inducements. . . . The important fact is that its wages and opportunities for advancement far exceed

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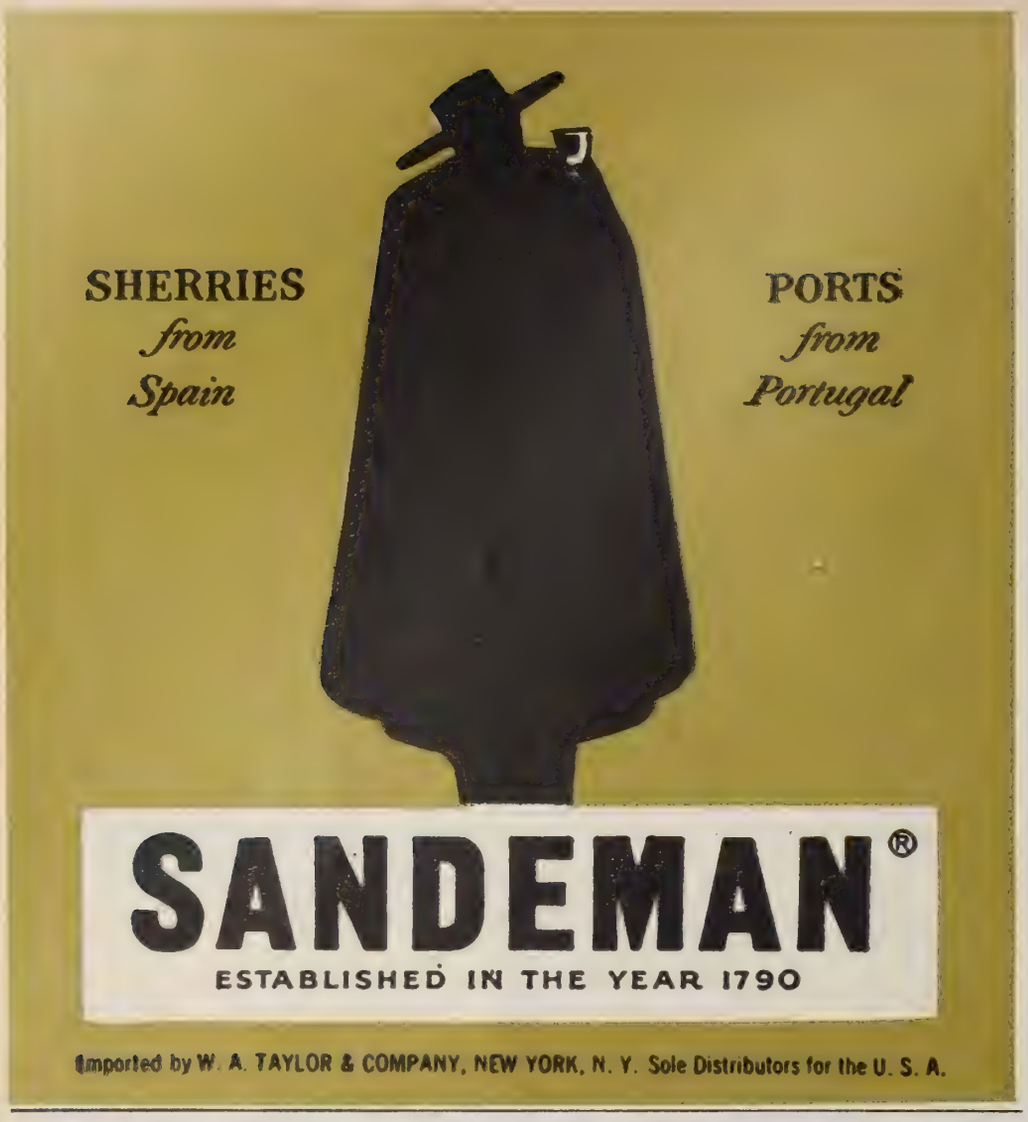
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LETTERS

those in the areas where the princip streams of migrants originate.

My second disagreement is one emphasis. The biggest problem we fa in New York and other cities is in t large number of newcomers who a already here and are not prepared f effective urban living. Doing somethi about this group is much more impo tant than trying to discourage addition immigration. . . . Discussion of the ne comer is most fruitful if presente within the framework of our efforts restore and revitalize American cities.

ROBERT C. WEAVE
New York, N. Y

Back Talk from Bosto

TO THE EDITORS:

Elizabeth Hardwick's brilliant an cruelly weighted article ["Boston: Th Lost Ideal," December] probes succes fully. . . . What I much resent, howeve is her sketchy paean to the wonders an delights of living in New York. . . Many thanks, therefore, for your Chris mas greeting to Judge Leibowitz ["Eas Chair"] with its grim picture of Ne York as a "stricken city where millio of people live in squalor and walk i streets in fear." Probing other citie cancers is surely a dreary sport for th civic-minded. But to allow Fifth Avenu to pass for New York is an offens against the canons of fair reporting.

JOHN E. HUGH
Boston, Mas

Boston is a dirty city admittedly. N once in the year I was there did I s the gutters being cleaned. Yet, there something stately and noble about th old city and its environs. . . . There a warm place in my heart for Bosto and its people . . . at least they are n like native New Yorkers.

H. EDWARD DICKSON, M.I
Atlanta, G

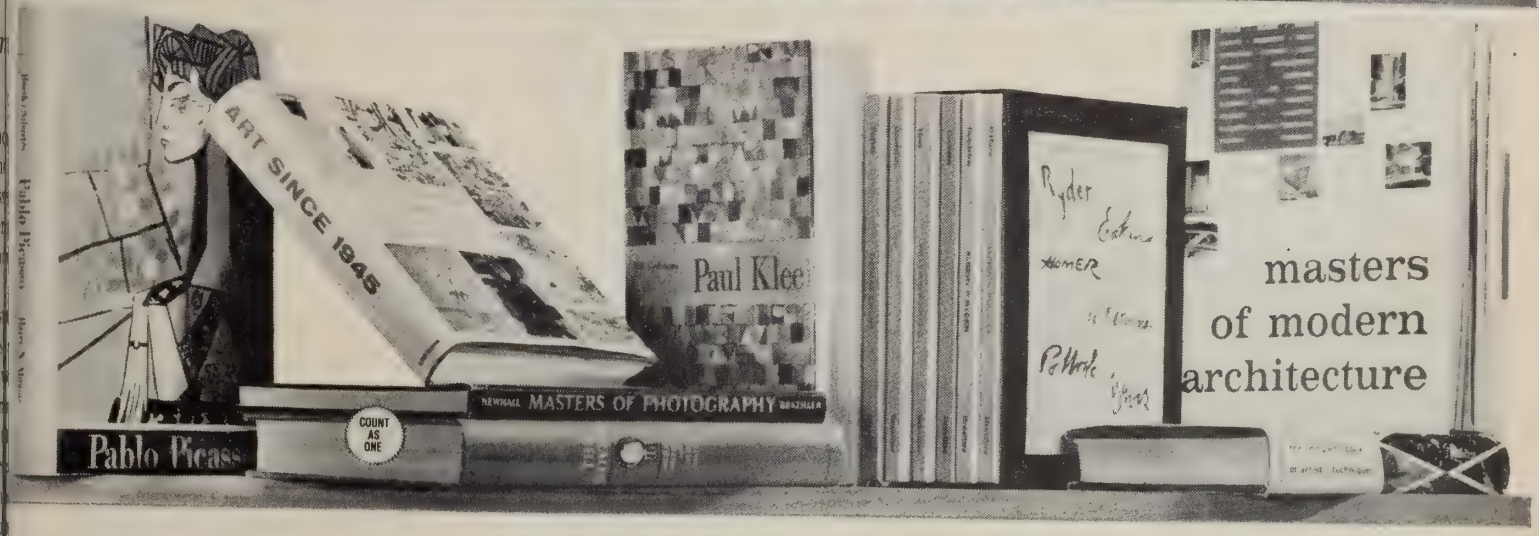
Miss Hardwick's effort to pinpoint th decline of Boston reminded me of local taxi-driver's remark when we we discussing the same subject. When hel up by a red light he turned and term nated the discussion with:

"Hell, Boston was finished before yo was born."

DALE WARRE
Boston, Mas

Elizabeth Hardwick's article on Bosto requires considerable correction of distorted view. One who knew nothin about Boston would never suspect th Bostonians support the Boston Sym phony Orchestra, the Gardner Museum the Boston Museum of Fine Arts (whic includes the richest collection of Or ental art in the country), the Bosto





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HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Harper's *does not dispute Boston's claims to glory. One of them—Massachusetts General Hospital—will be described in a forthcoming article.*

Perhaps it is presumptuous of me to raise a querulous eyebrow at Miss Hardwick's cameo portrait of Boston, not having gone to live there until the age of three and a half, and having departed after only forty years of residence to dwell in a community best symbolized by Washington National Airport with its unpredictable mixture of jet-propelled dash and unendurable waiting. . . . It is hard to put one's finger on what I miss in Miss Hardwick's picture just as it is hard to explain why so many Bostonians yawned wearily when they read *The Late George Apley* or *The Proper Bostonians.* All three . . . remind one of Mark Twain's remark when his wife tried to cure him of swearing by rattling off some of his choicest phrases when a poorly aimed sewing needle gave her an excuse. "My dear," said Twain, "you know the words but you don't know the tune." . . .

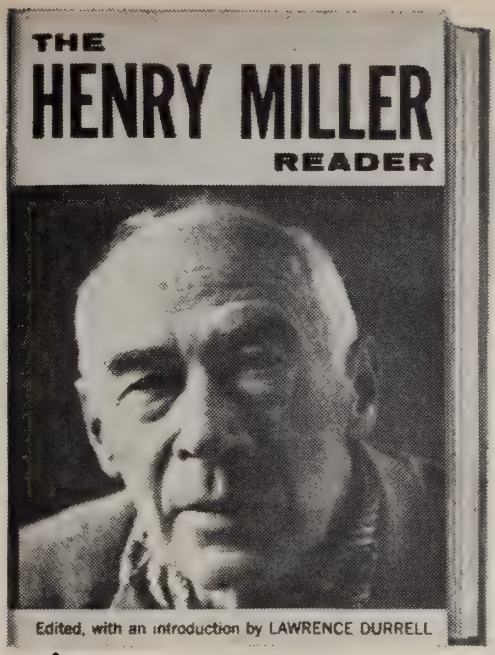
I presume Miss Hardwick has only lived in Boston for a decade or so. Maybe the time will come when she will wind up with a fellow feeling for the lady whose Back Bay dinner partner apologized for being late because his train from Chicago was three hours behind schedule. He had come to the party directly from the Pullman, he explained. "What," she inquired, "is a Pullman like?" "Have you never been in one?" he asked. "Why no," she said, "I live in Boston."

GEOFFREY EDSALL, M.D.
Bethesda, Md.

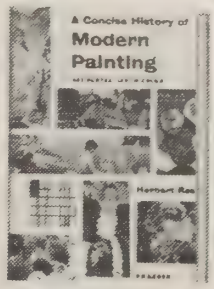
Riposte from Claremont

TO THE EDITORS:

David Boroff's report on the five Claremont Colleges [December] is mild, amusing and occasionally shrewd. He has a good ear for gossip and, during



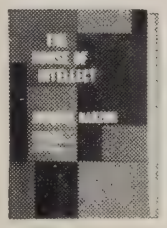
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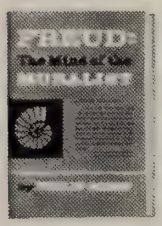


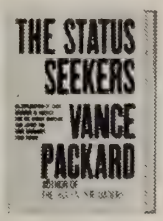
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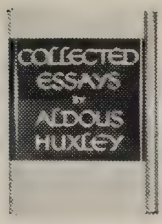
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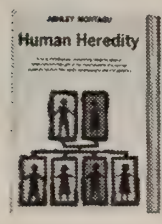


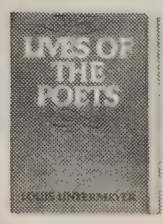


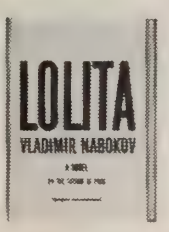












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The answer, of course, was "no." And we were saddened to see him pull in his antennae; check his wind direction; begin his count down and launch himself through the doorway, totally unfulfilled in his search for an affirmative answer to the question he has since been asking all over town.

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So wherever you are, little man, and whatever your course, thank you for dropping in and asking us your question. If anyone ever teaches "MOON" it will probably be Berlitz. Meanwhile take care of yourself, don't take any wooden meteors, be patient and, above all—keep flying.

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his brief hours on our campuses, he picked up quite a lot of our local chit-chat. . . . Those of us who are trying, as teachers, to help our students in these five colleges to acquire the objectivity and the sensitivities of a liberal education as a preparation for life can only hope that thoughtful parents of boys and girls of college age will not misread the article as a reliable report of what is being seriously attempted and actually accomplished in these colleges.

THEODORE M. GREENE
Prof. of Humanities, Scripps College
Claremont, Calif.

Prodigal Housewives

TO THE EDITORS:

Your exposé of gift wrapping ["After Hours," December] brings to mind an equally sinister syndrome: the gift-wrapped refrigerator. A friend of mine has achieved the pinnacle of this art. She discards all paper and containers for food as soon as they come into the house, then puts the contents in bowls, and covers them with wax paper, aluminum foil in two widths and weights, Saran Wrap, plastic refrigerator boxes, and pigmy to acromegalic-size shower caps. After waiting a decent interval my friend throws away the leftovers, along with the foil, Saran, etc. We eat ours—every last lonely egg yolk and teaspoon of spinach (saving all the bags and jars for future use, naturally).

MARY VON EULER
New Haven, Conn.

Senatorial Prose

TO THE EDITORS:

To the samples of Dirksenian wizardry which William Barry Furlong quoted ["The Senate's Wizard of Ooze: Dirksen of Illinois," December], I would like to add the following as a prize exhibit, spoken on the Senate floor some time ago. It went like this: "My dear friends: I beseech you not to forsake me in this vesper hour. . . ." And it was not a world-shaking debate that made this oratorical flower bloom, but just more or less routine legislation!

P.S. The "Ayes" had it.

J. H. MEYER
Natl. Sec., Steuben Soc. of America
New York, N. Y.

William Furlong's account of Senator Dirksen illustrates the kind of interpretation that is injurious to both the politician in question and the reader's understanding of political method. . . . Senator Dirksen's flexibility on changing problems and his parliamentary capabilities illustrate the proper method of considering all the relevant circumstances of any practical problem and reaching a solution on the basis of cool deliberation rather than warmed-over principle. . . .

JOHN D. SOMMER
Urbana, Ill.

In a Mirror, Ludicrously

TO THE EDITORS:

Erich Sokol's drawings ["American Natives," December] are packed with the tragically ludicrous truth of us. . . . They have a magically uncanny way of leaping out at you with a side-splitting truth. My reaction was an immediate explosion of unrestrainable laughter. . . .

EDWIN H. SCHAEFER
Clinton, Ia.

Does Mr. Sokol pretend that his excellent pictures are fair to America? . . . He should get around more. I defy him, for instance, to draw a Maine lobsterman and make him come out both "tragically ludicrous and ludicrously tragic," even while drinking beer in front of a television set.

EDGAR A. COMEE
Falmouth, Me.

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A distinguished Yale professor of psychiatry throws the light of his profound experience into a corner usually filled with frightening shadows.

By Fredrick C. Redlich, M.D. and Maya Pines

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By Earl Browder



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HOWARD GOSSAGE

the Easy Chair

How to Look at Billboards

The guest in the Easy Chair this month is a director of a San Francisco advertising agency. He and his family have been on "semi-sabbatical" in Ireland the past few months while he has been doing work for the Irish Whiskey Distillers. On a flying trip home he found himself looking at billboards with new eyes—hence this article, part of an "eventually forthcoming" book to be published by Macmillan titled "How to Read an Ad."

WHILE it is easy to see billboards it is hard to look at them objectively without getting bogged down in trivial or secondary criticisms; nevertheless let me try.

It is so strange that billboards exist at all that the current controversy about whether outdoor advertising should be allowed along federal highways achieves the unreality of a debate on whether witch-burning should be permitted in critical fire areas. Apparently no one has thought to wonder just what in the hell billboards are doing anywhere.

Why do you suppose this is? It must be that billboards have somehow acquired an easement across our minds just as they have gained squatter's rights on our visual air space. They've been there—everywhere—for a long time and we have grown used to them. It requires a conscious effort to recognize that a billboard has the same objective status as "JESUS SAVES" scrawled on a culvert, or men's room poetry; it is there by public sufferance. But there is this difference: While those other gratuitous messages are accorded the shrugging tolerance that we grant to eccentrics, outdoor advertising has come to be regarded as an institution like any other overtly respectable industry. This is where the confusion starts, for if one accepts this premise all sorts of preposterous assumptions seem worthy of consideration; indeed, it would be positively un-American to question them.

Outdoor advertising is most certainly an institution; but so was the Open Range. And just as the Open Range ceased to exist when private interest was no longer compatible with public rights, so it is with outdoor advertising. While it is unlikely that we shall have more than a smattering of midnight poster-burnings, it is inevitable that the billboard will eventually join such other relics of America's past as battleships, running boards, the language of flowers, flypaper, and two-a-day vaudeville. Perhaps our grandchildren will collect vintage Coca-Cola and Edsel billboards the way we do Toulouse-Lautrec and bullfight posters. They will do nicely to fill in unwanted picture windows; I am assuming that tomorrow's man will grow less interested in bringing the outdoors indoors as he again becomes emboldened to meet it halfway.

As a matter of observable fact, the billboard is already starting to vanish from the American scene because of zoning laws and new residential developments of one sort and another. This, of course, does not mean that you have to hurry to get in your field work; there are still plenty of collector's items around. But the market is starting to dry up, thanks to, of all things, the automobile. The automobile: The very thing which made possible outdoor advertising's greatest prosperity also contained the germ of its certain doom. The billboard, you might say, is dying of success. If only the horse had never been replaced, outdoor advertising, in modest flower, might have been tolerated indefinitely.

THIS is how it all came to pass: Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a blacksmith (say) in a small town. He didn't need a sign since everybody knew he was a blacksmith, and even if they hadn't known, they would have found out very soon, what with all the clanging. Still, he did have a sign of sorts: a horseshoe. Anything more would have been pure show, since nobody could read.

Time passed; people learned to read, and so did the blacksmith.

One day an itinerant sign painter came by and made him a real sign, with letters; it said:

BLACKSMITH

I haven't mentioned that he was the only blacksmith in town, or was until (the place was starting to boom a little) another smith set up shop. At this point, you may be sure, the sign painter sold a new sign to the first blacksmith, let us call him Brown:

BROWN THE BLACKSMITH

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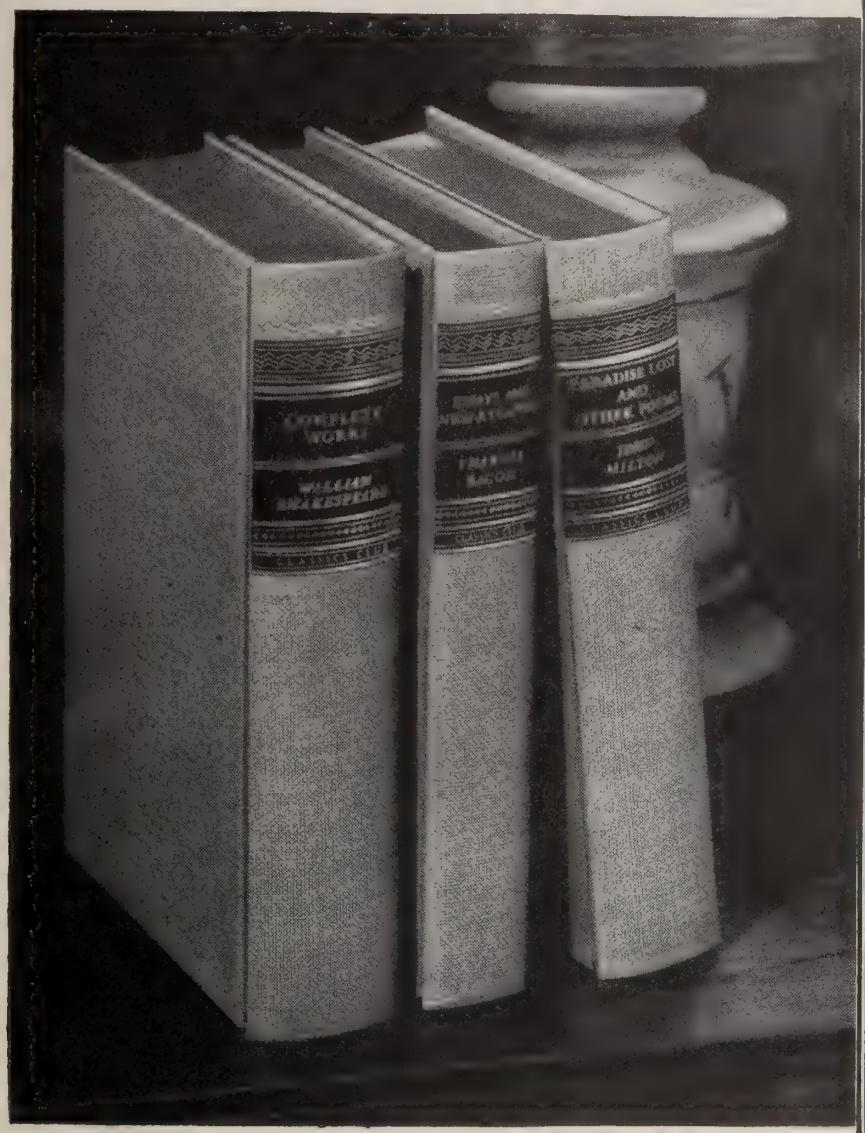
and to the new blacksmith (Green) one which read:

GREEN THE BLACKSMITH

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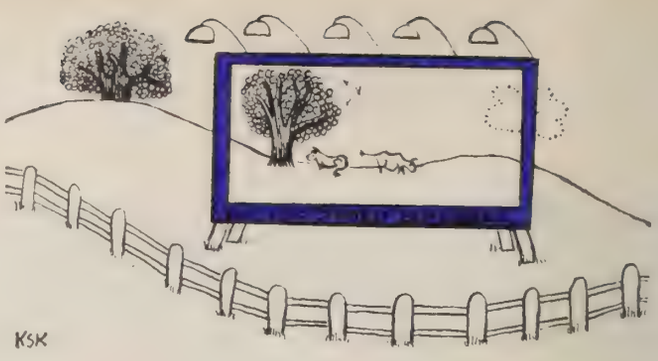
And so competition was born. That might have been the end of it, had it not been for our friend the sign painter, by now no longer itinerant. He went to Brown and tried to sell him a new sign. Brown said, with justice, that he already had a new sign. Oh, the sign painter said, he meant *another* sign. With all the new people moving in (not to mention drummers and other transit business) it might be well to catch the trade before it actually got into town. Just look at the Rotary and Kiwanis meeting notices. Brown fell for it and so, of course, did Green.

This was an important milestone in outdoor-advertising history, for it marked the first time a sign was not physically attached to a place of business. From there on it was just a matter of extension. The sign painter began to specialize, and as he did so the signs became larger and further afield. He expanded, but at first he was largely limited to the sides of country barns and city buildings. It was not until the advent of the automobile that he got a glimpse of the staggering potential.

His was a stirring experience, roughly comparable to commanding the only keyhole on Ladies' Night at the Turkish Bath. He saw Main Street become an arterial road along which the newly mobile population hopscotched to the suburbs, leaving vacant lots in its wake—enough traffic to warrant billboards, enough land to build them on! Moreover, Main Street reached out and out, far enough to meet the next city's Broadway—a highway. To the sign painter it was one long vacant lot. End of story.

THAT is the end of my allegory but not quite the end. At this point people began to be aware of outdoor advertising, not as a raffish collection of isolated phenomena but as an ordered, reachable institution. It is very easy to slide your mind over "GOOD EATS ½ MI." or "REPENT!" even if you do not find them attractive. Besides, they are only one of a kind, you may not pass that way again and, above all, you have no recourse. I imagine it would be difficult to find the man who had scribbled an obscenity on a fence and, finding him, to get him to admit it.

There was no such difficulty about billboards. The outdoor advertising company's name was neatly, proudly lettered on a plaque, there for all to see, and the sign itself was devoted to the sales message of a large and reputable firm. Recourse galore, offered and taken up. But it was not taken up by as many as one might expect, for, as we noted earlier on, we have got used to billboards; they have become a part of our way of life. On the other hand, how many garden clubs, neighborhood improvement leagues, and Pro Bono Publicos are needed to constitute a vanguard? Not many.



It is not generally realized how sensitive large businesses are to even minor criticism. I have seen one of the world's most colossal corporations stopped dead in its advertising tracks by a single derogatory letter addressed to the president and forwarded by him without comment to the advertising manager who, horrified, immediately called the advertising agency and canceled the campaign in question. The aftermath of this incident is equally revealing: The agency then got *two* people to write the president letters that extravagantly praised the ads, and they saved the day. Four cents' worth of postage sufficed to swerve the course of a billion-dollar enterprise; eight cents put it back on the tracks.

The outdoor-advertising industry has done its best both to defend itself and to placate its critics. It has maintained costly legal, public-relations, and legislative advisory staffs. It has devoted many of its nicest locations to public piety, and it must be admitted that "The family that prays together stays together" shows progress over "The day of judgment is at hand!" The industry has even landscaped its billboards and put little picket fences around them. All, alas, to no avail. You just can't please some people.

In retrospect, perhaps, it would have been better if the outdoor-advertising folks had been content with their modest, ragtag-bobtail lot. It wasn't respectable, nor was it patronized by the mighty but, by heaven, it was anonymous. But who are we to question their choice? Is it better to spend eternity looking over your shoulder for the sheriff than to be king for a day? It is an idle question, for the headsman awaits; the billboard's day of judgment is surely at hand. Awareness of this fate seems to elude the still-embattled principals, *i.e.*, the public and the outdoor industry, as it is called in the trade. ("The outdoor industry," what a splendid name! It conjures up visions of Thornton W. Burgess, and of a host of dwarfs helping Old Mother Nature, Jack Frost, Johnny Woodchuck, and Reddy Fox to organize the countryside.)

Almost the only argument against outdoor advertising one ever seems to hear is that it blocks out the scenery and is unsightly. This isn't a bad point, but it isn't as good as you might suppose. The Industry is quick to answer that less

The passions that move men to create history

"One man and God can overturn the universe," John Brown said* — and marched on the federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry at the head of an avenging 'army' of five negroes and thirteen whites. Brown's crusade ended, within weeks, on the gallows — but the conflict he helped unleash raged for five bloody years and permanently changed the face of the nation.

The passions that move men to create history may be peculiar to the time and place, but their consequences are the legacy of us all. Just as our lives today are shaped in part by Sir Francis Drake's defeat of the Spanish Armada — so is our future now being perceptibly altered by the seething aspirations of people in Algiers, Jakarta and Peiping.

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*Quoted in *THE CIVIL WAR: A Narrative;* see below.



DEATH OF A KING. . . . *Assassination of Alexander I of Yugoslavia and Foreign Minister Louis Barthou of France by a Macedonian terrorist, Marseilles, October 9, 1934. The assassin, his coat held by the chauffeur, is trying to shield himself from the saber slashes of the mounted officer at left. (World Wide Photo)*

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In Canada, mail coupon to: 85 Richmond Street West, Toronto. 1, Ontario

than 10 per cent of all outdoor advertising is in open countryside, outside of developed areas. I am not sure what this means, for it is possible to drive fifty miles from New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles and never be out of a developed area of some type. As to unsightliness, the Industry can prove that its billboards are well constructed and well maintained. We'll accept that, although it does seem a trifle immaterial. It is rather like a man who is accused of shouting in a hospital quiet zone insisting that he has shiny teeth and gargles after every meal.

The Industry naturally also sticks up for the design values of the posters themselves. It is right; the designs are the best money can buy. Truly, from an aesthetic point of view, it is hard to see that most billboards are inferior to the property they obscure; usually they are markedly superior.

Do you see why it is a mistake to attack outdoor advertising on aesthetic grounds? The row then becomes a matter of comparative beauty and one can go on haggling about that forever. In a sense the garden clubs have led us down the garden path. For when the girls insist that they shall never see a billboard lovely as a tree it then becomes legitimate to consider all the things a billboard *is* lovely as. There are quite a few: ramshackle barns, flophouses, poolrooms, cheap lodgings for ancient ladies with orange-tinted hair. Since the world is absolutely stiff with arguably uglier objects it may be some time before the billboards come down; presumably the last billboard will stand on top of the last shack.

THE other thing wrong with the aesthetic line of attack is its utter irrelevancy. It is like arguing that mice should be kept out of the kitchen because they don't match the Formica. What a billboard looks like has nothing to do with whether it ought to be there. Nor does the fact that it carries advertising have anything to do with it, either. It would be the same thing if it were devoted exclusively to reproductions of the old masters; just as the Open Range would have been the same thing if they had only run peacocks on it. The real question is: Has outdoor advertising the right to exist at all?

The Industry says it has. It claims two rights, in fact. In asserting the first of these it clasps the flag firmly to its bosom and, in cadences worthy of the late W. J. Bryan, invokes the spirit of free enterprise. Now, it should be understood that the outdoor industry is fighting only against what it regards as discriminatory regulation. It seems never to have occurred to the Industry to question its basic right to any existence whatsoever. Therefore, when it protests against operational restrictions, it is not effrontery, as one might think, but outraged indignation. Its reaction is that of an old-time cattle baron the first time a farmer dared to fence in his potato patch.

Outdoor advertising is, of course, a business, and as such would ordinarily have a strong case against inroads on its domain. However, there is a very real question whether it has title to its domain. Outdoor advertising is peddling a commodity it does not own, and without the owner's permission: your field of vision. Possibly you have never thought to consider your rights in the matter. Nations put the utmost importance on unintentional violations of their air space. The individual's air space is intentionally violated by billboards every day of the year.

But doesn't everything visible violate one's air space? Not at all. Visibility is not the only consideration. The Taj Mahal, street signs, the Golden Gate Bridge, a maze of telephone wires, even a garbage dump—however they may intrude on the eye—are not where they are merely to waylay your gaze; they have other functions as well. A billboard has no other function, it is there for the sole and express purpose of trespassing on your field of vision. Nor is it possible for you to escape; the billboard inflicts itself unbidden upon all but the blind or recluse. Is this not an invasion of privacy? I think it is, and I don't see that the fact that a billboard is out of doors makes the slightest difference. Even if it were possible for you to not look at billboards, if you didn't so choose, why in the world should you have to make the negative effort? Moreover, this invasion of your privacy is compounded by its resale to a third party. It is as though a Peeping Tom, on finding a nice window, were to sell peeps at two bits a head.

Thus we see that what the Industry has to sell doesn't really belong to it. It belongs to you. So much for the Free Enterprise argument.

THIS brings us to Outdoor's (as it is also known in the trade) second line of defense. I doubt if you would be aware of this line unless you were in the advertising business, for it is an intra-trade campaign of the united-we-stand-divided-we-fall type . . . with overtones of approaching doom. It is this: What threatens outdoor advertising threatens all advertising; what discriminates against one advertising medium discriminates against all advertising media. These propositions are interesting to me as an advertising man, and I would like to dissect them.

First, what is the difference between seeing an ad on a billboard and seeing an ad, even the same ad, in this magazine? The answer, in a word, is permission—or, in three words, freedom of choice. Through a sequence of voluntary acts you have given the magazine advertisement permission to be seen by you. You bought the magazine of your own volition; you opened it at your own pleasure; you flipped, or did not flip through it; you skipped, or did not skip the ads; finally, it is possible to close the magazine entirely—though (in this case) I wish you'd wait, it won't be much longer. You exercise freedom of choice all down the line.

The same is true of advertisements in newspapers. It is also true of radio and television commercials, though in a different way, I'll admit. Arthur C. Clarke, in *Holiday*, likened TV viewers to "readers who have become reconciled to the fact that the fifth page of every book consists of an advertisement *which they are not allowed to skip.*" The fact is that Mr. Clarke and you are allowed to skip—to another channel, to Dr. Frank Baxter, or to bed; you can turn it off entirely. Or you can throw the set out the window. You cannot throw U. S. 40 out the window, especially if you are on it. Nor

(Continue on page 21.)

ONE IN A SERIES OF SEASHELL-INSPIRED ART TREASURES
PRESENTED BY SHELL OIL COMPANY



Gold cup, Italian 16th Century by Benvenuto Cellini. Decorated with enamel and precious stones. The Metropolitan Museum of Art

"Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains"

The ignition of genius is an idea. Artists since the beginning of time have gone to the shell, and indeed all nature, for ideas, just as Cellini chose to immortalize the seashell and the legends around it.

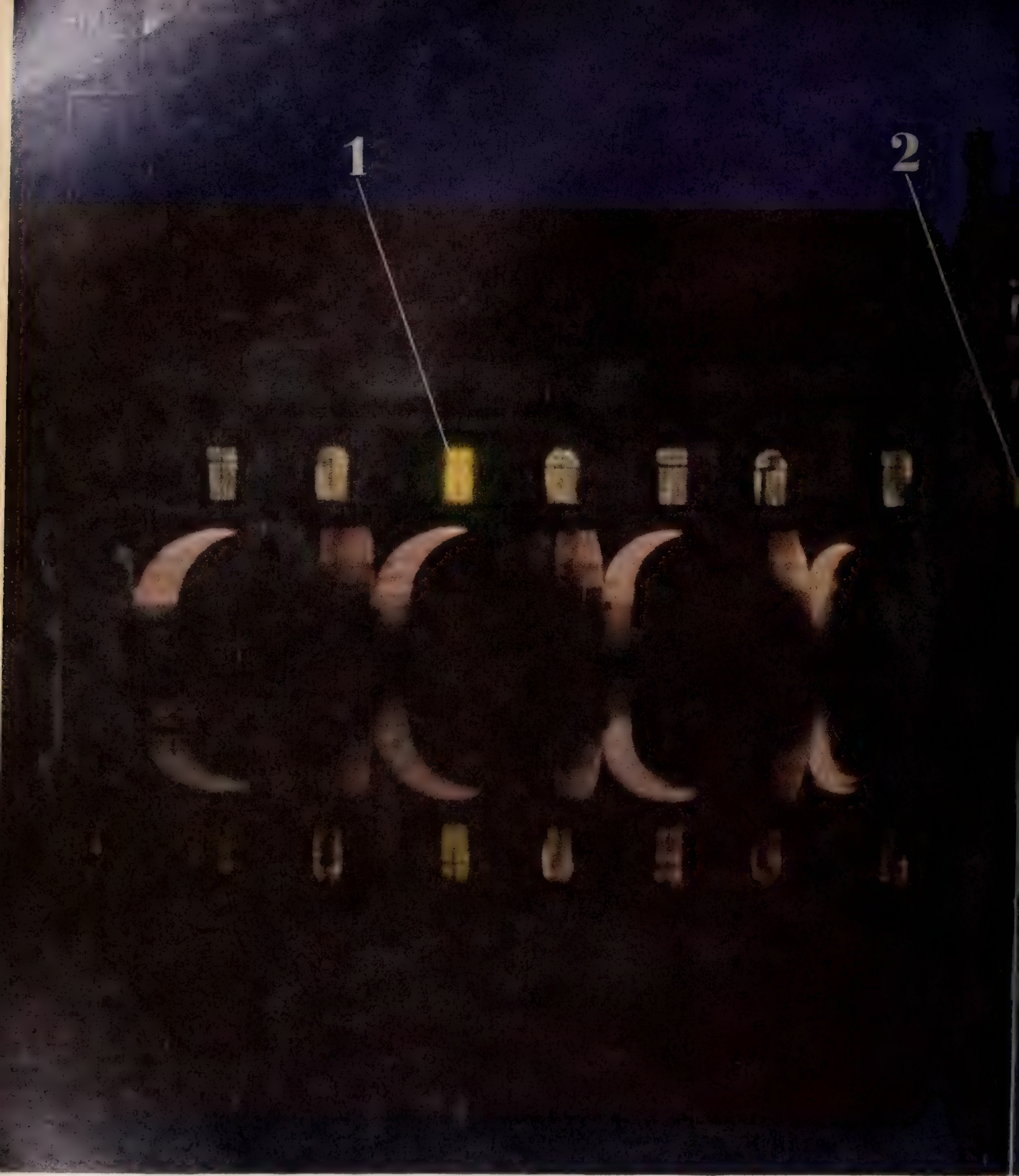
But only the coupling of a noble idea with masterful execution can create timeless art. This holds true in science, too. A chemist's inspiration, a physicist's concept gained from the observation of nature come to nothing without painstaking research and laboratory perfection.

That is why hundreds of Shell scientists devote time, science and manpower to petroleum research by constantly developing and expanding scientific ideas. Imaginative Shell research perfects petroleum products that perform better, last longer, and cost less. Millions know these products by the sign of the familiar shell.



The Shell Companies

Shell Oil Company
Shell Chemical Company
Shell Pipe Line Corporation
Shell Development Company
Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.



Which woman deserved this Castle of

One moonmist night a fantastic ball took place in this chateau. From the terrace you could see a ballet of nymphs in the garden and mermaids paddling in the moats. And glimmering in the night, a new ballroom 1 spanned the Cher. The Queen of France, Catherine de Médicis, had just completed it . . . in bitter memory of the chateau's original owner . . . the *other* woman in her husband's life. Catherine had always coveted this fairyland castle. But Henri II gave it to beautiful, blonde Diane de Poitiers, the woman he really loved. Year after year it was Diane who embellished the chateau, gave Henri's lavish parties and slept 2 in the majestic, canopy bed engraved H-D. But suddenly, one day, Henri was dead! Gleefully



Love... the courtesan or the Queen?

Catherine evicted Diane and took possession of the chateau. Her very first act was to move that fabulous bed 3 and change its initials from H-D to H-C! Then, as in a fairy tale, the dowdy queen blossomed into one of the most glamorous queens in history. The chateau is Chenonceaux and it's called the Castle of Love. You can still see the gay signatures of romantic page boys on the walls. 4 And on any lovely summer night you can see Light and Sound Spectacle here...a dramatic show that brings the whole delicious story to life. Wondrously, there are many castles with spine-tingling stories to tell...just a few hours from Paris. For the imaginative traveler, any one of them is quite an experience!



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the joyful gift that keeps on giving!



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Lavish special packaging...*exclusive* new "Miracle Surface" on Living Stereo records...other unprecedented features!

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BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY. Charles Munch, Boston Symphony, with Price, Forster, Poleri, Tozzi. Illustrated text. Also, *Symphony No. 8.* 2 LP's: $9.98. Stereo: $11.98.

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WORDS AND MUSIC WITH THE AMES BROTHERS. Sing along with the nation's top vocal quartet. Words and music included. $3.98. Stereo: $4.98. Other song book albums: STRUM AND STRUM ALONG WITH CHET ATKINS; STEPHEN FOSTER SONG BOOK (The Robert Shaw Chorale).

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HANDEL: MESSIAH. Sir Thomas Beecham, Royal Philharmonic Orch. and Chorus. Magnificent Skira color art reproductions. 4 LP's: $21.98. Stereo: $25.98.

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC FESTIVAL. Herbert von Karajan conducting. Mozart's *40th Symphony*, Haydn's "London" *Symphony*; Beethoven's *7th Symphony*; Brahms' *1st Symphony*; *The Vienna of Johann Strauss.* Illustrated 28-page book with color plates of famous paintings, 70 photos, text by Joseph Wechsberg. 4 LP's: $21.98. Stereo: $25.98.

Manufacturer's Nationally Advertised Prices

RCA VICTOR

THE EASY CHAIR

can you flip a billboard over. Or off. Your exposure to television commercials is conditional on their being accompanied by entertainment that is not otherwise available. No such parity or tit-for-tat or fair exchange exists in outdoor advertising.

And this leads us to the other aspect of the intra-advertising controversy: Do laws that discriminate against outdoor advertising discriminate against every other advertising medium? The answer is yes—if you regard Outdoor as an advertising medium, which I don't. It is not an advertising medium; it is isolated advertising. An advertising medium is a medium which incidentally carries advertising, but whose primary function is to provide something else: entertainment, news, matches, telephone listings, anything. I'm afraid the poor old billboard doesn't qualify as a medium at all; its medium, if any, is the scenery around it and that is not its to give away. Nor is a walk down the street brought to you through the courtesy of outdoor advertising.

Having myself arrived at a point where the billboard no longer exists for me simply because I just can't see it, I wonder how many others feel the same way. So here is a ballot. Would you mind filling it in? And putting it in a stamped, addressed envelope and mailing it? We in advertising always feel we must make such instructions explicit so as to permit no misunderstandings. Otherwise you might stuff it in a hollow tree or twirl it around on a prayer wheel.

BILLBOARD BALLOT

Howard Gossage
451 Pacific Street
San Francisco, Calif.

( ) There ought to be billboards.

(X) There ought not to be billboards.

Remarks: [illegible]
(Or use another piece of paper.)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

An Important Message

for men who want to be better providers

You may be like many a family man who would like to have a second income from stocks and bonds, but you don't know how to go about it.

Here's a booklet that's packed with information about what to do. "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS" tells you about the risk of owning securities. Prices go down as well as up. It points out the importance of investing only on facts—never merely tips or rumors—and suggests how you can readily get information and advice from a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. It advises you to invest only with money you've put aside for the purpose, not with money needed for living expenses or emergencies.

Among other things you'll find:

- The records of more than 400 stocks that have paid a cash dividend every year from 25 to 112 years.
- Which stocks are most favored by financial institutions.
- How to acquire stock in famous companies by investing with as little as $40 every three months.

More than 12 million Americans are stock owners. They know that stock in a well-managed progressive company may give them a second income now and may grow in value, helping to build family security as the years go by.

Let "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS" help you start. Just send the coupon and we'll be glad to mail you a copy free.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of the "Yellow Pages."

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. A-50, P. O. Box 1070, New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, a basic guide for common stock investment."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____

*Broker, if any*_____

AFTER HOURS



How to Engineer a Perfect Cup of Coffee

THERE is a story that, among the Turks, to fail to provide a wife with coffee was sufficient reason for divorce. Within the marriage ceremony itself, the groom promised never to permit his wife (or wives) to be without it. This solemn regard for coffee does not hold in America. We drink anything under that name, and serve it shamelessly to guests. The only ground rules seem to be that it must be prepared with little effort and that the resulting fluid be warm, brown, and not so poisonous as to cause instant death.

I'm all for coffee, myself. Free from hangover and addiction, it is an intellectual stimulant, a spur to sanity and fancy. Its flavors are as rich and varied as wine, precise and clean, like spring water, as solidly satisfying as beef. Its aroma never cloys. It is an inimitable beverage—as compelling as Eurydice—but like her, it has gone to Hell.

Laziness has linked us with the barbarities of the old world: with the British, who boil it; the French, who mix in chicory; the Italians, who over-roast it and cook it in steam; the Germans, who make it too weak; and the Turks, Greeks, Arabs, and Syrians, who leave in the grounds. We have almost returned to the level of the Civil War period, when Union soldiers were issued coffee and instructed to boil it. The brew served as a reclamation bath for weevily biscuits, since, when a biscuit was dipped into the infusion, the alarmed beasties could be skimmed from the top as they emerged.

The ascent from this point has been followed by decline. From the sale of ground coffee, which was never a particularly good idea, we are taking a further downward step with the increasing sale of instant coffee—and instant bears roughly the same relation to coffee as Sterno to Burgundy. Meanwhile the sale of the fresh roasted bean dwindles; and with it goes part of civilization.

The preparation of coffee, though simple, is not understood. Let us consider the bean. As shipped from the countries of its origin, it is green (pale greenish-brown actually). In this state, it will keep indefinitely, even improve with age. But before consumption it must be roasted, to develop flavor and aroma. The aromatics thus developed are what makes coffee coffee. But these aromatics can be lost—which makes coffee flat, or they can be oxidized—which makes it rancid. Coffee keeps much better in the whole bean because roasting also develops carbon dioxide, which while contained in the bean, is an excellent preservati against oxidation. But grinding, course, shatters the cell walls—t aromatics escape rapidly, so does t protective carbon dioxide. Th aromatics are expensive—much mo so than the rarest perfume. One es mate puts the aromatics at one pa in 65,000 by weight. Figuring a co servative dollar a pound for coff entire you can see how costly is t odor that greets us at breakfast.

With this the problem has be stated. We are dealing with evanescent material; we are co cerned with brewing a cup whi must, for a really superb flavor, r tain every microgram of this elusiv essence. So buy your coffee in t bean, preferably from a vendor wh roasts daily. Take the precious stu home quickly and clap it in the r frigerator. (It is quite possible t observe a decline in quality of fres roasted beans after three or four da if left open at room temperature It is a good idea to put it in a poly ethylene container with a tight-fi ting lid—standard for refrigerate foods—since coffee can absorb odor And, finally, the coffee must not b ground until it is time to brew it.

AT the Massachusetts Institute o Technology, Samuel C. Prescott, S.B. Sc.D., some thirty-five years ago wrot a definitive "Report of An Investiga tion of Coffee," including a sectio of paramount interest on its prepara tion. His results were based on con trolled, repeated taste-testing by group of one hundred people. Fou cardinal points emerged:

(1) The coffee should be freshl roasted and freshly ground.

(2) Water should be at the prope temperature.

(3) Contact time with wate should be short.

(4) Metals should be absent.

Testing in steps from 180° F up showed that quality dropped as brew ing temperature rose to boiling; i held there it was ruined. The result were quite clear, whether the coffe was taken black or with sugar an cream (which emphasized the orde of choice). Among his test group were some who had stopped drink ing coffee, or used it only sparingly because of unpleasant physiologica reactions. Dr. Prescott noted with interest that there were no such untoward effects if they drank coffe

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prepared below 203° F. He speculated that with a substance as chemically complex as the roasted coffee bean, the more soluble materials extracted at low temperatures were innocuous, but that boiling produced harmful cleavage products—observing that even momentary boiling gives a more bitter and astringent taste. Other investigators have blamed this on tannins—a judgment Prescott could not verify—and give these figures in grains per cup:

	Caffeine	*Tannin*
Well made coffee	2.22	.29
Poorly made coffee	1.75	2.35

(I find it reassuring to *know* why bad coffee tastes as if made in a boot.)

Tests on the time of infusion showed that even at a low temperature level, coffee should not be brewed for more than two minutes, and one minute is better. Long infusion increases bitterness, decreases flavor and aroma. My own experience modifies the professor's advice slightly. I find thirty seconds as a preferred steeping time, and the temperature spread of 185° to 190° ideal. Certain coffees will yield a first-rate cup in this range, while if carried to 195° or so, will have an unpleasant oily, faintly rancid taste. At the other end of the scale, some coffees brewed no higher than 180° will be insipid—a taste which I believe the experts characterize as green.

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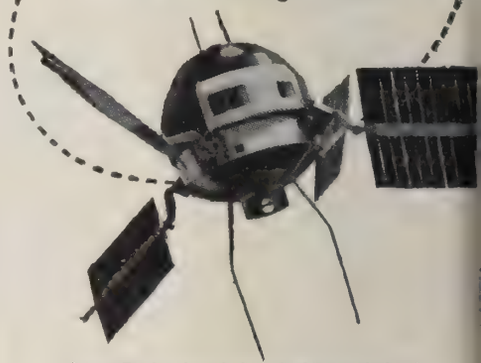
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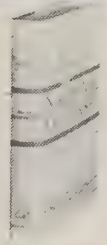


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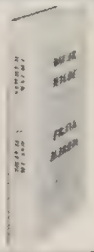
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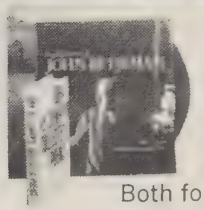
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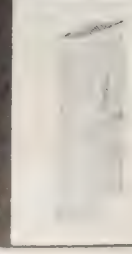
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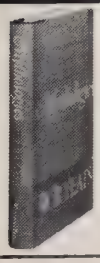
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if the filtration medium is fine, tend to clog the pores and slow the filtering intolerably. This makes even the coarsest filter papers unusable.

Here is a list of equipment:

(1) A vessel for heating water. I suggest a glass teapot, or a glass percolator with the basket and supporting stem removed—leaving you a vessel with a spout, lid, and handle—wide mouthed and easy to clean.

(2) A receiving vessel. This too should be glass or ceramic, and should conveniently hold:

(3) A funnel. The white enamel article is a good choice. It should have a handle and wide spout.

(4) A thermometer of sufficiently narrow range so that the temperature rise from 160° to 190° can be easily observed.

(5) A stainless steel vegetable strainer, not too coarse. This admittedly is metal, but contact time with it is very short.

(6) Absorbent cotton—the standard item available at drugstores in rolls. (Not the sterile material for surgical dressings, which is expensive.)

(7) A coffee grinder. The electric ones are expensive; the hand grinders can still be found in mail-order catalogues, or in antique stores.

The equipment should be clean and well rinsed, free of any traces of soap or detergent. (And this goes for the cups you put it in.) You should have *good* water available. The Coffee Brewing Institute says that next to coffee itself, quality of water is paramount. They claim that iron, chlorine, sulfur, sewage, and factory waste all affect taste. (Who would deny it?)

Measure cold water with a regular coffee cup into the heating vessel and insert the thermometer. Wet the inside of the funnel, and put a rough four-inch square of cotton in it; the funnel is placed above a warmed receiving vessel, to filter into it. Measure coffee into the grinder (a full two tablespoons to a five-ounce cup). When the water gets to about 140° F, grind the coffee to somewhat less than pinhead size. At 185° remove the water from the burner, dump in the coffee, stir till it wets down (it will foam somewhat—an index of freshness), and then watch the time, while stirring, for thirty seconds. Hold the strainer above the funnel and pour the coffee through this double filter. Most of the grounds are stopped by the strainer, the fine material by the cotton.

For one- or two-cup batches, omit the strainer and receiving vessel—simply pour the coffee directly through the cotton-containing funnel into cups. (The funnel gets hot—use one with a handle.) This short cut doesn't work with larger batches because the grounds fill the funnel, choke the cotton, slow filtration—yielding an inferior result.

You now possess a foolproof method for making a wonderful drink.

COFFEE drinking, like everything else, is beset with snobbisms. The commonest one is drinking it black. People abound who will drink anything that looks like black coffee, whether it be house paint or embalming fluid—and yet will remark aloofly, "You ruin good coffee with sugar and cream." Pooh. Black coffee is enjoyable in its own way, but there is no Eleventh Commandment concerning it. Put it like this: good coffee has its own distinctive flavor, but is besides—well, mildly bitter. Poor coffee builds on this bitterness with whatever secret ingredients mishandling has generated. The addition of sugar and cream in reasonable amounts simply cancels out a modicum of the brew's asperity. You will find that the preparation method outlined here calls for much less sugar and cream; you will also have to re-define "strength"—since most of the bitterness you have associated with that character will be missing. Instead, as you make it stronger, the taste will be richer.

You may find that you have decided preferences on the degree of roasting. A dark roast is usually thought of as making a strong coffee, and while I don't quarrel with those who like it, it is merely more bitter. Actually, as roasting progresses, charring is approached—with charcoal as the ultimate product. Prolonged roasting lowers the caffeine content slightly, the bean is less aromatic and more brittle; consequently grinding develops more "fines," making it more difficult to filter.

But to return to snobbisms. There is one rather giddy variety that has wide currency in household magazines. It advises taking whatever brew is made and adding cognac, rum, lemon peel, cinnamon, o whipped cream. Double pooh. Fi nally, there are Brahmins who sug gest making your own blends instea of learning how to make coffee. The talk aloofly of Medellin, Santos Guatemala, Java, etc. Forget it. O several counts. Until you can mak good coffee, the art of the blende (and art it is) will be as opaque t you as Pythagoras is to a woodchuck

There is this to be said, though you may enjoy exploring this tast world eventually. Coffees made prop erly are vastly different in flavor—some are winy, some mild an smooth, some chocolaty, some dee and rich. They vary, too, in strength which will slightly affect your meas urements. But you will also find tha most of the big supermarket chain sell excellent coffee in the bean—par ticularly their premium grades However, watch the dating on th bag. No coffee is good when stale Fresh roasting—remember? Asid from these sources, most cities of an size have small retail merchants wh roast daily.

I HAVE, by inference at least, dis missed ready-ground coffee. There i no question that it is not the opti mum base material, but there ar two points in its favor, if it is canned First, it usually assures fresh roas ing; second, the grind is usually even which means fast filtration—both im portant points. But it should be kep in the refrigerator, and used up thre or four days after being opened.

Readers now possess enough in formation to wallow in a Moch Elysium for the rest of their day Should there be any of these wh restive under the anonymity of commuter civilization, seek the ult mate, I have one remaining pearl A professional coffee taster goe through this routine. Freshly roasted freshly ground coffee, the weight o a penny and a dime, is placed in cup, and hot water poured over it A crust is formed. He sniffs th aroma. Then with a spoon he break the crust and stirs the brew, releas ing new odors, called the "we smell." Then he tastes it carefull without swallowing—and spits it into a brass cuspidor. What other sign of expertise could so quickly mak you the talk of the neighborhood?

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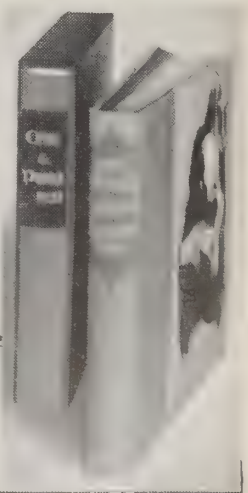
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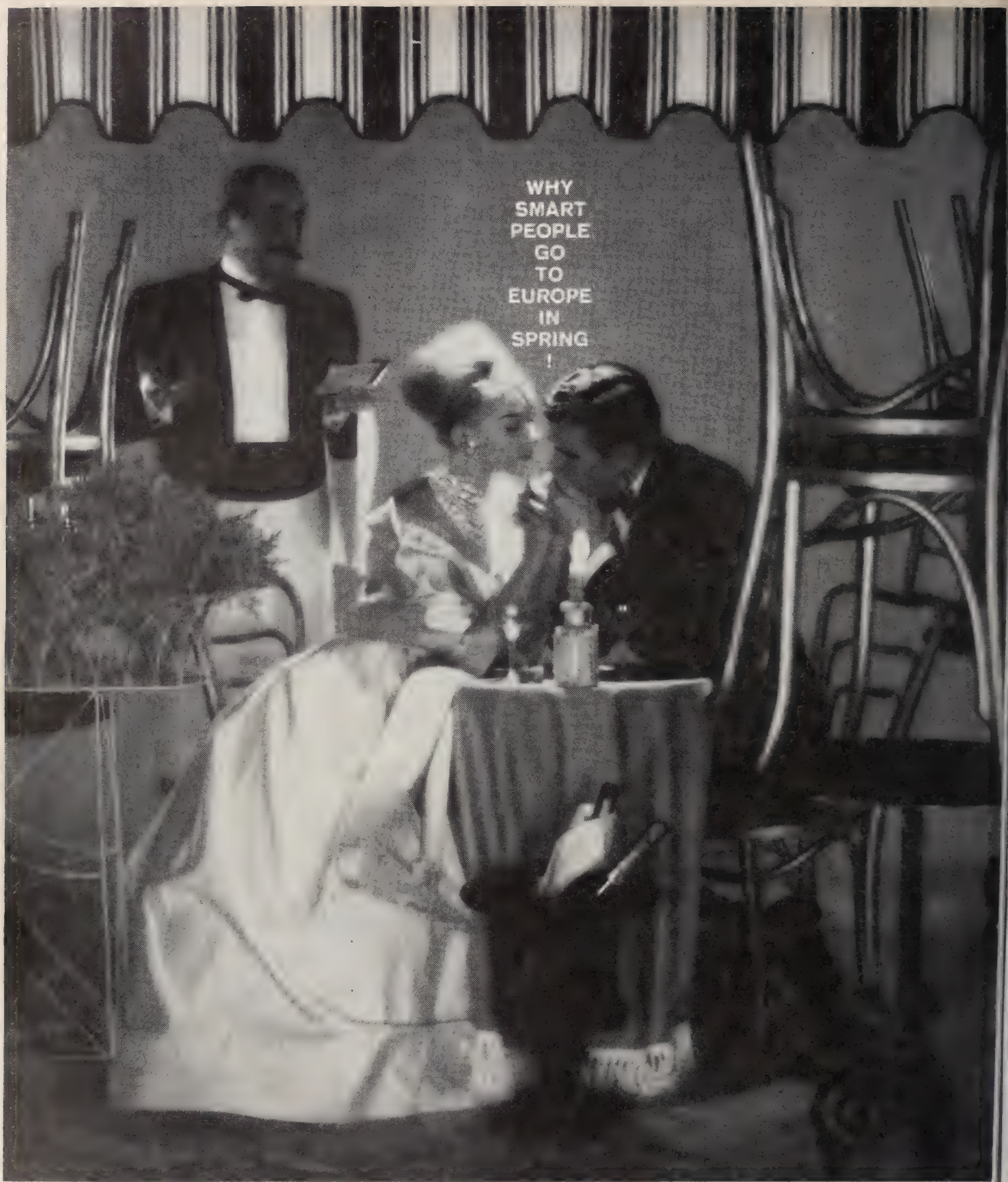
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Harper's MAGAZINE

MR. NIXON'S REMEDY FOR INFLATION

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

A Harvard economist—and active Democrat —takes a hard look at the Vice President's Plan for handling our No. 1 economic problem.

A PERSISTENT and serious problem facing the United States is that of inflation. And a determined and serious aspirant for the office of President is Richard M. Nixon. In the nature of the case, our knowledge of how Presidential candidates will handle important questions, if elected, is almost entirely conjectural. We are reduced to comparing promises.

Mr. Nixon is one of the rare exceptions. For the past year, he has been serving as Chairman of the Cabinet Committee on Price Stability for Economic Growth—which at this writing has issued three reports. Thus we are able to take Mr. Nixon's measure on a matter of great and nearly universal concern.

In contrast with his early wartime service with the Office of Price Administration, then under Leon Henderson (of which he has never made a strong point), Mr. Nixon has recently sought actively to identify himself with the problem of inflation control. A high-level committee that would deal effectively with inflation—meaning continuing increases in prices—was promised by President Eisenhower in his 1959 State of the Union message. A few days later, Edwin L. Dale, Jr. wrote in the *New York Times* that Mr. Nixon was a candidate for the post of chairman and that his supporters felt that "a precise, and publicly known, administrative role would help his chances for the Presidency in 1960." When his appointment was announced on February 1, the *Times* observed that this was "the closest he has come to formal executive power."

Having welcomed the responsibility, Mr. Nixon cannot but welcome a scrutiny of the way he has handled it. It would be best, no doubt, if this could be undertaken by a neutral and nonpartisan observer. It has been noted, however, that where Mr. Nixon is concerned, the supply of neutrals is limited. And he himself has spoken out against the morality of such a posture on great questions.

But most important, these are matters on which, once presented, the reader can pass judgment for himself and thus correct for the bias from which so few of us are free.

The Cabinet Committee consists (in addition to the Chairman) of the Secretaries of the Treasury, Agriculture, Labor, and Commerce, the Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, and (rather unexpectedly) the Postmaster Gen-

eral. The Executive Vice Chairman is Mr. W. Allen Wallis who is on leave from his post as Dean of the Graduate School of Business of the University of Chicago. Mr. Wallis's reputation among economists is that of a conservative with a predilection for scientific exactitude. In a personality sketch published at the time of the second report, the *Times* described him as sharing with Mr. Nixon "the sort of intellectual companionship that enables each to sense the mental processes of the other."

The first report, according to the newspapers, was drafted by Mr. Nixon, then revised by Mr. Wallis presumably for perfection of technical and scientific content, and then cleared by him with the other members. We may safely assume that the dominant role and responsibility was Mr. Nixon's, subject to the technical and professional guidance of Mr. Wallis.

The first report—it was described as an interim report—was released on June 29. Much the most comprehensive of the three, it is a survey of the whole problem of inflation and its control. It isolates the causes of inflation, deals with its consequences, and prescribes remedies.

It is an exceedingly grave document—at times alarming. "It is the unanimous opinion of the Cabinet Committee on Price Stability for Economic Growth that our economy is now at a critical juncture urgently requiring action to forestall inflation and insure sound and sustained economic growth and progress." After citing the evidence for this condition of crisis, Mr. Nixon and his colleagues continue: "We are confronted, in summary, with overwhelming evidence that we have arrived at a time of decision as to the future course of our economy. . . . We face a serious threat, price increases which not only would be directly harmful to American families but would seriously endanger the healthy prosperity now developing." These are strong words. No man and no group had better opportunity to be informed. We owe it both to Mr. Nixon and to ourselves, therefore, to take them seriously.

Turning to the causes of this unhappy state of affairs, Mr. Nixon blamed the same forces that had been cited by President Eisenhower in his State of the Union message—(1) the pressure for more public spending and (2) the implacable upward pressure of wages on prices. He drew attention both to the pressure on Congress for higher outlays and the "strong tendencies toward increased spending by state, county, and local governments." Speaking of the inflationary effect of wages, he noted that recent settlements had advanced wages substantially, and that pending or prospective settlements in many industries, including steel, "could result in wage increases of such magnitude as to lead to price increases."

After this diagnosis, Mr. Nixon turns to those who condone inflation. He sets himself uncompromisingly against them. Inflation is not harmless; it does not promote economic growth; it is not inevitable. It does inflict hardships on families with fixed incomes; it damages average and below-average families more than the well-to-do; it breaks faith with those who have saved and put their money in government bonds, retirement funds, and like forms of saving. While resistance to inflation "is bound to cause temporary inconvenience to some . . . price stability will powerfully promote the welfare of all."

All but overt inflationists, of whom there are few, will agree that this is admirable. The danger is flatly faced. It is immediate and grave. There can be no retreat, no compromise. The war on inflation has its costs; these will be accepted in the interests of the over-all good.

At every point, Mr. Nixon is firm and decisive.

THE UNTOUCHABLES

ALTHOUGH inflation has never been condemned in more forthright phrases, such attacks—to speak rather formally—must be viewed in their historical context. Specifically, statesmen have been denouncing inflation for some centuries. Often that has been all. Sometimes defiant speech has appeared to be a substitute for deficient will. As a result, on this, as on few matters of social policy, the public has developed the habit of looking on from the words, however compelling, to the action.

Having attacked inflation, Mr. Nixon moves on to the action, but many will think with a loss of power.

He begins on a discouragingly negative note. In fighting inflation, it is most important that we do not use the wrong weapons. Price and wage control, in particular, are more harmful than peacetime inflation. While his condemnation of controls is as eloquent as his attack on inflation—and of comparable length—the core of his argument is in a few words:

> Differences in prices reflect the priorities attached by consumers to different products; they therefore guide productive efforts . . . [they also show] the scarcities of different raw materials, machines, and personal skills. . . . If prices are regulated, they cannot reflect accurately relative priorities of various goods

> and services . . . or the relative scarcities of the various means of producing goods and services. . . . The result . . . waste, inefficiency, slowing down of progress.

This is a heavy indictment. However, it raises some difficult questions—apart from the purely tactical one of whether it is wise to rally the forces to the ramparts and then read them a lecture on the weapons they must not use. If wages and prices are untouchable, then nothing *directly* can be done about the wage-price spiral which both the President and Mr. Nixon hold to be a cause of inflation. And unless some substitute action can be effective, then inflation won't be controlled.

Comprehensive wage and price controls are not now an issue. Neither Mr. Nixon nor his colleagues can imagine that there is the slightest chance of Congress soon enacting them. But some system of formal or informal restraint on wages and prices in key industries is a possibility—President Eisenhower has accepted the need in principle by pleading repeatedly for voluntary restraint in price- and wage-setting. But if such restraint worked, it would, like any effective regulation, keep prices from reflecting "relative priorities" or "relative scarcities." So even this would be banned by Mr. Nixon's reasoning. If only unregulated prices tell what consumers most want, or what most needs to be produced, then *any* interference, even effective voluntary restraint, will obviously impair this vital function.

However, it will surely be evident that Mr. Nixon has involved himself here in an unfortunate logical contradiction. (One perhaps from which his scientific and technical adviser should have saved him.) For he had already blamed the high prices of many important products on the wage demands of the unions, and the resulting price increases. If prices reflect the power or avarice of the unions, as Mr. Nixon says, then they do not reflect the priority attached to products by consumers or their relative scarcity. (The report attributes more responsibility to the unions, and less to the corporations, than I would, but that is another matter.) If steel is high because of the union, then it isn't high because of preference or scarcity as compared with aluminum.

Moreover, if prices reflect the power of the unions and the compensating action of the corporations, then government intervention does not have the damaging consequences that Mr. Nixon and his colleagues condemn. For then such intervention *doesn't* interfere with the reading of priorities and scarcities—the unions and the corporations have already spoiled that. What intervention does is substitute public regulation for what Mr. Nixon and his associates have condemned as bad private control by unions and companies.

In brief, Mr. Nixon condemns public interference on grounds which assume there is no private manipulation of prices—but only after he has attacked private manipulation of prices as inflationary. This is hardly logical. And illogic apart, having conceded the importance of wage-price movements as a cause of inflation and having ruled out direct restraint, Mr. Nixon and his colleagues must then find *indirect* measures that will restrain the power of unions and corporations to raise prices. If they do not, this cause of inflation will persist. So will inflation.

One indirect but rather formidable remedy for wage-price inflation is hinted at by Mr. Nixon. This is to break the power of the unions and dismember the large corporations so that they would not have power to influence prices. At some time in the future, he promises to "examine and report on the extent to which concentrations of power in labor and business contribute to inflation or impede economic progress."

If something easy could be done on these lines to stop inflation, it would have been done long ago. When unable to think of anything else, liberals automatically condemn concentrations of economic power and call for more energetic enforcement of the anti-trust laws. As a remedy for inflation, it is rather less practical than incantation which, indeed, it closely resembles. Possibly Mr. Nixon is thinking of legislation directly designed to break up unions and large corporations. But he hasn't said so, and it would be unfair to impute to him so drastic and unrealistic a program. There isn't anything else.

THREE "REMEDIES"

NOW come the recommendations. And these are the real test of Mr. Nixon's mettle. Those who are victimized by rising prices in the manner he has so vividly portrayed will not expect this shrewd and experienced public man to trifle with their troubles.

Unfortunately, when it comes to specific remedies, Mr. Nixon suffers a further and very severe loss of altitude.

He offers three. The first—a marked curiosity—had previously been mooted by the Council of Economic Advisers and proposed by the President. Now Mr. Nixon urges it as a matter of "highest priority." It is simply that Congress

resolve against inflation and declare it an undesirable thing. "Reasonable price stability" would be made a specific goal of federal policy. Such price stability—the protection of the purchasing power of the dollar—has been a goal of federal policy for generations. It has been proclaimed repeatedly and with passion. The new resolution could not add much even in passion. It would give the Administration no power it does not now possess to fight inflation. It would remove no obstacles.

Some have suggested that Mr. Nixon was showing an interesting sense of novelty in seeking to bring the technique of the Formosa Resolution to bear on domestic economic policy. Instead of passing resolutions to warn the Red Chinese, we do so to intimidate the forces of inflation. This originality seems to be the maximum claim.

Mr. Nixon's second inflation remedy is curtailed government spending and the balancing of the federal budget. Even higher taxes, he sees as "an inflationary force."

This familiar recommendation runs into the familiar problem that some of the things for which higher expenditures have been sought—schools, housing, defense, law enforcement, conservation—are rather urgent. To this Mr. Nixon is indifferent. He describes the pressures for increased spending as "irresponsible." Moreover, there is no economic sanction for his view that higher outlays, if covered with some margin by higher taxes, are inflationary.

More important still, while a budget deficit when the economy is operating at capacity can certainly be a cause of inflation, to balance the budget does not cure the inflation. That is because balancing the budget will not arrest the wage-price spiral. Mr. Nixon, though he blames the spiral, makes no claim that budget-balancing would stop it.

Mr. Nixon's third recommendation, urged at considerable length, is that the Treasury be given authority to raise the rate of interest on longer-term government bonds. This would enable these securities better to compete with issues of shorter maturity. The latter are described as practically "the equivalent to money, and the government's just cranking up the printing presses and rolling out the greenbacks."

In passing, it should be observed that Mr. Nixon is here being extremely critical of Treasury debt management by his own colleagues. Long before the limit on the interest rate on long-term issues became operative, the Treasury was making increased use of shorter-term issues. As a result, the average length of the maturity of the securities outstanding has been reduced substantially since 1953.

However, Mr. Nixon is also greatly overstating his case. Short-term government paper can be turned into cash if there is good reason for doing so. But the same is true, in degree, of any other asset. And one thing that may cause people to prefer cash is the expectation of higher in-

HELGA SANDBURG

MAYBE 15 MPH FOR THE CANDLESTICKMAKER

To Jean Pierre Steichen, deceased 12/9/44

AND the oily greedy unpleasantly nonsmelly
Handlers of dead bodies.
The undertakers,
Took my good grandfather
After his quiet death
Upon which he had placed his blessing;

They bore him,
Whose sly driving-horse was an ex-race horse,
Who always commanded me to overtake every car ahead,
Who delighted in the smooth speed of the ambulance
That rushed him to his last bed;

These stupids interminably bore his empty shell
At 15 MPH
To his grave.

terest rates—the very thing Mr. Nixon is urging. That is because higher interest rates bring a decline in the capital value of the bond or other asset. If such a decline is in prospect, some will try to sell first—which then brings down the price of the asset. One of the reasons the Treasury has had difficulty selling longer-term bonds is that the expectation of higher interest rates has made them a rather speculative item.

Mr. Nixon believes higher rates would help sell the longer maturities. My own view is that a clear intention to hold rates stable would do as much. But such differences of opinion are perhaps unavoidable. The important thing is that they be debated with reasonableness and restraint and without exaggeration. What is less open to debate is the effect of all this on inflation.

Higher rates on long-term government bonds might help pave the way for a general tightening of the supply of loanable funds and of interest rates. This would mean a general curtailment of the demand for goods and services. If this curtailment were sufficiently severe, price increases would be arrested. But this, precisely, is the policy that has been employed ever since 1953. If it had worked—if it had reconciled full employment, expansion, and price stability—Mr. Nixon's committee would never have been necessary. But we learned during this period—although the lesson is still being debated—that an active monetary policy, as it is called, gets price stability only at the cost of interrupted growth and recurrent recession. This was how we got price stability in 1954 and again in 1958.

For the rest of the time, most prices kept inching up. This was especially true of industrial prices where wage-price pressures operate. To keep unions and companies in, say, the steel or automobile industries from putting up wages and prices, a recession has to be pretty severe. The cure—unemployment, accumulating inventories, interrupted expansion—has no distinct advantages over the disease.

DO-IT-YOURSELF POLICY

THESE are Mr. Nixon's remedies—a Congressional vote of censure on inflation; a warning against spending, with public need regarded as irrelevant; and an increase in interest rates that, at most, represents a continuation of the policy that he was asked to improve.

None of these measures touches the wage-price spiral. On that, Mr. Nixon confines himself to explaining what should *not* be done. Perhaps the most damaging reflection on his judgment is the satisfaction he shows with his prescription: "The . . . three steps are direct defenses against the present danger of excessive price rises." They are his response to "overwhelming evidence that we have arrived at a time of decision."

This was Mr. Nixon's first report. The first of a series of further reports was released by the White House on August 17. These offered a chance for Mr. Nixon to retrieve altitude that had been lost in the earlier document.

Alas, this chance was missed. At the outset, in a memorable example of federal prose, the August 17 report describes itself as one of several dealing with "building block questions from which can be constructed answers to broader public questions." This, if it can be translated, would seem to mean that Mr. Nixon was putting anti-inflation policy on a do-it-yourself basis. This turns out to be the case.

"Thoughtful citizens," the report declares with an air of conveying information, "are concerned increasingly with such questions as: Are continual price increases inevitable? If not, how can the general level of prices be stabilized?" The report then asks its principal question: "What do we really want from our economy?" One answer to this question, the reader will learn with manageable excitement, is "reasonable stability of prices." Thus equipped with building blocks, the reader then goes on to construct his answers to the broader public questions.

Other building block questions and answers follow the same technique of supplying the reader with knowledge that he already possesses while avoiding answers he might find useful. It tells of the merits of an expanding economy, but postpones mention of how such growth can be insured. Then, perhaps sensing some public anxiety on the matter, Mr. Nixon explains that "our economy has grown since the founding of the republic because we have had faith in ourselves, because we have developed institutions that reward enterprise and efficiency, and because we have believed in progress sufficiently to put aside enough [saving] from current income. . . ." He also explains the advantages of maximum employment opportunity although without adding greatly to the information available to an unemployed man. "Much unemployment . . . involves the hardships and lack of opportunity that we all associate with the word 'unemployment'," but if a man can get a job promptly, it isn't so bad.

Then Mr. Nixon returns to inflation. His denunciation is now even more severe than in his first report, and several new evils—encouragement to speculation, distortion of business ac-

counting, damage to our ability to compete in foreign markets—are added. He tells us again that "Resistance to rises in the general price level is bound to cause temporary inconvenience to some and to limit the gains of others, but . . . will powerfully promote the welfare of all." But this time there is no indication how this resistance movement is to be launched. Not even his first three recommendations are repeated. Possibly he did not think very much of them either.

When this report was issued, an Administration spokesman said (one imagines with Mr. Nixon's blessing) that it was now believed that the battle against inflation was being won. Expansion would henceforth be emphasized. Officials were now "reasonably optimistic that the line would be held on the general price level." This was not quite seven weeks after Mr. Nixon had cited "overwhelming evidence that we have arrived at a time of decision as to the future course of our economy." The decision hadn't been taken.

Perhaps it should have been. On August 22, five days after the second report, the Department of Labor announced that the Consumer Price Index had risen again for the fourth consecutive month and to an all-time high. All component groups went up.

CLEARER ANYWAY

ON October 25, Mr. Nixon released his third report—*Managing Our Money, Our Budget, and Our Debt*. During the preceding week, the Bureau of Labor Statistics announced that the cost of living had gone on to another all-time high. The steel strike, in which the issue was the effect of wages on inflation, had passed its hundredth day.

This is a better written report than those that preceded it, and Mr. Nixon evidently had thought better about those building blocks. But the clarity revealed a barrenness matching and possibly exceeding that of its predecessors. Recessions or depressions—periodic interruptions in growth—are accepted as a necessity of our life. The government should follow a passive fiscal role. Tax yields will fall during recession and some expenditures—unemployment compensation, for example—will automatically rise. These automatic stabilizers are to be welcomed. But Mr. Nixon is opposed to affirmative action to offset recession or depression by increasing public outlays or reducing taxes. The extra spending effect might come, or it might be allowed to persist, after the recession had passed. This danger is worse than the recession. (The earlier Eisenhower policy under Arthur F. Burns was, incidentally, much more liberal. Then the policy of using the budget, including a reserve of useful expenditures, as a positive instrument for fighting depression was repeatedly affirmed.)

The rest of the report contains nothing new, and nothing old that bears usefully on the problem of inflation. Mr. Nixon repeats that monetary policy, specifically a tight money policy when required, is useful for attacking inflation but he also adds that it has serious shortcomings. This is not news since, as noted, it was these shortcomings which led to his appointment in the first place.

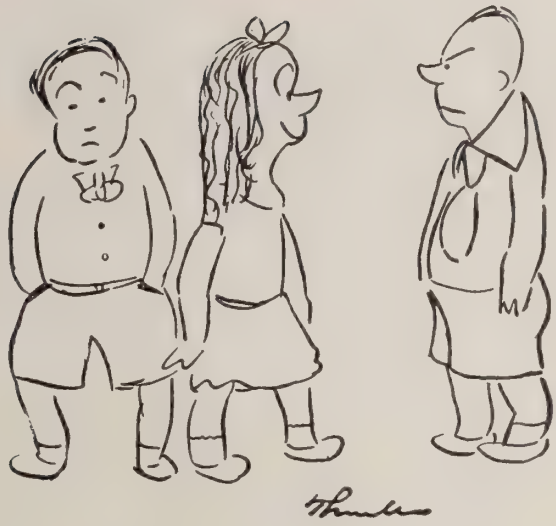
He makes no suggestion as to how the shortcomings can be overcome except to follow the budget policy just mentioned and to remove the ceiling on the interest rate on government bonds. Monetary policy, it should be observed, did not prevent inflation in the years before that ceiling became operative. Mr. Nixon argues once more that to lift the ceiling will have the effect of locking people and financial institutions into their holdings of long-term bonds. In future periods of tight money, interest rates will rise, the capital value of the bonds will fall, and then the bonds cannot be sold except at a capital loss. He still does not consider that, given fluctuating interest rates, people will see the possibility of such mousetrapping and be reluctant to buy the bonds in the first place.

There is no more.

The judgment to be rendered would seem to me clear. Mr. Nixon has done nothing. Nor in seeking to persuade us that he *has* done something does he show a high regard for our intelligence. For anyone who respects his fellow citizens could hardly expect them to buy this blend of nothingness. Perhaps it will be said in Mr. Nixon's behalf—as so often before—that this is a subject on which he has not yet matured. So it may be. But even his friends will be forced to agree that this failure is the most mature example of such immaturity.

Let me add, also, that the finding of failure is my own judgment. Economics is an imperfect science. Anyone who claims that his economic judgments are emotionally detached, politically impartial, and otherwise objective is himself suspect. But I would strongly urge anyone who disagrees with the present judgment of Mr. Nixon's reports, or even suspects that he might, to get them from the White House and read them thoughtfully and with care.

JAMES THURBER



The darlings at the top of the stairs

CHILDHOOD used to end with the discovery that there is no Santa Claus. Nowadays, it too often ends when the child gets his first adult, the way Hemingway got his first rhino, with the difference that the rhino was charging Hemingway, whereas the adult is usually running from the child. This has brought about a change in the folklore and mythology of the American home, and of the homes of other offspring-beleaguered countries. The dark at the top of the stairs once shrouded imaginary bears that lay in wait for tiny tots, but now parents, grandparents, and other grown relatives are afraid there may be a little darling lurking in the shadows, with blackjack, golf club, or .32-caliber automatic.

The worried psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists, and other ologists, who jump at the sound of every backfire or slammed door, have called our present jeopardy a "child-centered culture." Every seven seconds a baby is born in the United States, which means that we produce, every two hours, approximately five companies of infantry. I would say this amounts to a child-overwhelmed culture, but I am one of those who do not intend to surrender meekly and unconditionally. There must be a bright side to this menacing state of civilization, and if somebody will snap on his flashlight, we'll take a look around for it.

More has been written about the child than about any other age of man, and it is perhaps fortunate that the literature is now so extensive a child would have become twenty-one before its parents could get through half the books on how to bring it up. The trouble with the "child expert" is that he is so often a dedicated, or desiccated, expository writer and lecturer, and the tiny creative talents he attempts to cope with are beyond him. Margaret Mead, the American anthropologist, is an exception, for she realizes the dangers inherent in twisting infantile creativity into the patterns of adult propriety, politeness, and conformity. Let us glance at a few brief examples of creative literature in the very young, for which they should have been encouraged, not admonished.

The small girl critic who wrote, "This book tells me more about penguins than I wanted to know," has a technique of clarity and directness that might well be studied by the so-called mature critics of England and the United States, whose tendency, in dealing with books about penguins or anything else, is to write long autobiographical rambles.

Then there was the little American girl who was asked by her teacher to write a short story about her family. She managed it in a single true and provocative sentence: "Last night my daddy didn't come home at all." I told this to a five-year-old moppet I know and asked her if she could do as well, and she said, "Yes," and she did. Her short story, in its entirety, went like this: "My daddy doesn't take anything with him when he goes away except a nightie and whiskey."

I am known to parents as a disruptive force, if not indeed a naughty influence, upon my small colleagues in the field of imaginative writing. When Mandy, aged four, told me, "I want to be a ghost," her mother said quickly, "No, you don't," and I said, "Yes, she does. Let

her be a ghost. Maybe she will become another W. E. Henley who wrote, 'And the world's a ghost that gleams, flickers, vanishes away'."

"Who is W. E. Henley?" the child's mother asked uneasily.

"Wilhelmina Ernestine Henley," I explained. "A poet who became a ghost."

Her mother said she didn't want Mandy to become a poet or a ghost, but a good wife and mother.

Finally, there was Lisa, aged five, whose mother asked her to thank my wife for the peas we had sent them the day before from our garden. "I thought the peas were awful, I wish you and Mrs. Thurber was dead, and I hate trees," said Lisa, thus conjoining in one creative splurge the nursery rhyme about pease porridge cold, the basic plot sense of James M. Cain, and Birnam wood moving upon Dunsinane. Lisa and I were the only unhorrified persons in the room when she brought this out. We knew that her desire to get rid of her mother and my wife at one fell swoop was a pure device of creative literature. As I explained to the two doomed ladies later, it is important to let your little daughters and sons kill you off figuratively, because this is a natural infantile urge that cannot safely be channeled into amenity or what Henry James called "the twaddle of graciousness." The child that is scolded or punished for its natural human desire to destroy is likely to turn later to the blackjack, the golf club, or the .32-caliber automatic.

THE tiny twaddler of ungraciousness has my blessing, as you can see. You can also see that I am mainly concerned with the incipient, or burgeoning, creativity of the female child. This is because I am more interested in Thurber's theory of Elaine Vital, the female life force, than in Bergson's theory of Elan Vital, the masculine life force, which it seems to me is all he isolated. Elaine Vital, if properly directed—that is, let alone—may become the hope of the future. God knows we have enough women writers (at least one too many, if you ask me), but I believe they are the product of a confined and constrained infantile creativity. Being females, they have turned to the pen and the typewriter, instead of the blackjack, golf club, and .32-caliber automatic.

Boys are perhaps beyond the range of anybody's sure understanding, at least when they are between the ages of eighteen months and ninety years. They have got us into the human quandary, dilemma, plight, predicament, pickle, mess, pretty pass, and kettle of fish in which we now find ourselves. Little boys are much too much for me at my age, for it is they who have taken over the American home, physically. They are in charge of running everything, usually into the ground.

Most American parents will not answer the telephone when it rings, but will let a little boy do it. Telephone operators, I have been informed, now frequently say to a mumbling toddler, "Is there anyone older than you in the house?" Many of the tradespeople and artisans I deal with, or try to, in my part of Connecticut, go in for this form of evasionism. A small male child will pick up the receiver and burble into the transmitter. In this way urgency, or even crisis, is met with baby talk, or prattle tattle. The fact that my plumbing has let go or a ceiling is falling down is reduced, in this new system of non-communication, to a tiny, halting, almost inaudible recital of what happened to a teddy bear, or why cereal is not good with sliced bananas and should be thrown at Daddy. The tradesman or artisan and his wife are spared the knowledge of a larger disaster at the expense of the nerves and mental balance of the caller. I shall set down here an exasperating personal experience in this area of obfuscation.

"Oo tiss?" a tiny voice demanded when I called the plumber one day.

"This is Tanta Twaus," I said, "and Tanta Twaus won't give you any Twissmass pwesents this Twissmas if you do not put Mummy or Daddy on the other end of this doddam apparatus."

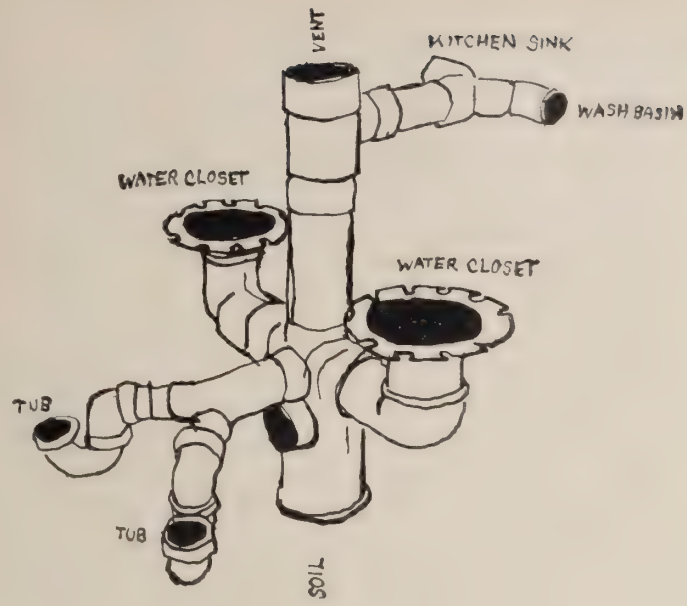
"Appawana?" asked the tiny voice. At this point his mother, like a woman in transport and on her third martini, grabbed up the receiver.

"He said, 'Appomattox,' didn't he?" she cried. "Isn't that wonderful?"

"Madam," I said, chilling the word, "the answer to the question I just put to your son is Waterloo, not Appomattox. The next voice you hear will be that of me, dying in the flood of broken pipes and the rubble of fallen ceilings." And I slammed up the receiver.

Ours is indeed a child-centered culture in the sense that the little boys have got me squarely centered in their gun sights. I shall continue to urge on the little girls who hate trees, are indifferent to penguins, envy Banquo, wish Mother were with the angels, and can read Daddy like a book. What you are going to do, I don't know, but I advise you to keep glancing over your shoulder, and look out for the darlings at the top of the stairs.

Harper's Magazine, February 1960



A good house nowadays is hard to find

A. M. WATKINS

Why are most new houses so sleazily built, so ugly, so awkward to live in, so ridiculously expensive? A former editor of "House & Home," who spent months researching the sprawling and inefficient housing industry, gives some angry and expert answers . . . tells how to spot the commonest gyps . . . and suggests what might be done about it.

NOT long ago a prosperous young doctor and his wife, living in a cramped city apartment with a new baby, went shopping for a new house in the suburbs.

They had to spend nearly every weekend for more than six months driving around countless suburbs before they found a house that came even close to meeting their needs; in all, they carefully inspected and turned down fifty-eight houses in a row. Partly out of desperation, they finally settled for a $30,000 old house—number fifty-nine—even though it required another $5,000 for improvements.

The doctor and his wife learned the hard way that it is tough to find a good house today even if you are among the top 3 per cent in annual income and can spend a good deal. For the many millions of other Americans who make less money, it is far tougher, if not downright impossible, to find adequate houses at prices they can afford.

Something like nine million low-income families are packed in substandard hovels that are unfit for human occupancy. There is little they can do. Building prices have risen so high that more than half of the nation's 45 million families are already priced out of the market for new houses. Many desperately search for improved living quarters. It is anybody's guess as to how much housing is needed for the additional ten million single men and women who live alone (and who are found in surprisingly high numbers in slums).

But the present housing shortage is mild compared to what is likely to come. According to the Census Bureau, our mushrooming population is expected to hit between 260 and 275 million by 1980—an enormous increase of 85 to 100 million people in twenty years. We lose around 300,000 houses a year from our present stock because of plain old age; they have to be replaced. Thousands of other existing houses are bulldozed over every month to make way for our expanding highways. And around the end of the 1960s, our "new family formation rate" (the economist's term for people who get married) is expected to explode as wave after wave of World War II war babies set up housekeeping, putting additional pressure on demand for living space.

America's home-building industry has been turning out an average of just over a million new houses a year during the 1950s. It is still incapable of meeting the demand. The basic problem now besetting the $18 billion a year industry is the present high cost of building. But more alarming, according to the economist, Louis Winnick, is the "terrible, terrible *sustained rise* in building costs."

The trouble is that building costs have been rising considerably faster than our ordinary year-to-year inflation, which of course is bad

enough. Building costs have risen nearly 500 per cent since 1890, or well over twice the 220 per cent increase in all general prices during the same period (using constant dollars). This is one of the important findings of a monumental three-year study made for the National Bureau of Economic Research by Drs. Leo Grebler and David M. Blank, with Dr. Winnick.

The three economists found that the two most flagrant causes of high building costs are the steeply rising prices of building materials (particularly lumber), and stalled labor productivity in the building field. Though they make more money, carpenters still hammer nails by hand. Masons still lay bricks manually. But whereas a respectable mason used to be good for 1,000 bricks a day, you are lucky if his output goes over 500 today. These are only two glaring examples of technical backwardness in an industry which widely scorns the use of mass-production techniques.

POOR DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION

YOU not only have to pay a high price for a new house today, but the bills keep coming in long after you've bought it. Quite aside from mortgage payments and taxes, maintenance and upkeep turn out to be painfully high every year, as many a buyer has learned to his dismay.

The central troubles are poor design and poor construction. While costs have been steadily rising, the quality of new houses seems to slide steadily downhill. The chief complaint of most buyers is that their houses are too small and pinched for space. But space costs money and the lack of it is not necessarily the fault of the builder. What a lot of people want is a $25,000 house for $15,000—which requires a magician, not a builder.

But where the builders do fall down is in the basic design of houses. Often floor plans and room arrangements are singularly ill-conceived. There is little storage space. Doors and windows are haphazardly located. The house itself is poorly sited on its lot. Virtually no consideration is given to such crucial factors as the house's position in relation to the hot sun and the best view, its drainage, privacy from neighbors, and protection from street noises. And it is rare indeed for a builder to provide for expanding the house later at minimum expense.

If our houses were properly planned, the buyer would get a bonus of 10 to 20 per cent more use from the same space. Consider, for instance, the kitchen, a particularly important room since women spend so much time there. The Small Homes Council of the University of Illinois surveyed the kitchens in more than a hundred housing developments. More than 90 per cent of them had insufficient base cabinet storage, 77 per cent had insufficient wall cabinets, 67 per cent had constricted counter space—these being three of the most important aspects of kitchen planning. A good many of the kitchens also were found deficient in thirteen other specific needs, and more than 50 per cent of them had four to six key architectural planning flaws. The Small Homes Council concluded that kitchens in small houses are "generally inadequate and poorly arranged."

In addition to poor design, many builders use the cheapest doors and windows, lumber, flooring, and hardware, and the cheapest construction methods they can get away with. Building-supply dealers will tell you that development builders in particular are notorious in this respect. In brief, minimum standards prevail and the home buyer is left holding the bag.

Builders can get away with it since even the shoddiest doorknob looks bright and shiny when a house is new. After the builder packs up and goes, leaving a happy couple in the full flush of new home ownership, it does not take long for disillusionment to set in. They learn that the cheapest materials turn out to be the most expensive in the long run.

Here are seven of the most glaring causes of dissatisfaction and high upkeep in houses:

(1) ***Shoddy heating systems,*** which heat poorly, cause excessively high fuel bills, and wear out quickly. The heating system is a crucial part of houses. But most builders will cut corners and put in a cheap $600 job, say, that is good for about ten years. For only 5 to 10 per cent more in first cost they could install a unit good for thirty to forty years which would heat more efficiently every winter. Not untypical is the case of the New York home-owner who had to spend $900 to replace a rusted out hot-water heating boiler only seven years old.

(2) ***Skimpy electric wiring.*** According to the building-trade magazine, *House & Home,* "Half of the home-owners in many large projects must spend nearly $100 within six months for additional electric service that the builder could have provided during construction for less than $20."

(3) ***Short-lived faucet hot-water heaters***—the separate little heaters which provide hot water for your kitchen and bathroom spigots. These

are one of the first major products to go bad in houses, many of them failing in three or four years. They have become such an expensive upkeep item that they appear as one of the largest single housing-cost items for families in the government's monthly Consumer Price Index. Families must spend about $150 or more for replacements that would be unnecessary if the builder had spent an extra $10 or $20 more in the first place for a good one.

*(4) **Token insulation,*** with the smallest permissible amounts spread over your ceiling and little or none used for the walls. If builders spent about $100 to $150 more per house for insulation, buyers would be assured of warm comfortable rooms during the worst cold weather. At the same time, the fuel savings that would result would pay for the extra cost within a few years; everything saved after that is money in the bank.*

*(5) **Cheap roofs*** good for ten to fifteen years on the average, after which many an owner has to spend from $300 to $750 for a new roof. Yet you can have a lifetime roof for only about $200 more in first cost when the house is built, according to the president of a large roofing corporation. A lifetime roof also means far less need for patching repairs and leak mending. Ironically, the well-heeled buyers of many $50,000 houses also get the same kind of cheap roofing used on the lowest-priced houses.

*(6) **Cheap plumbing, piping, and bathroom fixtures,*** resulting in noisy, inefficient operation and expensive repairs. Brand-name bathroom fixtures are no guarantee of dependable quality. Like the makers of other building products, the largest manufacturers make a low-cost line of lavatories, bathtubs, and toilets especially for the highly competitive development builder market. (Their sales representatives will candidly tell you that the manufacturer's name is deliberately not marked on these, their cheapest products. When you do not see any maker's name marked on a bathroom fixture it is the tip-off to low quality.)

*(7) **Poor waterproofing,*** which opens the way to such widespread problems in houses as moisture condensation, wood rot, exterior paint-peeling, wet basements, and even termites (which thrive on wetness). The lack of waterproofing and moisture control is one of the most bothersome problems in American houses today. But doing something about it after a house is finished requires so much trouble and expense that it is usually out of the question.

Naturally, when a house is properly built it will cost more. But the extra cost is less than you may think. *House & Home* magazine recently listed fourteen serious deficiencies in houses today, each being a notable example of low quality. Significantly, the total extra cost to substitute first-quality materials for each of the fourteen (including some of the examples noted above) would increase the price of a typical 1,500-square-foot house by $995, or approximately 5 per cent on the average. The selling price for this size house will range from around $17,500 to as much as $25,000, depending on where it is built. The buyer's mortgage payments would increase by a mere $8 a month or less than $100 a year. But his savings on reduced upkeep, service, and repairs would outweigh the extra first cost by far.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

THE builders are not entirely at fault. Some of them may strive mightily to produce good houses. Others sincerely try but are plainly ignorant or unaware of what they are doing. Many businessmen builders know about profit and loss but not much about hammers and nails. And then, of course, there are evidently plenty of chiseling builders who know indeed what they are doing but whose moral standards are no better than those of a horse thief.

In some ways, the builder is both a cause and the victim of a vicious system where incredible pressure is put on suppliers and contractors to cut their prices. Something must give. Inevitably it is the quality of the materials and the quality of the workmanship. A smooth-talking salesman offers a builder bargain-priced hot-water heaters, say, at a price $15 cheaper per unit than another salesman. The builder visualizes $1,500 saved on a hundred houses. The offer is hard to resist. It is his buyers who later pay for the loss in quality.

The main reason for poorly designed houses—as opposed to poor construction—is that few builders employ architects. According to the

*The use of heavy insulation, compared with the skimpy amounts usually put in houses, will bring about fuel savings of from 20 to 50 per cent per winter, according to a series of tests in houses located in every climate zone in the country sponsored by the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation. The tests showed that a typical 1,200-square-foot house with "full" insulation can be heated and completely air-conditioned almost anywhere in the country at an annual operating cost to the owner of less than $150 a year, or under $13 a month. If all of our houses were properly insulated, and had good heating systems, the savings on the nation's annual bill for residential heating fuel would amount to an estimated $1 billion to $1.5 billion.

American Institute of Architects, only 15 to 17 per cent of all development houses are designed by architects. Many builders feel that an architect is an unnecessary expense. This in turn is largely because of obsolete financing and appraisal methods. Most builders require financing. When they show up at the bank, plans and cost sheets in hand, the typical banker cares little about whether the house is really well designed. Nor will he give the builder much credit for the architect's fee listed on the cost sheet.

The same goes for appraisers who will rarely give a house extra value for loan purposes just because it is handsome and well designed. Some appraisers, in fact, cannot tell the difference. A handsome house may have been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright but it will get no more appraisal value than the same-size house designed by a local carpenter. As a matter of fact, many architects charge that good design is often penalized by a cut in appraisal value because conservative financing people fear that contemporary design is not a good bet for resale purposes. Thus, the outmoded views of bankers and appraisers—whose underlying importance in building is often overlooked—is a widespread reason for mediocre design.

Unfortunately, many architects will not work with builders. Some consider builders crass and insensitive. Others charge that builders do not understand the intensive planning required to design a good house. Therefore the builder begrudges the architect a fair fee. Interestingly enough, one architect points out that designing a really good small house is one of the toughest design jobs you can ask an architect to tackle.

On the other hand, builders sometimes become disgusted with architects after trying them once. Some architects, it turns out, are long on aesthetics but short on construction knowledge, or so the builders charge. About the only encouraging report from the architect-builder front comes from a spokesman of the American Institute of Architects who says that some progress is finally being made in breaking down the long-standing barriers between architects and builders.

In fairness to both sides, it should be stated that building houses today is a highly complex and technical job. Much technical knowledge is required. Few people by themselves can be expected to know all there is to know about the many structural and mechanical aspects of construction. And few builders can afford the technical staffs that would be required.

The obvious answer is a series of clear-cut quality standards for everything that goes into a house. The products and materials for houses should be clearly labeled with quality tags. Building products in the mammoth Sears, Roebuck catalogue are graded "lowest cost, good, and best." Government inspectors can be seen daily going about their duties in the Chicago stockyards. *A similar system of standards is obviously needed for houses if the consumer is ever to get a break.*

In other words, there is no sure-fire method by which you can evaluate the quality of a house today before you build or buy one. The stock advice is to use a reliable builder. But how do you find a reliable builder? If, however, you were armed with a series of quality standards for the various parts of a house, you could use them as yardsticks, evaluating each part for quality, from cellar to roof top.

Many people, to be sure, have relied on the construction standards of the Federal Housing Administration. But this is an easy way to be fooled. The FHA's standards were never intended to be anything more than *minimum* standards. They have actually had the effect of putting a ceiling on quality. FHA officials, however, have recently introduced a sweeping new set of construction rules which are intended to raise the quality of our houses, but by how much remains to be seen.

THE LAST STRONGHOLD

HIGH quality design and construction will not be enough. Standardization and mass production are also urgently needed if the high cost of building houses is to be arrested and brought down. The building industry is saddled with waste and inefficiency largely because so many little parts and pieces have to be put together by hand at the site of each new house. In the words of a team of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard experts who made an intensive study of the *Design and Production of Houses,* housing is almost "the last major stronghold of pre-industrial handcraft production." The walls of houses, for example, require as many as fourteen drawn-out and separate steps of construction. It takes weeks before they are finished. Yet they can be mass-produced in factories, section by section, in a few minutes. In fact, the entire structural shell of a house—floor, wall, ceiling, and roof panels—already is being mass-produced by prefabricators. When delivered to the site they can be completely assembled and the frame roofed over in less than a day's time. What's more, they are usually stronger, better

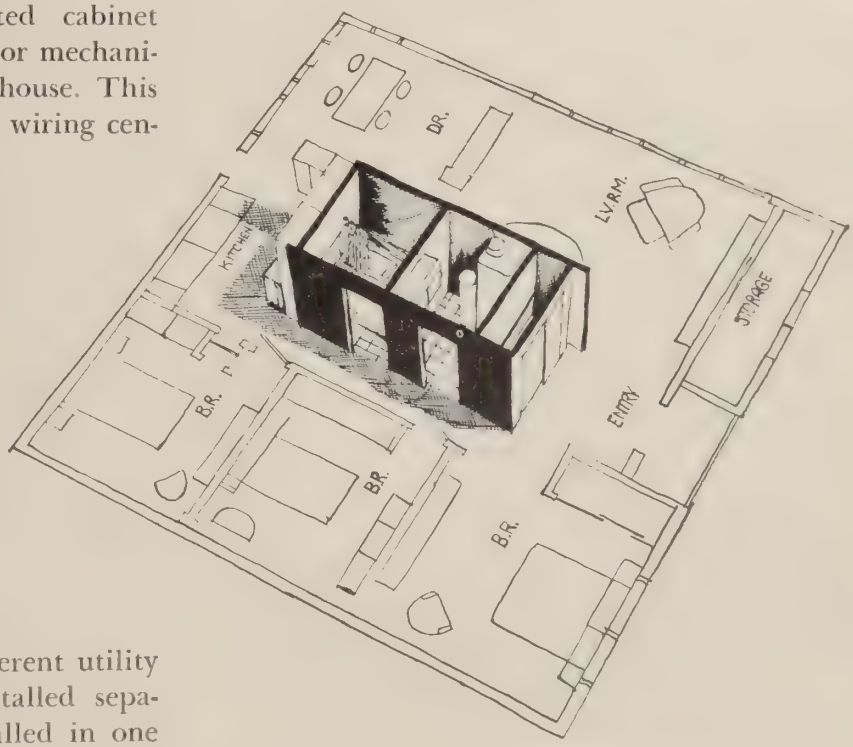
made, and better looking than their handmade counterparts.

Mass-production techniques can also reduce the cost of interior parts. Cost reductions of as much as $500 per house are already a matter of record where prefabricated plumbing assemblies are permitted. A prefabricated wiring system has been put on the market for houses, although restrictive building codes will limit its use.

Probably the biggest savings as a result of standardization and mass production could be made by means of a "central utility core" for houses—a compact, centrally located cabinet which would combine all of the major mechanical, electrical, and other utilities of a house. This means the furnace, hot-water heater, wiring center, main plumbing assembly, prefabricated chimney, air conditioner if desired, and even some of the basic mechanisms for your kitchen appliances. Moreover, one basic heating mechanism could provide heat for cooking and hot water as well as for heating. The entire utility core would be contained in a wall-like cabinet with various plug-in attachments for easy on-the-job hookup. It would be mass-produced on factory assembly lines and would mean that all of the different utility equipment, now delivered and installed separately, could be delivered and installed in one economical swoop. The total savings possible could alone bring down the total cost of our houses by an estimated 10 to 15 per cent.

But no manufacturer in his right mind would today tackle the research program necessary to develop a practical utility core, or any other comparable new product for houses, for that matter. He would be licked before he started. The success of such a product plainly depends on the existence of a mass market for it, and today a mass market is legally impossible: we have more than 2,000 different and conflicting building codes in the United States, each with its own differing rules specifying how a house should be built and how the various equipment such as plumbing and heating must be made and installed. Our wildly archaic building codes, in short, are a principal obstruction to the use of money-saving standardization and mass-production techniques in house construction.

In the Minneapolis area alone builders have to cope with twenty-seven different building codes. On New York's crowded Long Island, where more than 25,000 houses a year are built, there are more than fifty different codes. In addition, New York City legislates against the economical use of copper by banning soldered copper joints. Philadelphia, ruled by entrenched brick and masonry interests, sharply limits non-masonry houses. Excessive plumbing restrictions add about $500 apiece to the cost of many houses in the Pittsburgh area. Glue-nailed trusses, a highly promising postwar development, are disallowed in Columbus, Ohio, and dozens of other



The central utility core

cities. Also prohibited by obsolete codes are such new, cost-saving products as prefabricated fireplaces, chimneys, and plumbing. Thus, conflicting and out-moded codes not only bar standardization but they also outlaw the use of new methods and materials. If General Motors had to cope with such conditions its assembly lines would be forced to operate on a maddening stop-and-go schedule to accommodate model changes for individual dealers.

Clearly then, real technical progress cannot be achieved until we have a system of modern, up-to-date uniform codes, i.e., *a new national building code for the same reasons we have standard-gauge railroad tracks, and standard 115-volt electricity.* But whenever enlightened building men propose code reforms—and many have tried—they are confronted with instant and violent opposition from a bedrock of entrenched pressure groups. These include local contractors (particularly plumbers), union leaders, and building offi-

cials who don't want changes, as well as many old-line suppliers of such products as brick, stone, iron, and steel who have spent years getting codes written their way. There are also opponents such as many local officials who, according to MIT architectural expert Burnham Kelly, "have honest intentions but inadequate knowledge."

Of course it is true that building codes are essential to protect the health and safety of homebuyers—to prevent, for example, unsanitary plumbing and rickety houses. They should be strict and efficient. But they need not be restrictive and obsolete too.

The people who keep fighting against a uniform code argue that it will never work chiefly because of climate variations from state to state. They say, for example, that a house roof in Maine must be built stronger because of the snow load than a roof in Georgia.

The advocates of a uniform code agree that such climate variations require a special approach but this is a far from insoluble problem. As a matter of fact there is a neat solution: a few modifications can be written into the national code to apply to those parts of the country where climate variations require special construction. But the *main* construction requirements of a national code would be the same all over. After all, water flows through pipes the same way in St. Paul as in St. Petersburg, and the structural problems of heat, cold, and rain are fundamentally the same wherever you live.

The new single set of building requirements just issued by the Federal Housing Administration prove that one set of rules, with appropriate regional modifications, is possible. With one sweep of the broom, the new FHA rule book takes the place of twenty-eight different sets of rules with which its officials around the country were formerly burdened. The new FHA rule book is, in effect, a single national code. And in Canada, despite great climate extremes across the provinces, housing experts are already at work developing a national code, which by the way is no easy task.

THE BIGGEST BARGAIN

HOW much reduction in costs could we expect as a result of the standardization and mass-production economies that would go hand in hand with a national code? The answer is as much as 40 per cent or more, if the bargain-priced houses now being built by the country's biggest builder, fifty-two-year-old Bill Levitt, are any indication. Levitt is now building his third Levittown, in southern New Jersey. Chiefly because of the sheer efficiency of his mass-production techniques, his houses are priced just about 40 per cent under the same-size houses by typical builders. His amazingly large three- and four-bedroom houses range in selling price from $11,990 to $14,990. You get from 1,419 up to 1,766 square feet of floor area, plus a garage. *The same-size houses by other builders generally cannot be duplicated anywhere else in the North for less than $20,000, and closer to $25,000 for the largest models.* Levitt's operation is so efficient that he can also afford to throw in at no extra charge a small truckload of kitchen and laundry appliances, and fifteen to twenty young trees and shrubs planted outside; you also benefit from Levitt-installed city water and sewer lines, paved streets, community swimming pools and playgrounds, and Levitt-built schools. A Levitt house is clearly the biggest bargain on the market.

Levitt can offer such a bargain because, first of all, he is building in a rural area where he is not hamstrung by conflicting codes and punitive municipal restrictions. Only one code applies. But before he starts his first house an incredible amount of design and planning is done in advance. Virtually all parts of all of his houses are standardized so that each can be prefabricated and then installed, one after the other down the line, with clockwork precision. This, of course, requires the same sort of planning and mass purchasing that is standard procedure for any large, successful industrial corporation launching a new product. But unfortunately, only 2,500 to 3,000 families profit from Levitt's efficiencies each year.

It is therefore probable that the mass-production economies achieved by a Levitt are *extremely small* compared with the ultimate savings possible with real standardization and mass production in home building on a nation-wide scale. National manufacturers could mass-produce key assemblies for houses by the tens of thousands a year. This is already being done on a comparatively small scale in the case of the trailer, the home-builder's much overlooked competitor. Even Levitt could not duplicate the volume price of any one of a number of different trailer brands.

If we are to realize the full benefits of mass production, we will need much more fundamental research. There have been so few major advances in house construction chiefly because of the appalling lack of research. Economist John K. Galbraith has commented that very

little research is ever done in industries "where the firms are numerous and small." Housing is the classic example. None of the nation's close to 100,000 different builders have the means of a du Pont or an A T & T. Nor are the more than seventy-five different trade associations and the hundreds of building-product manufacturers either capable of or inclined to sponsor fundamental research of the kind that discovered nylon or developed the transistor tube.

But that is precisely the tonic required to develop such long-needed products as a practical utility core, termite-proof plastic beams to replace wood, a permanent paint, a low-cost lifetime roof shingle, a cheap chemical for individual house sewage purposes that would relieve our cities of making the increasingly large outlays needed for expanded sewage facilities.

Besides the urgent need for basic research, building people constantly mention other pressing problems:

(1) The financing dilemma—mortgages for houses are increasingly hard to get and interest rates are higher today than they have been in thirty years, a key reason why low-income families cannot afford new houses (rates for FHA-insured mortgages rose once again after the President signed the 1959 housing bill);

(2) The lack of good long-range land planning and well-designed housing developments;

(3) Our exasperating real-estate laws and practices, including exorbitant closing cost fees and high-priced title-insurance policies;

(4) The country-wide need for accurate housing statistics on such questions as exactly how much housing and what kind, are most needed.

THE CODE AND THE CENTER

SOME of these problems will take a long time to solve. But a big start can be made toward solving the over-riding problem of high housing costs by a central attack on two of its fundamental causes: the archaic codes which defy technological progress, and the cheap and badly built houses which drain literally billions of dollars a year from family budgets. Two cures are almost self-evident:

(1) A National Building Code Commission should be formed to work out a uniform building code for houses, as Canada is already doing. Its acceptance by the states should be voluntary just as cities in New York can voluntarily adopt the state's pioneering building code. (In its ten years on the books, the New York State code has been adopted by about half of all municipalities with more than 5,000 people.) But model code legislation should be written in advance to allow quick acceptance by each state's legislature, and thus forestall changes by pressure groups.

(2) A National Housing Research Center should be established to do for housing what the National Bureau of Standards now does for government agencies and sixteen different branches of private industry. An NHRC is essential not only for carrying out basic research on new methods and products, but also to set up quality standards (so consumers can protect themselves against shoddy construction). It would also provide the technical expertise and facilities to implement the administration of a national building code.

There is already a source of money to underwrite these two proposals. Handouts from the Congress are not necessary. The money could be borrowed from the more than $700 million of unspent surplus reserves held by the Federal Housing Administration. The amount needed to get things under way would require less than 5 per cent of the FHA's reserves—less money than it takes to get one Atlas missile onto the firing line at Cape Canaveral ($37 million).

Inevitably, of course, objections will be raised against using FHA money. But one of FHA's "chief purposes," according to the original Housing Law of 1934 is ". . . to encourage improvement in housing standards and conditions." No greater improvement could be made than a modern national code and, for the first time in our history, some real research for housing.

Some of the same vested interest groups who bitterly fought the creation of the FHA in 1934 have long fought against reforms such as a national code and government-sponsored research. Unfortunately, the big, sprawling, and contentious housing industry consists of diverse and vocal groups who are often fighting loudly among themselves, each one violently bent on advancing its interests. It is time they were firmly reminded that the most important interests of all are those of the American house-owner and his family whose lives and well-being depend so much on the place in which they live.

This is the third article in a series on building in America. Robin Boyd's "The Counter-revolution in Architecture" appeared in September 1959, and Russell Lynes's "The Erosion of Detroit" last month. Later, Allan Temko will examine new plans for San Francisco.



Men to Match Japan's Mountains

ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

Ten years of rough training, nearly two thousand years of ritual-encrusted tradition, and enormous quantities of food go into the making of a sumo—the only pot-bellied athletic hero in the world. . . . This report by Captain Bosworth, USN, will be part of his twelfth book, "The Lovely World of Richi-san," to be published next month.

"PAPA-SAN?" Richi-san said, in that curious way she has of changing the subject abruptly, or beginning a conversation. "Papa-san, you remember I'm before telling you this sing. When my Fazzer was young boy, he was sinking he will being *sumo*."

"I remember," I said. "It was once after we had been to a baseball—a *besuboru*—game. And I said I don't see how O-jii-chan could ever have become a *sumo* wrestler. He is too small."

We were sitting on the terrace of my Japanese friends' home, in the green countryside south of Yokohama. We had climbed Fujisan only a week before, and the soreness had barely left my leg muscles. Richi-san's father—he is known as O-jii-chan because that means Honorable Little Grandfather, and is a title worth having, in Japan—was bustling about the garden with trowel and watering pot, working in what Richi-san calls the "glory-mornings." He is a short, active man of more than seventy, and I had known for some time that he was an expert in the highly-stylized intricacies of *sumo* wrestling, which is a traditional Japanese sport. In another country, O-jii-chan would be called an *aficionado*. But he weighs perhaps a hundred and thirty-five pounds. *Sumo* wrestlers, who are idolized by young and old in Japan, are of a size to match the Japanese mountains—some of them weigh more than four hundred pounds on the hoof . . .

"Yiss, Fazzer is small man," Richi-san agreed. "But if too muchee fooding when he was just young boy, he can verree fat, and he can beeg. He said."

I sipped the excellent Japanese *o-biru*, or Honorable Beer, and looked out from the terrace of the Asano family's small *kokuteru* house (it is called a "cocktail" house because it blends Japanese and Western styles of construction) and was drowsily content. There were singing insects playing a summer symphony in the pine trees. The view of the green farming valley below the hill was beautiful. And Richi-san's voice—indeed, the voice of almost any Japanese woman—is as softly melodious as a flute. Richi-san's speech is all the more charming to me because I taught her most of the English she knows—up to a certain point. Not for anything would I correct her delightful accent, or her wonderful mistakes. She is a young widow—she looks twenty,

but is in her thirties—with all the feminine grace and beauty of the Japanese girl, and she had been the star pupil in an informal English conversation class I taught in Japan when I was first there on duty with the U. S. Navy. My students were all members of the Asano family—aunts and uncs and many cousins—and I hoped to learn something of Japanese in return. I never did—at least, not very much. But Richi-san, who was very bright and extremely vocal, was soon chattering like a *kanariya* (a canary), and interpreting Japan for me. Like all the other students, she called me "Papa-san." This is a slang term, not without affection and respect, for the boss, or manager.

I drank my beer, and thought over what she had said. I knew that if Honorable Little Grandfather had weighed as much as a hundred and sixty pounds, in his early teens, he probably could have gone off to Tokyo and enrolled in a *heya,* which is a boarding school, club, gymnasium, and training camp combined. For the next ten or dozen years, he would have lived a highly-dedicated life, monastic and feudal, playing the squire to some obese knight without armor, and working his way up the ladder until he reached the class of *juryo,* and was entitled to have a squire of his own. And then—the thought is not only curious, but also rather frightening—rigorous training and what amounts almost to forced feeding probably would have put O-jii-chan into the 250-300 pound bracket.

But certainly O-jii-chan had never weighed a hundred and sixty *pondo.* I mentioned this handicap to Richi-san.

"Yiss, of course," she said. "But if too muchee fooding, when he was verree young boy, he can. He said."

I take it from this that the Japanese sport of *sumo* may have lost a great wrestler because Honorable Little Grandfather, when he was a small boy did not have the opportunity to eat his way to fame and fortune. The whole idea is curious: I know of no other athletes in the world who stuff themselves deliberately to become overweight. It is frightening, too, when one remembers that famine, not feast, has always been the usual lot of the Oriental peoples. If eating to excess can produce a race of supermen, what will happen when (and if) nine hundred million Chinese are able to fill their rice bowls and put two chickens into every pot?

Not, of course, that *sumo* wrestlers are actually supermen. To begin with, some of the biggest, heaviest, and most successful *sumo* wrestlers plainly were hyperthyroid cases; to end with, many of them die, before the age of forty, of overtaxed hearts or diabetes. But in the brief ten years or so of their glory and their prime, they enjoy adulation fully equal to any ever given a world's champion boxer, and in Japan nobody ever had a better way of life. Nor could anyone's appearance be more deceptive. The *sumo* wrestlers are not just fat boys. The mountain of fat clothing a *sumo* champion is actually as solid and as hard as Fujisan, and his hands and feet are as quick as summer lightning.

CLASH OF BEHEMOTHS

SUMO (pronounced "s'mo") means "horn power," and therefore the sport is well-named, because when two 350-pounders clash in Tokyo's Kokugikan arena, the impact resembles the solid, shocking collision of a pair of fighting bulls. This is classical and traditional Japanese wrestling, nearly two thousand years old; therefore it is highly stylized and heavy with ritual. A large number of matches can be run off in one afternoon during the ten-day tournaments that are held twice-yearly at Kokugikan, but that is because the program goes on for five or six hours each day. Sometimes, when all the elaborate preliminary ceremonies are over, and two behemoths crouch to face each other in the twelve-foot ring, it is still another ten minutes before they actually spring into action. When they do, the struggle seldom lasts sixty seconds.

O-sumo (Honorable Wrestling) is the favorite sport of Honorable Little Grandfather, and more than eighty millions of other Japanese. The rooting O-jii-chan does at a *besuboru* game (and don't forget that the Japanese are only Number Two, in all the world, at baseball) is a pale and listless thing compared to his enthusiasm while viewing a *sumo* match. I think there is a reason for this, going beyond O-jii-chan's own youthful interest in *sumo.* It lends itself more readily to presentation on *terebi,* or television. In the privacy of his living room, Honorable Little Grandfather can watch *sumo* close up. He knows all the holds—there are forty-eight recognized ways in which a man can be thrown—and he has a quick eye for a man his age.

O-jii-chan sits tensely on the edge of his chair, or squats more comfortably on a *zabuton* (cushion). The *sumo* wrestlers enter the ring, waddling ponderously in what has become known, slangily, as the *sumo* waltz. If they are of the rank of Grand Champions, they are preceded by the *gyoji,* or referee, a wizened little man whose ancestors have been *gyoji* for centuries, and by

two wrestlers of lesser rank, one of them carrying a *samurai* sword. A Grand Champion wears his long hair done in a top-knot; he has a heavy woven white surcingle around his big middle, and strips of white paper cut in a zigzag pattern hang from the front of it, nearly concealing his richly ornate brocaded apron, which is fringed with gold. The rig weighs more than fifty pounds; a lesser man would grow weary carrying it. The rope girdle symbolizes strength, and the paper strips—the same kind that hang from the gates of Shinto shrines—stand for purity.

The Grand Champion, called *yokozuna,* is not yet ready to wrestle, for this is only the Grand Entrance—the *do-hyo-iri.* He squats on his heels, remarkably supple for his weight and girth; he bows, postures, claps his hands, and goes through what almost appears to be a series of setting-up exercises. Placing his feet wide apart while still squatting, he raises first one foot and then the other until they are as high as his head. Then he brings them down hard in a furious stamping that would shake the entire building if the ring were not covered with hard-packed earth or sand.

The crowd cheers. He is stamping evil into the earth, as legend says the God of Strength, Tajikarao-sama, did thousands of years ago.

Following a series of such spectacles and a number of bouts between *sumo* of lesser rank, the *yokozuna* returns to the ring minus his elaborate paraphernalia, but wearing a heavy leather belt and loincloth, for the actual encounter. He has wrestled every day of the tournament, through a series of elimination matches. His standing and his earnings depend upon his success, although once he has reached the exalted rank of Grand Champion, he cannot be demoted.

The referee, wearing rich purple robes and carrying a fan, goes through the ritual of determining that the two contestants are worthy



of meeting each other. The wrestlers crouch with their knuckles on the ground, facing each other impassively. They rise and waddle to their respective sides of the ring—the East and West camps are as well-demarcated as our National and American Leagues. Their squires are waiting for them with wet towels, or with dippers of water with which to rinse their mouths. They wipe perspiration from their brows. They dip a handful of salt from a container, and turn back toward the center of the ring, nonchalantly scattering the salt on the ground and dusting their hands together. The salt, Richi-san says, is for "keeping out devils"—it is to purify the ring.

Now they squat on their heels and regard each other. The television lights are hot upon them; the spectators murmur and shift. Vendors are peddling *aisu kurimi* (ice cream) and *o-cha* (Honorable Tea) and *o-biru* in the aisles; the public address system is giving a rundown on the weights and accomplishments of the two men. They face each other again . . . and again . . . and the minutes creep. This is all part of a psychological warfare: they are attempting to get on each other's nerves, but it is unlikely that men so fat, men who sleep of nights, have any nerves. They come back to the center of the ring and drop into a crouch, knuckles on the ground again—and suddenly each drives toward the other like a football player hitting the line, and hitting it hard.

Foreheads smack like battering rams against right shoulders—you can hear the collision all over the arena. Feet are well back and widely placed to form a base solid as a pyramid; arms extend and grope for the other man's belt. One wrestler suddenly straightens, bends backward a little, and makes a half-sphere of his tremendous, deceptively hard and muscled belly. He has a hold on the other's belt; he lifts him and rolls him over the roundness of his midriff. Nothing rolls like a ball. The other man goes down, or is hoisted out of the ring, sometimes carrying the victor with him in a ponderous crash that imperils the ringside spectators, and it is all over.

If this is the last bout of the day, another *sumo* wrestler enters the ring to brandish and spin an unstrung bow in the symbolic closing ritual. He makes it leap and sing through the air, as skillfully as a drum major twirls his baton. Most of the audience remains to see this spectacle. The TV camera—in between matches—brings back, in a series of still pictures, each stage of the bout's action, so that even a novice viewer can understand what holds were used.

"Papa-san, O-jii-chan knows that kind sing Wakanohana-san using. (The winning hold.) We calling *yori kiri*—maybe lifting on stomachy. But, Papa-san?"

"Yes, Richi-san?"

"My Fazzer verree su'pris*ed* Wakanohana-san that kind using. Bee-cause, bee-fore, he was losing too many times, that same kind. This time different."

"What does the name Wakanohana mean?"

"Oh, maybe Young Frower—*Fl*ower. Flower of the young, I sink so."

This was close enough. The newspapers said Wakanohana, the year's top *sumo* champion, is named "Flower of Youth."

ATTACK, ATTACK, ATTACK

AMONG my American friends was a couple who rented a house in Kamakura, and through their Japanese landlord had become acquainted with the people who ran a *heya,* or *sumo* training camp in Tokyo. I wanted to see the factory where they turned young boys into men mountains, and made them famous. A visit was arranged, and when I asked O-jii-chan to go, he was overjoyed. He had been watching *sumo* wrestling for sixty years; now he would be able to see the kind of place he would have gone to as a boy—if he had only been heavy enough to make the team.

There are many *heya* in Tokyo, all of them out near the Sumida River and handy to the Kokugikan arena. None looks imposing, and the one we visited on a cold spring day was in a sprawling two-story unpainted frame house, built in a U-shape around a narrow courtyard, with its own private *sumo* ring in a wing that abutted the street. Outside this, a crowd of *sumo* fans, most of them very young, had already gathered to jostle and shove for a vantage point at the open door. From inside, as we dismissed our *takushi*-cab, came thumps and grunts and hoarse shouts, interspersed with laughter. It was now ten o'clock in the morning, but O-jii-chan explained that the student wrestlers would have been up since three, working out strenuously.

"Bee-fore bu-reakfast, Papa-san," Richi-san translated. "Don' have bu-reakfast. They will fooding maybe two o'clock, first time."

I didn't think I wanted to stay there four hours, because I knew the building would be cold inside. I said, "What? Will they keep wrestling until two o'clock?"

Richi-san asked her father. "Oh, no. Will stopping maybe eleven-thirty. But then students must first helping masters to taking bath, and

must fixing masters' hair—like *pamamento* (permanent), Papa-san. And then must cooking masters' fooding. After that, they can eating."

We were conducted inside with the usual Japanese politeness. Not many Americans have visited *heya*, although many have become ardent *sumo* fans while in Japan, and we were given seats of honor on the *tatami* floor only a few feet from the dirt-floored gymnasium. This place, it was explained while we had Honorable Tea, was managed by a Grand Champion named Matsunobori, or "Climbing (Ascent) of Pine."

Matsunobori has gathered around him more than forty *sumo* wrestlers, present and future. They ranged, on that day, from Asashio-san—a towering, hairy Ryuku Islander who was already a champion and in the big money—to a big-eyed, well-framed kid of fourteen, who had just joined the Takasago Heya two days before. All the forty were in the earthen-floored gymnasium, standing close around the timbered walls and huddling for warmth, while successive teams worked out in the ring.

ROUGH WORKOUT

THESE teams consisted of knight and squire, master and pupil—a ponderous mature man, and a younger, lighter aspirant to the glories of *o-sumo*. The tactics at first appeared brutal. The older man would open his arms and bellow a signal for attack. There was none of the posturing, and no ceremony: these could wait, and now the problem was to give all hands a good workout before eleven-thirty. The stripling would charge savagely, butt his forehead against the teacher's right shoulder, and then be flung roughly across the ring. Invariably he fell with chin tucked in and the body loose and relaxed; he rolled like a cat and bounded to his feet to renew the onslaught. The principle of *sumo* training is attack, attack, attack; and no less important is the business of falling without being hurt, and without getting angry.

Richi-san interpreted for O-jii-chan; she told me that the more a teacher loved his pupils, the more roughly he handled them. Each team worked out furiously for five or ten minutes—not their first workout that day. Then, abruptly, the teacher would turn his back just as the novice was about to start another rush, waddle over to the side of the ring, and wait for his due. The novice would make two trips with dippers of water—the first for a mouth rinse, the second to drink—and then another trip with a towel. After that, the panting, sweating boy—sometimes scratched and bleeding from minor cuts—could attend to his own wants. But nobody left the gymnasium, and everybody attentively watched the training bouts.

Except that there was a lot of horseplay around the sidelines, particularly involving a fifteen-year-old boy who was the universal favorite. He was grotesquely fat—O-jii-chan said they would have to make him more skinny, but that maybe some day he would be a champion—and he did not look exceptionally intelligent. But his pug nose was impudent, and his little eyes sparkled with pleasure, and he wore a good-humored grin that no mauling could efface. It seemed that everybody who came within reach felt that he should smash suddenly into this lad in an effort to knock him against the wall, and many of them succeeded. He had his revenge, later. Matsunobori-san himself, the boss of the whole enterprise, was standing unwarily about a yard from the plank wall. With no warning, the fat boy suddenly catapulted himself like a mountain sheep against Matsunobori's huge bulk, and slammed him into the planking with such force the whole house rattled. It could have been that Matsunobori, near retirement, was slightly out of condition; the breath was driven from his body, and his features contorted with pain. But as soon as he could smile and speak, he commended the fat boy for his drive.

"That boy will being *yokozuna*, some day," Richi-san predicted. "Fazzer said. But, now, too muchee fat."

They gave the kid a real workout in the ring a little later. Asashio-san himself, the hairy and rugged one who doesn't have an ounce of fat on his body, and who slightly resembles Primo Carnera, slapped the youngster all over the ring. The boy, weighing something over two hundred pounds, rolled like a ball. He got up dripping and grinning and waddling, his breasts pendulous as an old woman's and his belly sagging over his belt, and attacked. Never did he lose that engaging grin.

Faces suddenly appeared at a window high above the street, where an enthusiastic gallery of youngsters had piled boxes to stand on, and the whole gymnasium let out an angry bellow. The faces quickly vanished.

"Was bad luck, Papa-san," Richi-san explained. "If somebody looking down on *sumo* from high place, verree bad luck. Somebody will being hurt!"

The training bouts proceeded. Our hosts brought more Honorable Tea. Now the stars of the stable were working out between themselves

in vicious, smashing five-minute encounters, and the earth shook. Sure enough, one of the older men—nobody except Matsunobori-san was over thirty—got a badly cut lip.

"See, Papa-san? I was bee-fore telling you. Zose boys in street—verree ba-ad!"



JUST A LITTLE TEA

IT WAS finally over. We lingered while the gymnasium cleared, and O-jii-chan chatted happily with some of the greats and near-greats of *o-sumo,* and they very kindly gave him autographs and commiserated with him in his youthful disappointment. There was nothing condescending in their attitude: they were the gods, and could afford to be kind. Outside in the courtyard, some of them were already having their hair dressed by their squires; inside, some were luxuriating in the hot *ofuro,* getting their backs scrubbed. The rangy fourteen-year-old lad with the big eyes—the boy so fortunate as to have square shoulders and clean limbs and a hundred and sixty *pondo*—stood holding a wet towel, his eyes drinking in everything, his fine young body poised on eager tiptoe; and you could see that he was still in a dream he did not believe was true. There would be perhaps ten years of rigorous, monastic life ahead of him before he realized the dream. He would some day travel about the country, doing exhibition wrestling in the tank towns; and finally, some farther day, he would advance through the *juryo* class—the heavyweight division—and be in the minor leagues. And beyond that, if he stuffed himself and put on weight, he might attain the major tournaments . . .

It was enough to take away the breath of any Japanese boy, and it was unthinkable that he would fail the opportunity. Watching the older novices, such as the fat boy, he turned eagerly to the tasks of cleaning up, to do what he could toward preparation of the food.

Sumo wrestlers are famous for their prodigious appetites. It is not easy to determine whether the appetites produce champions, or whether the champions produce the appetites. But just as there are published records of feats of strength performed by *sumo* wrestlers—when Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry went to Japan in 1853, a man named Shiranoyumi (the name could have meant White Bow) put a 140-pound sack of rice on his head, carried two sacks of the same weight in each hand, hung three more from his shoulders, and walked—there also are published records of their prowess in eating. Twenty-four pounds of potatoes at one meal, eight and a half pounds of beef, and six bottles of *sake,* more than thirty trays of noodles at a time—these are some of the demands individual *sumo* greats have made on the larder. Their principal dish is a fish and chicken stew called *chanko-ryori,* and around a *heya* such as Takasago, the size of the communal pot is indeed formidable. We could smell the savory fragrance of the meal before we left, and I had Richi-san ask O-jii-chan when the young boys would be able to eat. It seemed to me that fat kid had a hungry light in his eyes, and that it would take a lot of food to keep his body going.

"Oh," said Richi-san, "they will fooding after ozzer people. Maybe two o'clock, Papa-san."

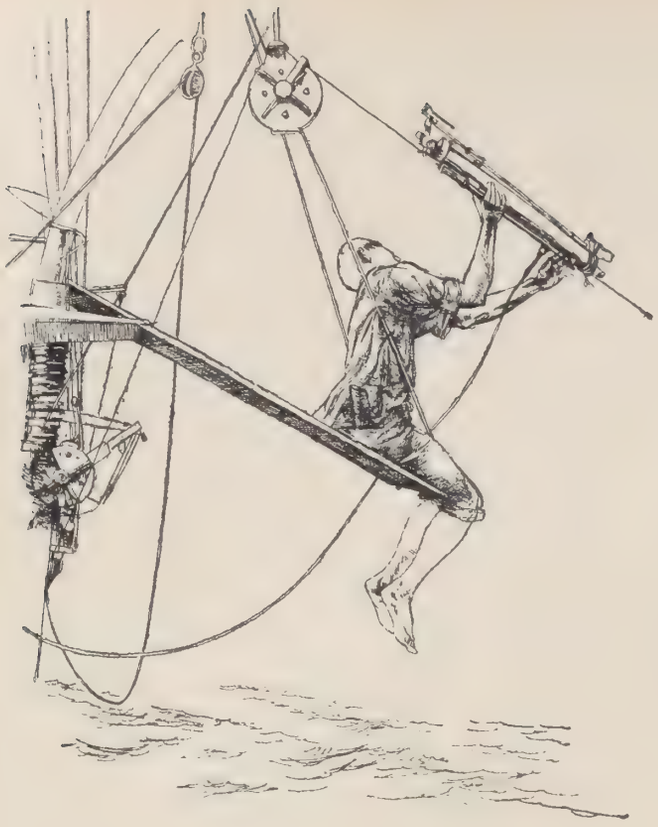
"And they've been up since three—wrestling, working out, with no food?"

"Oh, maybe just a little tea, Papa-san. Tea they always have."

"But I don't understand. I thought *sumo* wrestlers have to eat a whole lot—*takusan* food. If they don't eat before two in the afternoon, when is their next meal?"

She consulted O-jii-chan, who must have gone very thoroughly into the lives and customs of the *heya* in that long-ago time when he was hoping to join one, because he knows all the answers.

"Oh, Papa-san, after that fooding at two o'clock, maybe *sumo* somewhere going. But students cannot anywhere going, and so students keeping on eating, fooding—maybe still fooding twelve o'clock that night. Bee-cause, must beeg bodies making—fooding too muchee can't be helped!"



By LEONARD ENGEL

Drawings by Herbert Fink

Exploring the Great Deeps

A ship's-deck report on the small but booming science of oceanography . . . the rugged explorers who are peering under the seas . . . and the surprises they are finding there.

LIKE their fellow citizens, American scientists are becoming increasingly chairborne. Many of the most able are trapped in a ceaseless round of desk work and hurried air trips to congresses and committee meetings. In the laboratory, ever larger numbers of researchers are chained to complex machines which see and feel much better than man's unaided senses, but which are also cranky, demanding masters. Inevitably, but unhappily, not many scientists look nature in the eye any more.

One of the few fields in which this is not yet true is study of the oceans and the 71 per cent of the earth's crust hidden beneath the sea. Oceanographers still meet nature with bare hands.

A few months ago, I spent several weeks aboard one of the world's hardest working, farthest cruising oceanographic ships, the Columbia University research vessel *Vema*. My purpose was to learn something of oceanography and oceanographers at first hand.

I found sea research a "small" science. In the United States, studies that can be classed as oceanographic are carried on by no more than a dozen universities and institutions and a handful of government agencies. Among all these, fewer than half a dozen have really substantial programs of ocean research. Six railroad coaches could carry all five hundred American oceanographers to a convention.

But it is hard to imagine a more promising or exciting branch of science. Aside from their role as a theatre of three-dimensional war, the oceans possess vast importance as a food and mineral reserve for an ever more crowded planet. For all the mechanized equipment aboard modern fishing vessels, man so far is merely a hunter in the sea. Research now under way, however, should soon lift fishing from the hunting to the farming stage—creating a huge increase in the yield of food.

Similarly, great quantities of minerals, as yet all but untouched, can be found in the sea—both in the form of dissolved solids and as large mineral-rich nodules that cover many parts of the ocean floor. Some day, both the nodules—whose origin is unknown but which contain manganese, copper, cobalt, and nickel—and the sea water will be mined. Oceanographic research can also determine whether the sea bottom is a safe resting place for atomic wastes. (So far, most oceanographers take a dim view of proposals to sink in the sea the large quantities of radioactive wastes tomorrow's atomic power industry will generate. They say there are no presently con-

ceivable containers that will last for the centuries that are needed for atomic wastes to cool off.)

Even more interesting are the contributions oceanography can make to man's knowledge of his home, planet Earth. In just the past few years, for example, oceanographers have found in the sediments at the bottom of the Atlantic a highly plausible solution to the century-old riddle of what brought the Ice Ages. (It was reported by Betty Friedan in "The Coming Ice Age" in the September 1958 issue of *Harper's.)*

More recently, deep-sea research ships, patiently tracking back and forth across the oceans, have made a striking new discovery: the world's longest and ruggedest mountain range. This 40,000-mile-long globe-girdling system of mid-ocean ridges has—in every case examined to date—a rift down the middle. The rifts—which coincide remarkably with the line of centers of under-ocean earthquakes—have led several oceanographers to suggest that the earth is increasing in size and cracking its crust.

Right now, preparations are being made for a fantastic project, the drilling of a hole through the earth's crust down past a boundary layer called the Moho to see what the inside of the earth is made of. Since the crust is thinnest under the ocean, the hole, which will be several miles deep and has of course been dubbed the Mohole, will be drilled beneath the sea.

FAR BELOW THE SUBMARINES

I WOULD like to bring you aboard *Vema,* a sturdy thirty-six-year-old, three-masted iron auxiliary schooner which has flown the flags of a research ship only since 1953. But the story will make more sense if we first glance briefly at what the oceanographer is trying to do.

Although there had been notable scientific voyages before—such as the voyage of the *Beagle,* with an observant young naturalist named Charles Darwin aboard—modern oceanography is generally dated from a historic cruise nearly ninety years ago by a British Navy corvette, HMS *Challenger.* In 1870, the governing council of the Royal Society asked the British government to provide a ship for a long oceanographic cruise. The British government assigned a 2,306-ton wooden sailing vessel with auxiliary steam engine, to the task.

Challenger sailed from Portsmouth in December 1872, with a naval crew, a large scientific party, and detailed instructions from the Royal Society. When she returned to England nearly three and a half years later, the corvette had crossed the Atlantic numerous times in different latitudes, traversed the southern reaches of the Indian Ocean, penetrated the Antarctic, ranged the central and western Pacific, and sailed through the Strait of Magellan. The expedition's scientific record filled fifty volumes.

Many subsequent research cruises, some nearly as long as the cruise of the *Challenger,* but mostly much shorter, have added further to our knowledge of the earth's 121 million square miles of sea.

For one thing, we now know that the size of the oceans is not constant. During the Ice Ages, immense volumes of water were alternately withdrawn and returned to the sea by the building up and melting of the ice sheets. The building of mountains and continents has also changed the sea's configuration many times. And water escaping from the interior of the earth may also be altering the oceans' volume.

At present, the oceans contain some 1,500,000,000,000,000,000 tons of water. If the surface of the earth were bulldozed smooth, sea water would cover it to a depth of nearly 12,000 feet.

A number of scientists believe that life originated from chemical compounds formed in the primitive atmosphere and dissolved in the sea and brought together by wind and wave on some clay beach about two billion years ago. Whether or not this can ever be proved, it is certain that all animals and plants now in existence descended from forms of life that arose in the sea. The sea today is home to a rich variety of life whose many forms are far from completely known.

Winds, tides, and the heat of the sun keep the sea in ceaseless motion, causing a ceaseless interchange of water molecules between sea and air. Thus the oceans are a key part of the earth's weather engine; they serve as a mammoth heat reservoir, cooling the earth by day, warming it by night. Even slight changes in ocean currents can have far-reaching effects on the climate of nearby land areas.

Sea research has also made it clear that the oceans are the earth's great "sink"—the final resting place for the debris of land and sea alike. Running water carries soil, salts, a growing volume of man-made wastes down to the sea. Animal and plant remains rain constantly upon the ocean floor. Some become food for life dwelling in the depths. Less perishable remains, such as sharks' teeth and diatom shells, settle to the bottom, there to become part of the permanent fossil record, the history book from

which man may learn the story of the earth.

The study of the sea involves one of the most intriguing problems in science. A diver breathing a mixture of oxygen and helium under high pressure can descend 600 feet. Modern submarines operate down to about 1,000 feet. The bathyscaph, an experimental free-diving vehicle invented by Professor Auguste Piccard of Switzerland, has descended successfully to 18,600 feet and is designed to go deeper still.

Even in regions of the ocean within reach of these vehicles, though, their value is limited. Submarines are seldom available for research; and the bathyscaph remains a one-of-a-kind device although other deep-diving vehicles are projected or under construction. Moreover, much of what the oceanographer is most interested in lies deeper than even the bathyscaph will go. For example, the great trenches, 25,000 to 35,000 feet deep, slash the ocean bottom near volcanic island chains, like the Marianas in the western Pacific. And so far no one has conceived of a vehicle that could burrow down into the hidden regions of earth below the ocean floor.

How, then, is information extracted from the oceans, especially the perpetually dark reaches far below? From the beginning oceanographers have relied upon instruments—and the courage and stamina of the men who put them over the side, in all climates and weathers, from the slippery decks of all-too-small, pitching, tossing research vessels.

Recent years have brought a dozen-odd powerful new instruments and techniques for probing the deep. One is the echo sounder and precision depth recorder for bouncing sound waves from the bottom and mapping the ocean floor as the ship steams along. Another is the piston corer, a long pipe driven into the ocean bottom by an ingenious weight and piston arrangement in order to bring back samples of sediment in undisturbed layers. A third is a clever "artificial earthquake" technique—called seismic shooting—for charting earth strata below the sea by dropping explosives deep into the water and listening for shock waves. Yet another is a camera-carrying sled that can be towed slowly along the ocean floor.

But many of the instruments and devices in use today would have been completely familiar to a member of the *Challenger's* crew nearly a century ago. Nets of various kinds are still used for sampling ocean life, and dredges for dragging rocks, shells, and creatures up from the bottom. Thermometers for recording temperatures and bottles for collecting water specimens from far below haven't changed much. Neither have the scientists, with their toughness reminiscent of the days of wooden ships.

As a science and medical reporter, Leonard Engel has covered many basic fields—from cancer research to electronics. He is the author of "The Operation," a book about heart surgery.

SORE FEET AT SEA

MOST of the ships used by American oceanographic institutions are small vessels converted to research after outliving the purposes for which they were originally built. Some were mine sweepers or Navy auxiliaries; others were fishing vessels or yachts; one was a small inter-island freighter.

Columbia University's auxiliary schooner *Vema* is a little larger than most. Two hundred two feet long, she displaces nine hundred tons with stores and full scientific gear aboard; she carries a crew of eighteen, plus a party of seven to nine scientists and four technicians. Built in Copenhagen in 1923 as the yacht *Hussar,* she set a record for crossing the Atlantic under sail. Columbia bought her in 1953 from an expatriate New Yorker living in Nova Scotia. He had rescued *Vema* from a Staten Island mud flat, to which she had been relegated after World War II service as a merchant marine training vessel. His idea was to use her in the West Indies coal trade, but he discovered that her schooner hull was too narrow to carry a worthwhile cargo.

As a yacht, *Vema* must have been magnificent. She has handsome lines still, though hardly a trace of her youthful luxury remains. Her topmasts and great spreading topsails are gone; she'd have no room for scientists if she carried enough crew to man that much canvas. A machine shop has taken the place of her paneled main dining-room. A laboratory shack has replaced the after-deck salon. Heavy winches crowd her waist. Her mainsails (now used chiefly to steady the ship) and a white figurehead on her prow are the chief reminders of her past.

I joined *Vema* when she called at San Juan, Puerto Rico, in the course of her fifteenth cruise under the aegis of the Lamont Geological Observatory, Columbia's oceanographic-geological research unit. Since leaving New York eight months before, *Vema* had been down to the Antarctic ice, through the Strait of Magellan, and twice around Cape Horn. She and three other research ships (*Bear* from the Woods Hole

Oceanographic Institution, *Hidalgo* from Texas A. and M., and *Gibbs* from Hudson Labs, operated by Columbia for the Office of Naval Research) were to carry out the first step of the Mohole project—a survey of the Atlantic north of Puerto Rico for a possible drilling site. (Other sites were to be surveyed by other ships later.) The four ships met in Puerto Rico to install special gear and to load explosives for "artificial earthquake" shooting.

I went on board on a Sunday afternoon. Dr. John E. Nafe, chief scientist for the Mohole survey and the following leg of *Vema's* cruise, was away, arranging for the ammunition loading. So Dr. Charles Drake, senior scientist aboard—an easy-mannered, dark-haired man—showed me to my bunk, one of two in a tiny 'tweendecks cubicle.

"Better keep your stuff in here," he said, pointing to a metal locker. "Otherwise, things get pretty moist. *Vema* takes water over her waist, and some leaks through."

In other ways, too, the ship was not designed for physical comfort. Outside of the messroom, she had only half-a-dozen chairs—one each in the cabins of the captain, chief steward, and chief scientist, one in the chart room, one in the wireless shack, and one in the main lab. Other places where chairs normally would have been were crammed with apparatus. A plentiful supply of food was the principal concession to physical man.

A few of the larger vessels excepted, every research ship has a characteristic motion. (Oceanographers, a leading one has said, are found by picking over the strongest stomachs.) *Vema's* characteristic motion was a quick and easily-triggered roll, the result of a low center of gravity and the absence of balancing topsails. *Vema* could roll twenty degrees in a dead-calm sea.

The constant rolling compelled everyone aboard to brace himself or hold on continually. A consequence (beside sore feet, which are almost an occupational hazard of oceanography and have driven more than one scientist from the sea) is a thin layer of grime that gets into nearly everything on ship—even the bunks. The grime comes from the grease covering the cable of the piston corer and other heavy gear. This inevitably gets onto the men handling the gear, and from them onto the ship. There's no cure for it—as one man pointed out—except ships big enough to allow segregation of dirty operations. It was accomplishment enough to keep the grime out of the electrical equipment and the food.

Still another fact of life aboard is that everyone works, even visitors. I was asked to stand a daily four-hour instrument watch. (Others stood two watches a day, but the chores of a journalist excused me from one.) Like regular members of *Vema's* scientific party, I also took part in every seismic shoot and in miscellaneous chores like ammunition moving. Since mapping strata below the sea bottom was one of the main objectives of the Mohole survey, we had a heavy shooting program—dropping explosives five to twenty hours a day, nineteen days running. After a week, I, too, learned to sleep through depth charges and the whine of winches whenever I got some bunk time.

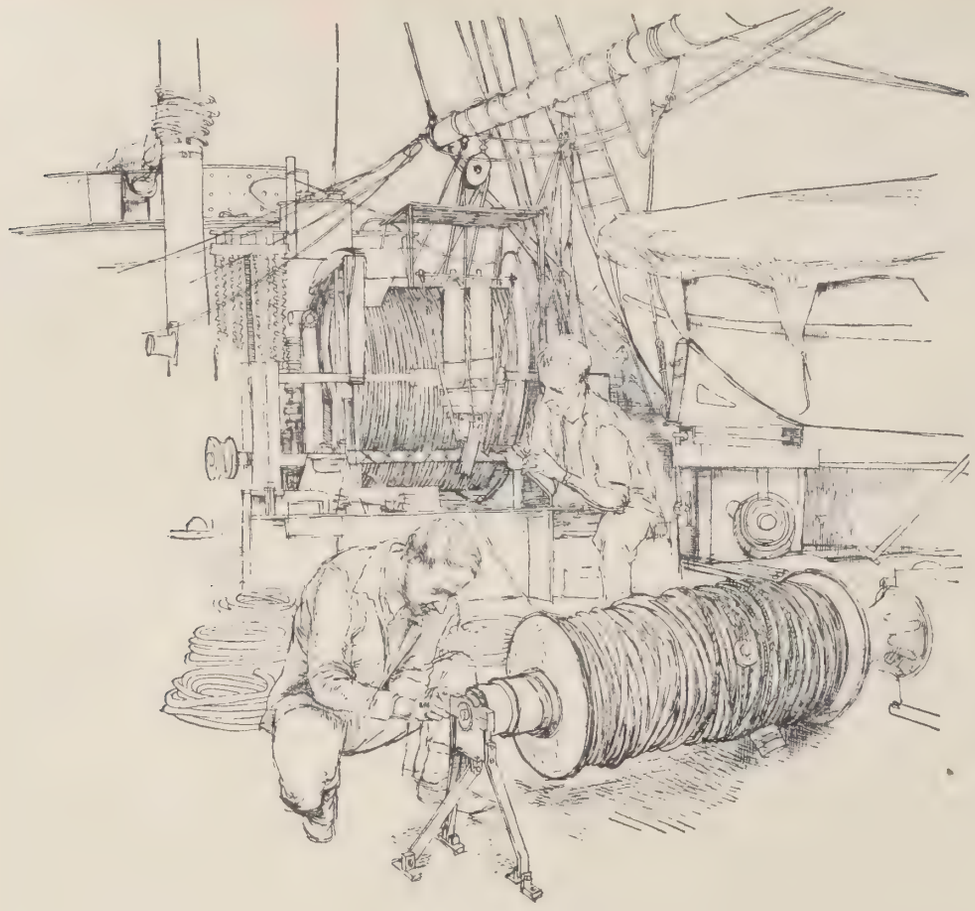
Oceanographic ships work their scientific parties hard, because a ship like *Vema* costs $1,000 or more a day to operate—a formidable sum for a university to spend for a single purpose. So the oceanographers have to make every minute of ship time count.

UNDERSEA SHOOTING

SINCE World War II, it has been the fashion, especially at institutions with ships of limited carrying capacity, to send vessels out on short, intensive cruises for particular scientific purposes. *Vema* makes long voyages in part because she can carry equipment and spares for two dozen or more research projects.

For instance, earlier on this cruise she had hunted in the Pacific for live specimens of a sea snail until recently supposed long extinct. It interests oil geologists because its fossil cousins frequently turn up in oil-bearing formations. (The snail, called Neopilina, was found, but—surprisingly—in deep water. The fossil snails had been found in shallows.) *Vema* also hunted a "sea monster"—the adult form of a giant eel known so far only through its larva. (It was not caught, although one evening *Vema* had *something* on her line big and strong enough to straighten a quarter-inch-thick iron hook.)

One day that was not much tougher than many of the rest began a little before 4:00 A.M., when the scientist on instrument watch called his relief and three other members of the scientific party. During the night, *Vema* had been steaming to her position for a seismic shoot. Now she was nearly there and would soon heave to. So traps for plankton (minute animal life floating in the sea) could be put out. And the magnetometer—an instrument towed behind the ship for measuring the magnetism of ocean-bottom rocks—had to be pulled in.



In addition, one of the other ships would not reach her position for the seismic shoot for another four hours. *Vema* would use that time for what oceanographers call "taking a hydro station"—putting down a string of recording thermometers and water sample bottles. To attach them to their cable, one of the ship's scientists has to climb up on a swinging, pivoted plank projecting out over the water seven feet above the deck—the "hero board." Tonight was calm and warm, so the board was not so "heroic" as it often is in rough weather. The thermometers and bottles were back aboard before breakfast.

The seismic shoot was to begin at eight. The procedure is for one ship to steam along a predetermined course, dropping explosives. The charges are fused to go off at various depths up to several hundred feet. Other ships meanwhile "listen"—that is, pick up with hydrophones and recording camera the sound of the explosion traveling through the water and the layers of sediment and rock below the ocean floor. The time taken by the various waves to reach the listening ships (all located at carefully chosen positions) tells much about the structure of the earth beneath the sea.

Oil geologists have been using "artificial earthquakes" in searching out potential oil-bearing rock strata on land for half a century. Seismic shooting was first taken to sea twenty years ago by Dr. W. Maurice Ewing, the rugged Texan who heads the Lamont Observatory. Today, *Bear* would shoot. *Vema, Gibbs,* and *Hidalgo,* strung out along a forty-mile line, would listen.

Good shooting requires split-second timing, absolute silence for the listening posts, and patience in the face of frustrating difficulties. The first hitch occurred moments after Dr. Nafe, in charge of the shooting, pressed the buzzer in *Vema's* main lab for "silent ship"—engines off, generators off, electric fans and all other rotating machinery off, toilet flushing system off.

Neither *Vema* nor the other listening ships could pick up *Bear's* "shot instants"—the sound of the shots as picked up and transmitted to the other ships by *Bear's* radio. (These "shot instants" are needed as a starting point for calculating the length of time it takes the sound to reach the listening ships through the water and the earth.) It took an hour and a half—during which the ships drifted idly, not daring to undertake any other activities—to track the trouble down.

Then the shooting began. Over the radio came *Bear:* "This is shot B-848. Three-pounder. Estimated burning time of fuse, thirty seconds. One-minute warning, NOW."

Dr. Arthur E. Maxwell, an observer from the Office of Naval Research—he'd been put to work, too—simultaneously wrote in the logbook and watched the chronometer. "Slack," he sang out, and the men at the hydrophones—that morning, Dr. Nafe and myself—hastily flung out cable so that the phones at the end rode free in the water, a hundred feet below the surface. "Crank," Dr. Maxwell cried, and Mark Langseth, a graduate student who had been with *Vema* for the entire cruise, turned on the recording camera.

The "shot instant" came over the radio as a faintly audible "ffsshhh." A moment later, the water and ground waves could be seen dancing on the recording camera's screen. "Crank stopped," Langseth called when the waves died away. "Pull

'em in," Dr. Maxwell shouted to the hydrophone men.

In ninety seconds more, Tom Dow, youthful ship's biologist doubling as darkroom man, dashed out with a dripping roll of photographic paper—the hydrophone record. Dr. Nafe stretched it out on a storage box on deck and studied it, both to check on the performance of *Vema's* instruments and to determine when *Bear* should switch to bigger shots.

So it went, over and over again, for nearly six hours in all. *Bear* fired explosives ranging all the way up to 300-pound depth charges, depending on the distance to the receiving ships.

Bear finished her shooting run just in time. *Vema's* radio, which is operated on storage batteries during silent ship, had faded to a choked squawk and in another five minutes would be altogether useless. We needed ship's power for the radio—and for the ship's company. It had been murderously hot in the drifting, fanless vessel.

It was *Vema's* turn to shoot back to *Bear* and the other vessels, to provide seismic waves traveling in a direction opposite to those generated by the first shooting ship. Such "reverse" waves are needed to help interpret the seismic record.

Five men are generally needed for shooting—two to fuse, light, and drop the explosives over the side, one to clock the shots and operate the radio transmitter, one to record the ship's travel and the water depth before and after each shot, and one to relay commands. Fortunately, *Vema* had only two or three hours of shooting to do. For the schooner's small scientific party was running out of men.

FOSSILS IN THE MUD

THE next few hours—it was now supper time—provided a break. But the day's work was not yet over.

The next morning's shooting schedule called for *Vema* to be in a position four hours away and on the other side of the Puerto Rican Trench, a five-mile-deep gash in the bottom of the Atlantic fifty miles north of Puerto Rico. Thus *Vema* would have at least nine hours during the night for probing in the trench. This was an opportunity too good to be missed. Dr. Nafe, a soft-spoken physicist lured into oceanography by love of the sea, decided to take a core and make sub-bottom temperature measurements in one of the deepest parts.

Oceanographers are especially interested in trenches because of their close association with volcanic islands; it can hardly be an accident, though no one yet knows just why they are found so close together. But Dr. Nafe's decision involved some hazard.

Temperatures within the ocean floor are measured by attaching heat-sensitive wires and an electrical recording device called a thermograd to the piston corer; thus both temperature records and a bottom core are taken at the same time. *Vema's* thermograd—one of the very few instruments of its kind in existence—had not been sent to such great depths before. Its casing might not withstand the enormous pressure at the bottom of the trench—over five tons per square inch. The collapse of the casing would not only destroy the thermograd, but might snap the steel cable holding the corer. The risk was multiplied by the necessity for splicing on extra lengths of cable to reach such depths.

The thermograd and corer were started down at 9:30 P.M. The rig needed an hour and a quarter to reach bottom. It remained in the bottom for seven minutes to allow the temperature-sensing wires to come to equilibrium, just as a clinical thermometer must be left in the mouth for a time to adjust to the patient's temperature. Then the coring winch jerked the corer free and started it on the way up.

The corer came up a few minutes after midnight, its pipe bent over at a 45-degree angle. Because the ship had drifted several hundred yards while the corer was in the bottom, the winch had bent the pipe in pulling it free.

The damaged corer could not be swung back onto the ship. Two men—one from the scientific party, one from the coring gang—went over the side to take it apart where it was banging against the side of the rolling ship, and get it back on board piece by piece—first the heat-sensing wires, then the thermograd, then the sections of core pipe. It was past 2:00 A.M. before the struggle—eerily half-lighted by *Vema's* lights—was over and the last piece of the rig was safely back on deck. Tomorrow, the thermograd record would be developed; the bent core pipe would be straightened with a hydraulic jack and the pipe's contents—a precious sample of fossil-bearing mud from within the ocean bottom—salvaged.

Another winch started up—the one used for sending down the hydro bottles and thermometers. Saul Friedman, another of the ship's scientists, climbed up on the hero board to begin attaching thermometers and bottles to the wire. There was just time to take a hydro station before *Vema* had to steam on to make her scheduled position for the next seismic shoot.

Some day, it will be possible to study the sea less uncomfortably and to obtain at least some data at a smaller cost in effort. Several countries have recently put more commodious ships, especially designed for sea research, into service. The U. S. S. R. particularly has a fleet of research vessels of 5,000 tons or more, some built within the past two or three years.

The U. S. is following suit. The Office of Naval Research has a ten-year program of aid to oceanography. One part calls for funds to add to the staffs and shore facilities of sea-research institutions. (American oceanography currently operates on a budget of about $8 million a year from all sources—a modest sum in view of the high cost of ship upkeep and operation.)

In addition, the Navy will build and assign to oceanographic institutions, along with money to run them, a fleet of new research vessels—eighteen over a seven-year period. Construction of the first, a 204-footer displacing 1,500 tons, will begin this spring. The new ships will feature greater cruising range, better laboratory space, improved arrangements for heavy gear and silent-ship operation, and more comfortable living quarters.

Oceanographers are full of schemes, moreover, for ingenious new research devices. Cable-trailing buoys that can be anchored in position to record currents, temperatures, water salinity all the way down to the ocean bottom for a year at a time. Gear that will punch farther into the ocean floor and bring back deeper undisturbed cores than the present-day corer (which goes no more than forty to eighty feet into the bottom). And many other new instruments.

THE EARTH'S WARM HEART

IN THE meantime, one may ask whether the effort required to bring back even a single item of information from the sea—a single temperature measurement, a single specimen from far below, a single current reading—is justified. The answer has to be yes, if for no other reason than that there are always men who can leave no unknown unexplored, whether it be on the moon or at the bottom of the sea.

I think the effort can also be justified at quite another level. One can never know for sure that a piece of information has no value until it has been obtained and studied and found unimportant. And one cannot be too sure even then—someone else might come along and see something others missed.

A single detail may be needed to complete a picture. In 1956 scientists of the Scripps Oceanographic Institution discovered a mammoth current crossing the Pacific near the equator, hundreds of feet below the surface of the sea. It has taken scores of tediously-obtained subsurface current readings to chart the Cromwell Current (as it has been named)—a major feature of the ocean circulation and of the ocean-atmosphere weather machine. Likewise, hundreds of echo-sounder depth records are being used by hydrographic offices for the construction of new navigation charts. Existing charts are based largely on soundings obtained decades ago and are frequently highly inaccurate—a dangerous situation in an era of deep-diving submarines.

Or a piece of information may point in a significant new direction. A nice example is furnished by data from the thermograd, the device that occasioned the midnight struggle on *Vema*.

About four years ago, a Lamont group including Dr. Bruce Heezen, Marie Tharp, and Dr. Ewing, were led to ponder the significance of midocean ridges by the striking fashion in which they form a nearly continuous system dividing all oceans (except the North Pacific) and by the finding of rifts down the center line of many of the ridges. The group suspected that they had come upon a phenomenon of fundamental importance in the structure of the earth. Their conviction was quickened by the observation that subsea earthquakes generally occur along the line of the rifts; and further strengthened by the discovery that rock formations near the rifts differ in density and magnetization from those elsewhere on the ocean bed.

New evidence is now coming in from the thermograd. In the short time this comparatively new instrument has been available, fewer than one hundred in-the-ocean-bottom temperature readings have been collected in various parts of the world. Of these, no more than fifteen or so are from ocean ridges or rises. But these few are consistent. In odd contrast to trench readings (which were widely expected to show high temperatures because of the volcanic islands nearby, but didn't), ridge readings show abnormally high temperatures and heat flows.

It's almost certain that geological activity of vast significance is going on in the great chain of ridges under the sea. Dr. Heezen and others think, quite simply, that the interior of the earth is slowly warming up and expanding and cracking the earth's crust. If so, the knowledge won by oceanography's hardy practitioners is opening a new chapter not only in the story of the oceans but of the earth itself.

THE REBIRTH OF JONNY

Photographs by Homer Page
Text by Mira Rothenberg



Little is known about the mental illness called childhood schizophrenia. Fifteen years ago children who were affected by it were usually put away to vegetate as hopeless defectives and many still are. But it is now believed that the trouble stems from a deep-rooted emotional disturbance plus an unidentified X factor in the child's personality which makes him withdraw from reality. The private world of one such child is explored in the remarkable photographs on these pages.

The text that follows on page 62 is by the young therapist who is helping to unlock Jonny's strange prison. This is the story of the patient, dedicated work of one individual with another—a kind of work still vitally needed despite scientific advances in drugs and other highly touted "quick cures" for the ills of the mind. Together, we believe, these words and pictures cast new light on the mental and emotional processes of all children—whether sick or well—and on the hopeful promise of rescuing some from darkness and despair.—THE EDITORS



JONNY'S WORLD



Jonny, lost in his own silent world, refuses the
world of sound and sympathy, of wrath and laughter . . .





Jonny finds a hand to lead him out of his private world, a halting step at a time—two forward, one back, and thousands still to go . . .







JONNY'S STORY

HE WAS one of the smallest baby boys ever to survive in the United States, weighing a pound and a half at birth in 1950. Five and a half months in the womb, three and a half months in the incubator. Then, at five pounds, he was out in our world.

He was not a beautiful baby, nor one easy to love. His hair was singed a bright orange from the heat of the incubator, his skin shriveled and burned chocolate brown. As time went on Jonny became no more human; he never cried, laughed, smiled, or cooed. He didn't learn to focus his eyes nor hold his head up, and he could not bear any physical touch. When diapers were changed, he would stiffen up completely; if he was held he would refuse his bottle. He slept irregularly for just a few hours at a stretch under sedations which worked at times but more often didn't.

And then there was his head, which would roll in a circular motion or sway from side to side. As he became stronger he began to use it against himself and others, batting it against the sides of the crib, against the walls of the house, against other people's heads, and against windows.

Jonny seemed to lack sensation, seemed not to feel pain. You could strike him—or he might punch himself black and blue—but he wouldn't cry out. If you tickled him he didn't laugh; if you called his name he didn't respond; if there was a sound in the room he didn't hear it; and if you got within his range of vision, his ill-focused eyes didn't look at you but somewhere above or beyond you.

Until he was five, Jonny was either wheeled in a carriage or carried about. When he did walk, if one could call it that, he was like a drunkard, reeling for a few steps, and then falling on all fours to the floor and crawling. His whole body seemed disjointed, as though each member was autonomous.

In addition, from the time he was nine months old until his eighth year, Jonny suffered croup attacks which landed him on the average of once or twice a year in a hospital in an oxygen tent.

And so Jonny existed but did not live, tenaciously holding on to life, yet not taking part in it beyond the minimum needed for survival.

Until he was two, Jonny's parents did nothing special about him. "Give him time to catch up," the pediatricians advised. But one day came the startling realization that instead of "catching up" he was "catching down." He was deaf and dumb. And so they began a pilgrimage which left them helpless, hopeless, and almost destitute. It took them all over the United States. Along the way, a well-known medical authority said that Jonny at two had a degenerate hearing nerve. Diagnosis: complete deafness.

Six months later the boy was flown to New York for a more refined scientific hearing test. Diagnosis: *almost* complete deafness.

He was given a hearing-aid and handled as a deaf mute. Several desperate attempts were made to enroll him in schools for deaf children. Usually he was turned down. When he was accepted, it was only to be expelled after a short time because "he didn't fit" or "something else besides deafness was wrong with him."

In 1953 they took the child to a large medical center. Specialists there made an intensive search for the "something else." In pediatrics, X-rays were taken of Jonny's skull, legs, and body to find out whether a deformity prevented him from walking. His bones were perfect.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to take an encephalogram, the diagnostic test that measures the brain's electric impulses. In psychological tests, however, he was found to be very quick. A child psychiatrist told the parents that he believed there was no brain injury but from him they heard for the first time of the possibility of autism—a symptom of serious mental disturbance. Perhaps, they were told, the child was autistic, but no one could suggest what to do about it since little was known about the illness.

Again the parents set out on a quest for schools for this strange small child with a hearing-aid and with a label of autism now attached to him. They combed the whole country and found twelve schools: some were too expensive; others said that "nothing can really be done for him

since not enough is known about his mental illness."

So they tried chiropractors, private physicians, and clinics. Some diagnosed Jonny as spastic, others as mentally deficient. The suggestion they received most often was "commit him and forget about him."

But the parents refused to give up. And their reasoning was based on the child's behavior. It seemed strange to them that this dumb, badly co-ordinated child who could not hold anything in his hand, nonetheless when he was three years old could use his fingers well enough to draw meaningful and artistically good pictures; that he knew the alphabet and could spell out his name with blocks; that he could manipulate complex puzzles and stand a dime up on its side.

When he was five Jonny was taken to another large pediatric clinic. This time an encephalogram was taken. It revealed no brain injury. Skull and bone X-rays likewise showed no damage. Psychological tests again showed him to be very quick but overactive. A psychiatrist hinted that the child might not be totally deaf, but he could suggest nothing to do with him. Another doctor in an aside said: "He is mentally retarded, put him away." Still another, a young psychiatrist, suggested that they try me.

I REMEMBER that in 1956 I was approached by two different psychiatrists. Each asked me whether I would be interested in seeing and perhaps working with a deaf and dumb six-year-old boy who might be deeply disturbed emotionally.

In January 1957 Jonny's mother called me and I realized this was the same child. It had taken her many months to try once again for help because she was afraid of another "I don't know." I, too, "did not know." But I wanted to try because somewhere within me was the feeling, "I *do* know."

Generally I prefer not to hear any diagnoses until I have seen a child myself a few times with my own eyes, with feelings unprejudiced. I told this to Jonny's parents and so, with a minimum of information, the child and parents arrived.

It is hard to recall the past symptoms of a child when one is so absorbed in the present as I am with Jonny today. But that first interview I think I will always remember.

I've never seen so strangely ugly a child. The parents led in a boy who looked to be about five or six years old. He didn't exactly walk but dragged himself in, his legs, feet, hands, and arms seeming to get in one another's way, making a most complex activity out of the simple process of walking. Every step seemed to require an effort almost beyond description. The boy couldn't look at you straight; his eyes were out of focus and his head was constantly swaying either forward or backward or from side to side or pivoting on his neck like a bobbing balloon. The child dropped to the floor in one big heap as though the essence of his being were disintegrating—a leg here, an arm there, as if gravity were too much for him and had too strong a claim on his body and its parts.

The child looked nowhere and made no sound. He seemed encapsulated from life and sound in his own private world, his own phantasy. The flabbiness of the muscles in his body and face made him look almost grotesque. Dark circles made his eyes cavernous. The "no expression" in his face, as if nothing, no one—not even himself—existed, was frightening.

Every now and then his arms would shoot up into the air and then his hands would flap up and down like the broken wings of a bird that never knew or had forgotten by some terrible misfortune how to fly. From time to time he would form a fist with these hands and hit himself in the face.

In the utter silence of the room I could almost hear the child's need, his terror and his unasked questions: "Will you love me? Will you know the truth? Will you see the lie?" I had the sensation of being very closely watched and measured by this child's whole being, even though his eyes did not look at me at all.

I looked at him hard and in that moment I felt that I *knew*. I put a record on the record player and let Jonny watch it spin. Supposedly he heard nothing. When he was completely absorbed in the record, I suddenly said in a calm, natural tone: "That's enough, Jonny. Turn off the record player." Jonny turned around with arms akimbo, faced me and shook his head quite angrily, motioning a "No" before he was aware of what he was doing. Then, realizing that he had given his secret away, he put his hands over his ears as if to shut out any sound and his face expressed a strange combination of terror and relief. He was to repeat this gesture many times over the years, at first unconsciously, then consciously; at times with anger, later with laughter, to symbolize what he was doing with his hearing and how he shut out the world when he didn't like what was going on there.

From that point on, the fact was established that Jonny could hear, that the lie, his secret, was out. It was clear too that the relationship between

us was to be a real one, an honest one, that I loved him enough, understood him well enough to know him beyond his defenses, into his shell; that I would protect him not only against the outside but against himself. Somehow I also took away from him to some extent the magic that he had created, the terrible power to deceive and so "control" the world. He became instead a child who could be prevented from hurting himself and the world. He recognized that I was stronger than he and that I intended to use my power for his welfare and protection so he could become a child, helpless and weak, yet responsible.

AFTER that first session I saw Jonny four and then six hours a week. The hearing-aid was off and gradually he made more and more mistakes with his "non-hearing." At first he would hear only with me; then at home and later with strangers, especially when it was about something he wanted to have or do. Now—three years later—Jonny hears quite openly and at times, it seems, much more acutely than the average person.

Almost parallel with his trust in me, his walking began to improve. At first, after just a few steps, he would fall to the floor on his hands and knees but the performance began to be less desperate and helpless, more deliberate. For a while he would walk only in my house or to go upstairs to see my neighbors. However, the inevitable had to be faced and so we went out into the street and from there to the park. He got there part walking, part dragged or carried by me. At the playground, after some terrors and tribulations, he discovered fun on the swings. And so for a while we made daily pilgrimages, with the swings as a goal. As soon as I felt him getting stronger I refused to carry him when he fell and sometimes let him crawl for almost a block. This phase didn't last long, since it was neither profitable nor comfortable. Within a few months Jonny walked upright like any other boy his age.

After our relationship became a reality for Jonny, he dared to sleep longer. From four to six hours a night, the span increased to eight and eventually to ten hours. I asked his mother to cut out his sleeping medication since I felt he could control it in a damaging way. After two or three months he slept without it, perhaps because he felt more confident now that he wouldn't disintegrate or disappear in his sleep. One afternoon at my house he fell into a deep sleep for about fifteen or twenty minutes. As he slept I noticed him making sucking motions with his mouth and reaching out his hands. I got a baby bottle, filled it with milk and when he awoke I put the nipple in his mouth. He stayed at rest sucking on the bottle. As he sucked I put his head on my lap and began to stroke it. For the first time he did not stiffen to reject the physical contact but consciously allowed himself to be touched. For several days I continued to give him the bottle and hold him while he sucked.

Not long afterward I was half lying on the floor while Jonny played with blocks nearby. Suddenly he crawled over to me, curled up against me in what I can best describe as an embryonic position, with his back against my stomach and, in an instant, fell asleep. He slept this way for what seemed an eternity to me though it was actually only five or six minutes. Then he woke up, yawned comfortably, and for the first time on his own initiative began to touch my arms. I took him gently on my lap, kissed him and cuddled him and he seemed to enjoy it.

Although he never repeated this "embryonic behavior" he continued taking the bottle for some weeks. Then suddenly he gave it up. But from this time on, if I touched, fondled, or kissed him, he would accept it with a mixture of caution, fear, and curiosity but also with pleasure. Shortly afterward his mother said to me, "I finally have a child." She too could touch, kiss, and fondle him now. And as time went by Jonny made physical contact with more people up to the point of actually wallowing in the arms of anybody who would have him. Today he is quite free about it but also discriminating. Only if he likes you will he hug and kiss you or climb up on your lap. Lately, every now and then, he does as the blind do, touching the outlines of a new thing or a strange person as if to get better acquainted.

FROM the first, I was struck by Jonny's tremendous preoccupation with lights; the brighter the light, the greater his need to get close to it. He would crawl right under a lamp, stare directly into the bulbs, then his hands would flap in his winglike motion, his body would become firmer and his face would be contorted as if in some superhuman effort. Later, when he was able to use his voice, he would at the same time let out a couple of yells which were a kind of cross between the sound of a sea gull and a sea lion. It seemed as if he wanted to climb into the lights which called and claimed him in some special way. Without blinking he could look up at lights of blinding intensity; he

could touch hot bulbs without burning himself or feeling pain.

When we went out Jonny would drag me from one camera shop to another, spotting the lights long before I did. Then I bought him some flood lamps of his own. He would turn them on and off constantly (blowing innumerable fuses in the process), look into them, touch them, and carry them around. Suddenly his relationship to the bulbs changed. He began to feel their heat and scream when he touched them and squint when looking into them. The lights were beginning to have a different meaning for him. For a long time I was mystified by his behavior. Then I began to think of the warmth of the electrically lighted incubator. Perhaps to Jonny the lights were a symbol of warmth, possibly of life itself. As he became able to accept the more real warmth of his relationship with me, his family, and others, he began to give up the fake warmth of the "mother lamps." And so his bulbs went the way of most things. He broke them one by one.

However, as his fascination with lights began to have meaning to me I felt it should be pursued further. I decided that the way to do this was to give him an incubator. I had a hunch that this might help him to move forward a bit further, but I also knew there was a real danger that it could push him backward. I discussed the risk with his parents and they made the decision. His father built a life-size replica of Jonny's incubator and brought it to my house. In it we put a doll of the same size as Jonny when he was an incubator baby.

Next day the parents went to Mass, then brought Jonny to my door, and left him with me. The lights of the incubator were on as he walked into the room. He spotted it immediately and stopped short. His whole body began to tremble and his face turned green. Then came the decisive moment. He seemed to reel back but instead, within a split second, he turned and looked straight at me with his eyes completely in focus for the first time. On his face was a look of pain, anguish, and accusation that said, "How could you do it to me?" It took all my strength to remember that I had been brutal only for his good. Within a few minutes he seemed to have become a different child. No longer was his face blank. It expressed feelings. For the first time I saw Jonny integrated, intact emotionally and physically. I knew then that this part of the battle was won.

I went to the window and signaled to his anxiously waiting parents that all was well. Turning back to Jonny, I watched him stalking the incubator, like a creature both hunted and hunter. Then he investigated it as he was to do for many days. He played with the "baby," washed it, spanked it. And each day, his face revealed more feeling. The "dead wash," the bottomless detachment was disappearing.

When he played with the incubator or the doll, Jonny also began to make more sounds—as if he were trying to communicate with or about it. This usually silent child became so audible that I stopped worrying about whether his vocal cords were defective or non-existent. As I watched and listened it became clear to me that among other things he wanted to escape responsibility for making or hearing his own voice just as he had tried earlier to avoid the responsibility of hearing others. So I put a recorder next to the incubator and all the sounds he made were captured on tape. When I played the recording his first reaction was shock which he expressed physically by covering his ears with his hands. But Jonny is enthralled by all mechanical gadgets. After a while the fascination was too much for him and he began deliberately to record his own sounds and listen to them. Gradually his sounds became more varied, including one day, "mama."

THE recorder became the means of telling Jonny things too painful for him to hear directly. It was in this fashion that he wept for the first time. This came about through his relationship with the puppy he was given when he overcame his earlier fear of dogs. After some weeks his pet fell ill. Fully aware of what was happening, Jonny brought his parents their medical book. Everything possible was done but the dog grew worse, was taken to the vet, and died. Jonny did not know this when next he came to see me. As I told him the puppy was dead, I could almost see him "turning off" his hearing to look at me blankly. However, I had taken the precaution of turning on the tape recorder. Later in the day I unexpectedly turned it on and Jonny, caught relaxed and unawares, heard of the death of his dog. Then, for the first time in the two years I had known him, he broke down and sobbed bitterly. After this it became possible for him to cry quite easily when he was hurt. And along with daring to cry, he began to dare to laugh, often heartily and with a mischievous sense of humor.

It has been three years since our first meeting and Jonny is ten years old. He has gone a long way. He hears now most of the time,

walks well, jumps, runs, leaps, swims, rides a bicycle, paints, draws, puts together hi-fi sets, uses all kinds of power tools, and builds. He cries when hurt, laughs when happy, loves, and evokes love in others. He has relationships with other children and adults, manipulates people consciously and with a deftness beyond his years, and is altogether a very bright youngster. Above all today he is alive.

But he still has a long way to go. He still does not talk though he once said, "Go to hell," and "I can't." He was heard speaking in his sleep, was suspected of talking to the dog, and was seen talking to his panda. But he is not really talking yet and until he does, he will not be well. It will take many long hours and perhaps years.

What about these children?

I believe that children like Jonny, whether we call them schizophrenic, autistic, or seriously disturbed emotionally, are not very different from other children. They need, they want, they hurt, they fear, they love, they hate and die just like all of us. The difference is a matter of degree, of how they defend themselves against their terrors and their wants. We withdraw a little when we are hurt and cry a bit. They withdraw all the way and build a shell around themselves so that the awful hurt can never happen again. They are just one big tearless sob, living inside the shell, hardly partaking of the life around them.

And since they are so little and the hurt happened so early, the burden is too great for the strength within them, nor is there enough understanding in the world to help them venture out.

All work with such children must be based on an understanding deep enough to see beyond their defenses, the self that they are hiding. Then they can begin to trust and hopefully to come out on this new bridge of trust from their private world to reality.



ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

THE KREMLIN'S *unruly little brothers*

Last month Professor Schlesinger reported on "The Many Faces of Communism" as he saw them on a recent visit to Soviet Russia and Eastern Europe. The author of "The Age of Jackson" and "The Age of Roosevelt" was invited as a member of the first American writers' delegation to confer with writers and artists in the U.S.S.R. His concluding article compares the "pragmatic societies" of Poland and Yugoslavia with Russia's "theological society."

THE full theological commitment of the Soviet Union is not to be understood until one has visited Poland and Yugoslavia. Passing from Moscow to Warsaw, one has the illusion of entering a free country. This is, of course, just an illusion. Both Poland and Yugoslavia are Communist dictatorships with wide and vital areas—especially in politics and economics—where the regime enforces conformity quite as vigorously as in the Soviet Union itself. Yet, for all this, one feels oneself in qualitatively different cultures. At first, there are only the familiar and comforting signs of Western decadence—pretty girls, slim waists, tipping, hula-hoops, shoe-shine boys, sociologists, neckties, advertising posters, kissing in parks. But these clearly are expressions of a basically different attitude toward Communism.

On the newsstands in our hotel in Warsaw were Western newspapers and magazines. Here Communism is hardly a decade old, not forty-two years as in Russia, but the authorities are prepared to run the terrible risk of importing foreign publications. One evening an official from the American Embassy took me to a reading-room-cum-coffee-shop in the outskirts of Warsaw. This was set up and run by the state. There, hanging on the racks for any Polish citizen to read, were not only the usual repertoire of East European papers but also a representation of the wicked capitalist press, including *Life*. In the great bookstore in the Palace of Culture (the repellent Russian-built skyscraper which was Stalin's gift to the Polish people), one can find nearly all the American and British books one wants, short of the most passionate anti-Communist works. For example, Adolf Berle's *Tides of Crisis* was on sale, though this probably represented the outside limit of comment on international affairs.

In the Soviet Union, Communism means more than a set of rigid political and economic dogmas. It also means a set of equally rigid moral, aesthetic, literary, and metaphysical dogmas, covering every aspect of human existence. A good Soviet Communist not only favors Communism as a form of political and economic organization; he also abominates abstract art, detests modern music, scorns Proust, and hates religion. The day after I arrived in Poland, an exhibition of contemporary Polish art opened in Warsaw. It consisted almost entirely of abstractions. A Polish Communist told me that a Soviet Communist had recently visited his apartment, noted an abstraction on the wall, and exclaimed with shock: "But I thought you were a *good* Communist!"

A week later the International Festival of Contemporary Music, complete with dodecaphonic quartets by Schoenberg and even more esoteric pieces by Boulez, opened in Warsaw. A leading Communist cultural weekly was serializing excerpts from *Remembrance of Things Past*. When one asked Polish writers about "Socialist realism" they laughed derisively and replied that no one had talked about *that* in Poland for five years. The introduction to an English-language book on Maja Berezowska, a favorite Polish artist (whose drawings could easily

appear in the pages of *Playboy*), even declares, "Maja Berezowska's world of drawings is free from the crude passions of our time. It steers clear of all troubles and fears that harass contemporary man living in an era of wars and upheavals." These words, I should perhaps add, were *not* written in condemnation. And the churches, of course, are open: friars in medieval garb walk cheerfully around the streets; and religious objects are on sale in the shops.

Yugoslavia is much the same, with variations. A Polish joke describes the variations without too much exaggeration: "What is the difference between Poland and Yugoslavia? In Yugoslavia, you can abuse the Soviet Union to your heart's content, but you can't say anything against your own government. In Poland, it's just the opposite." (Once I remarked to a Pole about the number of jokes I had heard since my arrival. "Of course we have a lot of jokes in Poland," he replied. "After all, we have to make jokes for the entire Communist world.")

MANY FACES OF FREEDOM

THERE appears to be more intellectual freedom (or, at least, variety) in Poland than in Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia, on the other hand, appears to have more economic freedom (or, at least, decentralization). A visitor cannot tell how much is sham and how much reality in Yugoslavian institutions like workers' councils; one doubts whether a high-technology society can really be run by such means; but there can be no question that the free-market Socialism of the Yugoslavs is a reality, and that the Yugoslav planners have successfully harnessed the incentives of the market to their central controls.

Coming straight from the theological society of the Soviet Union, one is doubtless tempted to exaggerate the pragmatism and tolerance of Polish and Yugoslav Communism. A. M. Rosenthal, the able Warsaw correspondent of the *New York Times* (who was ordered expelled in November for his "probing reporting"), insists rightly on the distinction between "freedom of conversation" and "freedom of speech"; the Poles have the first, not the second. The two non-Communist parties play no serious role in Polish politics. In Yugoslavia, the one-party system is firmly entrenched; Milovan Djilas lingers in prison, as a reminder of the sharp local limits on freedom of opinion.

These things are true. No one can regard Poland and Yugoslavia as libertarian societies in the Western sense. But they are quite as clearly not totalitarian societies in the Soviet sense. "Freedom of conversation" is not everything, but it is a good deal better than nothing. For the Yugoslavs and even more perhaps for the Poles, Communism is essentially a system of economic and political organization. A good Communist must wholeheartedly accept the proletarian dictatorship, the one-party state, the centrally-planned economy, and the abolition of profit in private property. But that is about all. Beyond that, a good Communist can like or dislike abstract art, as he chooses. He can admire Sholokhov or he can admire Proust. He can think about literature in aesthetic terms and about economics in empirical terms and he doesn't care much one way or the other if his fellow countrymen choose to go to church.

With such people, communication suddenly becomes possible again. Even when one agrees with a Soviet Communist, one feels it as an accidental convergence over an infinitely wide abyss; when one disagrees with the Polish or Yugoslav Communist (as one usually does), one somehow disagrees in the same language. In the Soviet Union, dogma provides the exact answer to everything. Poles and Yugoslavs are more ready to admit that they don't know all the answers. The Soviet Union dwells by the mystique of a single truth. In Poland—and to some, though a lesser, degree in Yugoslavia—one feels that the Marxist truth co-exists with other truths. In Polish universities, the Marxist historian lives side by side with the Catholic historian and the bourgeois-progressive historian. The Soviet Union is still a totalitarian society—far more amiable than in the days of Stalin but no less dogmatic and ideological. Poland and Yugoslavia are semi-pluralistic societies. The Polish and Yugoslav Communists are openly proud that their Communism is far more free, pragmatic, and humane (*i.e.*, less Communistic) than Communism anywhere else.

Poland and Yugoslavia forced this observer to concede the feasibility of what I had always previously supposed to be impossible—liberal Communism. Both countries combine a Communist political and economic structure with a considerable measure of intellectual, cultural, and religious freedom. The question remains whether these countries represent a lucky concatenation of circumstances—or whether a non-fanatical, non-totalitarian Communism of the Polish-Yugoslav sort could possibly be the direction in which the Soviet Union itself might be moving.

They gained their present *(cont. on page 73)*



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ALICIA ALONSO

DANCES AGAIN IN CUBA

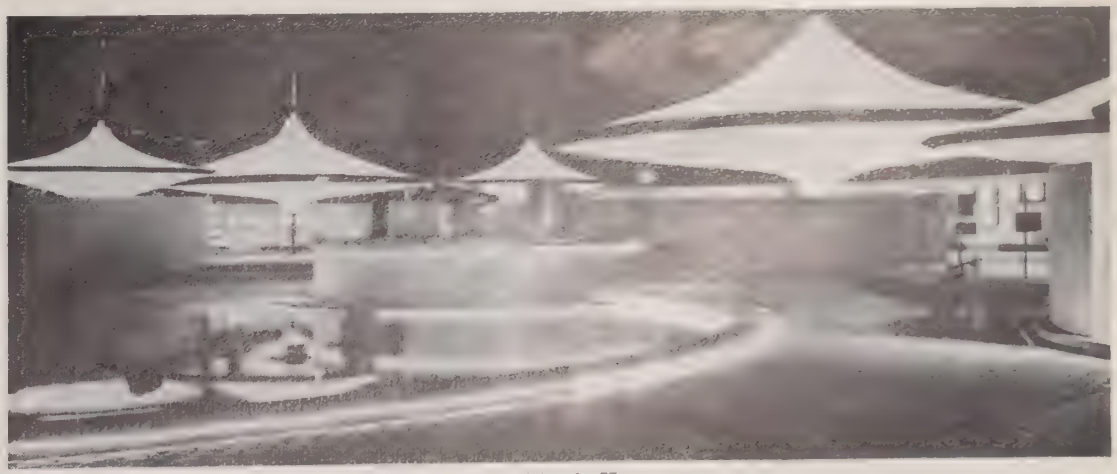
The performance has a special brilliance, and as the curtain falls she is given a standing ovation. The applause is deafening. There are tears in the eyes of the audience and in Miss Alonso's as well, for this has not been just the performance of an exceptional ballerina. A native daughter has danced again for her people after a long absence, and, above all, the curtain has risen on a new beginning for all that Cubans for generations have held dear — the ballet, the opera, the symphony, the theater — all the arts which have been forced to remain dormant for the past several years.

What is happening culturally in Cuba now is a miracle. You can sense the new confidence in the destiny of this lovely island...a whole new feeling of creative freedom that has resulted in a complete renaissance of the arts. Cubans are responding with enthusiasm. Art exhibits are thronged; the Symphony Orchestra of Havana is flourishing as never before; the modern theater is offering not only original plays, but fresh translations of both European and American works. And, in this new cultural climate, the beautiful modern Teatro Nacional will be the scene of many music and ballet festivals throughout the year. But perhaps the most notable of all is the rebirth of the Ballet Nacional de Cuba. After years of inactivity it is once more on the scene — and magnificently so — starring Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch, who helped her bring new fame to such ballets as Giselle, Coppelia and Swan Lake.

Many honors have been given Miss Alonso, but to this Havana-born prima ballerina all tributes pale beside the thrill of taking part in this renaissance. It is with a full heart that Alicia Alonso dances again in Cuba!

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positions by quite separate roads. Yugoslavia achieved its own liberation during the war. Tito had his own army and his own secret police and was consequently in a position to defy Stalin. When Soviet demands became too exorbitant the Yugoslavs undertook after 1948 what they proudly describe as the first experiment in de-Stalinization. Djilas subsequently carried the logic of Titoism to a point unacceptable to Tito, but this should not obscure the fact that Tito himself carried it to a point unacceptable to Stalin. In Yugoslavia today, Tito seems oddly to have receded from the picture. He remains first in war and first in peace, like George Washington; but he spends more and more time in Brioni, less and less in Belgrade; and the Yugoslavs do not ceaselessly speculate about his moods and whims, as the Russians do about Khrushchev and the Poles about Gomulka. One feels that some sort of constitutional order is evolving in Yugoslavia, and that the present mix of freedom and dictatorship can survive a good deal, including even the death of Tito.

Poland won its autonomy in another way. Occupation by the Red Army restricted its range of political alternatives in the years after the war. But Stalinism produced a reaction as definite in Poland as in Yugoslavia: the word "revolution" in Poland today refers, not to the imposition of Communism in 1945, but to the revolt against Stalinism in 1956. That revolt brought the astute figure of Gomulka to the top; and Poland today is the expression of Gomulka's two remarkable deals—one with the Soviet Union, the other with the Polish people.

Gomulka's deals were the almost inevitable result of Poland's geographical and cultural location. On the one hand, geography committed Poland to the East: even anti-Communist Poles were forced to accept the imperatives of Poland's strategic situation. On the other, culture committed Poland to the West; its tradition was one of feeling and spontaneity: even pro-Communist Poles were forced to accept the imperatives of Poland's cultural inheritance. This balance of imperatives defined Gomulka's task—and opportunity. Gomulka traded the independence of Polish foreign policy for a measure of latitude at home, especially in policy toward the intellectuals, the Catholic Church, and the peasants. This equilibrium of unwritten treaties provides the basis for Polish autonomy. As Mr. Rosenthal pointed out in his searching series, Gomulka has recently moved to tighten his control within that equilibrium; but (as I think Mr. Rosenthal would agree) he will not be foolish enough to push the hard policy to the point where the equilibrium might be upset.

Obviously Poland and Yugoslavia have attained their forms of liberal Communism in quite special ways. Will they remain unique? Or—as the Poles think and the Yugoslavs hope—may the Soviet Union itself evolve in a liberal and pluralistic direction?

WHO DEVOURS WHOM?

IN MY first article I described the Soviet Union as essentially a theological society manned by a collection of true believers. I suggested that the unquestionable progress in the past half-dozen years toward greater personal security and comfort may even have strengthened the dogmatic and ideological character of Soviet society. Yet are there no fissures in the Soviet structure? Are there no grounds to substantiate the Polish conviction that the eventual logic of de-Stalinization is de-totalitarianization?

The most significant remark made to me in the Soviet Union came from one of the wiliest and most experienced of Soviet writers. He said, "In the U.S.S.R., the grandfathers and the grandsons have more in common than either has with the fathers." By this he meant that those who grew up *before* the Revolution and those who grew up *after* the second world war have a mutual rapport, a common sympathy and understanding, as against those who grew up between the wars.

The older Western assumption had been that the children in a totalitarian society, having been exposed to systematic indoctrination from the cradle, would form the most orthodox, rigid, and hopeless group in that society. One remembers the character of Gletkin in *Darkness at Noon*—the complete Soviet man, steel-willed, fanatical, and indestructible, who took over from the older interrogator and finally broke Rubashov down. As time went on, we supposed, the Soviet Union would consist completely of row after row of Gletkins. Now Koestler's sketch was essentially right for the generation between the wars. The present Soviet elite consists of middle-aged editions of this monolithic Soviet man. But what none of us allowed for is the now evident fact that the sons and daughters of Gletkin are turning against their father. The monolithic style of life bores them, estranges them, leaves them disturbed and rebellious. They are reaching out for beauty and gaiety, for speed and risk, for autonomy, privacy, and self-expression. Instead of the revolution devouring its children,

perhaps the children may end by devouring the revolution.

The character of this revolt needs to be defined with precision. It certainly is not a revolt against Communism. Soviet youth today are Communists—in somewhat the sense that American youth today are Christians. Communism is for them the framework of life and belief. But it does not seem for them, as it did for their fathers, a living and militant faith to which every decision must be sternly referred. Communism controls their day-to-day activity hardly more than Christianity controls the day-to-day activity of American youth. As against the bleak and sterile dogmatism of their fathers, they—or at least a significant minority among them—appear to be reaching out for concreteness, variety, spontaneity. These rebels accept the political and economic forms of life as permanent. Their own political ideas are confused and sentimental. But they chafe under the moral and aesthetic dogmatism of the all-out Communist ideology. They want to break the mold.

"Young people are curious," Khrushchev himself admitted during his American tour. "Many of our young people hear about religion, about God, about the saints, about church ceremonies, and they have a curiosity about it," he said. "The feeling of curiosity is very important."

It is indeed very important, and it is characteristic of Khrushchev as a dictator that he both perceives the mood and concedes its significance. Again and again, one notes the contrast between the complacent certitude of the middle-aged and the open-minded enthusiasm of the young. When an established scholar pompously scolded Alfred Kazin for not having written the right things about Dreiser, a student approached Kazin after the meeting and said in English, pointing to the older man, "I hope you don't think we are all as illiberal as he is."

When Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic gave Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" its first Moscow performance in a generation, the stalls, filled with the New Class, were perfunctory in their response, but the galleries, filled with younger people, gave Stravinsky as well as Bernstein a wild ovation. At the American Exhibition, young artists clustered with excitement around the abstractions, while Khrushchev, with customary delicacy, said they looked to him as if they had been painted by a little boy urinating in the sand.

Youth and old age—against middle age. No one knows what is going on beneath the surface in Soviet culture; but every once in a while something rises into sight which suggests ferment underneath. Thus the veteran critic K. Paustovsky, a "grandfather," wrote in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* last May a scathing critique of official Soviet notions of literature. He scornfully attacked the convention of "the sickeningly sweet happy endings":

> We are lucky that Leo Tolstoy managed to write *Anna Karenina* before this tradition appeared. He did not have to take a "bow" to anyone, even the publisher; he could allow Anna to break up her family and pass out of life from purely private, and, consequently, impermissible considerations.

Compare this, Paustovsky continued, with the contemporary Soviet insistence on "positive" achievements, "taken with such obstinate persistence, that one would think we, ourselves, feel doubtful about it." Soviet literature is afraid to write of suffering and sadness, "as if all our life must go on under a sky of sweets and sugar."

As for the degradation of the Russian lan-



"How about 'Russian Scientists Say' . . . ?"

guage itself, so scintillating, melodious, and picturesque:

> Are we jealously preserving this language? No! On the contrary, it is being increasingly soiled, twisted, and reduced to a garble. We are threatened with the danger that the pellucid Russian language will be replaced by an impoverished and lifeless language of bureaucratic red tape.

Paustovsky's conclusion was concise and arresting: "It is, perhaps, that we shout so much and so loudly about truth in literature exactly because we lack it."

WHAT MAY FIX THE U.S.S.R.

WE WERE unable to persuade any Soviet writer (except Ehrenburg) to discuss with us the issues raised by Paustovsky. But clearly Soviet writers must discuss them among themselves. And evidently Paustovsky speaks not only for those who, like himself, can remember the European culture of pre-revolutionary Russia but also for men and women in their twenties yearning for forms to express, not official ideology, but personal experience.

The restlessness among the youth represents, I think, a great hope in the Soviet Union for evolution in a pragmatic and pluralistic direction. And, though consumer goods *per se* will work no miracles, one cannot help feeling that the movement toward a consumer society will in the long run begin to erode the dogmatic monolith. There can be no question that Khrushchev has committed his country to the consumer-goods merry-go-round. The critical question is whether the present Soviet capacity to build national power at a high rate through efficient concentration of talent and resources can survive transformation into a consumer society. One detects already some deference to people's desires. Two-tone Soviet cars crowd Moscow streets. Television aerials soar over Moscow apartment houses. Russian girls queue up for Czech shoes designed on Italian lines. The director of Moscow television, commenting on the possible exchange of programs with Britain, observes, with almost the sense of priorities of an American network official, "Perhaps football matches between the Russian and English teams at Moscow Sports Stadium could be shown. If there were a summit conference that too would be of interest." In the end, the commitment to the consumer-goods merry-go-round may fix the Soviet Union, as it has already fixed the United States.

All these represent possibilities, not predictions. The Poles keep up their own spirits by pretending that the Polish example is having great impact on the Soviet Union. I am sorry to report that in our visit to the Soviet Union we never heard anybody mention anything going on in Poland. Still, the one thing above all indispensable for the victory of the Polish-Yugoslav tendency is the relaxation of international tensions. A return to the Cold War would pinch off the inchoate burgeonings in the Soviet Union, promote the contraction in Poland, and freeze the state of things in Yugoslavia.

Khrushchev said many disingenuous things in the United States; but the least disingenuous may have been the one for which he was most widely attacked—that is, his speech before the United Nations. Obviously Khrushchev would prefer disarmament on terms which would weaken his side least and the other side most; so, it must be admitted, would we. Yet his desire for a *détente* may well be genuine. We make a grave error when we suppose that there is no real difference between Stalin's Russia and Khrushchev's. Stalin *required* international tension: only an overhanging external threat could reconcile his people to his savage interior tyranny. Khrushchev, by diminishing the interior tyranny, diminishes at the same time the need for external crisis. To try to deal with Khrushchev with policies developed in the age of Stalin—which, until very recently, has been the West's idea—is wrong. I would guess that Khrushchev deeply wants a relaxing of tension if only because of his superb confidence that the Communists will win the peaceful competition hands down in every area of human activity. No one in the West should seek a *détente* which would endanger any vital Western interest. But surely one of the strongest arguments for relaxation is that it might give the forces of pluralism and tolerance a chance to dissolve the ideological dogmatism of Soviet society.

SHORT OF MURDER

THE great value of a few weeks behind the Iron Curtain is to remind oneself of the treachery of abstractions. Both the Communists and ourselves have divided the world too glibly between the "democratic" or "capitalist" and the "Socialist" or "Communist" camps. We have all assumed that these Platonic essences are more "real" than their confused and imperfect approximations in the concrete experience of contemporary societies. We have thus accepted the

mystique of either/or; and, in endowing essence with greater actuality than existence, we have committed what Professor Whitehead used to call the "fallacy of misplaced concreteness." The great need of our times is liberation from the fanaticism of abstractions and a new concern for the empirical realities of life.

We are intermittently aware of the fact that the Platonic essence of "capitalism" does not correspond to the many mutations of a ceaselessly changing economic system. Only recently, Henry Cabot Lodge, addressing both Mr. Khrushchev and the New York Economic Club, casually discarded official American dogmas about the sacred and irrevocable character of free private enterprise. The difference between the early capitalism analyzed by Marx (and, Mr. Lodge implied, analyzed with some justice) and "our modern system of economic humanism" is as great "as the difference between black and white." He went on to announce, in defiance of a generation of business oratory, that Americans lived in a "welfare state" and that business prospered "at the same time that the federal government, in many ways large and small, pervades our lives." Most of us agree with Mr. Lodge that capitalism is not a fixed orthodoxy or a single structure; it is a name which covers a variety of political and economic institutions.

We must equally begin to take note of the gap between the abstract model of totalitarianism and the fumbling and fallible reality. After the war, in a world shocked by the horror of Nazi concentration camps and fearful of the fanaticism of Stalinist Communism, it was easy to accept the image of totalitarianism as an all-encompassing, all-devouring, *pure* expression of absolute power. George Orwell and Hannah Arendt developed this image in memorable literary terms, and for a moment we all succumbed to the notion that movement into totalitarianism from ordinary society involved a change of all ordinary human motives.

Yet human nature is too obstinate, various, and elusive to be efficiently mastered by any technique thus far devised short of physical obliteration. Of course, this is an available technique; and madmen like Hitler and the senile Stalin attempted precisely that. But they could never kill enough people to make their nightmare societies safe, and in the end they died themselves. The dictator who stops short of murdering all oppositionists, corruptionists, and apathetics must permit them to live; and, as soon as he permits them to live, he admits dangerous strains of normality into his society. Normality seems a weak and sketchy emotion, but, given time, it can split a monolith as ivy can split a block of granite.

We supposed for a moment during the war that Nazi Germany was the climax of totalitarian purity; we discovered afterward that it was honeycombed with intrigue like a Byzantine court and that it actually mobilized less of its economic potential than Great Britain. We supposed for a moment after the war that Soviet Russia was even more pure and absolute a totalitarianism than Nazi Germany; but since the death of Stalin it has been divesting itself of much of the irrationality which we consider its essence; and we are discovering now that its power, while frightening enough, is not supernatural, and that human motives somehow survive and even prosper. And Poland and Yugoslavia confuse analysis further by presenting examples of what appear to be functioning, non-totalitarian, semi-liberal Communist societies.

AN END TO CATEGORIES

WE must transfer our attention from essence to existence. Life is far more complicated than our categories. In this century, for example, "capitalism" has survived only by strong injections of "collectivism," and "collectivism" has survived only by strong injections of "capitalism." We must reject the mystique of either/or. Only the West can begin to lead the world back to intellectual sanity. We Westerners have a predominantly pragmatic and pluralistic tradition; we become dogmatists and monists only in times of crisis and hysteria. When we abandon the empirical approach to life, how can we hope to restrain others from turning into raving ideologues?

The question of the future is whether sensible Western policy can contribute to an evolution in the Soviet Union along lines already traced in Poland and Yugoslavia, or whether the tradition of infallibility is so profound and terrible in Russia that the Soviet leadership can never emerge from ideological madness. The Soviet Union is dizzy with success. But given time, given peace, given strength and growth in the West, the forces of human normality, weak but irresistible, will perhaps begin to have their effect. Even in the Soviet Union, one finds still hanging in Tolstoy's country estate, in the calm and lovely Yasnaya Polyana, a picture of William Lloyd Garrison inscribed in flowing hand:

"Liberty for each, for all, and for ever!"

QUESTION: *What has seven and a half acres of leaky roofs, uses twelve miles of copper wiring every year, harbors a chemistry laboratory, a molder's shop, a cabinetmaker, an upholsterer, a seamstress, and an armorer who makes real armor on a real forge, has four thousand musical instruments to be kept in tune and three hundred pigeons who resist all efforts to dislodge them, has, tucked away in a drawer, a pair of black and white socks that belonged to Edward VII (initialed ER), has a king's ransom locked up in its storerooms, and keeps 1,812 stone pieces of a dismembered Spanish Renaissance patio in an old aqueduct?*

ANSWER: *The Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City.*

Housekeeping at the Big Museum

By EDITH IGLAUER

Drawings by Richard Rockwell

THE Metropolitan Museum owns 365,000 objects classified as art, of which only 7.5 per cent are on public view at any one time. The other 92.5 per cent of its priceless treasures repose in study rooms open to (but seldom seen by) most visitors, or in storage rooms, or in the fortress-like basements, scattered among the various repair shops and service departments that keep the museum humming along, almost as self-contained as a great ship. In a city notorious for its eagerness to build and then destroy, the Met is refreshingly timeless. With a collection that includes art created more than five thousand years ago, it is not surprising to find the curators thinking about a gallery exhibition which, once set up, won't be changed for a decade. The detached attitude toward time is nowhere better expressed than in the management's remarks on the perpetual roofing operations: "We hope to be watertight for our generation," Mr. James J. Rorimer, Director of the Metropolitan, has said.

Mr. Robert Chapman, the Building Superintendent, a cheerful, prematurely gray-haired man who keeps young by climbing up and down the ladders that connect the Met's forty-odd roof levels, recently took me on a trip behind the scenes at the museum, a trip that began along the catwalks that lace the roofs outside and surround the skylights inside above the galleries. After admiring the magnificent panorama of New York, he indicated that he too takes the long view.

"We started our current program of replacing roofs in 1936, and will be finished in about ten years," he said. "The first new roofs in this program, on Wing B, are now twenty years old, and by the time we get through our present schedule, they'll be thirty, and need repairs."

"Oh, the problems!" he continued, as he descended from the roof through a heavy steel door, down a ladder into a top-floor room filled with gray-funneled ventilators connected with blowers from the galleries. Weaving his way around them he came out on an interior catwalk that stretched across a large surrealist open space composed entirely of two-by-two-foot glass panels supported by steel framework painted white. Each panel had one or two spotlights attached, the glare directed through to the room below. A glass panel was open, and a clump of visitors could be seen underneath in the Near Eastern rug gallery, listening to a lecture clearly audible through the opening. High above the glass ceiling and catwalk was a skylight.

"These buildings were constructed so spaciously that we dropped the glass ceilings thirty feet when we modernized twenty years ago and still had a ten-foot-high gallery," Mr. Chapman said. "We need these catwalks across the gallery ceilings to clean the glass panels and to relamp. Lighting is really my biggest problem. A gallery may have from ten to five hundred lights, depending on the curator's wishes. He may ask for a raking spotlight or two hundred-watt lamps with silvered reflectors. Everybody here is a lighting expert, and some curators can even tell when you change bulb manufacturers! The city owns

these buildings and pays roughly half the upkeep, so we get its discount on bulbs, which are bought from the lowest bidder, whoever that may be.

"The electricity used here would light a small town," he said. "We have four full-time relampers who just go around putting in bulbs."

He opened a door and led me into a vaulted attic with a huge skylighted roof. Three domes, each fifty feet in diameter, stretched like great bubbles across the vast expanse of floor. "We're right above the central hall now, which is two stories high," he said. "These are the domes you see from their concave side if you look up as you come in the main doors. Weird from this side, aren't they? They are made from frosted spherically cast Belgian glass, very ticklish to handle.

"Like all attics, ours contains odds and ends," Mr. Chapman continued, pointing to a platform with a large white backdrop between two of the domes. "We use the space between the humps as a photo studio, and we have dark rooms up here too. Every art object acquired—we call it accessioned—by the museum is photographed."

He walked over to a small chamber, some twenty by thirty feet, with a heavy metal door containing a glass window. "This is our fumigation chamber. It has a vent to the roof, and although it's approved for toxic fumigants, we use carb-oxide, which is non-poisonous to humans. Any object coming into the building that might have wood bugs or be infested with insects is fumigated here. Twenty pounds of fumigant, or one shot, costs about twenty dollars, so we only run it every few months. We alert all departments a week ahead to get everything they want in here, and then we lock it up."

Mr. Chapman continued walking, past old picture frames stacked against the wall, a hand-truck filled with folding chairs, and a stack of rubber mats for the entrances on rainy days, and entered a large freight elevator. "Whenever I get in this elevator I think about moving the Farnese Table to its, I hope, final resting place in the painting galleries," he said, as we descended to the basement. "It's an enormous marble piece that belonged to a sixteenth-century Italian cardinal; the museum bought it last year. This is the only elevator large enough to carry a table top weighing close to five tons. We moved the heavy stone legs, of course, separately. Moving art is my second hardest problem, after lighting. When our elevator carries loads near its maximum limit, we don't allow anyone to ride in the car, but control it from the motor room." He took a deep breath.



"Well," he continued, "we put this table top in the elevator edgewise, like a book, attached to a cable and pulley, and the chain slipped about an inch, making a popping sound like a rifle shot that scared us half to death, but it held. I shiver when I think of it." He shook his head. "I have forty-five mechanics of every type on my staff—locksmiths, glaziers, welders, blacksmiths, electricians, masons, engineers, and so on, with shops to handle any type of building repair. I place out contracts for work beyond us, such as large painting or antique-floor-inlay jobs, or re-erecting the thirty-ton Spanish wrought-iron choir screen or moving six-ton stone bulls, but we are a pretty versatile group ourselves. Beginning in 1880, ten years after the Met was founded, when it moved into its first building in Central Park, a building or wing has been added on an average of every ten years. Each wing was built in accordance with the latest industrial developments up to that time, and each wing has its own heating and ventilating system, all of them different. See my gray hair?" he said. "Well, now you know why!"

He stepped out of the elevator into the neat, whitewashed basement and started to walk down a ramp. Massive crates were stacked on the basement floor, and one was turned to show the black markings. "Box 212, 8 pieces, Swiss Room Ceiling," it read. "We're under the main Tapestry Room now," Mr. Chapman explained. "These boxes contain period rooms—the walls are there too—waiting either to be sold or installed, I don't know which." He waved an arm toward a pile of wire coils. "That's old picture wire, miles of it. We re-use all our good stuff." He leaned over and touched what appeared to be large boulders as he walked through a narrow areaway. "Look at these—original outcroppings of Central Park. The builder just leveled the top of this rock and built the building." He passed an enormous board filled with

wheels and handles like the controls of a submarine. "Main sprinkler alarm system," he said.

He kept on, past a glass-enclosed room where an engineer on duty was responsible for reducing steam pressure for the museum's cooking stoves, furnaces, and water pumps, went down another corridor and more stairs, and said, "Now we're in the basement of the Old Boiler House. It used to house eight coal boilers that heated the museum before we converted to purchased steam." He peered down into a hole in the floor. "This is called a sump pump," he said. "There's an old spring right here, a running brook. When the water gets too high, this pump drains it into a city sewer. Never would think there was a freshwater spring down here underneath all that art, would you? We plan to build a service building here, but in the meantime we use this space to store outsize art objects."

THE TUNNEL UNDER THE CITY

HE stepped up to a large square room with yellow walls. Two *papier-mâché* life-size horses were facing a more than life-size Buddha. "One of these horses is an exact copy of a horse in St. Mark's Square in Venice," he said. "They all have removable ears. Over here is a cute little Chinese temple," he added, nodding toward a pile of large crates. "It weighs a lot." His glance moved from a cast of the Winged Victory to a ten-foot plaster Greek hero standing with his hand outstretched; someone had dropped a small kewpie doll in it, and Mr. Chapman laughed. Another massive crate contained a Spanish wooden ceiling. "The stuff here was too big to get into the Tunnel before our big freight elevator was installed, but we'll start sending it down shortly. The Tunnel?" He paused and smiled. "I heard Miss Bezold, the registrar, describe it the other day. Weird and wonderful were the words she used."

He led me out of the Boiler House through some whitewashed basements, to the entrance of the carpentry shop. Stopping short, he turned down a ramp descending sharply to a brick archway. The space ahead, twenty-six feet wide and about ten feet high, was cavernous, seeming to stretch without end into the darkness. "This," he said, "is the Tunnel.

"We are below the basement level at the Eighty-fourth Street end now, in what was formerly an aqueduct for the Central Park Reservoir," he explained. "It extends for five city blocks diagonally, and we have just finished paving it."

He switched on the overhead lights and mysterious shadowy forms became statuary, boxes, crates, and shelves filled with art objects. There was an assortment of pipes overhead, the sprinkler was painted a fireman's red, and a telephone line ran along the wall, with telephones spaced at two-hundred-foot intervals. Nevertheless, the atmosphere was ominous; the silent statues had an eerie coldness, and seemed to be saying that they could outlast any human visitor. Mr. Chapman's matter-of-fact voice broke through the stillness. "We used highway-type construction here," he said. "We graded the muddy bottom, drained it, laid cinders and then six inches of reinforced concrete. The temperature is a fairly constant seventy degrees, very good for storing art."

Beginning at the bottom of the ramp and extending for some distance into the Tunnel were special shelves on which lay large pieces of marble, carved in floral designs. "The Blumenthal Patio," he said. "It's a two-story patio when assembled, and those numbered stones take up an eighth of the space down here. A former Trustee and President, George Blumenthal, had it in the center of his Park Avenue house and bequeathed it to us. It will eventually be rebuilt in the hall of the new museum library.

"Each department was assigned space," he explained. Among the crates and boxes of the Arms and Armor Department were a number of heavy cannon and the upper half of a man wearing armor, all carved in stone, lying on his back, his hands folded across his chest. Several monumental Egyptian figures were covered with plastic sheets. Beyond some boxes of mosaics (Greek and Roman Department) and chess sets was a statue of a woman without feet, lying peacefully propped on two wooden boxes, property of the Near East Department. A naked marble lady staring at herself in a marble mirror was surrounded by ghostly figures in plastic sheets tied at the head and feet, giving them form but no features. A gathering of uncovered statues had extraordinary variety: a dying gladiator, a blind girl, a Bacchante, George Washington, Indians, a girl listening to a shell, mountain lions attacking one another, and a bust of Queen Victoria. At the sealed Tunnel end were a cluster of large vases, a silver wine cistern, empty showcases, and the flags for the museum's annual children's party. "If we were to go upstairs here we'd land in the Junior Museum," said Mr. Chapman. He turned and retraced his steps, and stooped low as he mounted the ramp to avoid hitting his head on the ceiling. "There are two

things that make a museum a different place to work," he said. "The rigid procedure for handling all art objects and the curators. Low bridge!"

TENDER, LOVING CARE

SIXTY-THREE feet of catalogue files line the wall of the long corridor outside the large airy basement offices of the Museum Registrar. Irma Bezold, a tall, handsome woman with dark, upswept hair, keeps a record of every art object that comes into the museum, whether by purchase, loan, gift, or bequest, even if it arrives merely for approval or examination by a curator. If the object joins the museum collection, she sees to it that an accession number, the first two digits of which are the year it was "accessioned," is painted on it in fine red letters in an inconspicuous spot.

All art objects entering or leaving the museum are packed and unpacked by Miss Bezold's two packing experts and are held in her locked storeroom while they are being processed, sometimes for weeks. Her packers are in great demand and have even gone to Europe with special collections. Miss Bezold herself once went from New York to Texas with some Gauguins that the Louvre refused to lend unless they were personally escorted.

"I never know what to expect," Miss Bezold said. "Sometimes an object will have been on loan for years, and the lender will suddenly decide to take it back. Sometimes an estate is being closed, and on a minute's notice the executors send over an art work about which we have been negotiating for ages."

She walked from her office through a packing-room filled with boxes, crates, excelsior, and paddings, unlocked a basement door bearing a sign "Keep This Door Closed and Locked," and entered a large, white room. Several people dressed in tan smocks were working at long wooden tables whose padded surfaces held a variety of art objects laid out so that no one piece touched another. Posted on the walls and doors were notices stating, "Unless your duties require it or you have the permission of the curator of the department concerned, Please Do Not Handle the Art Objects in This Room."

"This is my storeroom for objects in transit to and from the museum," Miss Bezold explained. "Every object has an identity tag. Some are things sent in at our request by dealers or other people for examination." She walked over to a table that held twenty-two small sculptures, including a jade horse, a bronze bull, and a small bas-relief. "This is an exhibition for blind people, the objects especially selected for their tactile value from seven different departments of the museum."

There was a slight commotion across the room as a tall man with a long face and glasses and a mustache entered. He was wearing a smock and had binocular magnifiers that looked like hooded eyeglasses perched on top of his head. "That's Murray Pease, our Conservator. We've been waiting for him," Miss Bezold whispered, hurrying over to a large painting perched against a wall. "A dealer sent in this valuable painting, and a big packing pad slipped in transit and damaged the surface."

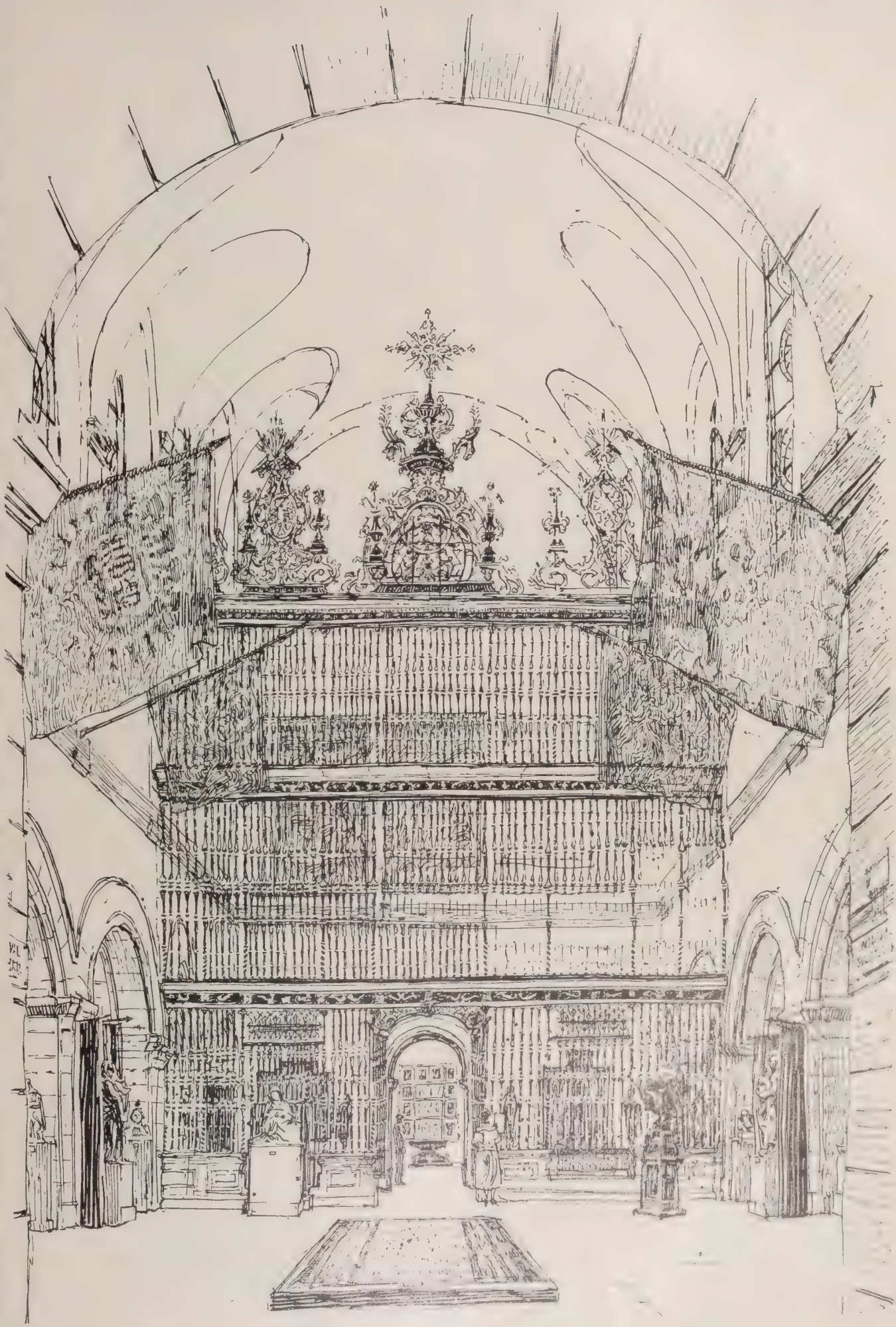
Mr. Pease adjusted his binocular magnifiers over his eyes, took out his handkerchief, and rubbed softly on one of several white spots that marred the surface of the painting. Everyone waited breathlessly. Then he straightened up. "It's not an inherent vice," he said. "That is," he explained, "it's very superficial. Ninety per cent of the varnish is still there. We can add more varnish or dissolve these spots. In either case, we must wait for the owner's permission."

As he left Miss Bezold's storeroom, Mr. Pease explained, "My department is responsible for the health and welfare of all the objects in the museum's collection with the exception of Arms and Armor, which has its own forge and trained metal worker, and the Print Department, which because of its enormous bulk, mounts its own prints and binds its own books. Each department has helpers or housekeepers who do the routine dusting and polishing, but if restoration or repair is required, we do it. We also examine several thousand objects coming in every year for purchase or on loan."

He opened a door on the corridor. A plump, pleasant woman was bending over a piece of tapestry on a long table, and a man was tacking down material on a chair. "Our upholstery shop," said Mr. Pease. "Mrs. Burke is cleaning a corner of this tapestry to see if soap and water may be used." He closed the door again.

The next door he opened revealed a handsome inlaid desk set up on two wooden horses. "Our cabinetmaking shop," he said. "This brass inlay tends to pop out as furniture gets dry and has to be re-attached." He closed the door and resumed his walk. "In the last thirty years museum conservation has become a systematic profession, with the application of scientific methods to the care of art. I keep in touch with all the

(Text continues on page 88.)



Wrought-iron choir screen (reja) from the Cathedral of Valladolid, Spain, in the Metropolitan's Medieval Sculpture Hall



Giusti

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Each issue, like the February volume pictured here, is bound in hard covers and measures 8¾" x 11¼". The cover picture is in full color against a lacquered white background.

February 1965

latest developments, including the atomic laboratory at Brookhaven, Long Island. I have a staff of eighteen and a half (one is part-time). Three of us have curatorial status, and I like to compare a conservator to a surgeon. Our training includes a college degree or its equivalent, with special emphasis on fine arts, history, physics, and chemistry, and four or five years of actual practice that would be the equivalent of a medical internship. A mistaken diagnosis means death for a work of art, so we employ all available scientific testing before the 'operation' and try to make sure ahead of time that we are making the right decision."

He opened still another door at the end of the corridor and entered a large, spotlessly clean room that had been sectioned off into various repair shops. "We are usually treating about one hundred objects at one time, and the diagnosis and treatment can be the work of minutes, weeks, or years," he said. "The enemies of art are poor atmospheric conditions, especially the sulfur in the New York air, and fluctuations in humidity. We study the object beforehand for anywhere from fifteen minutes to a month. An object that takes a month's study is usually something submitted for purchase of whose antiquity we are uncertain."

He pointed out a small chemistry laboratory for analytical work, a paint spray booth, equipment for welding and brazing, a wax bath, and a large tank of water in which a recently acquired Egyptian bas-relief was submerged. "We soak ancient stones which have absorbed salt from the soil for weeks, checking the water until it's clear of salt," he said. "Ancient, salt-laden stone has a nasty tendency to swell and the original surface flakes off. This stone has been soaking for about a month now."

He passed into the large general repair section, where several bronzes and large ceramics were in various stages of treatment. Beyond was the molder's shop, where plaster legs for a statue of Aphrodite in the museum were recently made. Adjoining was the large paintings laboratory and beyond was the department's library which doubles as a dark room, for black-light examination of art to determine its authenticity and degree of restoration. In the center of the paintings laboratory a large oil painting was stretched out, face down, on a table.

"This is a painting by Benvenuto di Giovanni," Mr. Pease said. "We have been transferring it from its old, worm-eaten, split wooden panel to a new support. We have been working on it for two years and it will take another year before we finish. The paint, which must remain intact as it is separated from one backing and transferred to another, is as thin as a sheet of typewriter paper." He sighed, as he turned to go into his office, and added, "We've never had a bequest for conservation. There's no public appeal, I guess, in preserving for posterity."

NEVER ENOUGH ROOMS

THE collection at the Metropolitan is encyclopedic, composed of masterpieces and lesser masterpieces from Europe, the Near and Far East, and America, ranging, with gaps, from ancient times to the present. So much art demands a great deal of care. In addition to painting, sculpture, and furniture, the Metropolitan has vast collections of arms and armor, costumes, textiles, prints, and musical instruments. Each collection has its own quarters, presided over by its own curator. Almost all the curators want more space, either for display or storage or both. A good gallery display needs reserves to choose from, with at least one piece in the storeroom behind every piece on exhibition.

Curators are apt to display (with some reason) a suspicious attitude toward the public they serve. To protect itself and its curators against exploitation by dealers, the museum has a firm rule that no monetary appraisal can be made nor any written opinion given on the value of any work of art brought in from the outside. The most closely guarded museum secrets are the prices that the Metropolitan itself pays for works of art.

Nevertheless, people are always asking for advice, or making zany requests, such as a recent one to see two "extinct" passenger pigeons under glass, or offering to sell Betsy Ross's rocking chair, complete with a letter of certification signed by George Washington; a visitor may wander in, looking for "unraveled mummies" or the costumes worn by Jesus' Disciples. Letters arrive complaining if a visitor can't find his favorite work of art, but the general opinion around the museum is that the public is getting pleasanter, and certainly more interested. The annual attendance is now around three million.

Three million visitors mean more guards and more cleaning, and this past summer the Met began closing on Mondays because of lack of funds from the city for the necessary additional help. The cleaning of art objects is done by veteran departmental helpers, but general cleaning of floors and halls is done every Sunday morning from ten until one, at which time the doors open

to the public. The guards, several of whom are artists and sculptors, double as the cleaning squad, and Sunday morning finds them dressed in overalls and rubbers swabbing down the empty museum.

Although the museum checks thousands of umbrellas on a rainy day so that visitors will not be tempted to point them at paintings, it has never been able to prevent art objects from being touched by millions of fingers, and the American Wing is continuously replacing its upholstery. Schoolchildren are serious offenders with pencils and crayons; they even write their names with knives. Bubble gum is a hazard especially in the Egyptian tomb.

The curator who suffers most vocally from the public urge to touch art is Stephen Grancsay of Arms and Armor. Mr. Grancsay, whose youthful appearance belies his forty-five years with the museum, has compressed his emotions into the following phrase: "The Armor Department hates all nervous people with flabby, salt-laden hands who feel impelled to touch the armor, thereby causing rust." He dreams of electrifying the tails of the horses in his galleries. "Every kid pulls those tails," he complained not long ago, "and real tails are getting hard to replace."

Only one-tenth of the armor collection of more than thirteen thousand pieces is on exhibition; the remainder is hidden away in a large storeroom filled with specially designed cases containing thousands of swords, daggers, helmets, and body armor. Mr. Grancsay would like to open his storerooms to the public for study purposes, but that would require a full-time attendant and an extra room. The armor collection is a popular spot, particularly the forge and workshop of Leonard Heinrich, the Museum Armorer, a blue-eyed man with a shock of graying blond hair who looks, in his long working apron, something like a medieval knight himself. Most of his time is spent repairing the collection, but during the war he made the Army thirty different helmets.

Three of the museum's fourteen art departments already have study rooms. There is a Textile Study Room, with its ten thousand textile samples, open to the public and used chiefly by designers and artists. The Print Department, with the museum's largest collection of individual items, 194,000, is housed in a series of rooms which Print Curator Hyatt Mayor refers to as a string of boxcars, with his office, the caboose, at the end. ("Luckily," he has said, "paper packs flat!") The Costume Institute, shortly to be renovated, contains national and folk costumes from all over the world, and possesses a fascinating collection of designers' models and clothes worn by royalty and people of high fashion. (Mrs. Byron Foy, for example, gave the Institute her famous wardrobe.) It has such an extensive collection that famous designers are constantly hiding in the small private sketching rooms provided by the museum, scurrying out of sight, away from competitors' eyes, to copy the past.

One curator has stated that his job is "to do what a high-priced butler would do," but most of the curators are totally enamored of their work. John Phillips, whose fabulous Renais-



sance and Post-Renaissance collections deal in the most recent past, is fascinated by the detective-story aspects of his job. "Often in a question of identification we must find the missing period of an object we own, or the artist," he said. "We're the detectives, and we try to settle our cases."

Sooner or later, almost every visitor to the museum looks at the painting galleries. "My aim is to get as many masterpieces as possible and then to fill in the central structure of each school with first-rate things," Theodore Rousseau, Jr., Curator of European Paintings, said recently. "I have to know where things are, watch them, and try to find out whether the owner is willing to sell. I try to see everything that's offered unless it's no good. But if it's a Rembrandt, for example, I wouldn't be likely to urge the Director and trustees to buy that because we already have such fine Rembrandts. When I do buy a picture," he added, "I place it among things of its school, where it tells its story most effectively."

Robert Hale, Curator of the Department of American Art, is a tall, slender man with a sense of humor. He needs it. Mr. Hale has the responsibility for buying contemporary art. His office usually contains several pictures that are being considered for purchase, and he is frequently waylaid by artists and even more often by dealers, one of whom recently tried to sell him a picture at a funeral.

"Dealers are a great help to me, however," he explained, "because they will tell me when there is a good picture on the market. A good picture is grabbed up quickly. We don't buy young experimental artists. We leave that to the Museum of Modern Art, for one—but we do buy those who have achieved a certain distinction. The values of dead artists are in the books, and contemporary values are undecided, but after you know the field, and have a great many lines out, you know who is coming up and how they stand." He laughed, and added, "I have a thousand friends among artists, often visit their studios, and I am definitely not afraid of American art. When you come right down to it, it's canvas and paint, and what is there to fear?"



THE DIRECTOR'S JOB

THE offices of the Director of the Metropolitan, Mr. James J. Rorimer, are on a mezzanine recently inserted into one of the majestically open spaces between the first and second floor. The director's suite overlooks Fifth Avenue at 81st Street and, in addition to the usual reception room and private office, includes a small inner sanctum known as the Director's Retiring Room, where on the wall above the couch is a painting of a railroad train by his twelve-year-old son. French and Flemish tapes-

tries adorn three of the tan grass-cloth walls of his office, and over his neat desk, whose chief ornament is an iron praying mantis made in the museum forge, is a drawing of a proposed gallery for the Oriental Department. "It awaits a prospective donor," he said to me not long ago. "We want great gifts and without conditions."

Dark-haired, with sparkling eyes, of medium height, and possessed of enormous enthusiasm and nervous energy, Mr. Rorimer was standing at a large conference table in the center of the room, examining a bolt of yellow grass-cloth while he talked, and ruffling through a long green filing box of color cards. "I was born in a room with grass-cloth and lived in a room with grass-cloth while I was growing up, and we are thinking of using it in one of the Egyptian galleries," he said. "There are fifteen hundred colors here, and I pick out those I think would suit," he added, selecting several orange shades.

"The job of the director is to put the museum in order, and much of it is behind the scenes," he said. He lit his pipe and began to pace up and down the room. "Last night, for example, I was at a dinner at the Modern Museum Guest House, where I talked to museum heads from all over the country, and to prospective donors. We always hope, of course, that great collectors will consider the Met when they are giving away their collections. I was home at eleven-thirty and worked out a speech, while I took a hot bath, that I must make at an international ceramics exhibition. I was up this morning at six-thirty and began my day at my desk at home, with a full brief case of leftover letters and reports. I then went to a trustees' meeting downtown to discuss fund-raising, which is always with us.

"I came back to my office and talked by phone with the director of the Brooklyn Museum about mutual problems, and saw one of my curators about the purchase of objects for his department that will be put up at the next meeting of the purchasing committee." He paused to relight his pipe. "After that I went downstairs and looked at our newest period room, Croome Court, and examined measurements for the installation of two cases. Then I glanced at items for two departments, Greek and Roman, and Medieval, where we are doing some overall planning, and studied sample covers for museum bulletins before I show them to the trustees. Tonight, for an hour before dinner, I will go to art dealers to look over some pictures."

He paused, pipe in hand. "A director must have an open mind about many things, and closed about some. I try to be unbiased and fair, and I consult Aristotle and Benjamin Franklin for guidance. We can't cater to public fashion alone. I don't think the Met should be all things to all people, but everything it does should be done well. If I can't stand something, I say so. If something is being considered for addition to our collections, we ask, 'Is it the best of its period? Do we need it to fill a gap? Has it withstood the test of time? Will it add to our main purpose, which is education and the pleasure that comes with knowledge?' "

His secretary entered and asked for the key to his file. Mr. Rorimer removed it from a large ring of keys attached to his belt and handed it to her. "Seventeen and a half acres of area and 365,000 objects make for a lot of responsibility," he said. "I tie the museum keys to my belt so I won't lose them."

TO A MAD FRIEND by Peter Davison

I MAY look fine at the moment, but like you
I have capered and somersaulted in the street,
While, hoisted upon my shoulders, someone's face
Smiled at my friends and answered the telephone;
Or hovered, like a fish with nose against
A rock, in elements I could not breathe.
You've seen us in every land you've traveled through:
Our ties were tied, our shoes were always shined,
But icy eyes and tightness around the smile
Are marks enough to know your brothers by.
Rest easier, friend: we've all walked through your dreams
And are no strangers to that company.

Harper's Magazine, February 1960



THE BETROTHAL

A Story by LORNA BEERS

Drawing by Frederick A. Marvin

THE mail was delivered at four o'clock. It usually consisted of one limp canvas bag easily taken from the truck and given to Miss Amy Cromwell, the postmistress, in exchange for a canvas bag equally limp. For the townsfolk communicated with the outside world as seldom as the outside world communicated with them.

During the summer months the flurry of distributing and handing out the mail was carried on in sunshine but, as autumn crept on, the final letters were delivered in twilight, and finally by lamplight which contended feebly with pitch darkness.

On this afternoon in October it was dusk when Miss Amy gave out the last letter, heard the usual remark about the weather and, "How is your mother, Amy?" To which she gave the reply which had become so invariable as to be automatic, "Fine, thank you. My mother is a remarkable woman."

She pulled down the stamp window, counted her stamps, checked the few money orders she had written and the records of insured parcels, and took her coat from the hook.

No one could remember the time she had not worn this coat for everyday purposes. It must have been bought thirty years ago before she got her growth, for it was skimpy even on her slender person. It did not come closely about her throat and the high band of her modest blouse showed above its neckline like a clerical collar. Not that Miss Amy Cromwell was gaunt. Rather, she was wraith-like. She had a quick soundless step and when she walked she slipped along like a shadow. Her eyes were blue and set wide apart. Her unlined face had a dreamy expression, as if she was not part of life, but listened to it as to a tale.

When she locked the door of the post office the sun had set. The day had been one of high winds and gusty showers. For a moment as she put the key in her pocket a break in the mists beyond the rim of the world made the gray clouds dove-breasted as they drove along.

She looked at them a moment, then crossed the street. The general store, the drug store, the feed and grain store were dark, their proprietors home eating their suppers, the preparation of which sent the pleasant sting of wood smoke into the air, and the odor of onions and potatoes frying in butter. She did not look up as she passed these buildings, or when she passed the one beyond them—a more elaborate structure with a false front which gave the illusion of a second story, and with its door recessed between two bay windows, the curtains of which were drawn. Above this door was a gilt sign shaped like a platter. Twined about with tarnished gilt wreathings, which suggested the ornaments woven with the hair of the dead, was the name, Carr & Son. The older Carr had died ten years before, and the firm consisted only of the son. Mordecai Carr was the undertaker.

Miss Amy Cromwell turned the corner into Dogtooth Lane, a mere path. A drift of yellow beech leaves was sifted along the ruts, and as she walked, her feet rustling the leaves, she stooped to lift the hem of her skirt ever so slightly, and in so doing her eye caught a bar of golden light,

bright and definite, unlike the feeble reddish shine of the lamps in the windows beyond Dogtooth Lane. Her eye followed this ribbon of light to where it came from below the incompletely lowered blinds at the rear of Carr & Son. She let the hem of her skirt fall and stood, not breathing, pressing her knuckles to her lips. She saw something white as a peeled tree lying on a table.

As she stood, her knuckles against her teeth, a shadow fell on the blinds. A hand gripped the edge, and the curtains were pulled to the sill. The shadow retreated, advanced, made wings of blackness sweep across the windows, like the silhouettes of enormous bats.

She ran, stumbling, slipping on the wet leaves, half falling. She reached Appletree Street, where on the corner was the little house, gable end to the path, in which she lived with the remarkable woman, her mother. She stood awhile, her hand on the picket fence, until she caught her breath, for her mother had remarkable energy, and when she spied something ever so little amiss she never stopped until she got to the bottom of it.

Amy Cromwell did not want to explain why she had been so frightened, or even let her mind dwell on what she fancied she had seen. She drew a deep breath and opened the door. Her mother, rattling the stove lids, called out, "Fetch me a few sticks of wood, Amy, while your coat's on." Later, at the table, pouring the creamed codfish over the potatoes, she said, "Seems to me the Whittier's potatoes a'nt so good this year."

Amy, who had learned always to agree with her mother, murmured, as if she were a faint echo, "No, I don't think they're so good this year."

"Anybody get any mail today?"

"None to speak of." She hesitated, and then said, "Except a letter came for Phoebe Dixon. From Boston. From her cousin, I guess."

"Well, fancy that, and her passed on yesterday. It's enough to make you question the ways of Providence, her passing on in childbirth. Her so pretty and young. Men are wicked wanton things and will have their way. See to it you never have anything to do with any of them."

Miss Amy Cromwell gave a slight shudder. "Oh, I'd never have anything to do with any of them." She thought, leaning over her baked apple, "Mr. Mordecai Carr has some strange privileges."

When supper was over she fitted her embroidery hoops onto a patch of her crazy quilt and began to embroider a cluster of violets. Mrs. Cromwell, without spectacles, the remarkable woman, studied next Sunday's lesson in the *Quarterly*. Miss Amy put in stitch after stitch. "What does John Dixon think of Mr. Mordecai Carr's strange privileges?" she wondered.

THE next day she walked the long way, avoiding Dogtooth Lane. Her circuit brought her to the front of Carr & Son just as Mordecai Carr came out the door and stood on the step, his hand on the knob, waiting for her to pass.

She did not raise her eyes higher than the legs of his cinnamon-colored trousers, and when he said, "Good morning, Miss Amy, how is your mother?" she answered nothing at all, but stood white as linen staring at his ankles until he leaned over to see if something was wrong.

The day was bright, the air filled with the glitter of golden leaves and sunshine. The brightness penetrated even the shadowy partitioned post office and tiled it with golden squares.

Mr. Mordecai Carr was a good customer of the postal service. He sent packages and received them. He sent registered letters. He bought quantities of stamps, all in the course of his mysterious business. Early in the afternoon he came with his letters and made his purchase of stamps. In the dark frame of the stamp window he looked at her like an ancient painting. Above his cinnamon-colored coat his face was pale, with touches of pink about the nose and ginger-colored eyes. It was the look of the professional deacon, the decent sustained funereal atmosphere.

"Head to foot," she thought. "Head to foot. That's how it will be. Head to foot."

He put his hand out for his sheet of stamps. It was not like other men's hands—coarse from axe and plow, fingers spread, scarred, broken-nailed, brown, and calloused. It was a long pale hand, the nails pink and showing their half-moons, the fingers tight together as if his twin palms had just been folded in prayer. With a soft and stealing motion he drew the stamps across the counter. Fascinated, she watched the compressed fingers disappear.

He left and she sank upon a chair, trembling slightly. She was sitting so, staring at something terrible, when old Dr. Sills came in.

"What's this, Amy? That pain in the left elbow again? Are you taking the boluses I gave

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you? You better come see me." He did not like to see wasted lives, and he made a clucking sound, as to say, "I'd have a bad heart too, if I had to live with the remarkable woman."

At six o'clock Miss Amy Cromwell locked the office and went home by the long way. The luminous trees prolonged the day, and the air was dusty gold. The potatoes were in the oven baking, and the remarkable woman was sitting by the laid table reading the *Valley Times*.

"I see Mrs. Dunham married again. To a man no way equal to her first. I call it indecent, a widow's marrying again. It's against the gospel. There should be only one man in a woman's life. That's the gospel. And if he's took, that's an act of God and she should abide by it."

Miss Amy hung her coat on its hook.

"And here's Della Briggs about to marry a man different from what she was engaged to only last summer. That's wanton. That's what it is."

"That's true," Amy said, "there'd ought to be . . ." She stopped, seeing her mother's bright eye upon her and finished, "One and the same, betrothal and wedding." She had almost said, "Only one who is privileged to see you, head to foot."

The next afternoon when she walked slowly past Carr & Son she did not meet him, but an hour later, looking up from stamping her letters she saw the cinnamon-colored coat passing the post-office window. She shuddered with a strange terror mixed with a mysterious delight. There he went, the only man who would ever see her head to foot. He would stroke his strange hands, like rose-colored satin mittens, over her, head to foot.

Della Briggs came in to post her order for wedding finery.

"What was it you ordered, Della?"

"Fancy you wanting to know! I never imagined you cared about such things."

"Why shouldn't I care about pretty things, same as you?"

"Well, you do embroider beautiful. That's true. If Harry and me wasn't stepping right off, I'd have you embroider my outfit. I would."

She spread her catalogue on the counter. "There's the chemise. Real val lace. There's the petticoats. Embroidered ruffles. Machine done, I guess. Not like what you'd do. There's the dress. China silk, it says. And this is the veil. Orange blossoms. Artificial. I guess they're lovely."

"It must cost a lot."

"Well, it does. I couldn't have managed it, but Harry helped me. He says," her rosy lips spread in a triumphant smile and her eyes closed slowly like the eyes of an ecstatic cat, "he says he wants me to be a beautiful bride."

Miss Amy Cromwell patted the stamp on the wet sponge, placed it on Della Briggs' letter, stamped the envelope, and put it with the outgoing mail.

SHE walked to the window and looked across the street, where Mordecai Carr stood outside his establishment. Between the spurts of his strange business he was an idle man, and on fair days like this he stood on the walk talking to whoever went by, leaning forward slightly, his cinnamon-colored hat tilted just a little to the left, his thumbs hung on the edge of his pockets so that his long leaf-shaped hands lay down either side of his coat.

She looked at him intently, absorbing and accepting what she had thought revolting in him. For if he was to see her head to foot, then theirs was a mystic union, one that was bound to be culminated. She could not throw him over for another as Della Briggs had done, for he was the one, the only one, who would ever see her head to foot. As though he felt her intent gaze he looked toward the post office, gravely removed his hat, and bowed slightly to her.

She stepped back in confusion. "He is a gentleman," she thought, and she had a sensation along her throat as if a May breeze blew past, the caressing soft movement of his hands moving up her throat and tilting her chin.

In a basket beyond the stamp drawer she kept a square of her crazy quilt. On idle afternoons she sat and put in a petal, a chain of featherstitch, a few French knots to make the heart of a rose. When she rose from her work the visitors to the post office said, "Let's see what you've done now, Amy. Nobody embroiders like you."

She took up her silk and threaded her needle. "What Della Briggs got was ordinary," she thought. "If I was her I'd do it myself, stitch by stitch. I'd do the underthings in handkerchief linen, and the dress in white mull. Mull takes the stitches so nice." When Della Briggs' packages arrived, Miss Amy Cromwell lifted the grill of the stamp window to hand them through. "Oh, Della, I'd like to see them."

"Fancy you wanting to see them!" Della, glad to show her finery, opened the parcels. Miss Amy Cromwell made admiring comments, but she thought, "They're sleazy, that's what they are. I can do better than that."

She sat by the window and put in the petal of an apple blossom, stitch after careful stitch

The day was raw and misty, and across the road Mr. Mordecai Carr sat in his bay windows that reached to the floor. He was in a wooden arm chair, his cinnamon knees crossed, looking over the street as from a theater box. He sat there patiently, not moving hour after hour, nodding to those who went by, looking after them with his ginger-colored eyes.

Miss Amy Cromwell reflected that it was a great advantage to be postmistress. She could send for a few yards of mull or handkerchief linen and no one the wiser. She could draw a few dollars from her postal savings, and no one know it. If she took the money from the bank the whole town would know it in an hour and be wondering what she planned to do with it. Hadn't the cashier just confided to her that Pisgah Marsh had cashed his pay check in a tavern and Earl Roscommon had finally paid his grocery bill?

Getting the linen would be easy enough, but how could she keep its possession hidden from her mother? The thought of that remarkable woman filled her with dismay. The sweet docility that made her feel that any plans that ran counter to her mother's were conceived in folly now caused her to blush with shame. Just as she gave a resigned sigh she lifted her eyes from the green stem of a violet and saw the cinnamon-colored coattails disappear through the opposite door. She was overcome with the certitude of that meeting.

"As sure as the sun goes down, as sure as the snow will come, he'll see me, head to foot, bare as a peeled tree!" Hastily, nervous as a fawn, she mailed her order.

Thereafter when between customers she sat in the window putting in stitch after stitch, it was a bit of linen ruffle on which she worked, discreetly shielded by a square of crazy quilt. When she was asked, "What have you got done now, Amy?" she took a square she had finished two years before and displayed it.

"Oh, now that's the nicest yet, Amy."

SHE began with scallops and eyelets, but soon her needle seemed to fly, forming tendrils, flowers, doves, and hearts. Now and then she looked up to see the cinnamon coat passing along the street, or to see him standing, his thumbs in his pockets, his leaf-shaped hands against his sides, bending forward slightly. Seeing her white face turned toward him he lifted his cinnamon-colored hat and bowed slightly. It seemed to her that when he sat in his bow window his ginger eyes were on her, unblinking.

One day, turning the corner, she saw him coming toward her, leaning against the wind, his hand holding the brim of his hat, his cinnamon coat floating behind him, so that he strode on with a swooping motion like a brown hawk settling onto a furrow. She faltered and stood still, a small creature crouching in the naked field, paralyzed with fear, and yet shot through with a pulsing delight.

He came on while she stood there, and they met face to face. Slowly she lifted her head and looked into his eyes. Her pallor gave way to a deep flush. He looked at her gravely, lifted his hat with his customary gesture, and passed by, his cloak fluttering in the October wind.

That evening she sat in the circle of lamplight, round as a halo, putting featherstitch in her quilt. Her mother, reading the lesson in the *Quarterly,* said, "The thought this week is Ye know not the day nor the hour. That's a solemn thought, one men should lay to their hearts."

Miss Amy Cromwell let the embroidery hoops fall to her knee. "Yes!" she said breathlessly. "Yes!"

"Amy," eyeing her sharply, "you're not taking those pills the doctor gave you. I counted them this morning. Eleven in the bottle, same as last week."

The remarkable woman, who did not think Amy capable of any practical activity, banked the fire, wound the eight-day clock, put the cat in the woodshed, and locked the doors.

Miss Amy Cromwell's room was over the kitchen. It was a small room containing a white bed, a white dresser, a little chair, and a trunk with a round top. In the middle of the floor was a register, over which she stood and took off her modest blouse and her long black serge skirt. She pulled her full flannelette gown over her head, completing her disrobing under that ample tent, hidden even from herself. She knelt in her nightclothes on the strip of woven carpet and said her prayers. She shut the register to conserve heat. She lowered the lamp wick and blew the flame out gently. Once she had left her light burning and begun a story in the *Ladies' Magazine.* She did not finish it, for there was a rapping on the wall and, "Amy, I see a light under your door. Stop wasting oil."

This night she set the darkened lamp on her bureau, but she did not slip under the bed covers. She sat on the edge of the bed, her arms hugged to her chest, shivering slightly.

A light snow had fallen, hardly more than a frost. The moon was rising, and it sparkled with a blue and white glitter on the shed roof. She

tiptoed to the window. She looked out on a black and white world. The fences, the roofs, all the moonlit buildings had the quality of marble, whose façades were broken by yawning gaps of black shadow.

She went to her trunk, kneeling in the cold pool of moonlight. Moving softly as a kitten she pulled her linen from beneath the lowest folds of her crazy quilt. Wrapping a blanket around her she sat in the window in the moonlight and steadily embroidered the design, hour after hour, while the moon rose in the sky, rode overhead, and glittered like fire on her quick needle.

"Della Briggs' things were not like these." She pondered on how it was when Della Briggs was wedded and first alone with her lover. He lifted the veil with its circlet of orange blossoms as though he uncrowned a queen. Then he pulled down the china silk dress as a lady strips off her white glove; then the chemise with the val lace, and the ruffled petticoats, like hollyhocks, until her clothes lay around her like tumbled flowers.

"But with me it will be the other way round. I'll be in a shift when he comes. A flannel shift like this. Maybe I'll be lying on the sheet with nothing on at all. He'll see me like a peeled tree. He'll pour a precious flask of frankincense and myrrh over me, and caress me with his hands until I shine like a lily stalk. He will pull up the white stockings, and put on the chemise with val lace, the petticoats full as white roses, and the dress, and last of all the veil with the wreath of velvet flowers. Nothing man can do, or woman either, nothing under the sun can make it otherwise."

The next morning she was pale, but she said, "It's nothing. I got a chill."

"A chill? Did you put the goosefeather quilt on your bed? Well, put it on."

No, it was nothing. She moved lightly, exalted.

SHORTLY thereafter was Hallowe'en. Written on the post-office windows was, "Aaron loves May. Becky loves Ben." She went out with basin and cloth to wash the legends away. "Oh, they know nothing about it," she thought. "It is terrible as death. As terrible and sure. They play at it as boys play at war."

Dr. Sills, breathing clouds into the frosty air, walked by. "No no no," he said. "Mustn't do it. You're looking blue these days. That pain in the arm again? Taking the boluses I gave you?" He looked at her over his glasses as he loaded his pipe.

Mr. Mordecai Carr, wearing his cinnamon overcoat, his cinnamon hat pulled down against the glare, crossed the street and took the cloth from her hands. He erased the trivial records gravely, as if he foresaw a Herculaneum or Pompeii and did not care to have future generations reading apostrophes to local gladiators. He looked as if he knew how large trivial records of the dead can seem in history. All the while Miss Amy Cromwell looked at him with eyes blue as periwinkles.

"Now mind you," said Dr. Sills, starting on his way, "come and see me. Take the boluses I gave you. Take one if you feel the pain in the left arm."

When the window was sparkling clean she said, "Thank you." Mordecai Carr lifted his hat and bowed slightly. She took up her piece of mull and her white silk thread and sat by the window. She saw him across the street, one cinnamon knee over the other, his slender hand supporting his chin on the middle finger. The ginger eyes looked at her, and slightly giddy, she closed her own a moment and it seemed to her she walked toward him with a swimming motion, right through the glass, over the calico street on which the snow was melting.

When the moon gave her light she sat wrapped in the goosefeather quilt, her needle stitching, stitching, stitching. At last on a cold January night her white garments were finished. The waning moon was high in the sky. The ironwood tree by the shed wrote back and forth on the glittering snow with black fingers.

Until now she had kept her snow-white garments folded and hidden under the crazy quilt. Now she laid that unfinished meaningless tapestry on the bottom of the trunk over the boluses she hid there day by day so that the remarkable woman would not see them and nag her. With clasped hands she stood looking down at her trunk, which seemed to be filled with white foam.

She lowered the lid and took the mirror from the wall. It was a small mirror, and its images wavered. When she looked at herself hastily in the past it had been as if she looked at herself through a veil of flowing water, as if the self she looked at stood behind a waterfall. Now she set the mirror on the chest, on a chair, on the floor, solemnly looking at herself, whom she had never seen before. "Like a beautiful white birch," she thought. "A slender white birch, where two or three lean together."

She got into bed, and although the pain in her left arm was keen as a surgeon's knife, she did not get the boluses from the trunk. Beside her on the little chest lay a note. "I want to wear the white things in the trunk. It is my wish."

BY *William S. White*

HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Arnold Newman

HUMOR IN POLITICS

The Humor Quotient may be the most important index to watch in the first Presidential campaign of a new and—hopefully—funnier decade.

WASHINGTON—This is a modest proposal that in this election year 1960 we cease to treat solemnly what is not very important and begin to look seriously for what is at least fairly important—a sense of humor in politicians.

By November a thousand earnest editorials will have warned the candidates against "mud-slinging." But it is a term as anachronistic as the forensic exercise against which it is directed. For we don't have mud-slinging any more and have not had for years. We have one of two things: (1) negatively, no slinging of anything, not even of titillating epithets; or, (2) positively (and fortunately rarely), a brutal ambush character assassination so violently evil as to make old-fashioned mud-slinging seem an act of tender friendship.

Long ago the legitimacy of a candidate's birth could be publicly brought into question, as was Abraham Lincoln's. Or, occasionally, his amatory habits might be attacked, as were Grover Cleveland's. But during part of the 1950s this sort of slander of a public man was very weak tea, indeed.

A politician in the early (and wretched) 'fifties could count himself practically untouched unless the charges leveled at him went well beyond mere rape or murder. Such accusations would have been only wrist-taps for peccadilloes. A Republican charge in that period against the Democrats was hardly worth a single headline unless it cried treason against the very highest quarters.

And a Democratic charge would evoke no enthusiastic partisan response unless it amounted to indicting the very top Republicans for finding their highest pleasure in the sufferings of the common man while he was jobless, hungry, and dying for want of the shabbiest medical care, and his children were huddling in squalid schoolrooms that would have outraged the Okies of the 'thirties.

But in the latter part of the 'fifties extreme succeeded extreme and we returned to "normalcy." It was a word invented in, and perfectly expressive of, the Presidency of Warren G. Harding. In periods of "normalcy" a candidate will say nothing of his opponent that could not find a place in an autobiography ghosted for pay. Whatever else we have had in recent years, we have not had "mud-slinging." For this term indicates something far short of shooting an opponent in the back with a sawed-off shotgun but also something much beyond a faint suggestion that just possibly he might be a little bit wrong on one or two issues.

Thus, there is no more need now to take precautions against mud-slingers than there is to put out police launches on Long Island Sound against bootleggers.

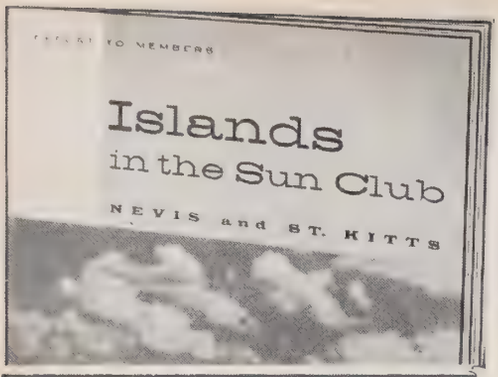
But there is a great human need in this election year for something other than a humorless political campaign. What we need is not the wisecrack, the bollo, the yak, or any of the other frantically contrived versions of humor produced by the laughter-industry of Broadway and Hollywood. No, the preferred humor for this political season is a grace of speech and a human style, whether colloquial or polished, overlying one of the many requisites of a good politician, a sense of proportion. We need the laughter of men properly respectful—and afraid—of the gods, but jesting with them all the same.

We think of this as a humorous country, but for many years it surely has not shown much humor, in our public affairs at least. The kind of humor of which I speak has rarely lived in the White House since the century opened. It was not present in Woodrow Wilson's time. Not the least of the tragedies of this able man was that he had no sense of humor—for large things or for small. It was fugitively present, in a bucolic and sometimes unconscious way, in the era of Calvin Coolidge.

The funniest thing President Coolidge ever said was not any of those cutely New England Yankee aphorisms endlessly attributed to him. And it was not intentionally funny. It happened when he was shown through a vast conservatory, full of all manner of exotic and lovely flora. He stared at this flowering largesse in bored incomprehension until, at the end, his eye came upon a yellow stalk of fruit. "Um," he said, in the frugal delight of his recognition, "bananas."

Real humor was a totally lost art in Harding's Administration—which was, perhaps, the first in modern history to turn the American mood into one of an over-powering stuffiness. Of Herbert Hoover's years, the less said in this regard the better—though it is an odd truth that Herbert Hoover in private is as salty in jest as Herbert Hoover in public was damply and disastrously solemn.

FDR brought into the White House a humor of a remarkably earthy kind, though it often was of that least intellectually demanding kind, the practical joke. Still, he had his moments. Once, according to an acquaintance of mine who was pres



JAMES MASON

says:



"My favorite place
happens to be one
Of the Islands in the Sun
I am not saying which
Because you might snitch".

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ent, the White House family and two or three intimate Roosevelt friends were seeing a very sexy movie. The President's mother, Mrs. Sara Roosevelt, deeply disapproved. At an especially racy passage, FDR nudged this formidable dowager in the ribs with his elbow and breathed in mock ecstasy: "Hot dog, Mamá!"

Harry S Truman had it in him to be a truly humorous politician; but his times were uniquely out of joint for it. Not even the most determined of wits could find much to joke about amidst the world-wide sound of the marching boots of armed Communists and the internal hatreds arising in this country because of a blackened Far Eastern world *nobody* on this side of the earth had made. (You see, on this occasion it was not the politician who lacked a sense of humor—that is, of proportion—but it was the public that had lost it.)

And as for the Eisenhower Administration, assume, if you will, that history will put it down as the finest, most nobly effective Crusade in all the story of mankind. Even so, not all the vulgar competence of that master mechanic of "image-making," Mr. Hagerty, could prove that the White House ever saw anything really funny in anything. So far as humor is concerned, the Eisenhower years could be said to have been the Harding years all over—but with television, in color.

Indeed, in my own working lifetime as a political writer I have run across comparatively few public men with more than a small, timid touch of humor. It was mostly the absence of humor that lost the White House to Thomas E. Dewey. It was, more than anything else, the curiously mordant and very thin humor of Robert A. Taft which denied to this great, wrong-headed man the larger perspective and thus the larger opportunity of at least running for President.

There was a touching quality in his extreme literalness of view. Once, when I was having dinner with him in a Washington restaurant, we had knocked back a drink apiece and I suggested a second. Taft demurred; I insisted.

"After all," I said with a heavy jocularity, "*Churchill* has as many as he likes before dinner."

Taft, who had long since correctly identified me as an active, if very fond, journalistic critic, asked with complete seriousness: "Is a man *really* a better politician if he drinks a good deal?"

The seemingly final collapse at long last of the heretofore unsinkable Harold E. Stassen—the oldest "Young Republican" of our time—was due in large part to the fact that he simply never could apprehend what was funny or what was sad. And sadness is of course a great part of humor. To observe at close hand Stassen's opaque-faced response to life's inscrutable designs, as I happened often to do, was an incredible experience.

When President Eisenhower pulled the rug from under Stassen's one-man fight against the renomination of Vice President Nixon in San Francisco in 1956, what was his reaction? First, he declared solemnly that, *of course,* he had been neither repudiated nor rebuked. Next, he went out to the Cow Palace that night and seconded Nixon's renomination as he had been instructed to do—with this difference: He did a far more fulsome and lengthy job of it than the script had called for. He went way beyond what might have been termed, euphemistically, the call of duty.

Again, at a post-TV-panel cocktail party one Sunday evening, a lady chatting with Stassen suddenly felt impelled to offer one of those vaguely kind invitations people will offer in such circumstances.

"Governor," she said, "you really must come to dinner sometime."

Stassen deliberated and then replied, in the tone of a man reading from the Book of Common Prayer: "I would be willing to do that if it were *understood in advance* that it would all be off the record." One would have thought him possessed, alone, of the combined secrets of the Vatican, the White House, and Downing Street.

SO MUCH, then, for the past. What of 1960? Whither humor in the coming Presidential campaign? No reliable flat prediction can be made, at least until we know which aspirant is going to be selected by which party. In the meantime, however, one who knows all the candidates to some degree, and most of

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them quite well, offers this personal estimate of the Humor Quotient, or H-Q, of each:

Adlai Stevenson—This true gentleman's humor is cultivated and wry. It wows the academics and, indeed, many other sensitive and bookish or semi-bookish people. It has no cheapness, but it is quite short of good earthiness; it sometimes becomes a little brittle. And it has, so far at any rate, a great campaign shortcoming. It is my belief (and this I have confirmed with a distinguished and veteran politician friend, who is of the British Commonwealth and so is impartial as between our candidates) that successful political humor must be thus qualified: It must make people laugh, but far preferably at issues and situations, and perhaps then at the other candidate. It is tolerable for this laughter to be *with* the speaker himself. But there is great danger that laughing *with* him may merge, imperceptibly and at any moment, into laughter *at* him. And this is fatal.

Senator John F. Kennedy—It is extremely difficult to measure the outer limits of the Humor Quotient here and to characterize it exactly. The sort of things that Kennedy finds laughable, and offers as laugh-inducing in others, are not in every way dissimilar from those of Stevenson. That is, Kennedy's humor is essentially of a literary or quasi-literary kind. It springs, often as not, from books or from the published epigrams of others. There is also a wryness very comparable to that of Stevenson. Both have, in a word, about the humor of an Eastern men's club, dry and underplayed and a bit sophisticated.

Vice President Richard M. Nixon—Nixon has a keen sense of the ridiculous but not much sense of what is merely, and simply, comic. But his humor, if infrequent, has one of the attributes of the true art: It is deadpan and it does not depend mainly, or even in large part, on physical actions, such as slapping his thigh or grimacing. There is in Nixon an awareness more of irony than of laughter. When he speaks, for example, of any one of a hundred erstwhile Nixon haters who have now become tiresomely eager Nixon evangelists, his face, as the saying goes, is a study—in the most subtle meaning of that term.

Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller—Rockefeller, for all his personal background, is, oddly, less "Eastern" in his humor than either Stevenson or Kennedy. He is less widely read than either—certainly in the classics—and his sense of humor is to this extent more handmade. There is, moreover, quite illogical as I know this sounds, an openness, a kind of Westernness, in Rockefeller's sense of what is amusing, or simply funny. This son of an Eastern family could more logically have come from California, so far as his Humor Quotient is concerned. And Nixon, the son of struggle and early privation from the West, could more readily have come from the tidy and confined purlieus of Manhattan—confined, that is, for people of less staggering means than Rockefeller's.

Senator Stuart Symington—Symington's H-Q is very small—or at any rate its discernible existence is very small. Innately, though he may not look it, he is probably the shyest man in the race in either party—not excepting Stevenson. I personally have never heard Symington tell a good story, or even a moderately dull one, though this is no proof that he *can't* tell a good one. Nor would this fact alone make him a humorless man. But, of course, I am treating a sense of humor here as expressive, most importantly of all, of a sense of proportion and of perspective. This I am bound to say is less evident in Symington than in any of the others. Though this circumstance may add to his aura of solidity and of ability to handle large issues, it cannot be said to offer any impression of *élan* toward these problems.

Senator Lyndon B. Johnson—Johnson of all the candidates has the nearest approach to the traditional humor of the frontier and the rivers, to the sharp, colloquial satire associated with Alben Barkley of Kentucky, Pat Harrison of Mississippi, and Henry Ashurst of Arizona. Johnson uses humor mainly for predetermined purposes.

The Johnson kind of humor is that

of vast, grotesque exaggeration built upon familiar and homely things and scenes. A Johnson anecdote is most often told to destroy an opponent's argument, or simply to put an opponent off balance. It is a humor that is rarely inward-looking. Johnson can laugh at stories turned on himself—but not unless they are very good stories and, strangely, not unless they hit him really hard at a really sensitive point. He is not amused by anti-Johnson jokes that merely prick at him; he will suffer a haymaker without flinching but not gladly suffer what he would call "a little-bitty poke."

No man in public life can use irony more effectively, in personal relationships. In the last Republican Congress to sit, the 83rd, I was paying more journalistic attention, as Senate correspondent for the *New York Times,* to the Republicans under Majority Leader Taft than to the Democrats under Minority Leader Johnson. Johnson telephoned me one day and soberly asked:

"Do you think it would be possible for the Democratic Leader of the Senate to have an appointment with the Senate correspondent of the *Times*—that is, of course, if I arranged to meet you in *Taft's* office? Naturally, I would not insist that you come to *mine*."

Senator Hubert H. Humphrey—Take it all around, Humphrey has the most active and the freshest (and sometimes, regrettably, also the rawest) humor of all this year's Presidential possibilities. (I am of course dealing with the "possibilities" in sight at the time I write; the list may have gone down or up when this is read, though I doubt it.) Humphrey is a genuine, and genuinely cheerful, extrovert. He is fond of "good stories" ranging from the broadest to the subtlest. He can readily halt amidst a violent political scrum—and has many a time done so—to find and proclaim some element of absurdity that does not necessarily serve his own cause.

It is this quality that makes many Senators—including the blackest of Republicans and the most deplorably Deep of the Southerners—privately chuckle and call him "Ole Hubert" even while he is bouncing happily up and down in ideological hob-nailed



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In 1954, campaigning in Minnesota to retain his seat, he was under fire for belonging to the ADA. The good farmers of Minnesota (and one or two non-farmers I know of) do not regard Americans for Democratic Action as the wisest, finest, fairest flower of this century's political thought. But "Ole Hubert" was one of ADA's officials. So I asked him in Minneapolis how he was meeting this sticky situation—and this was at a time when even vaguely "left-wing" associations were almost enough to put a fellow in line for Alcatraz.

Humphrey told me that the dread accusation of ADA membership had lately been hurled at him by GOP enemies at a stump speaking before Minnesota dairy farmers. "I simply declared to them in answer," he recalled with a gleam in his eye, "that things had come to a sad pass when a man could be so abused for belonging to that fine old American institution, the American Dairymen's Association."

NOW, a word of caution, as they say in the better medicine ads. The conclusion that Humphrey has the best sense of humor in this year's field does not, of course, mean he should be President—or even Vice President. Humor is not to be so elevated as to be equated with principle and ultimate competence. But, let's face it, Ole Hubert's high H-Q certainly doesn't do him any great harm—at any rate, in one fellow's book.

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Points of Departure and of No Return

THE novel of middle age, as I have mentioned rather too often in this column before, is now a distinctive genre of American fiction. Its standard plot turns on a moment of self-recognition, when a man no longer young is forced by the circumstances of his public career or private life (and often both) to reappraise his accomplishments and goals. He must face his failures and limitations and disillusionment and somehow find enough courage to tackle what remains of his life.

In each of the three new American novels about to be considered the middle-aged character is a man whose reappraisal of himself involves a problem about his masculinity. This is not usually a problem of sexuality as such, but rather a matter of living up to an image of maleness which requires that a man must not merely drift with the events of his life but must exert his will and act decisively. The psychological conflict is not much explored in any of the books, but it is pretty clearly a conflict between the bureaucratic and the frontier ideal of manhood—between the notion that a man should fit in, work with the team, and not make any trouble, and the notion that he should be independent, going his own way through hell and high taxes.

SUCCESS STORY

IN **The Lincoln Lords** (Little, Brown, $5), Cameron Hawley weds the novel of middle age to the business novel with which he has already had two great popular successes, *Executive Suite* and *Cash McCall*.

The main character of the new book, Lincoln Lord, is a man of forty-eight who has been president of five large companies in ten years and who is now, at the beginning of the novel, out of work. Lord is handsome, charming, likable, a man who inspires confidence in everyone except his wife, son, and closest associate. Yet he has given up or been forced out of a series of important jobs because in each of them he has encountered opposition that he could not bring himself to fight. Consequently he is beginning to acquire a reputation as a job-jumper, a charmer without staying power and perhaps without very much real ability, a smiling front man but little more. The question about him that the book asks is whether, when he gets another job, he will be capable of decisive action.

In his earlier books Hawley dealt with essentially economic problems in fictional form, but in *The Lincoln Lords* he is dealing with a character who not only has an economic function to perform (when and if he finds another job) but who also has psychological problems of considerable complexity. As a result, Lord is at least potentially the most interesting character Hawley has so far created.

Yet by the end of the book Hawley has swept most of the questions he has raised under the rug, without exploring them, almost without facing them. Lincoln Lord does find another company that is willing to make him president, and when the moment for decisive action comes he seizes it, but what he has discovered about himself in the reappraisal necessitated by his previous failures—why he can act more boldly than he has before—remains largely unexplained. And it cannot be explained because the reader never gets close enough to Lord to have any clear idea of what is going on inside him. Most of the time Lord is seen through the eyes of his wife Maggie, whose perceptions extend to careful observation of what kind of whiskey is preferred by a man who might be useful to her husband but not much further. (It is typical of Maggie Lord's opinions that she should scorn her husband's loyalty to his old college because she remembers it as a dowdy place.)

Lincoln Lord is a pathetic man—friendless, without love, tormented by self-doubt. He has wasted years of his life at jobs that have temporarily increased his prestige but for which he was not fundamentally suited. He has seemed to catch what William James called the bitch goddess success without ever catching on that she is a bitch. For him to become a human being seems to require more than anything that happens to him in the book.

Although Lord doubts himself, neither he nor his creator ever doubts the values he has lived

by. Apparently Hawley believes so devoutly in the American economy that for him economic failure is total failure, but surely it is possible to approve of an economic system without closing one's eyes to the excessiveness of the price that some people may pay for success in it.

Even the more purely economic questions raised by the book are not always probed deeply. For example, during most of the story Lord is censured as an administrator who has never had any ideas of his own but has helped himself generously to the ideas of an associate (a writer) whom he has dragged through his various jobs with him. Then suddenly we learn that idea men are fit only to serve the Lincoln Lords of the world and that the associate's resentment has been misplaced. If Hawley's point is—as it seems to be—that a writer is fit only to serve the leaders of industry, his book provides an example of his argument, but its shortcomings also provide a rebuttal.

Hawley has contrived the story of Lincoln Lord with considerable ingenuity of plot and peopled it with a variety of business types, some of them well portrayed. The writing often lacks intensity and has an unfortunate tendency to dissolve into groups of dots. As might be expected, the best parts of the book deal with business manipulations, though the relations between Jews and Gentiles in business are explored with unusual frankness. Oddly enough, Hawley seems to reach the conclusion that Jews are too emotional to handle the big decisions which business forces upon its leaders. There must be considerable evidence to the contrary.

QUIETER DESPERATION

THE main character in John Leggett's **Wilder Stone** (Harper, $3.95) is younger than Lincoln Lord by eight years and a great deal humbler in his career. In fact, Wilder Stone is a rather minor functionary in a New York real-estate office who is in danger of slipping out of a job altogether.

But Stone is like Lord in that he lacks power of decision. A good many people have or think they have claims on him—his boss and fellow workers at the real-estate office, his son by his dead wife, his fiendishly possessive mother and his sister who is drifting off into some kind of old maid's queerness, his mother-in-law who is bringing up his son, and his mistress, a hairdresser. Stone tries to deal with all these claimants the way a poor man tries to deal with his creditors—by giving a little of himself to each, thereby satisfying nobody and keeping all of them eternally after him for more.

The novel essentially concerns Wilder Stone's realization that the only way he can cease to be the victim of the demands of others is by simplifying his relationships, by sacrificing the less important to the more important, and in the end he decides that the only way he can give shape to his life is by putting his loyalty to his son first.

The plight of Wilder Stone is depicted with a good deal of quiet, sympathetic honesty. The book presents a convincing portrait of an unspectacular (in fact, a rather dull) man whose life requires of him more time and energy and talent than he has to offer. Because he makes such a believable victim, his ability to cope with his problems, to cease being victimized, is less convincing; and a reader may feel that Stone's new-found decisiveness is a brave but very temporary show. The main problem of his life has always been his inability to throw off the domination of his mother, a silly old woman but a skilled and resourceful practitioner of emotional blackmail; and though he finds the strength to run away from her for a time, he hasn't, and probably never will have, the nerve to face her down.

MINE ENEMY GROWS YOUNGER

Two Weeks in Another Town (Random House, $4.95), Irwin Shaw's new book, often seems less like a novel than like a scenario—a kind of *Sunset Boulevard* for male lead (Clark Gable perhaps), with two parts for Italian actresses of figure and spirit and a variety of supporting roles that should present few casting problems.

The main character is again a middle-aged man. His name is Jack Andrus, and before an injury in the second world war marred his manly beauty he was a movie star. More recently he has been working for NATO in Paris and living quietly with his third wife and their two children. Suddenly he is called to Rome by a film director named Delaney, who had directed him years before when both of them had been young and promising. Now Delaney is in trouble—his recent pictures have been failures—and he wants his old friend Andrus to help him out. Andrus goes to Rome for two weeks, becomes deeply embroiled in the world of Italian-American motion pictures, and in the end goes back to Paris.

The two weeks that Andrus spends in Rome is his time of decision; the question that hangs over him is whether in his withdrawal from the world of the movies and in the rather restricted bureaucratic life he customarily leads in Paris, he is simply following the line of least resistance, drifting with the times, escaping demands that he may be afraid of trying to meet, or whether it is in fact the life he wants and chooses freely to follow.

But in at least one fundamental way Shaw sees the problem of the middle-aged man quite differently from Hawley and Leggett. In their books the man feels himself judged by his contemporaries, by the men he works with and more particularly by women—by wives, mothers, or mistresses. In Shaw's book, on the other

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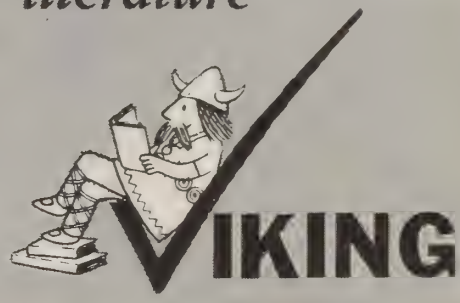
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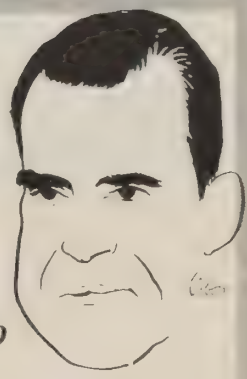


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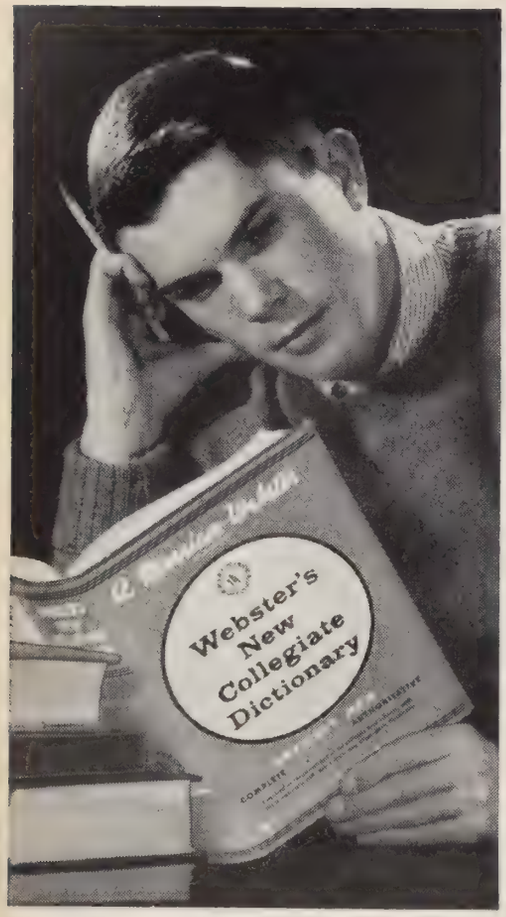
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hand, the judge is youth. Shaw apparently regards youth as a kind of moral value in itself—the young have some sort of natural integrity, often in the form of an unblemished talent, that equips them to judge, and (if necessary) to condemn, their elders. For Jack Andrus the problem is not merely to prove his manhood by acting decisively but to prove it by demonstrating that he is still as good—in sex, in art, in friendship—as the young men whose beady eyes are watching him for failure.

But there is something slightly ridiculous about the middle-aged man who competes with youth on its own terms, even if he succeeds for a time, and though youth has many charms, it is an era of no more certain integrity than any other stage of life. It happens to everybody, whether he deserves it or not.

Shaw is a writer of great skill, but often the prose that clothes his scenario has a compelling tone that has little to do with the story. Take this sentence: ". . . he had a dreamlike sense of events, words, people being translated into numbers and being put down in a long row of figures and the figures being added up mysteriously, endlessly, by an invisible, noiseless, unstoppable machine." It is a rather moving sentence that seems to be headed toward some sort of revelation, but in fact the revelation is never reached and the sentence remains simply a piece of verbal ornament. And sometimes, especially in the sexual scenes, the prose has a touch of paperback vulgarity.

Yet *Two Weeks in Another Town* is undoubtedly a book that many readers will enjoy. It is full of glamorous people in exotic settings, violent encounters between characters, and flamboyant sexuality.

THE GREEN YEARS

THE American novel of youth is a good deal less set in a formula than the novel of middle age. To be sure, roughly half our novels about young people in recent years have been missers in the rye, and behind Salinger's good book and bad influence stands the greatest of American novels of youth, *Huckleberry Finn*. But the general theme of search that runs through novels about young people is so very general that it belongs to most fiction, without regard to the age of the main character or the country of origin.

Where the Boys Are by Glendon Swarthout (Random House, $3.50) is a novel about spring vacation in Florida, when Fort Lauderdale is overrun with thousands of college students intent upon quick tans and quick fun.

The main character is an ingratiating if oversized young woman with the unlikely first name of Merrit, who tells her own story in the uninhibited idiom of the undergraduate moment. She knows that she is being systematically swindled out of an education at the vast warren of a Midwestern university she attends—most of her classroom time seems to be taken up with courses that have names like "Core Living" and are concerned with such intellectually challenging questions as how far a girl should go on her first date. But Merrit has no illusions about what she is in college for: she is there to get a man, and spring vacation in Florida simply enlarges the field while it eliminates such irrelevancies as classes, eating, sleeping, etc.

The chief charm of *Where the Boys Are* lies in the personality of Merrit herself. She has a fine sense of the ridiculous, abundant high spirits, and a sharp eye for the realities that underlie youthful playfulness on the innocent beaches of Lauderdale. She is adventurous (alas, as events prove, too adventurous), but essentially she is a warm-hearted, generous-spirited, small-town girl, the product of innumerable hamburgers and milk shakes. In the long run she is going to make some man a good wife, though he will possibly find her recollections of that vacation she spent in Florida more than a little vague.

Occasionally Merrit's hand becomes slightly heavy. She is funny when she deals with herself and her friends and even her generation ironically and indirectly, but when she confronts the problem of youth today head on and gives us the full benefit of her reflections on the subject she is a bit of a bore. She quotes rather more copiously from the song lyrics perpetrated by one of her admirers than their worth warrants and her acquaintance with a Castro

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RINEHART

admiring night-club entertainer does little to enhance her story.

If enough parents read *Where the Boys Are* it will probably have the practical effect of considerably diminishing the numbers of young females on Florida beaches this spring.

A Summer World, by Richard Dougherty (Doubleday, $3.75) is another novel related by a youthful narrator. Here the story is told by a precocious seventeen-year-old, a boy named Alex Flynn who is between his last year at preparatory school and his first year at Princeton. The world he describes is miles away, both geographically and psychologically, from the sun-baked sex supermarket of *Where the Boys Are;* it is a remote, idyllic valley in western New York, the retreat of an immensely wealthy family and a few of their friends.

The theme of the novel is that no Eden is complete without its serpent. The head of the family that dominates the valley is intelligent and public-spirited; his ideas are enlightened, his manners impeccable, his charities widespread. He would never knowingly do anything wrong or mean. But in the course of the summer this monument of tact and consideration manages to destroy the happiness of one of his children and to drive the other into a hasty marriage, and he manages to do it all in the kindest way in the world.

The precociousness of the narrator is a little hard to take, especially since he is almost always right, but *A Summer World* has a very agreeable lightness of touch; it makes its points indirectly and with a certain subtlety. There is some acute observation in the portrait of the rich man who so skillfully disguises his selfishness from himself.

IN England the novel of youth has become more predictable than it is here. Thanks to the angry young men we may now make some pretty good guesses about any young Englishman in fiction: he will probably come from a working-class background; he will probably come from the North of England or Wales and be ambivalent about his provincialism; he may want to rise in the world but he will probably be enormously scornful of those who occupy higher social positions than his own; he is likely to be a kind of anti-hero working off his frustrations in elaborate jokes of which he is the chief victim.

All this is done again, and done well, by Keith Waterhouse in **Billy Liar** (Norton, $3.95). The scene is Yorkshire; the main character is one Billy Fisher, who wants to write songs and gags for a television comedian but makes his living as an undertaker's helper; he comes equipped with a pair of dim-witted working-class parents and an old Gran who has spells; and his chief gift is for getting himself into scrapes (three fiancées at once, for instance) and trying to lie his way out of them. In the end he discovers that he wants to escape to London a little less than he had thought; Yorkshire has more hold upon him than he had supposed.

Much of *Billy Liar* is genuinely funny, some of it outrageously so. The reader who is not acquainted with the genre will certainly enjoy it, and the reader who is familiar with its forerunners from *Lucky Jim* to *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* may be pleased to see how indestructible the pattern is.

The House in Vienna (Knopf, $3.95) is a much less classifiable book. The author, Edith de Born, was born in Vienna, lives in Brussels, and writes in English; and her books defy categorization as resolutely as she does.

The House in Vienna—like the predecessor which shares some of the same characters, *Felding Castle*—seems to be half-fiction, half-memoir. There is no plot, hardly perhaps a story. Miss de Born merely recounts what happens to a charming girl of twenty-three and her slightly younger brother during the Viennese summer of 1926. It was a time of inflation—inflation of the currency and, in those aristocratic families such as Miss de Born portrays, families who were still trying to live in the style of a vanished monarchy, inflation of pretensions and traditions that like the sun looked biggest just before they set. The young people are caught between the expectations of their parents, based upon a dead past, and their own awareness that they must find places for themselves

THE NEW BOOKS

n a different and unknown world.

Miss de Born presents the plight f these young people with great intelligence and economy. She does ot resort to sentimentality or theatricality; in a series of brief scenes, ith every character struck off in a ew lines or speeches, she makes her oint. She has a gift for comedy; ndeed there are few better passages n the novel than the absurd letter ritten by an eminently respectable pinster applying for a position as overness, or the resulting interview n which it becomes clear that the etter is simply a dignified form of anhandling. Nor is this adroit old oman simply a comic embellishnent; she is a macabre warning to he young people in the book of what hey may come to if they cannot do better job of finding their way in he world that confronts them.

TWO TRAVEL BOOKS

FOR the reader of non-fiction there re two unusually engaging books of ravel this month, both well illustrated but otherwise very different.

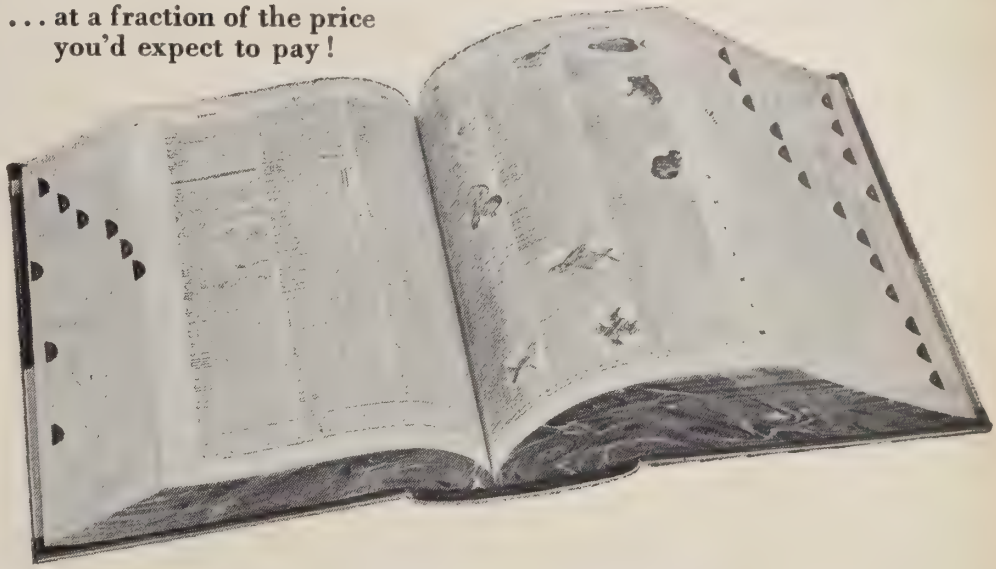
One is Alan Moorehead's **No Room in the Ark** (Harper, $5), an ccount of the author's adventures as n observer of wild life in Africa. Moorehead is not a naturalist, hough he became enormously interested in the animals he saw; he s not a conservationist, though he ecame sufficiently acquainted with he problem of preserving African ild life to see what a tangled web f conflicting interests and ideals onservation encounters.

At bottom Moorehead is a reporter, but a good deal of the interest f his book lies not in the facts about he animals he saw but in his skilled bservation of himself—how different rom seeing a lion in a zoo his feeling was when he saw a lion in its ild free state; how he responded to he sight of an immense black gorilla, tanding alone and at peace in its wn home. But of course the book s full of arresting information about he animals themselves, and Moorehead's vivid descriptive style does ull justice to them. Anyone even emotely interested in animals will njoy *No Room in the Ark.* (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

The Ten Pains of Death by Gavin Maxwell (Dutton, $5) will appeal to

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more specialized tastes, but it is equally absorbing. This is a portrait of a fishing community of northwest Sicily, where the author spent a number of months living with the fishermen and trying to gain their confidence.

Apparently he succeeded, for his book is a series of autobiographical confessions of various villagers—a nun, a schoolmaster, a doctor, a prostitute, and others. Some readers will object to the more Kinseyan aspects of the book (it seems that Sicilians sometimes think about something besides sex, though not very often), and others will be put off by the anti-clericalism. But heartier souls will be fascinated by this uncommonly full account of a group of people living passionately, often criminally, at subsistence level.

PAPERBACKS *reviewed and previewed*

BY AILEEN PIPPETT

Confine yourself to reprints, said the editor. But the first publisher I consulted warned me I should find "considerable ambiguity" about the classification of forthcoming paperbacks, and the fine points of distinction about new covers, new editors, new introductions, new translations, and so on, rapidly became so confusing that I gave up the attempt to answer the conundrum, "When is a reprint not a reprint?" For what the editor and I wanted, what we were convinced readers wanted was, quite simply, the chance to meet old friends. Were they as wonderfully welcoming or as majestically forbidding as I remembered? How were they getting along with the younger generation? From what dark woods did they emerge, to what hospitable fireside do they invite? Let us take a quick, informal look.*

Here is that Perfect Gentleman, Henry James, blandly smiling to see **The Ambassadors,** presented by Fawcett in their new series of Premier World Classics (50 cents), in pleasing format and clean type, with an introduction by Bergen Evans outlining the main points of the story about the young man from Massachusetts who refused to return from Paris and carry on the family business.

James rightly regarded this novel as a major work, part of his long struggle to reconcile the differing ideas in the old and new world about what constitutes a full life. He admitted it was "advanced," perhaps even difficult reading, but it was one of his favorites. In his collected critical prefaces, **The Art of the Novel** (Scribner Library, $1.45), he describes how easily his theme developed, how the book almost wrote itself, permitting no doubts in his mind that he was on the right track.

But it had its troubles. In **The Selected Letters of Henry James,** edited by Leon Edel (Anchor, 95 cents), one learns that his *Ambassadors* was "woefully backward" because of a "domestic cyclone" involving two aged servants, and later there was an unholy row between the English and American publishers about delayed proofs. As a result chapters twenty-eight and twenty-nine were transposed in the American edition, and remained in wrong sequence for over fifty years. The error made so little difference in understanding the course of events that it passed unnoticed until 1950. At last the jinx has been removed—not without the usual argument—and readers of the Fawcett edition can now be sure whether it was on Monday morning or Tuesday afternoon that the two Ambassadors sent from New England to recall the charming expatriate had their great showdown.

Now one can admire the way the minor characters, the threads with which James tied his complicated knots, emerge as definite individuals, including one who never appears personally, the formidable matriarch of Massachusetts. Another delight is to observe the superb artistry with which the Paris background is depicted. James only chose Paris for the main action because it would represent to New Englanders of his day, he considered, the world center of depravity. But by a thousand minute touches he suffuses the city with light. It is the purest Impressionism in word painting, one of the reasons why he is acknowledged as The Master.

THERE is still argument about the literary grading of two authors, Scott Fitzgerald and John Galsworthy, who appear in the first batch of the Scribner Library (to be published on February 15). The novels of both have autobiographical interest.

Scott Fitzgerald's **The Great Gatsby** ($1.25) is unquestionably a gem. **Tender Is the Night** ($1.45) may be more important but is less perfect. When I first read it in the English edition I was enormously impressed by its beauty and vigor; but the present edition is quite a different book, almost hypnotically fascinating but not the same story.

In a masterly introduction Malcolm Cowley tells how much store Scott Fitzgerald set by the work, into which he put nine years of his life, writing and rewriting, three separate versions, striving for artistic perfection at a time of constant troubles in his private affairs. The first version that opens with the appearance of Rosemary, the beautiful, unspoiled Hollywood starlet on a Riviera beach, fell flat. Puzzled and disappointed, he set to work again. What was wrong, he decided, was that the hero was tucked away in the middle of the book.

The final version, only partly proofread by Fitzgerald (he was a meticulous writer but a poor speller and even worse punctuator), is what we now have. Here Dick Diver appears in the first sentence. We are told how he first met Nicole Warren, the beautiful young heiress, a schizophrenic patient, who fell in love with her handsome and charming doctor, married him, drained away his vitality by her demands on his services as doctor and husband, and abandoned him six years later when

* All books reviewed here are listed for publication in late January or mid-February.

PAPERBACKS

er cure was effective and he was uined, morally and physically, by er enormous wealth and the play-oy life to which he was condemned hen her family "bought" him.

It is a tragic story, particularly hen one knows that Fitzgerald's wn lovely and reckless wife, Zelda, as having successive breakdowns nd was finally pronounced incura-le, and that he was struggling gainst his increasing alcoholism, ith decreasing success. A noble ef-ort, a remarkable achievement, eautiful and heart-rending. But the osemary version still keeps its para-ount place in my memory.

John Galsworthy is an example of writer whose popularity and repu-ation collapsed overnight when he ied. It may revive, but one cannot e sure. His **Man of Property** Scribner, $1.45) has historical inter-st because it was written about the ame time as his plays of social pro-est, "Strife" and "Justice," and ex-ressed the dominant feeling of outhful revolt against convention nd philistinism in England forty or nore years ago.

This first novel of the *Forsyte Saga* ains poignancy now that we know t is linked with his unhappy years f waiting for a beloved woman al-eady married to an incompatible husband. Later volumes in the same eries were immensely popular but ritically adjudged no more than rilliant reportage. They might be worth exhuming; one never knows. , for one, still think the disgusting Soames, whom Galsworthy came to ove, remained obnoxious to the end. Lionel Stevenson, who contributes n introduction, is probably right in aying that the *Forsyte Saga* marked he end of a literary era. It was good while it lasted, but its day is done.

AN old friend who has not been seen around for some time is **Laf-cadio's Adventures** (Vintage, $1.25). On the jacket of my hard-cover edi-ion is a portrait of the author, André Gide, Nobel Prize-winner for Literature in 1947, seated at his desk, with a grin on his face indicating that he is up to what Dickens would have called one of his larks. When a fundamentally serious and often somber writer stoops to this kind of folly, the result is likely to be, as in this case, ferociously funny.

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The perverse and unpredictable hero, Lafcadio Wluiki, pronounced 'Luiki, clearly embodies the Norse god of mischief, Loki (or luck), just as the equally improbable villain, Protos, the man of many disguises, suggests by his name that he represents Proteus, the great cheat of Homeric legend, the lightning assumer of any shape, the winner of all tricks until the last.

The human characters in this tragi-comedy about the element of caprice in mortal affairs are carefully described, their intersecting courses between Paris, Milan, Rome, and Naples are charted with exactitude, but the author manipulates them like puppets, slyly pretending he does not know what they are up to; and the plot is frankly preposterous.

It concerns an alleged swindle in the 1890s by which large sums were extracted from pious people for a "crusade" to rescue the Pope from the Freemasons and Jesuits who had imprisoned him in the Vatican and substituted an imposter. One of the most inept characters goes to Rome to release the captive, is pushed out of a train by Lafcadio, on the spur of the moment, and Protos, caught in the act of strangling a girl who has denounced him to the police, is accused of the murder. What happens next? Will Lafcadio, redeemed by love, give himself up? Ah, says Gide, here begins a new book; the phantoms of my brain have vanished, the performance is over, the puppets are back in their boxes.

But fate wrote a postscript to this extravaganza. Once again, until further notice by the authorities, killing became no murder. Mars was the Executive Vice-President of the Immortals. *Lafcadio's Adventures* was first published in 1914.

OTHER friends are beckoning. Alice B. Toklas has a cook book to show and some stories to tell (Anchor, $1.25). Garrett Mattingly assures me that Catherine of Aragon did not let Henry VIII have it all his own way (Vintage, $1.45). Rolfe Humphries says I have got Virgil all wrong, his stories in the *Aeneid* (Scribner, $1.45) about home life among the gods are terrific. Conrad wants to remind me about *The Rescue* (Anchor, $1.25). Simon & Schuster have another Thurber collection waiting ($1.45), while Stendhal is getting impatient about *Armance* (Fawcett, 50 cents) and his selected journalistic pieces (Evergreen —*no date or price yet*). Macmillan, Meridian, some newly released Penguins on their way—yes, yes, all in good time, old friends.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

NON-FICTION

Literary Biography, by Leon Edel.

To anyone even halfway interested in the world of writing, literary biography always has a certain fascination. Whether the author-subject of the biography be alive or dead, there is always a desire to know something about the man or woman behind the pen. But after reading Mr. Edel's book, literary biography becomes an obsession—at least to me. He cares so much about it that he makes the reader part of all its processes; first in the choice of subject which, he points out, often reveals so much about the biographer. He describes the different kinds of biography and then with brilliant illustrative examples, lets one in on the excitement of the duel between the living and the dead—if the subject is not alive. He takes the reader along on the "quest" for material—letters, deeds, accounts, photographs —and lets him take part in the critical and psychological search of the author's texts in the effort to understand and reveal what sometimes the author hoped he had hidden forever. In one chapter he takes as subject *The Professor's House* by Willa Cather, appraising it first in terms of literary criticism, then in terms of psychoanalysis, and finally shows how the wise biographer uses both these tools to reveal a truly astonishing amount about the unsuspecting and now defenseless author. The whole thing is as exciting as any detective work I could possibly imagine. He says: "A style is a writer's passport to posterity. This is another way, I suppose, of saying that the style i the man." Never have I seen it s convincingly proved as in these i luminating pages.

Doubleday Anchor, 95 cent

BIOGRAPHIES OF MURDE

Hard on the heels of *Literar Biography* two novels came acros my desk, both making their ir formed and fictionalized guesses a what really happened behind th scenes of famous unsolved murde which occurred early on in the cen tury. They lack the subtlety o literary sleuthing, of course, but i the painstaking study of letters, ac counts, newspapers, and locale an other kind of excitement emerges– the piling of clue on clue as th author builds to his solution of th crime.

Crime, by Stephen Longstreet.

Mr. Longstreet was a cub reporte at the time of the shocking Hall Mills murder case in the 'twenties Here he reconstructs the story fron the point of view of the young prose cutor who, in the novel, has known the woman he is trying to convic since they were children. The autho of *The Pedlocks* and Broadway's "High Button Shoes" makes a very lively, if not surpassingly literary tale of it. Simon & Schuster, $3.50

Only in New England; The Story of a Gaslight Crime, by Theodore Roscoe.

Although names of people and places have been changed I have a notion that many who live in New England, especially around Newport, will have no difficulty in identifying "The Point" of this story. Because he knew the scene of the crime so well this biographer had the difficult assignment of trying to conceal and reveal at the same time. He says:

> It is not often that a true-crime historian enjoys the opportunity of living in the very house where the victim was killed; of dining at the table where the victim, all unaware, ate a last meal; of walking in the garden where Nemesis walked; of using the inner door that led to the rendezvous with sudden death.
>
> Not only did I reside for several seasons in such a house, I saw its original furnishings, handled its original implements, read its period books, experienced its Victorian atmosphere

—all left virtually intact when the door closed in the wake of that dark death many years ago.

occasionally the atmosphere and tifacts of the days at the turn of e century get so important to the thor that the reader taps his foot ittle, it's only because Mr. Roscoe s constructed a tale full of such spense that even the most fascinat- g descriptive detail seems an in- ruption. Very imaginative and in- rmed sleuthing. Scribner, $3.95

HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY

hurchill, The Walk With Destiny, mpiled and designed by H. Tat- ck Miller and Loudon Sainthill.

There is no detective work in- lved in this pictorial version of hurchill's life. It is entirely photo- aphic except for captions and some uotes from his speeches. One simply atches the portentous years as they ove across that remarkable face nd what could be more moving?

Macmillan, $7.95

he Human Side of F.D.R., by ichard Harrity and Ralph G. artin.

As the title indicates this is a more formal, more intimate, more in- rpretative picture of the boy who ew up to lead the country on this de of the Atlantic through World ar II. The authors of *Eleanor oosevelt: Her Life in Pictures* have rted through more than 200,000 ictures and untold numbers of per- nal and state documents to pro- uce this portrait of the boy, the usband, the father, the tatesman, nd the President.

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $5.95

he Life and Times of Theodore oosevelt, by Stefan Lorant.

Another President, another Roose- elt, but a wholly different era in ur history appear in this meticu- usly compiled, beautifully re- roduced album of 750 pictures pported by 150,000 words of Mr. orant's lively text. The author of *incoln, The Presidency,* and *The ew World* has made an exciting nd richly documented story of T.R. t against his times. The dynamism f the man and the fascination of is years emerge from every page.

Doubleday, $15

COMICS IN BIOGRAPHY

Comic Art in America, by Stephen Becker. Introduction by Rube Goldberg.

The subtitle of this delightful volume is "A Social History of the Funnies, the Political Cartoons, Magazine Humor, Sporting Cartoons, and Animated Cartoons." And that is what it is—from 1884 to the present, from the Blaine-Cleveland campaign to Senate clashes between Nixon and Lyndon Johnson, from the forerunners of the Katzenjammer Kids through Krazy Kat, Disney, Pogo, and Peanuts and dozens and dozens of others, with illustrations of them all. Mr. Becker's easy, informative text shows him as observant a reporter as he is novelist.

Simon & Schuster, $7.50

The Ever-Lovin' Blue-Eyed Years With Pogo, by Walt Kelly.

Mr. Becker tells us that Pogo began as a regular syndicated feature in 1949 and here, to commemorate the tenth anniversary, is the artist's own selection of life in the Swamp and the Elsewhere. It is oblique, illuminating commentary on the decade, made more luminous by Mr. Kelly's occasional explanatory text.

Simon & Schuster, $4.95

The Pick of Punch 1959, edited by Nicholas Bentley. Introduction by Claud Cockburn.

The annual collection of British wit in cartoon, story, and verse is gay and giddy and only occasionally puzzling.

Dutton, $4.95

FORECAST

Artistic Biography

Several biographies in the field of the arts have been scheduled for 1960. Scribner will bring out *Study in Fame,* a biography of Frank Lloyd Wright, by Finis Farr, and World has announced *Dr. R.: A. S. W. Rosenbach, His Life and Times*—a 350,000-word book about "the greatest antiquarian bookseller the world has seen"—by Edwin Wolf 2nd with John J. Fleming. From Clarkson Potter will come *A History of the Museum of Modern Art,* by Henry Hope Reed, Jr.

New Patterns of Democracy in India



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How much first-rate music are we discovering in our new passion for the early Italian operas?

The Victor recording of Verdi's **Macbeth** (LM 6147, monophonic; LSC 6147, stereo; both three discs), and several allied recordings of Italian opera, serve to underline a strong trend that only within the decade has made itself felt. That is the discovery of early Verdi, of Bellini and Donizetti, of Rossini and even Cimarosa, by the intellectuals. These composers are very fashionable today, so much so that Rudolf Bing does not hesitate to announce that a virtually unknown Verdi opera, "Nabucco," will open the Metropolitan Opera season next year.

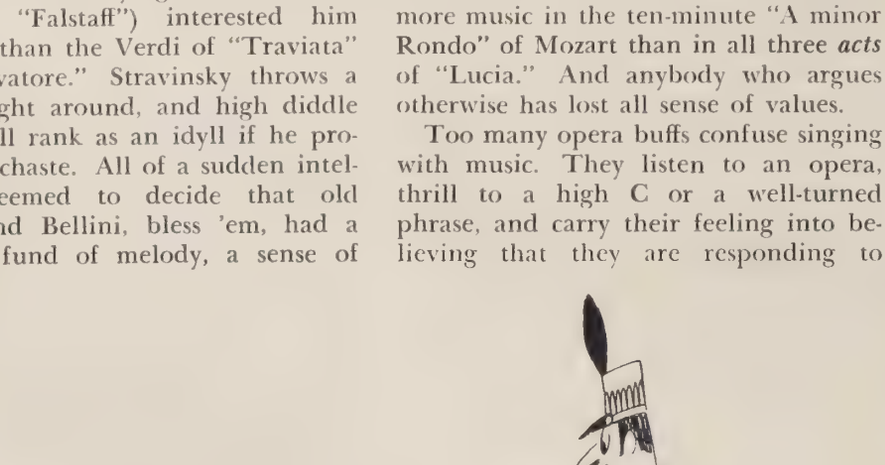
It may be that the trend was started about ten years ago by Stravinsky, who went on record as saying that late Verdi ("Otello," "Falstaff") interested him much less than the Verdi of "Traviata" and "Trovatore." Stravinsky throws a lot of weight around, and high diddle diddle shall rank as an idyll if he pronounce it chaste. All of a sudden intellectuals seemed to decide that old Rossini and Bellini, bless 'em, had a matchless fund of melody, a sense of theatre, a pure and limpid style, and a *joie de vivre* unparalleled in the history of music.

Whereas in the previous generation the intellectual sneered at the early Italian operas. It was an age of great Wagner singing, of annual "Ring" cycles and many more "Parsifals" than today's token Good Friday performance; and it was Wagner (who is not taken so seriously today) who sparked the musical excitement at the opera.

With the current deification of the early Italians, a complete lack of proportion has set in. The way operas like "Norma," "Le Conte Ory," and "Lucia" are being accepted—you'd think that they were the greatest works in the repertoire, a combination of "Fidelio," "Meistersinger," and "Don Giovanni." Now, an opera like "Lucia" may be a lot of fun, given great singing, but the fact must be faced that its musical content is about the level of a comic book. There is more music in the ten-minute "A minor Rondo" of Mozart than in all three *acts* of "Lucia." And anybody who argues otherwise has lost all sense of values.

Too many opera buffs confuse singing with music. They listen to an opera, thrill to a high C or a well-turned phrase, and carry their feeling into believing that they are responding to music. They aren't; they are simply extending an empathic response. Take the "Macbeth" recording. It is sung by a Metropolitan cast—Leonard Warren, Leonie Rysanek, Carlo Bergonzi, and others, with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. The singing is extremely fine. Warren is resonant, secure, even brilliant, and Rysanek, with her dark tones, musical intelligence, and powerful top, makes an unforgettable impression. But listened to in cold blood, the opera itself is a crude collection of tunes: rather lusty tunes, but primitive in their orchestral accompaniment, four-square in construction, shallow, and obvious in content.

The most admired part of the opera is the Sleepwalking Scene, and it *is* by far the best thing in "Macbeth." But it wins by default. When compared to great Verdi scenes, like the Inquisitor's Scene in "Don Carlo," the Nile Scene in "Aida," anything in "Falstaff," it is pretty small beer.



"Watch those sharps!"

Callas' Fatal Weakness

Whatever the limitations of "Macbeth," it at least does have an emergent strength, and it is an overwhelming masterpiece compared to Donizetti's **Lucia.** Angel has just favored the public with a new Callas version (her second; she had recorded the work in 1954 with a much stronger cast), with other leading roles sung by Ferruccio Tagliavini (remember him?) and Piero Cappuccilli (Angel 3601, monophonic; S3601, stereo; both 2 discs). Tullio Serafin leads the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus in this album.

"Lucia" can be tolerable only with a formidable cast. As heard here, it is not so tolerable. Tagliavini is a well-routined tenor who obviously has always had a secret wish to crack the dome of St. Peter's with a fortissimo B flat; but, alas, his voice, even helped by the engineers, will never make it; and Cappuccilli is the competent sort of baritone one finds in second-rate houses throughout Italy. Callas does many beautiful things, up to her fatal weakness. As soon as she lets loose above the staff, she becomes off-pitch, shrill, and actually ugly in sound. Her previous "Lucia," still available, is a more satisfactory effort. What a pity her voice does not match her intelligence and musicianship! She would then be the greatest soprano of the century.

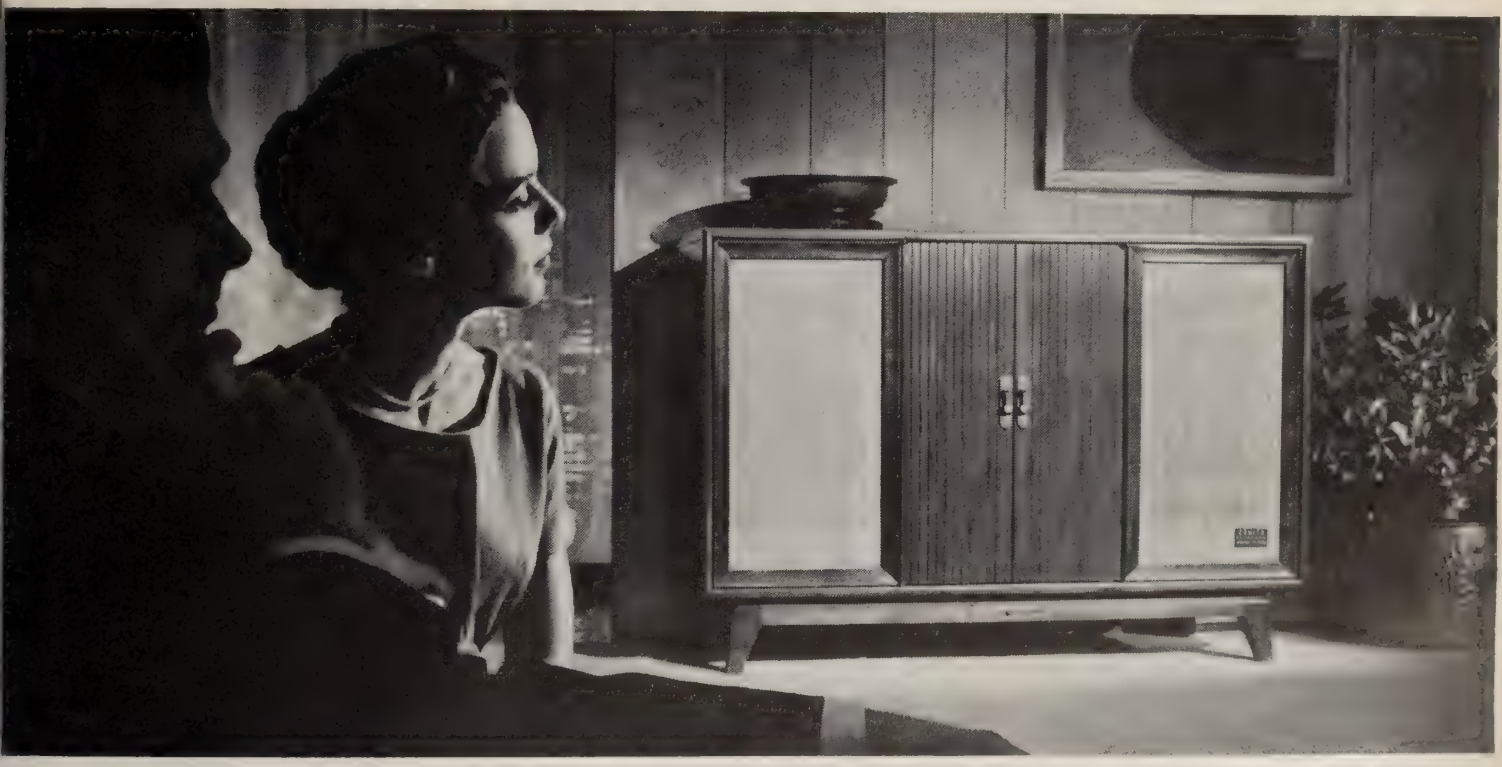
A Two-weeks Score

We now turn to **L'Elisir d'Amore** by the composer of "Lucia," as sung by Giuseppe Di Stefano, Hilde Gueden, Renato Cappecchi, and Luisa Mandelli with the chorus and orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli (London A 4321, monophonic; OSA 1311, stereo;

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both 3 discs). The stereo version has just been released; it is the same performance as the 1956 monophonic version. Donizetti is supposed to have composed the score in about two weeks, and it sounds like it. "L'Elisir" has about every cliché in the books: droning basses in fifths to suggest the peasants; Rossini-like crescendos; the simplest of diatonic harmonies; and, in general, about as much real music (including the celebrated *"Una furtiva lagrima"*) as could be engraved on the back of an amoeba.

Again, an opera like this can be tolerable only with gifted singers, and then only for the pleasure of hearing great voices skillfully used. Here Di Stefano yells lustily away without any great style, Gueden is a prim German miss and a hooty one on top of everything, and the only vital performance is contributed by Corena, who sings a magnificent Dulcamara.

A Subtle Devil

The one really interesting opera of the period (granted, it comes a little later) can be heard in the London recording of **Boito's Mefistofele** (A 1339, monophonic; OSA 1307, stereo; both three discs). Boito is best known for his librettos for Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff." Although he had received a complete musical training and in later life headed the Parma Conservatory, he did little composing, and "Mefistofele" is the only one of his works that is ever done. It was composed in 1868, revised in 1875-76, and has always had the respect of musicians even though it never has maintained itself in the American repertoire.

It contains some breathtaking conceptions. The Prologue, recorded so unforgettably by Toscanini some years back, is an immense piece of writing. Boito's Mefistofele is no papier-mâché Devil. He is a figure of subtlety and defiance; a figure, like Milton's Satan, to command respect. At the end of the opera, baffled but defiant, he puts his fingers in his mouth and whistles shrilly at the heavenly host. Several arias are well known, notably Faust's *"Dai campi"* and Margherita's *"L'altra notte in fondo al mare,"* but there are even more beautiful things in it. The Faust-Margherita duets have a peculiar poignancy, and it is one of music's tragedies that Boito never continued writing operas. If he could create scenes like this, and like the extraordinary Helen of Troy sequence in the fourth act, at the outset of his career, what could he not have developed into? He did work on an opera, "Nerone," for many years; it was left incomplete and posthumously produced in 1924, six years after his death. "Nerone" is unknown here, and it would be enlightening to have the chance to study it on records. Apparently no modern recording exists.

"Mefistofele" may have its flawed sections, but in intellectual strength, imagination, and probity it is a landmark in Italian opera. It is an infinitely better opera than the sentimental "Faust" of Gounod; it aims its sights much higher and accomplishes much more. It is not a string of pretty arias; it is a conception, and where the composer fails he fails grandly. But there is more than enough vitality and beauty in it to make it eternally fascinating.

This London album has no real competitors, for it is the first stereophonic recording of the score and it is by far the most modern in sound. This new recording is sung by Cesare Siepi, Mario Del Monaco, Renata Tebaldi, and Floriana Cavalli in the principal roles. Tullio Serafin conducts the chorus and orchestra of Santa Cecilia. On the whole this is an excellent performance. Siepi has the grandeur of voice to take charge of the title role. He is a little unsteady here and there, but not enough to mar the overall effect. Tebaldi is Tebaldi, meaning that she never has been one for characterization. She pours her voice out much the same way in any role, be it Margherita, Mimi, Cio-Cio-San, or Maddalena. What a luscious outpouring, though! Del Monaco sings Faust as though he is playing Siegfried. He too is not much for characterization. But whereas Tebaldi's voice is so lovely that it disarms criticism, Del Monaco is just loud. Subtlety never was his strong point.

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Locatelli: Concerti Grossi, Op. 1, Nos. 8, 9, 11 and 12. I Musici. Epic LC 3587 (mono), BC 1029 (stereo).

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Professor Brogan's sweeping, irreverent, and unabashed comments on these times will be featured in a supplement, lavishly illustrated by the artists who reported the war for Harper publications.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

PRES

Lester Young, the tenor saxophonist who died last year, was often described as a bridge from the Swing Era over into the Modern; but he could also be called, on like authority, including his own, a link with the past—with the 1920s, and especially Frankie Trumbauer, Bix Beiderbecke's co-partner (the "Tram" of "Bix, Tram, and Lang"), to whom Young frequently acknowledged his indebtedness.

There is a thread of the dreamer, a foot or two off the ground, through Lester Young's career. For a Negro to have based his style on that of a white man is odd enough; to have converted it into one of *the* classic styles on the instrument borders on the other-worldly. His was a floating, light, and airy tone (more like an alto, as he was often told), which in his later days deteriorated into a kind of breathy, kazoo-like sound. But in his prime he used it for long, looping solos of a diffidence and sustained projection which tantalize while they delight. What *is* the man trying to say?

"Pres"—short for "the President," the nickname Billie Holiday gave him—was apparently an equal puzzle as a person. His conversation was oblique (he called other people "Pres," or "Lady Francis"), as though he had endured enough from people who made sense. He was at times a star-crossed innocent; when the Army asked him if he used marijuana he answered simply, "Yes"—the beginning of a terrible tragedy of errors.

Epic's Memorial Album has the best of him in his heyday, including at least three of the solos—"Lester Leaps In," "Clap Hands," and "Shoe Shine Boy"—he preferred. The ones on Verve cover the period after the war until his death, and (though they let you hear the sax close up) only the one with Buddy Rich has much else to be said for it. His was not a lighthearted life. "I just can't take that b-s, you dig?" he told his last interviewer, in Paris. "They want everybody who's a Negro to be an Uncle Tom, or Uncle Remus, or Uncle Sam, and I can't make it."

Lester Young Memorial Album. Epic (2) SN 6031 (same material as **Lester Leaps In,** Epic LN 3107, and **Let's Go to Prez,** Epic LN 3168).
The Lester Young–Buddy Rich Trio. Verve MGV-8164. **Lester's Here,** Verve MGV-8161. **Pres,** Verve MGV-8162. **Lester Swings Again,** Verve MGV-8181. **It Don't Mean a Thing,** Verve MGV-8187.

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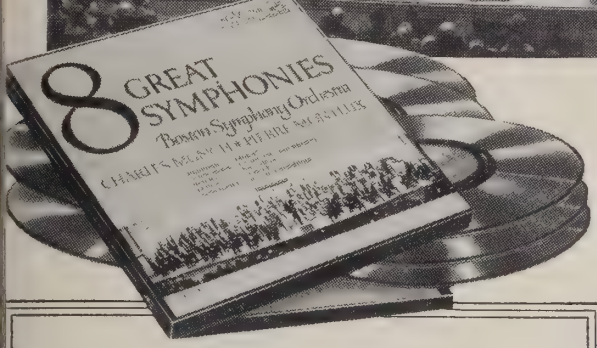
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A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Our British cousins, as you might expect, operate their stock exchanges in much the same way that we do ours, but with picturesque minor differences. On the London Stock Exchange, when the attention of members is required, a man called the waiter (although he has nothing to do with serving food), splendid in silk hat and gold braid, shakes a rattle. On the rare occasions when an announcement is made on the New York Stock Exchange, the president or the chairman of the board of governors in a plain business suit rings a gong.

In Britain, they talk of *ordinary* and *preference shares* where we would say *common* and *preferred stock*. What we call *leverage*, they call *gearing*. In this country, normally you are allowed four business days to pay for securities bought or deliver securities sold. In London, there is a day "for account" every two weeks when everyone's books are cleared and the cycle starts again.

These differences are superficial and only make life more interesting. But there's one basic point on which we don't see eye to eye with our British cousins, and that is the matter of advertising. "Members of the London Stock Exchange," says a bulletin of that Exchange, "do not advertise nor do they circularise anyone but their own clients."

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LETTERS

America the Banal

To the Editors:

A hearty second to Eric F. Goldman's verdict ["Good-by to the 'Fifties," January]. History may well title this the decade of Eisenhower, Liberace, and Peale. . . . Certainly they epitomize our times: Platitudes passing for Politics. Banalities for Art. Anodynes for Religion.

William O. Moeser
Springfield, Vt.

Mr. Goldman and all our scholars who decry the mediocrity of our times are nothing but professional mediocrity criers. . . . They bemoan "conformity," the "degradation of the intellectual," etc. But what in hell are these professional bemoaners doing to raise us above this level? They write textbooks full of rubbish. They are afraid to confront our pupils with ideas. . . . I am tired of their denunciations of our non-intellectual President, Cabinet, and Congressional leaders. These men, I firmly believe, are more intellectually honest than the cult denouncing mediocrity.

Martin M. Kanin
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I am disposed to shake Mr. Goldman's hand. His observations were entirely devoid of the emotional balderdash that is the usual order of things when Americans write on America. . . .

Timothy Roth
Reading, Pa.

What Ails the Lawyers

To the Editors:

Erle Stanley Gardner is quoted in your January issue ["The Job the Lawyers Shirk," Harriet F. Pilpel] to the effect that people today don't understand the function of lawyers.

My own experience as a layman in the mills of Predator, Perjuritz, Padfoot & Greensponge, is that people perhaps understand only too well . . . that the usurer who borrows at 4 per cent and loans at 12 isn't even in it for naked venality. . . . The tone of aggrieved piety employed by the author in protesting the use of lawyers as the butt of satire reminds me of the fisherman who reproached the minnow on his hook by asking, "Where is your compassion?" And to that most reputable of firms, Predator, Perjuritz, Padfoot & Greensponge, I can only add that the stink in the herring begins in the head.

Nelson Algren
Gary, Ind.

In her excellent article Mrs. Pilpel mentioned the interest at the Yale and University of Pennsylvania Law Schools in bringing the social sciences, particularly psychology and sociology, into the law school curriculum. Both of these efforts, as well as the establishment of the Law-Medicine Research Institute at Boston University have been financed by the National Institute of Mental Health. In other words, this interest has been stimulated and financed by *medical* sources. . . . Too often [this has been the case]. Medical men are not generally well equipped, in terms of understanding the philosophy of the law, to do the teaching and research. We must train a new breed of lawyers who have solid backgrounds in the social sciences. It is they who will have the prestige and status to encourage broader consideration of change within our law schools. . . .

Robert M. Hamlin, M.D., LL.B.
School of Public Health
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

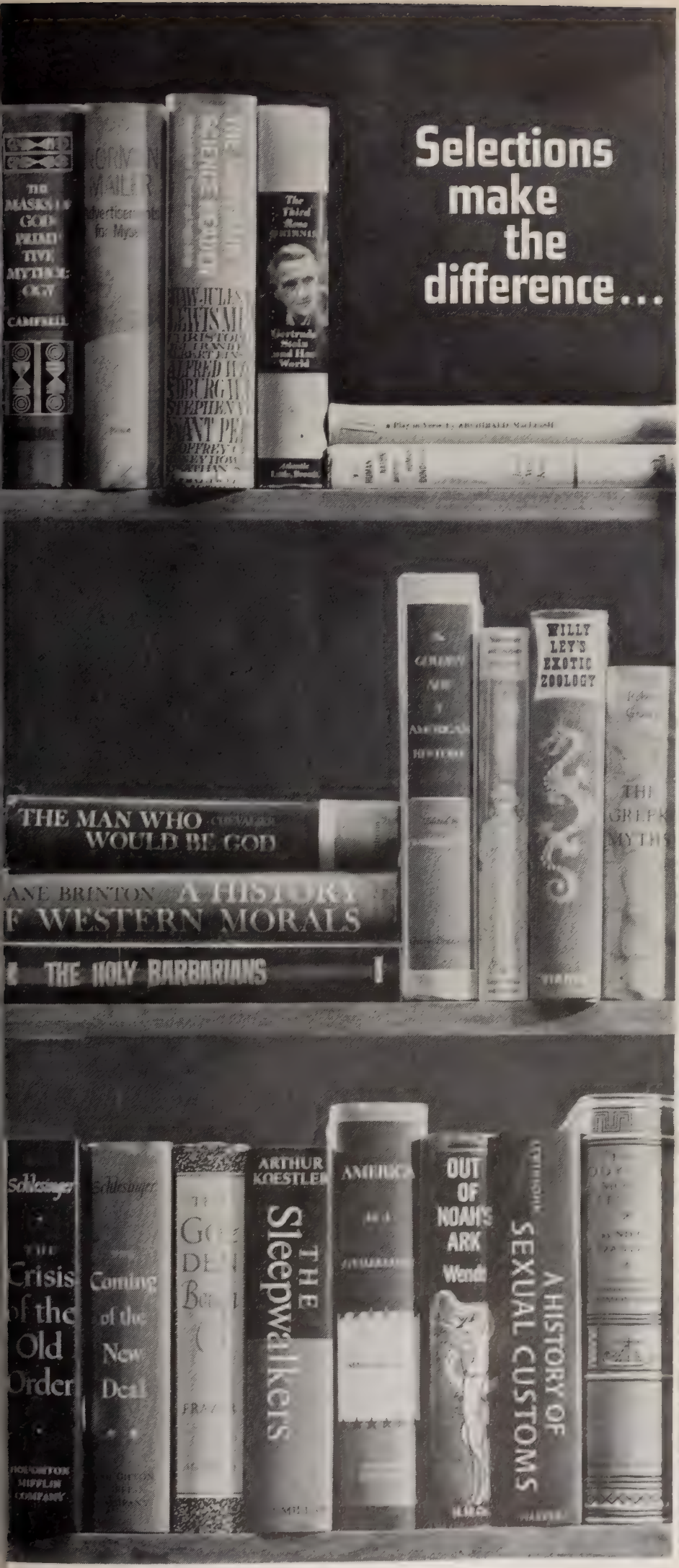
The Big Bad White?

To the Editors:

What can account for the blunt rudeness of Mr. White's "Public Women" [January]? Was he mistreated in his cradle by a bad nurse? At the risk of seeming officious I must relieve his anguish about the "Chairlady." Like the countryman's camel, "there ain't no such animal." In all my long life I never heard any woman address the chair that way. . . . Senator Lyndon Johnson once said, "I like women singly but I am scared of them in organizations." Perhaps Mr. White's bitter tirade reflects the same attitude. . . .

Minnie Fisher Cunningham
Texas Democratic Women's State Committee
New Waverly, Tex.

Mischievous children being the same the world over, I strongly recommend leaving little Willie White in his hideout . . . waiting for some mother figure to overtake and spank him. When, disappointed at lack of attention, he succumbs to homesickness and sneaks back, give him a good supper, a warm bath and tuck him in his own little bed. He'll wake up feeling just fine. Nobody should



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ANSWER

Thomas Paine in Common Sense (1776). This renowned pamphlet fanned and crystallized the emotions of the American rebels, pointing them along a road they had not yet made up their minds to travel —the road to independence.

2. "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

ANSWER

William Jennings Bryan, from the magnificent speech which won him the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1896. Although he lost the race, he dramatized ideals which were eventually to lead to vast reforms.

3. "When an epidemic of physical disease starts to spread, the community approves and joins in a quarantine of the patients in order to protect the health of the community."

ANSWER

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, from his famous "quarantine" speech (1937). Comparing the spread of Fascism to an epidemic, he laid the groundwork for America's dramatic turn-away from neutrality, and coming involvement in World War II.

4. "They are striking me hip and thigh —right merrily shall I return their blows."

ANSWER

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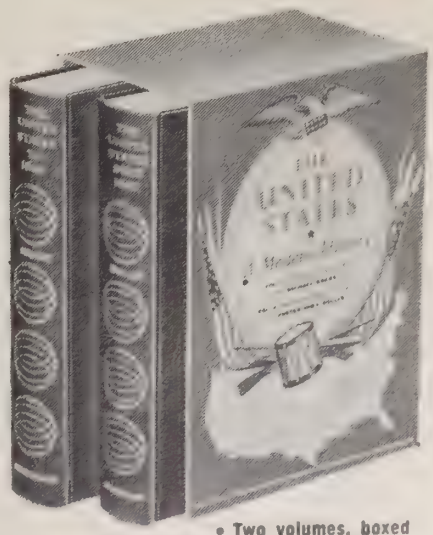
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Missile Troubles

TO THE EDITORS:

Frank Gibney's "The Missile Mess" [January] is excellent . . . but it failed to touch on some areas of great significance. . . . One is the effect on military decisions of sales pressure from the big military contractors. Corporation "A" has an investment in facilities, people, and know-how in a specific field. The pressure it exerts is toward keeping military development moving in the same direction that gave Corporation A its present strong position. . . . Those interested in change are always in the position of arguing for pie-in-the-sky while the entrenched firms are arguing for something "practical." . . .

Since graduating as a chemical engineer twenty-four years ago, I have spent twelve years in professional engineering, four with a military contractor, and the last twelve selling industrial products to military and non-military contractors. I appreciate the business my military customers have given me . . . but this does not stop me from often disagreeing with their fundamental philosophy.

S. H. ISAACS
Cincinnati, O.

In my opinion the crux of the problem is the lack of trust among the many parties responsible for our space and missile programs. Congress does not trust the Administration nor the defense contractors. The excessive use of investigations and restrictive laws shackles the freedom of movement required in a fast-developing program.

The Administration does not trust Congress and will not give it reliable information to allow reasonable judgments to be made. The Department of Defense does not trust its contractors and spends months and years defining all aspects before letting a contract. The Defense Contractors believe they are more knowledgeable than the Department of Defense . . . and use every political stratagem possible to push their views.

This juggling for position is hardly conducive to clear and creative thinking.

C. D. COCKBURN
Frankfort, N. Y.

Woof Low Sweet Tweeter

TO THE EDITORS:

Hubert Lamb begins the New Year with a vicious blast against recorded



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music ["High Fidelity—To What?", January]. . . . His rather snobbish thesis implies that the musical content of a performance is somehow affected by the visual perception of formally attired gentlemen turning pages, poking keys, and waving sticks. This somehow makes a different kind of music than that which emanates from a loud-speaker. The act of listening to recordings is different from the act of listening to a concert, but before making value judgments . . . he should remember that there are various kinds of valid "social experience" . . . not the least of which is reclining in a semi-supine position while listening to the Beethoven Violin Concerto, attired in underwear, clutching a glass of something or other at any old hour, while reading an article on Hi-Fi or even writing a letter to the editor. . . .

LEONARD A. ROSE
New York, N. Y.

The wordless, internal, resonating mystery of music does not, after all, depend upon a visual panoply of musician's exertions, the respiratory embarrassments of the audience, or the possibility that someone might goof.

DAVID T. BENEDETTI
Psychology Department
University of New Mexico
Albuquerque, N. M.

Mr. Lamb's lucid and penetrating article prompted me to write the following:

Heigh for the woofer's woof
And ho for the tweeter's tweet;
We don't give a damn about music
But the sounds we control are sweet.
The bass goes boom and the treble goes squeak
We turn the knobs as for sounds we seek.
And our tubes they glow and our baffle gleams.
And our record cabinet busts at the seams.
On the shiny albums with the pretty covers
We admire the gals and pictures of lovers.
The woofers woof low and the tweeters tweet high;
Who cares about music?—
WE'VE GOT HI-FI!

FELIX DE COLA
Hollywood, Calif.

TV and Culture

TO THE EDITORS:

John Fischer's bland assumption ["New Hope for Television," "Easy Chair," January] that editors and TV officials are righteous keepers of morals as opposed to the bad advertisers and businessmen is not, I believe, borne out by the facts. . . . I wonder if he has ever tried to espouse a cause inimical to the financial interests of the daily paper through the letters to the editor column? Once I tried [through this medium] to point out that it was contrary to democratic philosophy to have the textbooks of public schools censored by the clergy of one sect. . . . The letter was never printed. . . .

We have some terrible TV shows; we also have some terrible publications. But government control as a cure would seem to be worse than the disease.

SHIRLEY HARRIS
Highland Park, Ill.

Many years ago a very sage man said that he could gauge the character of a city by its newspapers. This is equally true of radio and television. There are very good radio stations, for example, in New York and San Francisco. There were very good newspapers in both cities and both cities generally support the arts to a greater extent than is nationally common. . . .

A television network could produce an endless number of public-service-oriented programs in sustaining time to no avail if its affiliated stations chose not to carry them. It is not easy to create in New York a national medium dependent for its circulation on individual outlets who base their judgments on the need to make themselves mirrors of their local communities. . . .

JEROME SILL
Pres., Radio Station WFPG
Atlantic City, N. J.

What the public thinks, should play a part in whether or not a sponsor continues to pay the bill. With this in mind . . . on those rare occasions when we see a program that meets our individual criterion we should write in and say so. Conversely, we should also write about what we don't like. . . . Any hope for a change in television today lies in our response to individual programs. . . .

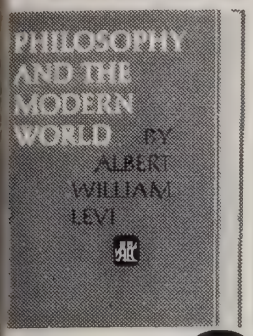
RALPH G. CRAFTS
Otis Air Force Base
Cape Cod, Mass.

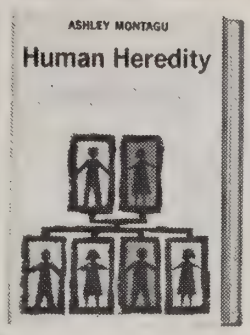
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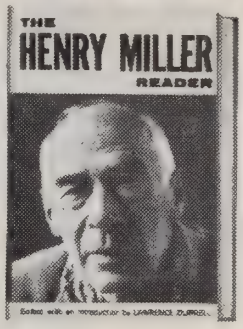
TO OUR READERS:

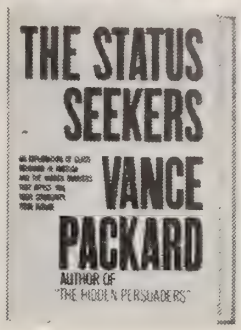
An inverted S appeared in most of the letters we received about the printing of the title of "The Missile Mess" on the January cover. Unfortunately, our printers cannot produce an inverted S that looks noticeably different from a normal S. It takes an artist to make a MESS like that one. Designers Brownjohn, Chermayeff & Geismar did it for us—on purpose. THE EDITORS

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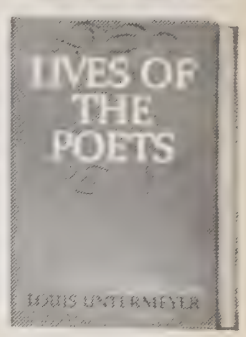






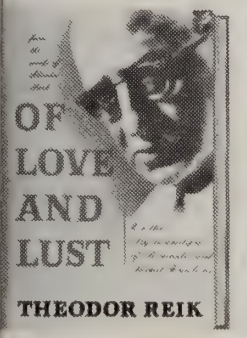


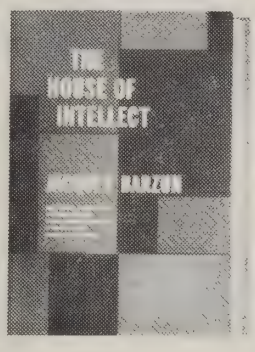


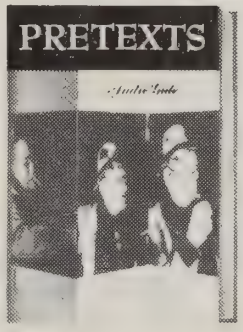


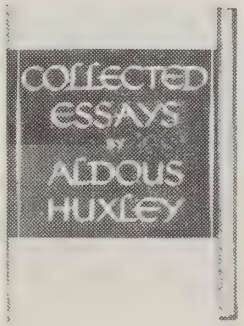
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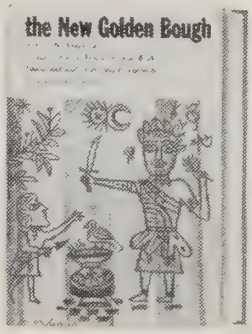
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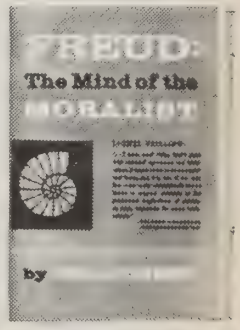












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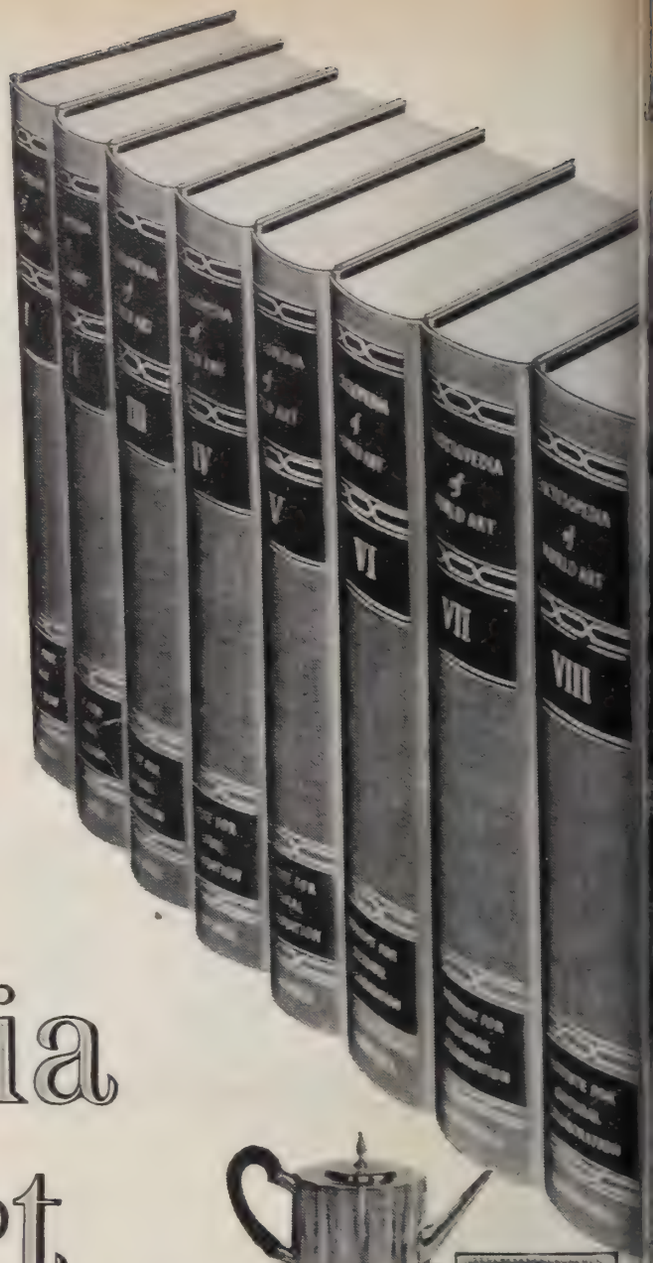
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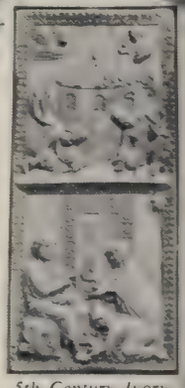
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Silver Tea Pot, Paul Revere, 1792



5th Century Ivory, 12⅛ by 5¼ inches. Milan, Museo del Castello Sforzesco.

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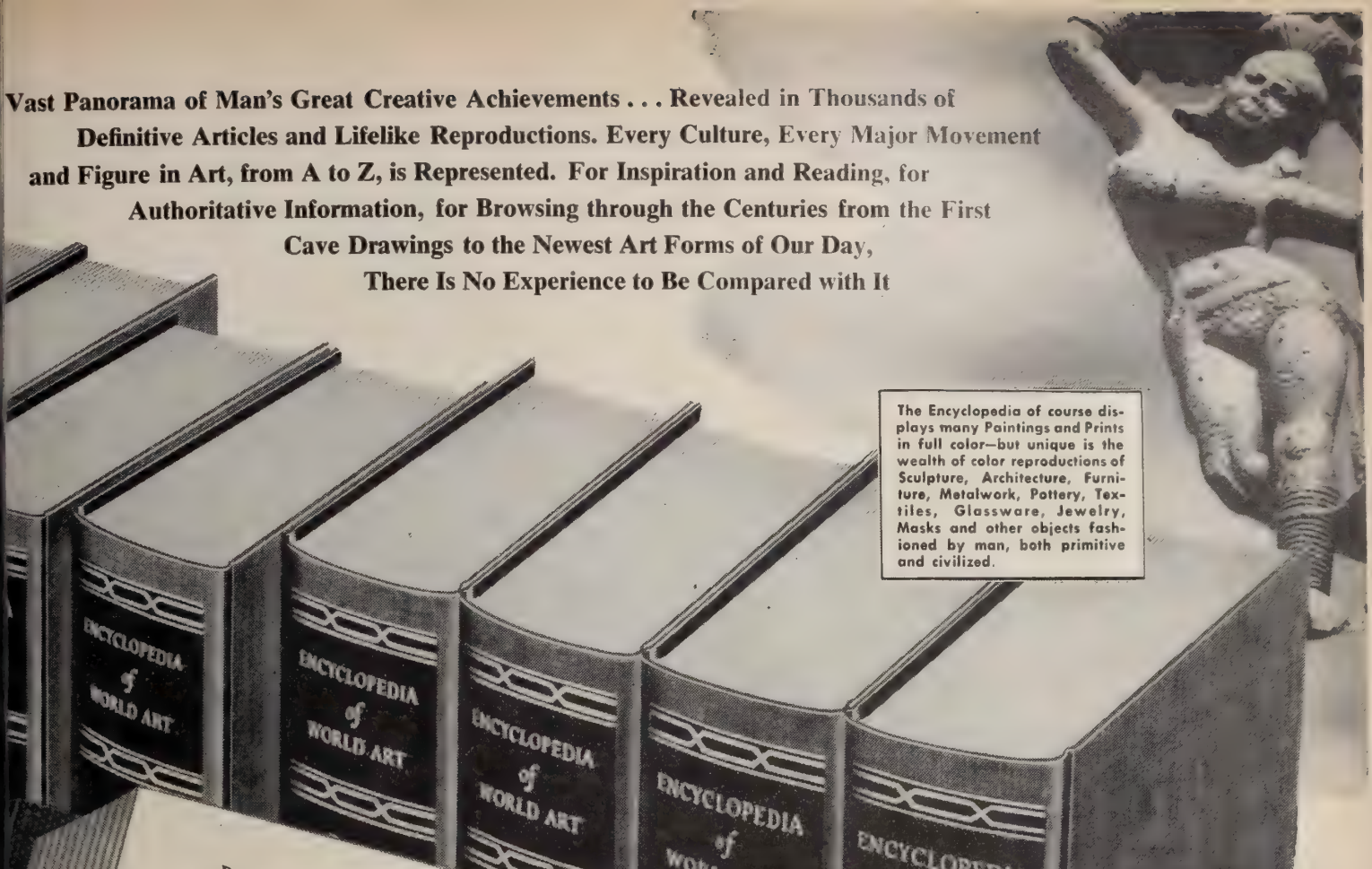
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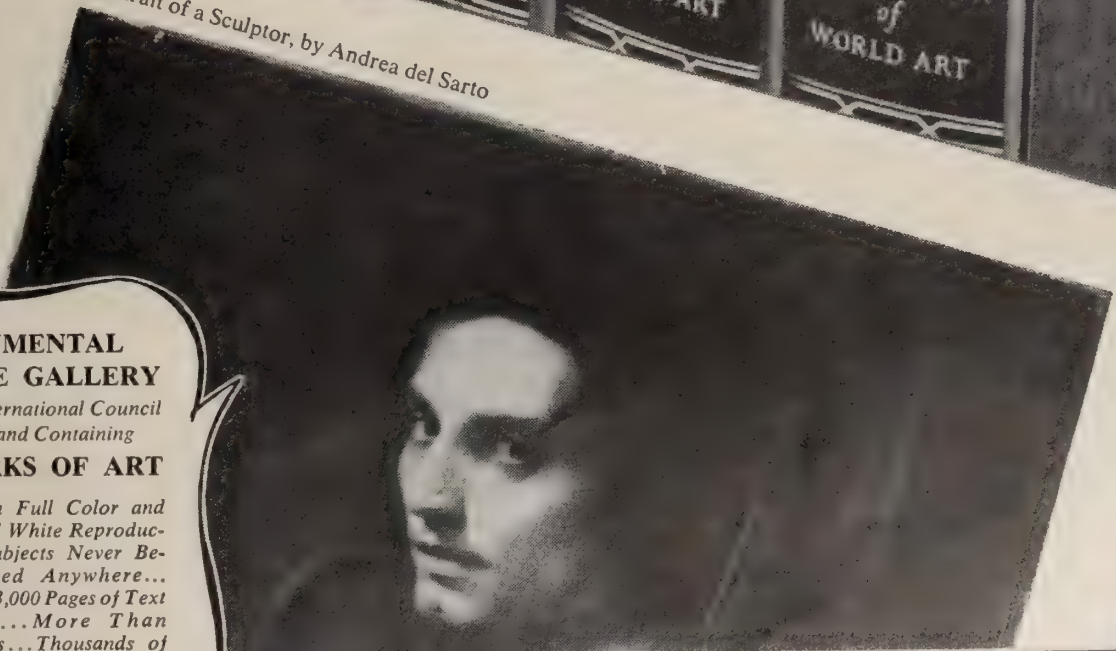
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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

The Corpse on Horseback

EIGHT hundred years ago a Moorish army besieged Valencia. For months the smaller Spanish garrison managed to beat off all assaults, because it was led by a knight of awesome reputation—Ruy Diaz de Bivar, known in legend as The Cid.

At last he died, of old age and battle fatigue. His appalled lieutenants could think of only one thing to do. They dressed his body in armor, tied his sword in his right hand, and propped the corpse (by means of a cleverly-concealed wicker framework) on the back of his war horse. Leading this mounted cadaver at the head of their column, they charged out of the city gate in a last desperate counterattack.

At first the Moors flinched back at the sight of the old champion. But soon both armies noticed that The Cid's terrible sword hung in lifeless fingers. The Moors then turned with new boldness on the disheartened Spaniards, and Valencia fell.

WE are in much the same fix as the Valencians. For ten years the West has withstood a siege, thanks largely to the ability of our military champion—the North Atlantic Treaty Organization—to impose on our enemy a fearful respect. Now NATO is dead. Many people have not yet noticed this fact, because its armored figure still looks almost lifelike, and because the governments of the Western alliance are trying hard to pretend that the corpse is as vigorous as ever.

Yet anyone who looks sharply can see that NATO's sword rests in a hand which can no longer wield it. As a result the Russians are maneuvering with a new confidence, and panicky whispers are beginning to run through our own ranks.

But the battle is not yet lost. We still have time—a little time—to face up to the fact that our old defender is gone, and to devise something to take the place of NATO's propped-up shell.

Some of the most thoughtful military men in this country and in Western Europe are reasonably hopeful that this can be done. Because their private views differ at many points from the official positions of their governments, they cannot be quoted. Without violating any confidences, however, I can say that what follows is based on many hours of conversation with men whom I believe to be well informed and in whose judgment I have confidence. If the conclusions are sober ones, they are not (to me, at least) altogether discouraging.

Like the aging Ruy Diaz during the siege of Valencia, the military paladin of the West has always been more awe-inspiring in reputation than in fact. NATO was originally conceived as a tightly-integrated force of sixty divisions—seven of them American, the rest to be contributed by our allies from Turkey to Scandinavia. With its accompanying air and naval units, this was deemed to be the minimum needed to offset the 175 Soviet divisions drawn up beyond the Iron Curtain, plus the sixty divisions of the Eastern European satellites.

Actually NATO never reached anything like its planned strength. On paper it musters forty-five divisions—but only twenty-one of these are on the crucial front from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, many of them are unready for combat, and a truly unified command has never been achieved. The explanation is simple: most of the European nations did not deliver the troops they had promised.

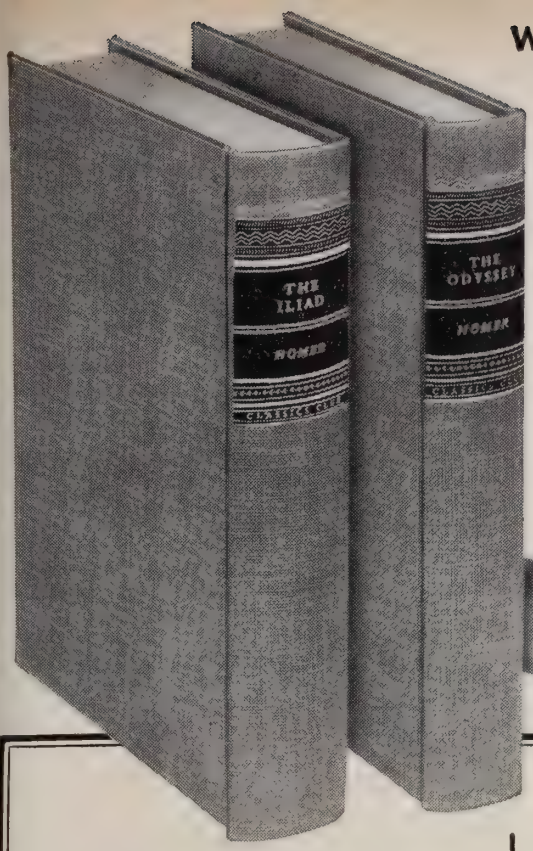
France alone had a plausible excuse; her armies were busy fighting colonial wars in Indochina and later in North Africa. The others had no excuse they could mention publicly. But for most of the last decade the private reasoning —in Bonn, Brussels, Copenhagen, Rome, and many another capital—ran like this:

"NATO's real strength lies not in its land divisions, but in the American Strategic Air Command. What actually holds the Russians back is their fear that if they invade us, America will blot out their cities with nuclear bombs.

"So why should we go to the trouble and expense of raising the armies we promised? We can safely let the United States carry the main burden of defending Europe. All we need to do is to make sure that she keeps a few divisions on European soil—primarily as hostages. If these American soldiers are lost in the first Soviet attack, then we can be certain that U. S. bombers will strike back. Meanwhile, we can drag our feet—making a token contribution of men and money just big enough to keep the Americans from quitting in disgust."

To us this may sound cynical; most European politicians would have called it realism. After all

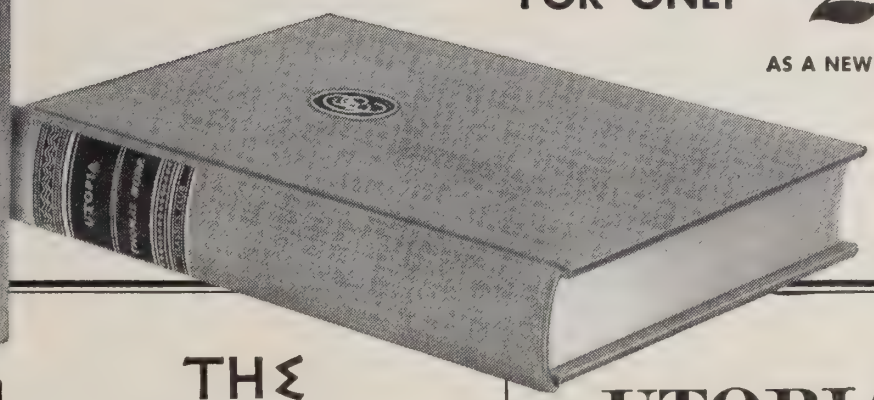
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they understood, better than American taxpayers possibly could, just how war-weary their people were, how shaky their economies, how weak their governments. The strain of building new armies in the early years of the Cold War might well have ripped apart the damaged fabric of their societies. And if they were less than frank with us—if they promised more than they could deliver, or had any intention of delivering*—that should not have surprised us. Weak nations habitually try to make guile serve in place of power, in their dealings with both friends and enemies. Moreover, at the time, their calculations (however cynical) were accurate; their strategy worked—so long as the United States had a clear lead over the Soviets in both nuclear weapons and the means of delivering them on target.

AS the last decade drew to its close, however, that lead dwindled—and then shifted, abruptly and dramatically, to the other side. For the Russians proved, by a whole series of demonstration shots into outer space, that they could destroy our cities just as easily as we could destroy theirs. Indeed, easier—since their missiles soar on engines twice as powerful as anything we have, and a lot more of them stand ready on combat launching pads. If they can hit the moon (as we, at this writing, cannot) who doubts that they could hit Chicago?**

So the line of argument in the privacy of European government offices began to shift, in accordance with the new situation, to something like this:

"No matter what the State Department says, can we really count on the Americans any longer? Will they actually go to war with nuclear weapons in order to save Berlin—or, for that matter, Paris or Athens? That just doesn't sound rational. No nation governed by sane men is likely to commit suicide for the sake of a distant ally. And suicide is precisely what it would be, since the Americans themselves calculate that they would lose 40 per cent of their population and 60 per cent of their industry in the first hours of such a war.

"We can't, therefore, expect the old deterrent to keep the Russians out of Western Europe any longer—simply because the men in the Kremlin cannot believe (any more than we do) that it would be brought into action by anything less than a direct, unmistakable threat to the United States itself."

The terrible sword is still poised—but the hand which grasps it is now paralyzed. Or seems so, to the Europeans, so far as their own defense is concerned.

During the last months of 1959 another set of facts sprang into view, inflaming still further the European doubts about the dependability of their American ally.

Throughout the NATO decade the United States had depended heavily on overseas bases. Even today the bulk of our nuclear striking force is made up of medium-range bombers, operating from fields in Europe and North Africa, and of intermediate-range ballistic missiles (Thors and Jupiters) based on seven sites in England, Italy, and Turkey. Because these bases were indispensable for our own safety, we had to be very patient indeed with the countries where they were located. That is one reason why we could never insist too hard that the Europeans make good on their commitments to NATO, and why we poured such fantastic sums into the pockets of Spain's corrupt Fascist dictatorship. We had no choice.

But we soon will have. Toward the close of 1959, two technological developments indicated that we might not need those overseas bases much longer. (1) After many failures, our missileers finally worked the bugs out of the Atlas, an intercontinental weapon which now looks as if it will operate dependably from launchers on our own soil. (2) Enough progress was made on the Polaris weapons system to give some confidence that it may be ready for service within two years. By 1963, therefore, America's retaliatory striking power should be based partly on our home grounds, and partly on submarines capable of firing nuclear-tipped missiles while under water (and thus almost invulnerable to surprise attack).

(Continue on page 21.)

*Exceptions were the Turks and the Greeks. The latter assigned five divisions to NATO—as many as England—and the twelve-division Turkish contingent is actually the largest of any country's. But they have been under more direct Soviet pressure than any other NATO members, and also have received relatively more U. S. military aid.

**Alarming as it is, the Russian lead in nuclear missiles is not quite catastrophic. The best estimates I can get indicate that until about 1963 they will be able to hit us harder than we can hit them—but still not hard enough to tempt them into starting a war. Unless they can count on knocking out virtually all of our strategic bombers and missiles in their first attack, we could still strike back hard enough to make the gamble unattractive.

The number of missiles required for such a knockout blow varies from day to day—depending on the number of weapons we have ready to go, how widely they are dispersed, and how well they are protected. Today, for example, they might need three missiles to be sure of killing one of ours on the ground; a little later, when we complete "hardened" underground launching sites, they might need ten. These figures are merely illustrative. The actual calculations are extremely complex, and are necessarily secret. An informed guess, however, is that at no time between 1960 and 1963—the period of the so-called missile gap—will the Russians have a big enough lead to be entirely certain they could wipe out our retaliatory force. But our margin of safety is a narrow one.



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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

When that day comes, many Europeans suspect that we may become reluctant to put up with the vexations and expense of an alliance which is no longer militarily essential to us.

THESE misgivings are reasonable enough. For the truth is that from a strictly military viewpoint NATO is becoming more of a liability than an asset to Europe and America alike. For the Europeans, it no longer provides a sure, automatic defense, though it does threaten to embroil them in any quarrel that might arise between Russia and the United States. For America it offers little besides overseas bases, of rapidly diminishing value; while it costs us heavily in money and manpower, and keeps us constantly involved in dangerous arguments over such sore spots as Berlin.

Like a slowly accumulating poison, these unspoken doubts on both sides have been weakening NATO ever since the first Sputnik went into orbit. It would be impossible to pinpoint the date on which it died, but the first public admission of its death by a responsible European official came on November 23, 1959. On that day General Jean-Etienne Valluy, the NATO commander for Central Europe, chided the European members for not fulfilling their commitments, and for what he called their "moral disengagement."

"If this continues," he said, "General Norstad and I will be able to no longer hide the fact that we cannot fulfill our mission."

It *has* continued, at a faster pace. Indeed, General de Gaulle—the strongest and most realistic, if also the most difficult, of European statesmen—has been acting for some time as if NATO were already buried. He has pulled most of the French navy out of the NATO command, forced NATO bombers out of their French bases, and rebuffed all pleas to set up unified NATO controls, even for an air-raid warning system. At the same time De Gaulle has put France's resources under great strain in order to build, at the earliest possible moment, his own nuclear weapons.

This behavior has been dismissed, by some commentators, as a sort of *folie de grandeur;* but it may be nothing of the sort. It can be interpreted with equal logic as the behavior of a man who believes NATO would be useless in a pinch, and who therefore is determined to control his own forces and his own nuclear deterrent.

Another sign of *rigor mortis* is the growing popular revulsion in Europe against a strategy which relies solely on nuclear weapons. This reaction is often emotional rather than carefully-reasoned but that makes it all the harder to answer. How do you argue with a woman who feels in her marrow that a defense which means mutual suicide is worse than no defense at all?

A left-wing English Labor party politician recently put the case to me in these terms:

"In a crisis, one of two things can happen. Either you Americans will cave in, because you are afraid to touch off an atomic war; in that case the Russians win without a struggle. Or you will decide to fight; in that case, all of Western Europe will be destroyed, along with most of the United States.

"So maybe it would be wiser for the European countries—and perhaps even England as well—to pull out of the alliance and turn neutralist. Then we would at least have a chance of avoiding destruction in a fight between Russia and America. Yes, I realize that no single country could hold off the Russians by itself. The neutralist course might well result in our being occupied by the Russians for a century—or two, or three.

"But dreadful as that might be, you have to admit, old boy, that it isn't quite as bad as extermination."

So far as I can judge, this view is not yet held by anything like a majority in any European country. But it may be held tacitly by many people who are reluctant to express such unheroic sentiments out loud—and it does seem to be spreading. One variety is the *"ohne mich"*—"without me"—attitude which is so widespread in Germany. (Its counterpart is the kind of "moral disengagement"—the shrugging lack of interest in public affairs—which is distressingly common among American young people.) You can hear the same state of mind proclaimed in even more extreme terms at any of the Anti-Bomb meetings which are being held almost weekly in London,

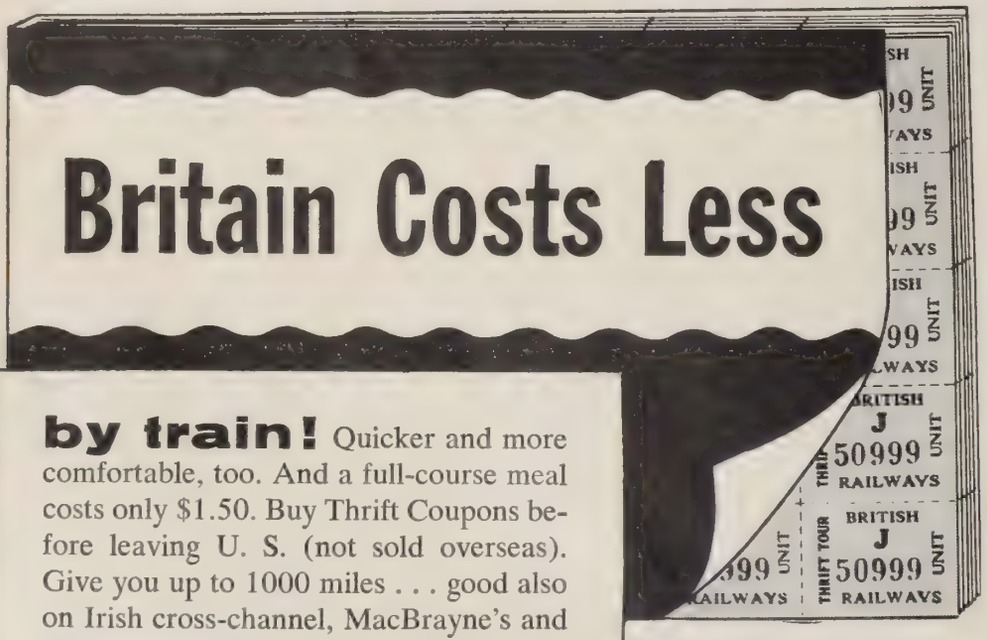
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or among the demonstrators wl periodically picket the U. S. missi bases in northern England.

Whatever their numbers, the people cannot be ignored, because is hard to pretend that there is muc vitality left in an alliance whi arouses almost hysterical oppositi among even a sizable minority of tl people it is supposed to protect.

STATED this way, the future the Atlantic Community soun about as bleak as a Dakota winte But it may not be all that hopeles since NATO might conceivably l replaced by a new kind of shiel better suited to the military situ tion into which the world seems be moving.

To be workable, such a defense a rangement would have to meet fi specifications:

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(2) It must seem morally jus fiable; its use must not jeopardi the future of the whole human rac as a nuclear war might well do.

(3) It must be clearly seen to l advantageous to all the nations ta ing part in it; the assets must ou weigh the liabilities for all of the

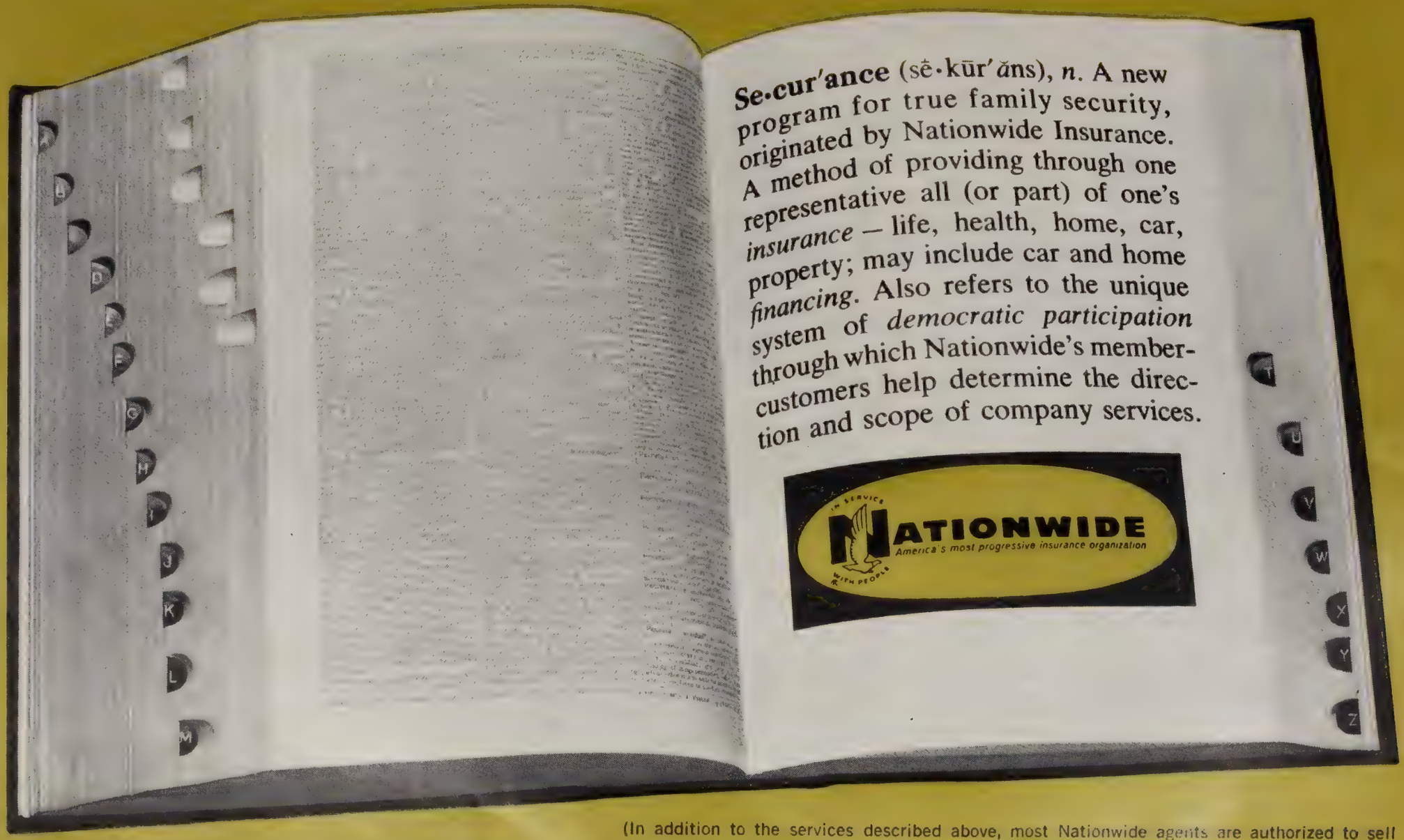
(4) It must be a plan they c afford to support—in terms of m and money—for an indefinite time.

(5) It must be capable of copi with any probable type of aggressio

Until a few months ago, it seem impossible to devise any schen which would measure up to all the requirements. Since the turn of t year, however, the chances appear be improving—because of far-reac ing changes taking place within bo Russia and the West.

In Russia a slow evolution policy has been under way ever sin Stalin's death (or so it seems to ma American specialists in Soviet affai and the shift apparently has speed up since Khrushchev's visit to th country. As a consequence, it may l that the Kremlin has abandoned a intention of overrunning Weste Europe by means of a massive i vasion, of the sort which Stalin ga us good reason to fear. (*Cont. p.* 2

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The main reasons for thinking so can be summarized very briefly:

(1) Khrushchev has been talking to his own people about peace, disarmament, and rising living standards in a way which would make it extremely difficult for him to lead them abruptly into war. Even in a Communist country, public opinion has to be carefully prepared for such an adventure, and it can't be whipped into a 180-degree turn overnight.

(2) The cut in Soviet armed forces which he announced in January seems to be real. While we can't be sure, in the absence of a system of international inspection, there are some clues which point that way.

(3) After years of stalling, the Russians are at last giving some indications that they want to negotiate seriously about disarmament.

None of this, of course, means that the Soviet leaders have abandoned their hopes of bringing the whole world eventually into the Communist system. It simply means that they have shifted to a new tactic which they deem safer and surer, if perhaps a little slower; that they plan to move, not by direct military conquest, but by economic penetration, subversion, and diplomatic pressure. Apparently they really believe that they will win, eventually, in that "peaceful competition" with the West which they talk so much about—and with some reason, in view of the rapid growth of their economy. Military intervention might still be used on occasion, against a weak neighbor, but at least for the immediate future it seems likely to be a subordinate tool in the kit-bag of Soviet policy.

IF this estimate proves accurate, what Western Europe will need is no longer a massive defense to beat off a massive invasion, but instead a new type of defense establishment designed to cope with the new Communist tactics. It would be essentially a constabulary—highly mobile and especially trained to handle subversion, local uprisings, border incidents, and the kind of probing attacks with which Communists habitually test the nerve and strength of their opponents.

Such a force could be armed only with conventional weapons, since nuclear weapons (even of the small tactical variety) would be unnecessary for its mission.

Recent changes within Western Europe—its astonishing economic recovery, the new-found stability of its governments, and the shrinking influence of local Communist parties—would seem to make this sort of defense force entirely practicable. If they make a serious try, the Europeans should have no great trouble in finding both the men and the money to keep it going indefinitely.*

A small American contingent—perhaps a division—might be assigned to the European Constabulary as a token of our continuing sympathy and interest. But it should be fundamentally a European force, manned, financed, equipped, and led by the Europeans themselves. Nothing else would do so much to give our friends a sense of independence, self-respect, and responsibility for their own safety. And nothing less will eliminate the frictions and misunderstandings which are inevitable so long as the United States carries the main burden of patroling the European frontier.*

But the United States will still have to carry the main burden of counterbalancing the Soviet nuclear weapons. This entails a costly, constantly evolving system of Polaris submarines, anti-missile warning networks, and intercontinental missiles in dispersed, "hardened," and eventually mobile sites. (For instance, the solid-fueled Minuteman, when it is ready three or four years from now, might be mounted on railway flat cars or river barges; shifting each missile a few miles every few days would make it infinitely harder for an enemy to zero-in on such targets, thus making a surprise attack far more risky.) The development of such a system should be our first military priority; for until the missile gap is closed, we can never feel entirely secure against a Soviet assault, improbable though it may seem at the moment.

Equally important, until we pull even with the Russians, they are never likely to agree to a disarmament plan with foolproof inspection. Only when we can sit down at the bargaining table with a hand as strong as theirs will we have much chance of getting a deal which we can accept.

Consequently the plan outlined so sketchily in the foregoing paragraphs would not promise any relaxation for anyone within the immediate future. On the contrary, it would demand greater efforts—a greater effort by the Europeans to build up a truly effective local defense of their own; a greater effort by America to regain our lost ground in the missile competition. (At the same time we should be strengthening our ground forces and providing them with an adequate airlift, to guard against brush-fire wars in the non-European sectors of the globe; but that is too

*One of the most durable legends of the past decade is that the West could never hope to match the Communist hordes; and this supposed inferiority in manpower was a main justification for relying primarily on nuclear weapons.

As General Maxwell Taylor pointed out in his recent book, *The Uncertain Trumpet*, this myth simply is not true. The tabulation cited on page 138 of that book shows that Western Europe alone now has more than 54 million fit males of military age—while the Soviet Union has only 41 million. (If you add in 17 million men from the European satellites—of doubtful loyalty—the Soviet total would be 58 million.)

But what about the Chinese? In fact, they have only about 84 million fit males of military age, and it is most unlikely that any substantial number of them would ever be employed on a European front—partly because it would be logistically difficult to move and supply them, partly because the last thing the Russians would want is a big Chinese army on their own soil.

In any case, the whole Communist bloc—including Russia, China, and all their European and Asian satellites—could muster only 145 million men, as against a total of 156 for all the Western powers and their Asian allies. So the disparity in forces actually under arms has not been due to any lack of manpower on our side, but merely to an unwillingness to use what we've got.

*A unified command, plus a considerable degree of integration of national units into a single European army, would seem to offer many advantages. Among them are economy and greater efficiency in both planning and operations. But the great attraction of a unified force would be that no single nation—for example, Germany—could then embark on a private military adventure which might endanger the rest of Europe. Whether European nationalism would, however, allow such unification is still an open question.

omplex a matter to touch on here.)

What it would promise—in the ong run—is a realistic hope of dis- rmament; an awakening, eventually, rom the atomic nightmare which naunts the world.

The main reason for such a hope s that an indefinite nuclear stale- nate between us and the Russians ust doesn't make sense for either ide. Why should we both go to normous expense and strain to keep p a stable of monstrous weapons vhich neither dares to use? If we an agree to scrap missiles and war- eads—at the same time, and under onditions guaranteeing no decep- ion—we would end up in exactly he same relative positions, militarily peaking. Both countries could then urn a vast treasure of material and rain power to more constructive ses. Even more welcome would be he removal of the constant fear that n atomic war might somehow get tarted by mistake. For so long as he missiles stand poised for instant ake-off, there is always a danger that ome colonel in Omsk (or Wyoming) night push the wrong button, or nisread a blip on a radar screen.

Finally, both we and the Russians ave an obvious interest in bringing uch weapons under control before hey spread to too many other na- ions. What kind of world will it e when every Nasser, Castro, and Trujillo has an atomic arsenal of his wn? And with the latent rivalry be- ween Russia and China on his hind, Mr. Khrushchev must spend n occasional sleepless night wonder- ng what will happen when Mao se-tung can arm his fast-multiply- ng millions with such weapons.

For all these reasons thought- ul military men—including General Maxwell Taylor, one of the finest ntellectuals our army has yet pro- uced—believe that nuclear disarma- ent ought to be the No. 1 goal of merican policy. Perhaps it is not oo much to hope that somewhere in Moscow their counterparts are think- ng along the same lines.

If and when that goal can be eached, we can then turn our full ttention to what probably will rove the decisive struggle with the Russians: the struggle to see which ation can first build The Good So- iety, capable of winning the al- giance of the rest of the world.





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AFTER HOURS



THE ART OF THEATRE CRITICISM by Stark Young

For a quarter-century Stark Young's theatrical criticism for the "New Republic" and other magazines set a distinguished standard for the American stage and its critics. He is the author of "So Red the Rose," "The Flower in Drama," and other books, and his translations of Chekhov and Molière have often been played both on the stage and on television.

VOLTAIRE said the ideal form of government is a benevolent tyranny tempered by an occasional assassination. You can apply that to a good deal of our dramatic criticism. It usually sounds benevolent, partly because our critic is not a fighting member in any serious or intense cause; he has no cause such as wracked the Paris theatre in the days of Victor Hugo and the new Romantic dramatists or fired the Abbey Theatre in the days of the Irish Nationalists. It is something of a tyranny, too, partly because the readers of the newspaper critics nowadays follow pretty much anything they see in print. And it is our critics who also on occasion do the assassinating. But here I am not going to discuss dramatic criticism in general—only that side of it which involves certain technical aspects of an actor's performance or of the production of the play.

These may seem minor points, but they may prove for the actor, and thus indirectly for the play, to be much more than minor. When Mr. Paul Robeson played Othello he was exceptionally well adapted to the role—physically, racially, and, above all, in a play with such sustained demands on the actor's voice, vocally. His performance could have gained vastly—in fact, it would have risen to another plane—if the director or the critics had told him not to break his gestures as he did; to hold longer certain gestures, of his arm, for instance, and thus confirm the single and noble movement of the speech he was saying. Chaliapin in his Boris, in every gesture, was a great illustration of just this point.

The amount of such critical detail that is suitable must vary with the play; obviously, if theatre criticism followed this direction only, it would have very few readers.

The reviewer has in his pocket a crackling list of words like "wonderful," "brilliant," "fascinating," "magnificent." These serve little purpose as a rule except to cheer the actors and brighten the box-office prospects. They may also gratify the reviewer's reader by making him feel more secure about what he has seen or may see; now and again he may even learn what it would do him credit to think.

But whether it is a "good notice" the actor gets, or patient attention or a crashing roast, the fact remains that it seldom affords any suggestion of anything technical, anything that implies taking the stage as an art or craft in the same sense as we take music or painting. We should have technical comments for acting that would parallel at least what we sometimes (though not always, by any means) get for singing or orchestra Such criticism would parallel the kind of reviewing of records that B. H. Haggin does for the *New Republic,* as when, for example, he speaks of Landowska's "slower tempo and more spacious style and her sharper inflection of phrase."

In the theatre this would mean that the critic would take it as all art is taken—for the excellence of the interpretation, the perfection of style. He would also consider it as a technical art in itself, with whatever limitations, possibilities, revelations might accrue. Capital examples of what I mean we have right under our noses: in the reporting of football games, of baseball, prize fighting —not to mention bullfights in nearby Mexico, where the critics reach a very passion of precise detail.

Consider, for instance, Miss Ina Claire. With all the acclaim for her playing of comedy at all levels and of the dazzling facets that she can give to her performance of a scene, I cannot remember ever seeing a



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single comment on her cuing or on the exact rhythm of some dialogue passage where the energy, projection, and wit derive to no small extent from her cues. In her response to a speech there may be a timing that was not expected but is at once recognized as inevitable. It has that unfailing surprise that marks whatever is alive. A stir of life is kept up, a glittering vitality pervades the moment.

Mr. Claude Rains, playing opposite Miss Claire in "The Confidential Clerk," was entirely different. With him the bright pitch of the scene kept dropping. He should have been reminded by the critics that if you are to maintain a certain exchange with another actor and thus keep the scene alive and continuous, you must not let your eyes wander off or look away while he is speaking to you. Mr. Rains did just that and the bottom kept falling out of the moment. His presence in the scenes was lusty, if you like, but pointless.

Or take Pauline Lord and those pauses she knew how to use better than any other actress I have seen. A simple speech among the bevy of young ladies in "Trelawney of the Wells"—"It is a dark and rainy afternoon, what shall we do to pass the time? Let's tell our ages"—became incredible comedy through the shy voice and most of all through the divine pauses before "Let's" and after "tell." Those pauses could have been mentioned by her critics so that even Hollywood would have been aware of them, but evidently they were not heard of there. One of the first orders the film director gave her, she told me, was to cut out the pausing.

"I have used that pause for twenty years," she replied.

Very soon she cut out Hollywood instead.

I remember telling Miss Mary Morris that in the midst of her version of an old song in "Fashion"—it was years old—how delicious it was when she gave that silken rolling of her eyes upward when she came to "Come, Birdie, come!" She said she had not known she was doing it, and afterward kept rolling her eyes at that point, to the delight of her audiences. A slight detail, but it made a comic moment that never missed fire.

When Walter Huston announced his "Othello" I had great hopes for the reading he might give those eloquent, violent, windy, rich passages that are the very essence of Othello's character and story. I knew that he had been training with his celebrated sister, Mrs. Carrington, who had drilled John Barrymore line by line in speaking his Hamlet. (Barrymore had never read the play before.) "Sit down there now, Jack, and say it this way," she told him. He did just that. And though his performance of "Hamlet" lacked a final poetic center or soul, its whole outer form, or the dramatic mass of it, remains a landmark in the history of our theatre.

I could hardly wait to see what Walter Huston would do with the "Never, Iago" speech in Act III:

Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic Sea
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps
    due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent
    pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to
    humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.

I remembered how Walter Hampden in his "Othello" had read that speech. He read it phrase by phrase at a most deliberate speed, with all the shadings and turns of thought, pausing as if qualifying his reflections, seeing to it that Shakespeare here made sense.

Inch by inch it did make sense; but the total result made very little sense. The effect was merely to make the character seem windily fussy, if not silly.

I have even heard enthusiasts praise Hampden's reading of Shakespeare's lines for the reason that it was "natural," so natural that you wouldn't think he was speaking verse—it could just as well have been prose. Which is like admiring an actor because you wouldn't know when he was walking that he wasn't sitting down.

The scope and beauty and profound power of Othello's speech depend on its being delivered as a stream of strong feeling that is unbroken; it is beyond all close logic, with a majesty and fire and an ultimate pathos. Only life, over-

powering, can release it; only death can follow it.

The actor has to take such a speech as this in "Othello" as an aria, not a declamation, and must deliver it as an aria. Taking it as such, the problem first of all is to breathe it. Breath control is the final problem, precisely as it is for an aria in opera. The chief or basic burden is lyrical; otherwise the words might at times seem fanciful or even frivolous. There must be a sustained impulse and pattern of delivery. But among the criticisms of Walter Huston's "Othello" I have never encountered any mention of this mastery of the breath, so triumphant in his case and so deeply necessary to the play.

"Othello," with all its mixture of masculinity or almost brutal ardor, of love, innocence, guile, violent passion, richness of life, becomes an immense drama. Basically it is larger than anything else among Shakespeare's plays, though it is at the same time both more elementally simple and more elaborate. It moves like a ballad; the style and its movement are baroque.

BY pointing out such technical items, the critic may add to the general sum of theory and practice in the theatre art. The young actor can be led to ponder certain elements in some performance he has seen, some glimmer of distinction that is there to be rejoiced in, some skill in the execution of what is desired.

Mei Lan Fang, that greatest of Chinese actors, said to me, "Why do some of the singers at the Metropolitan Opera make so many gestures like that?" and he made a movement of jerking the right hand outward from the waist.

"Because," I said, touching my right shoulder, "they have never learned that a gesture comes from the shoulder, not from the elbow."

"No, no," he said, "not that shoulder; it begins from the other shoulder."

It was a lesson to me: The gesture flows from the other shoulder, from the shoulder not of the gesturing hand; the gesture flows, all the body is flowing and all is one, and the rhythm of movement, however imperceptible it may be, is one for the whole body.

Sometimes an actor at the be-





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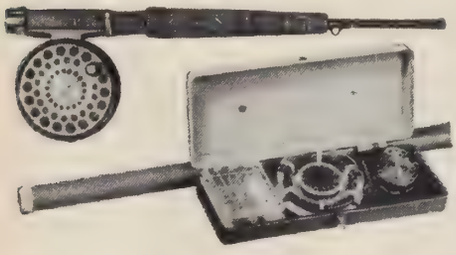
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ginning of his New York career doesn't display the quick signs of a born talent, or of an assertive ego, or the natural exhibitionism that readily engages our eager eyes. Russell Collins is a case in point—an instance where more definite criticism would have set up one of the best actors we have. He *is* one of the best actors and has been for many performances. But very often a more incisive and glowing review would have enhanced his shine and security. Then at last came the play in which he was the leading character, "Johnny Johnson" by Paul Green. This made it clear that many another of the plays he did would have been far closer to a full success if he had played the leading role instead of a smaller one, and his acting would have been given a chance to develop its flair much earlier.

OFTEN an actor in smaller parts would profit not so much from a friendly mention of what character he is playing, and a pat on the head, as he would from some close observation by a critic—some reminder of his perfect wearing of a costume, for instance, or make-up, or of the admirable speed in a certain speech, or the sparkling staccato delivery of certain phrases. I am thinking at the moment of Mary Perry as the daffy old lady in Horton Foote's "The Trip to Bountiful." By her manner of speaking up suddenly, her mild posture as she sat observing the life around her, or her voice that was quite distinct but seemed to be wandering, she created the effect of the old woman's vagueness and grotesque mind; and she accomplished this without any of the repulsive externals that are usually thought necessary in such portrayals. I have never seen a criticism that noted this virtuosity. And I have seen her in various plays, and her performance never failed to be admirable. It has astonished me how such a fine actress could have been so practically unnoticed in printed criticism.

And I recall how in Shaw's "Major Barbara" with Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner sitting most elegantly and commandingly at the left side of the stage, a young man stood on the right leaning against a balustrade, somehow like a brave doll, deferential and choice to the last inch of his person. I cannot convey the effect he produced. But technically it could be pointed out that this was the result of some complete unity in Frederic Warriner's conception of Stephen, in relation to the story and to the firm mother. This completeness, plus Mr. Warriner's projection of it, made his brief performance neat, beautiful, and easily remembered.

"Rashomon" is a play in two acts by Fay and Michael Kanin, adapted for the stage from the stories of Ryunosuke Akutagawa. It was presented in New York with a good cast. There was the beautiful acting of Claire Bloom. The fine part of the Bandit was played brilliantly by Rod Steiger. And there was also the performance of Oscar Homolka, who can bring to a play a remarkable grip and inner glow rarely to be seen.

There were others, of plentiful excellence. But they were all up against the dramatic writing of an evasive and vaguely wandering piece. (I must say, however, that the direction of Peter Glenville was full of his usual skill and vividness.)

The thing in the play worth observing and talking about to a much greater extent than I saw in any review was the setting, designed by Oliver Messel. It was vivid, violently varied, elevated, and dazzling. In its colors and in its dramatic touch there were elements that I had never seen before. I am trying very limply to convey that it was the most remarkable set I had seen for any play of that year.

THE production of "Cheri" at the Morosco Theatre had among its virtues the presence of Kim Stanley, Horst Buchholz, and Lili Darvas. Its director was Robert Lewis, who, together with Elia Kazan and Cheryl Crawford, was a founder of the Actors Studio. The designer of the play was Oliver Smith, who has many distinguished credits to his name. Miles White designed the costumes; among his credits are the beautiful costumes for "Around the World in Eighty Days." Peggy Clark, the lighting designer, has done the lighting for over sixty Broadway shows.

It is disappointing to have to say that none of these names achieved a completely distinguished creation for

this play. "Cheri" fell far below what it might easily have been. Mr. Smith turned out the opening scene of the play without taste or any elegance of manner. To this shiny and undramatic scenery were added the costumes of Mr. White, the taste of which was anything but alluring.

In the more important scenes where most of the story really occurred, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Smith, and Mr. White had quite a different approach, and there was as much beauty and taste as one could wish for. The costumes of Lea were ideally beautiful and the setting for her own rooms was beyond words beautiful. It had poetic elegance and was correct in its relation to her luminous presence. Under the direction of Mr. Lewis, the acting of Mr. Buchholz and Miss Stanley in these scenes seemed to me to be rich and profound, as well as very often poetic.

I can think of few actors in our country who could have so completely created on the stage this kind of woman, so well known to the French, a woman, that is to say, whose love turns not to a man but to essentially a boy, toward whom she carries, at times, also the depth of a mother's feeling. The quality of the boy's feeling in this relationship appears in Horst Buchholz's beautiful and unforgettable variety.

You may say that the criticisms that are published have no space for these technical, or professional, details. That may be true at times, but the fact remains that it takes little more space to say that the exciting gradations of motives in a scene are due to X's variations in tempo and pitch rather than to the playwright's lines. Or to say of a certain overmature actress that she belongs to the old Come-Get-Your-Cup-of-Thunder school and that every speech she says in her period voice breaks up the movement of every scene she shares.

THE purpose of this little discussion, obviously, is not to ask the critic to crowd his column with technical terms, but only to ask that if he is going to write of a performance at all he might do well to look sharp and try to be as useful as possible (and more illuminating) to the people on the stage as well as to his readers.





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Harper's MAGAZINE

HOW TO CHOOSE A PSYCHIATRIST

FREDRICK C. REDLICH, M.D.
AND MAYA PINES

The main types and how they differ . . . what you can expect them to accomplish . . . the kinds of people they cannot help . . . and how to tell whether they are worth what they cost.

FOR some people, especially in the advertising and entertainment worlds, the solution to almost any problem is to consult a psychiatrist. Other groups in our society will tolerate extreme eccentricity or misbehavior, for nothing could be worse than going to a psychiatrist. Somewhere in between is the majority—vaguely familiar with the jargon of psychiatry which everyone uses these days, yet comfortable in the belief that mental illness always happens to somebody else.

But what if this thing suddenly strikes close to home? Perhaps your wife becomes obsessed with the idea that she may hurt or kill her children. What if you decide that you desperately need psychotherapy yourself? What do you do then? How do you choose a psychiatrist?

All too often, in practice, the question does not even come up. "Choosing" a psychiatrist is a luxury available only to those with enough money and social status to demand the best and get it. The poor man in an out-patient clinic has no choice. Nor has the psychotic who is committed to a state hospital. In some parts of the country the shortage of psychiatrists is so acute that there is no choice for anyone. But even those who live where psychiatrists abound and who can afford to choose seldom know how to go about it. They pick their way haphazardly, filled with misinformation and fear, sometimes wasting years before finding real help.

For example, a bright, well-behaved fourteen-year-old boy suddenly began to disrupt his classes, insult his teachers, and fail every course. Alarmed, his mother went to see the school authorities, who suggested consulting the family doctor. He, in turn, recommended a psychologist. The latter listened to the story, then explained that he did not treat children, and recommended a second psychologist. This turned out to be a woman, whom the boy vehemently refused to see. Meanwhile he kept on having tantrums, screaming that he hated his parents and threatening to kill them. His mother went back to the school, and was again referred to the family doctor, who this time sent the boy to a state mental hospital. Since this institution was about to close its out-patient clinic, the child was

directed to a private general hospital. Here, it turned out, the waiting list was too long, so the boy was sent on to a city hospital. At this point the frantic mother telephoned the local branch of the National Association for Mental Health. There, months after her first visit to the school, she learned of an excellent private clinic for children right in her own neighborhood. She took him there and treatment was started immediately.

Elsewhere, a promising young chemist, after being struck down by a car, found that he could no longer concentrate on his work. Physically he was in fine shape, according to many doctors, including a neurosurgeon, who examined him during his dealings with insurance companies. What worried him was his extreme irritability. He had always had a quick temper; now the slightest annoyance enraged him, giving him a violent headache. Realizing that something was seriously wrong, he decided to seek psychiatric treatment. Lawyers' and doctors' fees had eaten up most of the insurance settlement, so he applied to a local psychiatric clinic. There a social worker interviewed him and gave him an appointment with the staff psychiatrist three weeks later. He saw the psychiatrist and repeated his story, but decided in the process that this psychiatrist was too cold and unfriendly. So he failed to return for his next appointment.

His symptoms got worse. Not knowing where to turn, he went to see one of his former chemistry professors who happened to know a psychiatrist. This doctor talked with the young man, but concluded that he could not take him as a patient, and referred him to a psychoanalytic clinic. There he went through another interview. Finally he was told that he would indeed be acceptable for treatment at low cost, but that he would have to wait for at least a year.

PSYCHIATRIC MATCHMAKING

THIS kind of run-around is tragically familiar to people in search of psychiatric treatment. Typically, neither patient knew what services were available in the community, and both found the particular therapist available to them personally unsuitable. Additional confusion is often caused by the variety of names and labels in this field and by the many different schools of psychiatry, each of which is all too ready to knock its rivals.

Should you take this most precious of possessions—your mind—to a Freudian, a Jungian, a follower of Karen Horney, Carl Rogers, or Harry Stack Sullivan? To the doctor who gave your neighbor tranquilizers, to the lay therapist your best friend swears by, to the clinic in the nearest hospital? To a neurologist, a psychologist, an analytically-oriented psychiatrist, or a famous, expensive psychoanalyst? How do you know the man is really good, anyhow?

The answer is, don't try to guess. Go to an expert and let him make an intelligent referral. Or if you can't find one, at least check your candidates against some solid criteria.

No profession makes it easy to evaluate its services. It is hard likewise for the consumer to discover the real quality of much more tangible products. So before choosing a car, one generally shops around from dealer to dealer. But the decision to try psychiatric treatment is often a desperate measure, after many other things have been tried, and there is seldom much shopping around, except for prices. That is why it is particularly important, in this field, to start out by finding someone who knows the community's resources and can act, in a sense, as a psychiatric matchmaker.

Ideally this matchmaker would be a well-trained, broadly experienced psychiatrist connected with a first-class hospital or medical school. To find such a person, you might inquire of the chief of psychiatric or medical services in the best local hospital, or the director of the psychiatry department in the nearest medical school, or your own family physician. The leading psychiatrist in town should not be considered too good for this all-important first step. Although an outstanding psychiatrist may not have time to take on new patients on a regular basis (and his rates might make him prohibitive), he may have a large consultant practice. In one or two interviews he can find out what the prospective patient is like, what he really needs, and who can help him. Then he can arrange a first appointment with the most likely therapist. He might also advise about a very important question: whether and where the patient needs to be hospitalized.

If no psychiatrist is available for this kind of consultation there are other resources. In New Haven, Connecticut, for instance, many psychiatric referrals of the general population are made in the hospital's emergency-room, for urgent cases, and in the "open clinic," an out-patient service where anybody can see a psychiatrist without making an appointment. Unfortunately, such clinics are still very rare.

The various mental-health associations until recently paid very little attention to this problem.

They are now beginning to establish special information services to give out on request lists of local psychiatric facilities and qualified psychiatrists, as well as lay therapists, psychiatric social workers, and counselors of other kinds, such as clergymen trained in pastoral psychology. The Manhattan Society for Mental Health employs a full-time psychiatric social worker to do specific referrals.

In some cases—especially when people are not too sure they want psychiatric help, or when they cannot afford a private consultation—the easiest first step may be to visit the local family service agency, whose case worker will try to determine what is needed and, if the agency's own counseling service seems insufficient, may suggest a good psychiatric clinic. In other cases the family physician or the local minister, if they are well informed, can make adequate referrals.

Any one of these sources would, at least, be a guarantee against quacks, such as the shoe salesman in Long Beach, California, who practiced "psychotherapy" on the side, at $25 a session, or the "psychologist" who, under the guise of treatment, seduced all his female patients.

HOW GOOD IS HE?

ONCE equipped with the names of two or three likely psychiatrists, you can begin to look for certain vital qualities. Easiest to check is good training. Your family doctor can help you evaluate the psychiatrist's medical school, the hospital where he served his residency, and the specialty boards he has passed, if any, as well as his present standing in research, teaching, and hospital work and his membership in professional societies. Most of these qualifications are listed in the general medical directories, which physicians usually have, and in the directories of the American Psychiatric Association, to which nearly all psychiatrists belong. Such basic checking may reveal, for instance, whether a psychiatrist's experience has been limited to state hospitals—not a good recommendation if you are neurotic and need psychotherapy, but adequate in severe psychoses.

Next, you want to find out about the psychiatrist's personal ability. And here comes the rub. A surgeon's skill may be rated objectively: word soon gets around as to how many patients he has helped. But there is no comparable record of successes or failures in psychiatry. No matter how impressive a psychiatrist's credentials and learned publications, he may still be an ineffective therapist. If you have pneumonia you can get reasonably good treatment from a doctor even if he is personally a heel. But you cannot separate psychotherapy from the therapist. A lot depends on his personality.

Who, then, is in a position to judge? Who can say whether Dr. Smith, a psychoanalyst, is truly effective or not? Certainly not his current patients, who may be in the throes of positive or negative transference, and attribute to him near-magical healing powers or the faults of an ogre. Even his ex-patients have a vested interest in believing that their treatment has been completely successful. In fact, nobody knows for sure. It is a good sign, however, if you have heard he has helped other people. And if you are lucky enough to have found a good consultant at the outset, he can cast some light. For instance, he may have seen patients who, after months or years of treatment, have felt the need to change therapists—and know why. He may be aware of certain psychiatrists' special fields of interest. Even more important, he may know quite a bit about them as human beings.

In general your psychiatrist should be a person who can manage his own affairs realistically rather than, for instance, one who has had a series of messy divorces, or has petty quarrels with everyone he deals with. However, just as a swimming coach need not have made world records himself (it is enough that he bring out the best in others), you cannot expect psychiatrists to be perfect or to lead model lives. This is the kind of erroneous belief which small children have about their parents. It has no place in the adult world and is particularly inappropriate here. Sometimes a man is first drawn to the study of psychiatry because he has suffered from many of the neurotic symptoms he is planning to cure. Of the approximately ten thousand persons being analyzed in the United States in any one year, about one-fifth are future psychiatrists, psychologists, or psychiatric social workers. Some of them undertook analysis as treatment, then

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Dr. Fredrick Redlich is professor of psychiatry and chairman of the department at Yale University's School of Medicine. His influential book, "Social Class and Mental Illness"—written with the sociologist August Hollingshead and based on a ten-year study in New Haven—shows how income, education, and status affect the kind of treatment given to the mentally ill.

Dr. Redlich's collaborator on this article is Maya Pines, a staff reporter on "Life" and author of the book, "Retarded Children Can Be Helped."

became so interested that they decided to specialize in it or a related field. Others went into a "training analysis" to help them in their professional work, but discovered that they had a personal need for it. Presumably this analysis, which is longer and more thorough than that of non-professionals, relieved them of their neurosis and its symptoms.

THE MALADJUSTED DOCTOR

THE question remains: Can a maladjusted psychiatrist give good treatment? This must be answered empirically. Some very successful psychiatrists are maladjusted; however, they can help only in those areas where they have improved to some degree themselves. A homosexual psychiatrist, for instance—and there are some—could be effective in most areas but could not treat homosexuals (unless the treatment consisted only in helping the patient adjust to his condition). One well-established psychoanalyst who suffers from recurrent deep depressions refuses to treat psychotics or suicidal cases; he knows that their periods of severe anxiety would upset him too much. He has had real success in helping persons who are not too sick to become more sensitive to their feelings and lead richer lives. Sometimes the fact that a psychiatrist has worked through a similar problem makes him particularly suited to a patient. Thus a man who has conquered serious difficulties in his own marriage may be very helpful in marital problems, and a woman psychiatrist who is also a good mother may be especially successful with career women's maladjustments.

Evaluating such factors in a psychiatrist's personal life—difficult enough for a skilled consultant—is not made easier for a patient by the rule which forbids social contact with his therapist. Yet this is a necessary precaution, preventing all kinds of entanglements. The more remote a psychiatrist is from a patient's job, friends, and relatives, the better. Psychiatrists usually deal with only one member of a family—a fact often misunderstood by parents, who bring in an adolescent for treatment and then expect the psychiatrist to discuss all the youngster's problems with *them*. The psychiatrist must have the patient's confidence, and the youngster must feel the doctor is entirely on his side, no matter who pays the bill. If the parents want help for themselves, they must get it either from another psychiatrist or from a psychiatric social worker.

One essential trait in a psychiatrist which is relatively easy to recognize is sensitivity. The patient should feel that his psychiatrist is exceptionally sensitive to his problem and to human problems in general, that he can see and understand more than the patient.

An intensive relationship like psychotherapy, in which two persons must trust and understand each other, is more likely to succeed when they have similar value systems. There is nothing wrong with being operated on by a Japanese plastic surgeon or being treated by a Russian liver specialist, although people often prefer doctors of their own backgrounds even for organic diseases. But sharing—or at least thoroughly understanding—the patient's culture becomes essential when the illness is in the mind. The average American psychiatrist would hardly know what a Buddhist, for instance, really meant by his free associations, being unfamiliar with the context.

Similarly most psychiatrists in this country who belong to the upper social strata are not well equipped to treat lower-class patients effectively. Their lack of understanding, reinforced by the less-educated patient's abysmal ignorance of what the psychiatrist is trying to do, has served even more than the cost factor to limit good psychiatric treatment to the well-educated and the rich. How this comes about was illustrated in the initial interview of a fifty-five-year-old woman who recently came to a psychiatric clinic in Connecticut. She was unattractive, poorly dressed, and gave the impression of being stupid. She was in great misery. Here are excerpts of her long whining stream of complaints:

> I don't know what's the matter with me. My teeth drive me crazy. My stomach hurts. I have wicked nerves. . . . I don't like to have anything to do with food—eat it, cook it, look at it or anything. . . . Things keep getting worse all the time. My girdle feels like it's tightening up on me [as she spoke she snapped her girdle against her thigh], my stockings bother me, it hurts down here. . . . My clothes bother me, my teeth bother me. . . . I don't want to go out in the street. . . . I haven't felt good since I had my teeth out. I just paid $300 for a new set. I take 'em out and put 'em in again, they slide back and forth. All I can think of is my teeth bothering me. I just can't stand it. . . . I have a pain in my right side. There's something wrong with my breathing. My jaw hurts. My back bothers me every time I eat. . . . I'd like to be worth something, I don't seem to be. . . . My girdle bothers me [snap]. My nerves hurt all over my body. . . . My girdle feels tight here, it's pulling on me [snap].

The psychiatrist obviously didn't like this patient and hedged about taking her into therapy. He doubted that she would make a "good patient." He concluded the interview by saying: "Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. S., I want to confer with a couple of the people on the staff, and then I'll let you know when you can come and *if* you can come. We'll leave it that way, then. I'll talk with them, and then we'll get in touch with you. It was nice talking to you."

Two weeks later, the clinic sent her a letter notifying her of an appointment. While the letter was in the mail, however, the woman committed suicide.

THE MAIN TYPES AND HOW THEY DIFFER

PEOPLE who go to a psychiatrist often do so as a last resort. He must be able to evaluate suicidal or other dangerous tendencies, for an error on his part may amount to a death sentence. The men and women who carry this awesome responsibility are all medical doctors. To be certified by the Specialty Board in Psychiatry, they must have had additional training as residents in psychiatric training centers. Beyond this, however, they fall into two distinct categories: those whose orientation is primarily analytic and psychological, who may be called the A-P group; and those who use the directive-organic approach—the D-O group.

The A-P group have had full or partial psychoanalytic training and are somewhat removed from the main stream of medicine. They very rarely give medical or neurological examinations, although they may refer patients to other doctors for them. Their technique is designed to help patients gain insight into their own unconscious forces. They see their patients for a "fifty-minute hour" up to three, four, or even five times a week. The atmosphere in their offices is like a private library with comfortable chairs and a couch inviting good talk.

The group with the D-O approach, on the other hand, work in unmistakably medical offices. They wear white coats, make medical and neurological examinations, prescribe drugs, and may administer shock or other organic treatments. Through advice or admonition they actively try to change their patients' attitudes and behavior. They see their patients far less frequently and since their sessions are only fifteen to thirty minutes long, they charge much less; but with a greater turnover they often earn more than their A-P colleagues.

At the top of the A-P ladder stand the classical Freudian analysts, who belong to the American Psychoanalytic Association. Usually they look down on colleagues influenced by Clara Thompson, Harry Stack Sullivan, Erich Fromm, Karen Horney, Carl Jung, or Alfred Adler. As between the Protestant sects, there are sharp theoretical differences between these schools. Some of their methods and theories must be taken on faith, and each believes it has the right path to salvation. However, the actual process of therapy, as practiced by the best in all schools, has far more similarities than differences.

The real feuds—no less bitter for the fact that they are generally hushed up—are those between the A-P and D-O groups. The A-P psychiatrists privately believe that the D-O practitioners are ignorant and lowbrow, and call those who rely excessively on organic methods "shock artists." The D-O psychiatrists on the other hand think of the A-Ps as unmedical doctrinaires, and sometimes even quacks. They belong to separate organizations, read different journals, and seem to live in different worlds.

Fortunately there is a trend in America today toward the development of a middle group. Meanwhile, however, do not expect a D-O practitioner to recommend psychoanalysis, or an analyst to suggest drug therapy. Each man can truly favor only those techniques which he knows best. This is why, if one wants to consider various possibilities, one should start out with a consultant who has the broadest possible orientation, even though he may be close to one of the two camps.

WHAT YOU CAN EXPECT TO ACCOMPLISH

REGARDLESS of school, there are some qualities which all good psychiatrists share: they are friendly, patient enough for the long pull, understanding, well-trained, well-informed, and have total integrity. The patient will react to these qualities by saying three things after a good initial interview:

(1) "I felt comfortable with him."

(2) "I think he understands in some way what my problem is."

(3) "I think I know now what the next step is—or at least I know we'll work something out."

The patient doesn't need to *like* the psychiatrist particularly, on first acquaintance; but he should not stay with someone whom he intensively *dislikes* or with whom he feels very uneasy. This can prevent the free flow of communication

AS THE ANALYST SEES IT

There is a little kid
Who has a little id,
Right in the middle of her ego.
And when she is good, it's because
she's understood.
And when she is bad, it's libido.

—*Hilbert Schenck, Jr.*

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necessary to good therapy and the patient should try somebody else.

At the same time, the psychiatrist should be able, before accepting a patient, to say:

(1) "I'm really interested in his problem."

(2) "I feel I can do something for him."

(3) "There is something in him, some particular human quality, which I like despite all his faults."

Many patients are not too likable, for obvious reasons. They usually don't like other people; they may be extremely demanding, aggressive, passive, or infantile. The psychiatrist cannot be expected to like them without reservations, but he must be able to recognize and value their human potential.

It is, of course, a seller's market. Psychiatrists with a good reputation can usually pick and choose among prospective patients, far more discriminatingly than patients can choose among psychiatrists. Their tendency is to select only those problems they know they can handle well—cases likely to enhance their reputations. Meanwhile the less successful psychiatrist, who cannot afford to choose, may end up with cases for which he is not too well suited and which drag on indefinitely.

If both psychiatrist and patient decide to go ahead, they embark on a long, strenuous journey whose outcome is always uncertain. In our contemporary culture, many people have an inordinate faith in psychotherapy. While healthier than the last generation's nihilism, this overoptimism can be harmful. To avoid disappointment, prospective patients and their families should understand what they may reasonably expect from treatment.

In severe mental illness, or psychosis, expectations tend to be fairly realistic. Such illness is usually recognized by others, and the patient must submit to treatment. If the psychiatrist can relieve his symptoms, bringing him back to a reasonably normal state, he has attained his goal. Most psychotics are still treated in large state hospitals, which remain shockingly overcrowded and understaffed. But wherever possible the trend is toward treating psychotics in the community—either in general hospitals, in out-patient clinics, or in doctors' offices. The accent is on rehabilitation, and although psychiatrists still don't understand what causes some patients to recover while others do not, they have gone a long way with the help of individual and group psychotherapy, the tranquilizing drugs and other treatments.

With neurotics, however, both patient and psychiatrist want to do far more than relieve symptoms. The aim is self-realization of the individual. A lot of the misery which is now called neurosis would have been ignored twenty-five years ago, for people didn't know anything could be done about it (they still cannot be absolutely sure). Today, if a man suffers from severe anxiety or depressions over unrealistic issues, or consistently hurts himself and those around him, or is troubled by psychosomatic illnesses, he is expected to seek psychotherapy. Unfortunately this treatment cannot promise anything definite. If a patient comes with a whole complex of problems—he can't hold a job, his marriage is a mess, his children hate him and he hates them—the psychiatrist cannot forecast what the results of treatment will be or how long it will take. He cannot promise, as a dentist might, that he will fix the infected tooth, describing what it will look like when he is through: a big gap in his mouth, or a shiny new tooth. All he can say is, "I've seen problems like yours that have been helped by this technique."

ANALYSIS OR SHORT-TERM THERAPY?

A GOOD guide to psychoanalytic technique is Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie's book, *Practical and Theoretical Aspects of Psychoanalysis.** It is valuable both for the patient and his family, who will have to put up with a strange way of life.

Psychoanalysis (essentially a method of bringing to awareness unconscious conflicts which underlie neurotic symptoms and character traits) is not, however, the only technique used to treat neurotics.

There are also various short-term psychotherapies. Analytic psychotherapy as developed

*International Universities Press, New York, 1951.

by Franz Alexander, for example, uses analytic principles but has less ambitious aims in realigning the unconscious forces of the personality. Client-centered therapy as explained by Carl Rogers involves proper responses of the therapist to the patient's or client's feelings with subsequent changes in his self-esteem. Two techniques independently developed by Helmut Kaiser and Jules Coleman also stress proper communication and emphasize the therapist-patient relationship. Techniques of emotional re-education as used by William Terhune rely on guidance of the emotionally immature patient by a mature and experienced psychiatrist. Terhune's methods are characteristic for a directive approach in psychotherapy.

Psychoanalysis is the deeper and more scientific exploration and has enormous significance because of what it reveals about the human mind. But the public tends to overrate it as therapy. Because it's so long and costly, people believe it's that much better; it has greater snob value than short-term therapy. Patients in deep analysis sometimes think those who get therapy only a couple of times a week do so because they cannot afford full analysis or because they couldn't find an analyst or because the analyst thought they were not good enough. This is nonsense. What is the best therapy is still a real question which will only be answered by research. Classical Freudian analysis may be necessary in certain profound character disturbances which shorter therapy might not reach at all. But there is no evidence that it is superior in the majority of cases; in fact scientific comparisons of the results of different techniques have not yet been made.

The couch has somehow become involved in the psychiatric class system. Freudian analysts nearly always use this piece of furniture, so beloved of cartoonists. Some patients now regard it as a symbol—as proof that they are getting the best. Yet there can be full analysis without a couch. Erik Erikson, for instance, never uses one with adolescents, who, he feels, want to face the analyst and need the more direct contact. Patients in short-term therapy may or may not lie on a couch; if not, they sit in a chair facing the therapist, or away from him. Freud started the couch system simply because he did not want to be stared at all day; also, he did not want his patients to be distracted by the sight of him. Lying on a couch in the position of an infant or a sick person also helps some people in free association and reveries revealing unconscious processes. One psychoanalyst, Dr. Douglas Bond, teases his young residents for believing in the "ball and valve theory"—the notion that when a patient reclines, a ball in his head rolls down, a valve opens, and the unconscious pops out. The unconscious has been found to be far more reticent.

Perhaps the most pathetically false expectation of all, as Dr. Allen Wheelis pointed out in *The Quest for Identity*,* is that psychiatry can solve the problem of values and give meaning to people's lives (some existential psychiatrists actually attempt to do this). Too many people hope that analysis will show them what is really worth struggling for, but that is not the function of psychotherapy. In dealing with neurosis, the psychiatrist is concerned with unconscious conflicts which cause deep suffering, disturbed relationships, a limited ability to function, and perhaps also psychosomatic illness. If the treatment is successful he will relieve this suffering, bring the patient an increased awareness of himself, and give him a somewhat greater freedom of decision. However he cannot provide an ideology nor answer to the confusions of our age.

Psychoanalysis and analytic therapy are open-ended treatments—Freud spoke of the interminable analysis. Analysis does not stop after certain areas have been covered, but whenever the patient has learned the technique well enough to use it alone. Before anyone undertakes such prolonged therapy, there should be a trial period, clearly understood on both sides. After a few weeks, or perhaps months, the patient and psychiatrist can decide whether they want to continue.

If you, for instance, should decide to go on, how can you know whether you are getting good treatment? One index is the feeling that you are learning something. Therapy should be an emotionally gripping and interesting experience. If for a long period of time you don't know what is going on or what it is all about, or if the treatment seems to have bogged down interminably, the patient should ask for an evaluation by another psychiatrist.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

IN ANY decision about psychiatric treatment, of course, the question of money is inescapable—somebody has to pay for it. Patients are entitled to, and should demand, a clear answer. A rough estimate of the costs is essential for sound planning. If, for example, a private hospital charges $25 a day (not a very high fee for such hospitals) the treatment should be

*W. W. Norton. New York, 1958.

budgeted so that the patient does not have to transfer to a public hospital when he has used up all his money. Nor should he leave the hospital cured but penniless. One method might be to try the private hospital for a limited time, so as not to use up his funds completely. Outside of hospitals, patients who cannot afford a private psychiatrist's full fees may sometimes arrange for a slight reduction, or else apply to a clinic.

Anyone who goes to a clinic, however, must face the fact that his therapist may still be in training. Since he is being closely supervised by a senior therapist, the chances of getting adequate care are fairly high, especially if the clinic is connected with a good teaching hospital or training center. Often a beginner's enthusiasm and interest may even outweigh his lack of experience. A surprising amount of good may be done by a therapist who has a warm feeling for his patients and sticks it out, even if his professional colleagues do not think his technique is the best. A much more serious problem is the fact that most clinics have long waiting lists.

Psychoanalysts charge an average of $15 to $35 per visit. For full analysis with as many as five sessions a week, the cost may average $3,000 to $4,000 a year. From the psychoanalyst's point of view, the hourly income is no bigger—and sometimes less—than that of other medical specialists who have gone through equally long, arduous, and costly training. The difference is that the other specialists treat many more patients—a dermatologist, for instance, may see five patients an hour at $10 each.

Sometimes one hears another interpretation: that paying high fees is in the patient's interest, for if he doesn't make a sacrifice he won't really want to get well. Actually, while effort by the patient is necessary, it does not have to be a financial effort which cripples him and his family for years to come. Treatment may be worth a sacrifice in money and time; whether it is worth sacrificing everything, however, must be evaluated realistically. Some therapies are truly life-saving. Some are extremely important to a patient in the future conduct of his life. Others may be more in the nature of a cosmetic operation, which one may take or leave. A very few are harmful. The general bulk of psychotherapy helps people to some extent. Eventually—after more research by the experts—the public itself will have to answer the question, "What is this worth to us?"

All psychotherapy is expensive, if it is performed by a psychiatrist. He is a physician who has specialized in mental illness and may or may not have been trained psychoanalytically. However, a growing number of psychologists are being trained to give psychotherapy. In a more disguised form many psychiatric social workers also carry on psychotherapy, even if they call some of it case work. The non-medical or lay therapists are frequently Ph.D.'s, thus acquiring the title of "doctor." Some of the most famous analysts, like Margaret Brenman, Robert Waelder, and Theodor Reik, are lay analysts, although since 1946 the American Psychoanalytic Association has virtually closed its ranks and refused to admit non-M.D.'s. A physician is, to be sure, needed to treat most psychotics or persons with psychosomatic symptoms. Only he can prescribe tranquilizing drugs, and recognize an organic disease.

In other cases, however, the medical degree has limited meaning. Many lay therapists send their patients to physicians for preliminary check-ups anyway, and many A-P psychiatrists have forgotten much of the medicine they once knew. Nevertheless, a number of psychiatric consultants

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ELLEN THEROUX FERBER

A SHORT TRUE STORY

THE sixth grade class of a first class town
Taught by Miss Du Bois (who had ceased to frown
Long since, or to wince or to lose her poise
When the townspeople called her Miss Du Boys)
Wrote to Successes in Poetry
Named in a recent anthology
In missives concise and beautifully clean
With margins like those in a magazine
Asking the How? The Why? And the What?
Of creative writing.
Like a shot
Returned the first reply. "Dear Grace,
Study the market, double space,
Think positive thoughts and paragraph clearly,
Be careful with commas. Yours sincerely."
Grace was understandably proud
When in assembly she read this aloud,
And Miss Du Bois, with smiles from the staff,
Went happily home with the autograph.
The second response, disturbingly shoddy,
Was not to be seen by the Student Body.
"Oh child," it read quite illegibly,
"Don't let them do this to you or to me."
Ma foi! said Miss Du Bois. For shame!
(But she saved the signature, just the same.)

still recommend psychiatrists at all times. One reason for this preference is that the training of lay therapists has not been satisfactorily organized. Some training institutes, especially in university centers, are first-rate; others are diploma mills. Only a handful of states have laws governing who may be called a "psychologist," and in large parts of the country anybody could set himself up as a "therapist" or "analyst" without even having gone through high school. As long as this situation persists, the medical profession will continue to claim that only M.D.'s are qualified to do psychotherapy.

A NEW PROFESSION?

THE shortage of therapists of all kinds is so desperate, however—and treatment by a psychiatrist so far beyond reach of most Americans—that sooner or later something must give. At present there are only 10,600 psychiatrists in the United States, most of them in the big cities. The New York—New Jersey metropolitan area alone has one fifth of them. Next come Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, and San Francisco. Despite the great impact of psychiatry on modern life, and the 21 per cent increase in psychiatrists in the past three years, less than half as many doctors specialize in psychiatry today as in surgery or internal medicine. The plain fact is that there will never be enough young people who can afford to become psychiatrists—and even fewer who can become psychoanalysts (analytic training alone costs about $20,000). The shortage is most evident in state hospitals, where psychiatric positions remain permanently vacant. But the dearth of therapists is also a bitter fact of life for thousands of low- or middle-income patients who must either wait an unbearably long time for treatment or never get any at all.

One partial solution may be a wider use of group therapy, though this is not every patient's meat. A broader approach would be the development of a new profession—of psychotherapists who can be trained effectively but much more rapidly, in greater numbers and at lesser cost. This has been suggested in *Social Class and Mental Illness,** and recommended by Dr. Lawrence Kubie. At the National Institute of Mental Health, Dr. Margaret Rioch is now conducting experiments to determine the best methods of training such a profession. Eventually it should be recognized by the states, which would set minimum requirements and certify or license all qualified psychotherapists.

Meanwhile the U. S. Public Health Service through its National Institute of Mental Health and some state governments are spending large amounts of money to develop and improve research and training facilities and services. A number of psychiatrists and a handful of leaders in business and industry are groping for new methods of dealing with the nation's largest unmet health need.

One hopeful sign is the development of a new unit at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital to provide free psychiatric consultations to corporate employees if the company pays an annual fee for the service. Free psychiatric consultations are available, too, to the half-million subscribers of the Health Insurance Plan in New York; each of the plan's thirty-two medical groups has one psychiatrist, and the group's social workers help to arrange for whatever psychiatric treatment he may recommend.

There are also the cash indemnity programs of the "major medical" insurance policies. Originally these reimbursed subscribers for 80 per cent of their psychiatric costs, along with other medical costs. Recently, however, many of them have been forced to cut their refunds to 50 per cent, and some are finding even this too high in the case of a long analysis. Looking for a way out, last July, Group Health Insurance in New York launched a two-year experiment to see whether short-term therapy is the answer and whether it can be made available to subscribers at a low premium. Under the project, for which the U. S. Public Health Service has put up $300,000, patients are allowed up to fifteen sessions of individual psychotherapy from any one of 1,100 psychiatrists in the area. In addition, both Group Health Insurance and Blue Shield are now offering to pay for thirty days of psychiatric care in general hospitals in the community, whenever needed by any of their 1.4 million subscribers.

If such plans were adopted on a large scale, they would partly solve the economic problem. But they could not begin to cope with the staggering shortage of therapists which would develop. Until the general public demands a far more intensive effort in this field, with a radical increase in research and in the training of qualified personnel, it will become increasingly difficult for people who need help to get it—and even more difficult for them to choose a psychiatrist who is well suited to them.

*By August B. Hollingshead and Fredrick C. Redlich, published by John Wiley, New York, 1958.

ARTHUR W. HOPPE



the Non-conformist and the Gorillas

KIDS today just don't get the schooling they used to when I was a boy. The report cards my children bring home from the local public school tell well enough how they are doing in oral expression, reading skills, and things like that, but what about the fundamentals such as "consciousness of self in relation to others," "creative attitudes toward plastic materials," or "understanding the social forces in the world around us"?

I received my elementary education in these and related subjects at the Emily P. Hazelwaite School, which was an outpost of progressivism on the scholastic battlefronts of San Francisco during the 1930s. I transferred to Mrs. Hazelwaite's in the fifth grade after a desultory career in the public schools majoring in eraser cleaning, blackboard washing, and maintaining classroom silence. I was suffering at the time, I can see quite clearly now, from limited libido, circumscribed psyche, and a whole host of other malfunctions which Mrs. Hazelwaite and her dedicated faculty were doing their utmost to stamp out.

The nature of their remedies was reflected in most of the progressive axioms of the day: "learn through play," "discipline must come from within," and "you can lead a child to learning, but you can't make him think." All this, particularly the prescribed source of discipline, suited me fine, and I didn't have a whit of trouble integrating myself with the group.

The school was owned and operated by a parent-teacher co-operative, as were most such institutions in those Depression days, with the two factions being united by a common liberal idealism and impecuniosity. There was a decided intellectual, or at least anti-material, philosophy around the place and the physical plant had long since gone to seed in a carefree way. The main building was a board-and-batten affair with a vacant lot to one side where we students grew assorted vegetables in our appreciation-of-Mother-Nature's-miracles class, an integral part of the school lunch program. The building's furnishings had been donated over the years without much regard for efficiency or decor, and what money the co-operative took in went for poster paints, modeling clay, and the other important educational tools.

Each student was expected to proceed at his own rate and there were no grades as such, grades being unprogressive. As a concession to organization, however, the pupils at the school were divided into three groups. There were eleven of us in the older group, ranging in age from nine to thirteen. We were under the personal tutelage of Mrs. Hazelwaite, a gentle and creative woman, then in her fifties, with upswept, graying hair and hexagonal, rimless glasses. She went unarmed among us except for a black, gold-pointed fountain pen and a small binder in which she constantly jotted notes, presumably setting down our behavior patterns for posterity. Her standard response to our questions, especially those appealing for arbitration, was to screw the cap on her pen thoughtfully, contract her heavy black eyebrows and ask,

"Hmmm, what do *you* think?"

At Mrs. Hazelwaite's we began each day with Understanding the Social Forces in the World Around Us. We would draw up our orange-crate desks in a circle, take our places on our stools and sawed-off kitchen chairs and many a hot debate we would have on the Oxford Movement, Manchukuo, euthanasia, Somaliland, local op-

tion, and the other burning issues we had to face from day to day. Mrs. Hazelwaite limited her own role to stoking the flame of controversy, shoveling in scrupulously equal portions of John Stuart Mill, Marx, *Fortune,* the *New Republic,* and tracts from the right, center, and left-wing parties.

Her goal, obviously, was to create a healthy political microcosm, perhaps something like that in the British Parliament. What she got was more like the Soviet Presidium. The trouble was that we were young and we were Depression's children. The middle-of-the-road student those days was one who felt that industrialists should be drawn, but not quartered. It wasn't that we were all Bolsheviks by any means. There were two Mensheviks in the crowd and one of the twelve-year-old boys, a namby-pamby youth as I remember him, was a nominal Fabian Socialist. As for me, as soon as my libido was good and unfettered I took over as floor leader of the Nihilist wing.

EVEN with this political composition, limited debate and a certain amount of individual thinking were possible. I think Mrs. Hazelwaite would have become resigned to what she had created if Janyce hadn't entered the school late that September. Janyce was a tall, somber ten-year-old from Chicago with dark, straight hair cut Dutchboy style and no fetters on her libido whatsoever. She had hardly gotten her coat off when she revealed herself to be—and I hate to say this—a Fascist isolationist if there ever was one.

"The Versailles Treaty wasn't fair to the Germans at all," she told us on being informed of the subject under discussion prior to her arrival, "and your idea of sending American soldiers to shoot Hitler is stupid."

Not only was Janyce a Fascist isolationist, which the rest of us might have forgiven on the grounds she was from the Midwest, but she was also an outright capitalist, or at least a fellow traveler. I recall one of her first mornings with the group spent on Marxism. Tossed into the collective intellectual maw was a brochure, more readily available then than now, describing the woes of capitalism when it came to hat factories. If one capitalist started a hat factory and made a go of it, the brochure said, a whole flock of other capitalists would open up hat factories. In no time at all, the market would be glutted, and a lot of sturdy workers would be on the dole.

We all nodded sagely and got set for an interesting debate on just how the government should take over the hat factories and what should be done with, or rather to, the capitalistic hat manufacturers. But Janyce spoke up first.

"Maybe so," she said with a toss of her head, "but I wouldn't want anyone telling me I couldn't make hats if I wanted to."

In our group, such a declaration went beyond the bounds of free discussion; it was rank deviationism. And did Janyce allow her hothead radicalism to end there? She did not. In the days that followed she came smack out against redistributing the wealth and even took exception to our nationalizing the railroads.

I suppose that if we had been more mature we would have viewed Janyce's non-conforming theories with the tolerance they deserved. As it was, we formed a *front populaire* against her. If she was for the Japanese, we were for the Kuomintang; if she was for the White Man's Burden, we were for Gandhi; and when she surprised us by approving Roosevelt's recognition of Russia, we hastily denounced it—a questionable stand, it seems to me now, for a *front populaire* to take.

If Mrs. Hazelwaite had been unhappy with a Soviet Presidium on her hands, she was almost unhinged by having to deal with a French Assembly. It wasn't what we members of the *front populaire* said—I'm sure she would have defended to the last page in her notebook our right to say it—it was that we all said the same thing. This was a clear outbreak of mass thinking, a malady considered as critical as incuriosity by progressive educators. I must admit that Mrs. Hazelwaite was as painstaking as ever to keep her opinions to herself. However, the fuel for the morning controversies included a noticeable increase in excerpts from Adam Smith, while the passages from the Marxist authors seemed to deal more with the totalitarian means than the utopian ends. It was also observed by the coalition that Janyce was getting asked, hmmm, what did *she* think, more often than we were getting asked, hmmm, what did *we* think.

These indications of which way the adult wind was blowing naturally did Janyce no good in our eyes. Outwardly, we were more than just to her in our other scholastic activities. For example, we voted her the part of "Cuckoo-eyed

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Now a reporter for the San Francisco "Chronicle," Arthur W. Hoppe claims to be a product of a progressive school and a "retrogressive" high school. He also served in the Navy in World War II and graduated from Harvard cum laude in 1949.

Ophelia" in our parody of "Hamlet," but, we argued later, this was a very fat role and it was only equitable that she be the hind end of the dragon in our Chinese Double-Ten Pageant. Nor did we persecute Janyce in our creative-attitudes-toward-plastic-materials class. The time she complained that I had sat on her Parthenon, crushing even her papier-mâché Acropolis, wasn't fair; I mean it really was an accident.

Throughout all, Janyce grew more stubbornly independent. When she felt she was being victimized by our machine, and this was more often than not, her chin would lift, her lips would tighten, and she would clasp her hands firmly in her lap, staring straight ahead. The only time she came close to tears was when we voted to exclude her long pastoral ode, on which she had labored for weeks, from our poetry annual in favor of a short bit of free verse by Alvin Gerlach, a gloomy eleven-year-old, that went *in toto:*

"I sat on the radiator/it said Pssst!"

This was also the only time I recall Mrs. Hazelwaite interfering with the democratic processes of the group: "I think both poems are nice and I think we should include both," she said, snapping shut her notebook with finality.

THE situation deteriorated steadily. Janyce leaned more and more to the right; we leaned more and more to the left; and Mrs. Hazelwaite asked less and less, hmmm, what anybody thought.

Heaven only knows what would have happened to progressive education and Mrs. Hazelwaite if the Italians hadn't invaded Ethiopia. At the time, as the result of a last-ditch gambit by Mrs. Hazelwaite, the group had been shifted from current events to the less-controversial realm of American history. However, as Janyce was irrevocably committed to Hamilton while we were egging on Burr, this wasn't working out as well as it might. So Mrs. Hazelwaite, looking resigned, opened debate on the Ethiopian war. The *front populaire,* while naturally against the Fascists, was fresh from the glories of the American Revolution and we weren't overly enthusiastic about supporting any monarchies—George III's or Haile Selassie's. Janyce, on the other hand, while all in favor of the Ethiopian trains running on time, was finding it difficult to develop any fervor over Il Duce, mainly, as she once let slip, because he had a "funny chin."

Mrs. Hazelwaite was quick to realize the opportunity offered by our apathy on this major issue. One morning, not long after the Italian invasion began, she casually read to the group an article describing the new, to us, type of warfare which saw the defenders taking to the hills in little bands to fight from the rocks and trees. Our sympathies for the underdog, naturally acquired by youth, were deeply touched.

There was a moment of reflective silence, broken by Janyce. "I," she said, lifting her chin, tightening her lips, clasping her hands and staring straight ahead, "am for the gorillas."

"Hmmm," said Mrs. Hazelwaite, turning on the rest of us without batting an eye, "and what do *you* think?"

The members of the *front populaire* glanced uneasily at each other. On any other issue we might have flip-flopped, as we had in the past, but to support the tanks and artillery of the Fascists against these shaggy defenders of their arboreal homeland . . . The cause was bigger than all of us and the *front populaire* dissolved on the spot.

The end of the old power politics brought with it an emotional splurge of unity that wasn't seen again in the world until the founding of the United Nations a decade later. No more did our school days begin, "But how can you possibly think . . ." or, "Do you mean to say that . . ." We agreed on everything. To Mrs. Hazelwaite's mind this was probably no visible improvement whatsoever, but she was once again her old self and soon cheerily managed to create a host of little splinter groups which together effected the desired atmosphere of inquiry and skepticism.

In this new era of peaceful co-existence, Janyce and I tacitly agreed to overlook each other's past. Before the school year was out we even went so far as to collaborate on dissecting a frog in our advanced friends-of-the-animal-kingdom class and it was noteworthy that the argument we got into over the length of the entrails remained strictly apolitical. With approaching adolescence, I was losing interest in Nihilism anyway.

The new era had its effect on Mrs. Hazelwaite, too. While kindly in all other respects, she had a reputation as a tough grader when it came to the letters we took home on the last day of each term in lieu of report cards. Mine that year, however, was practically the progressive equivalent of a straight-A, indicating the mellowness of Mrs. Hazelwaite's mood. In it, she blithely ignored any confusion I might have on just what kind of troops were fighting the Italians and said I was developing a fine "understanding of the social forces in the world around us."

Considering the relative importance these days of Ethiopian warfare techniques and peaceful co-existence, I'm not so sure she wasn't right.

EARL BROWDER

How Stalin Ruined the American Communist Party

Breaking a fifteen-year silence, the former head of the party tells the real story of his own purge . . . what happened during his last visit to Moscow . . . and how he left a "hidden mine" which wrecked the remnants of the Red organization.

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV has now adopted the "heresy" for which I was kicked out of the Communist party in 1945. His new policy of co-existence is almost word for word the same line I advocated fifteen years ago. So my crime has become—at least for the moment—the new orthodoxy.

It is still too early to judge how far Khrushchev will carry this policy, or how seriously he means it. But I now feel that I can tell for the first time how and why the American Communist party was destroyed as an effective political force. The reasons why I could not speak out earlier will appear in a moment.

In proclaiming his eagerness to end the Cold War, Khrushchev has reversed the policy of Stalin. At the same time he says that the "principle" of co-existence has *always* guided Soviet policy. This only proves that "principles," like the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, have nothing to do with the case.

Students of the history of the Cold War give various dates for its beginning. Some suggest it started when the Communists seized power in Czechoslovakia; others with the establishment of the Cominform; still others with the outbreak of the Korean war. A few claim that it was always going on. But I would judge that in the inscrutable mind of Stalin the Cold War began on that day, late in 1944, when it became clear that Hitler would be defeated.

The first *public* declaration of the Cold War came with the purge of the American Communist party, which resulted in its political death. It was prepared in the closing months of 1944, and made public in April 1945, in "the Duclos letter."

This letter was widely publicized, but its real meaning was successfully camouflaged. It was not, in fact, a letter but an article in a little-read French journal, *Cahiers du Communisme,* signed by Jacques Duclos. It scathingly attacked the policy of the American Communists, who then advocated and predicted a stable peace at the close of the war, to be based on the Teheran concord signed by Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill. This policy the article attributed to me. It revealed the secret that a minority of two in the American leadership, headed by William Z. Foster, opposed this policy. It supported Foster, and said the party's policy was "a notorious revision of Marxism on the part of Browder and his supporters."

> Earl Browder declared, in effect [the Duclos article continued] that at Teheran capitalism and Socialism had begun to find the means of peaceful co-existence and collaboration in the framework of one and the same world.
>
> By transforming the Teheran declaration of the Allied governments, which is a document of a diplomatic character, into a political platform of class peace in the United States in the postwar period [Browder is] deforming in a radical way the meaning of the Teheran declaration and . . . sowing dangerous opportunistic illusions.

That was the heart of the Duclos letter. It dismissed the Teheran agreement which had promised that "our nations shall work together

in the war, and in the peace that will follow . . . our concord will make it an enduring peace."

The significance of this summary dismissal of the Teheran declaration was missed, by and large, by American historians as well as newspapermen. It was treated rather as an obscure squabble among the Communists.

WHO LAUNCHED THE PURGE?

BUT every Communist quickly understood that the signature of Duclos was only diplomatic camouflage. The message really came from Moscow. Six months later Duclos could not even remember the contents of the article he had signed, except that it warned against the expectation of an enduring peace. Did "Moscow" mean Stalin? Or was this a coup by an anti-Stalin faction in Moscow, another sign of the traditional factional struggle within the Russian party?

I myself at the time was not at all certain how to answer this question. I was being purged, along with all who did not renounce me quickly enough, but I did not know by whom. I only knew that it was someone in Moscow with sufficient power to get away with it.

Only when Khrushchev's speech at the Twentieth Russian Party Congress appeared could I answer the question with certainty. The Stalin regime Khrushchev described was that of a personal dictatorship—enforced by a terrorism that kept his closest associates in hourly fear for their lives, and made real by the execution of a majority of the delegates to one of the latest party congresses. There had been no anti-Stalin faction for years. There had not even been a party—only Stalin. By Stalin's personal decision alone could the Duclos letter have been written.

The nature of Stalin's personal rule also explains *why* it was considered necessary to denounce the Teheran agreement. Stalin needed the Cold War, to take the place of the hot war then coming to a close. He needed it to keep up the sharp international tensions by which alone he could maintain such a regime.

I have often been asked why I did not know these "facts of life" in 1945. There is one simple answer. Harry Truman—who as President had sources of information far superior to mine—speculated in friendly fashion as late as 1948 that his associate of Potsdam had, unfortunately, since then become "a prisoner of the Politburo." I could not challenge this conception until after Nikita's revelations.

The Duclos letter condemned the American Communist party to death. It put at its head William Z. Foster, an ultra-left sectarian who for twenty-five years had wrecked every organization on which he could place his hands. Foster ran true to form and soon wrecked the party which he had sought to control.

In the larger framework of history, it is true, the American Communist party was doomed to disappear, quite independently of Foster and his role. It was doomed for much larger reasons —the same that doomed the Socialist party of Norman Thomas. Both parties shared a Socialist perspective borrowed from Europe, which could not be made to fit the reality of America. The New World was really a *new* world, socially and economically—destined to find a road to Socialism not dreamed of by Marx or any of the prophets of Socialism, whether utopian or scientific. In America reforms in the direction of the Welfare State, with a steadily rising standard of living—such as were conceivable in Europe only through revolution—were achieved relatively quickly and painlessly. Traditional Socialism of all brands could only live a precarious life, if any, in the atmosphere of America.

But the American Communist party need not have died such a shameful death as Foster, under the inspiration of Stalin and the Cold War, inflicted upon it.

Until the Duclos letter, the American party had been moving step by step toward a new and American conception of its historical task. Entering the 1930s of the great economic crisis as a leftist sect it had taken the initiative in mobilizing large numbers in the fight for unemployment relief and social insurance, in the youth movement, in the fight for equal rights for Negroes, and especially in the anti-Hitler movement. Consequently for the first time the party gained national influence, and itself learned some of the realities of political life. It rediscovered America. It moved steadily "to the right." Its course may be charted by some familiar landmarks, such as its 1935 slogan "Communism is twentieth-century American-

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Born in Wichita, Kansas, in 1891, Earl Browder began the study of Marx when he was sixteen and became a member of the national committee of the American Communist party in 1921. After twenty-five years as party secretary, he was expelled in 1945 as a "revisionist." His latest book is "Marx and America: A Study of the Doctrine of Impoverishment" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). He has three sons, all teaching mathematics in American universities.

ism," its 1938 adoption of the Jeffersonian tradition as equally valid with Marxism, and its 1944 renunciation of the "seizure of power" when it changed from "party" to "political association." It was this Americanization process that brought growth and influence for a time to American Communists, and not the remnants of the old Comintern orthodoxy.

I personally led this Americanization trend and carried the party overwhelmingly behind me. I was learning myself, step by step, along with the party, and the new course was not born overnight by a single flash of inspiration. It sprang first of all from the success of the reforms we sponsored, a success that denied Marxist dogmas. It has been said by the dogmatists that "Success spoiled the American Communists," and from the dogmatic viewpoint that was correct.

CARICATURE OF AMERICA

THE Duclos letter halted and reversed the process of Americanization. The party quickly turned openly anti-American. Foster published a "new history" of America, which was highly praised in Moscow, translated in many languages, and made a handbook of anti-American propaganda all over the world. This extraordinary book interpreted the history of America from its discovery to the present, as an orgy of "bloody banditry" and imperialism, enriching itself by "drinking the rich red blood" of other peoples. As in a fantastic caricature, Foster even joined in the Thorez declaration that if the Soviet armies found it necessary to occupy all Western Europe the working people would greet them as liberators; the only thing missing was a direct welcome to Soviet armies in America itself.

It was this that killed the American Communist party. Its former mass following melted away, its membership shrank to a hard core of fanatics. Only after it was already politically dead, the Smith Act trials and jailings of its leaders revived its ghost a bit, by providing martyrs and rallying the "friends of the underdog" to their aid on a non-political basis.

The American Communists had thrived as champions of domestic reforms, and of a Soviet Union to which America became allied in a deadly war of survival. This was the era when General Douglas MacArthur said, "The hopes of civilization ride with the banners of the glorious Soviet armies!" But when the Communists abandoned reforms, and championed a Soviet Union openly contemptuous of America while predicting its quick collapse, the same party lost all its hard-won influence. It became merely a bad word in the American language.

Why was Stalin able to purge the leadership of the American party, and put at its head a man who had been an isolated minority within that leadership? And how could this be done anonymously, as it were, by a simple article in an obscure French journal?

In order to understand this one must ignore the widely-spread fables about "Comintern representatives" traveling from Moscow to direct Communist parties in all countries. That old method was long obsolete, and never very effective. The only solid representatives of Stalin among the American Communists were Americans themselves—a little band of "old timers," occupying strategic posts in the party apparatus. They were a political counterpart of an old-time religious sect, devoted to dogma, abjuring independent thinking, and relying entirely on the head of the church for leadership. For them Communism was a religion, Stalin was Mohammed, and Moscow was Mecca.

They had played a minor role for fifteen years, during which they supported my "revisionist" leadership for two reasons: first, because the party as a whole was content with it, as it made the party "prosperous" for the first time in history; second, because so long as Moscow did not speak out against me, I was presumed to be Stalin's deputy in America in the hierarchy of authority. I was always aware that my leading position could be lost overnight, and that the party might break up, if *either* of these factors—prosperity for the party and presumed Moscow blessings—disappeared.

Thus, despite a decade of undisputed leadership, I knew I could not maintain that position in open struggle against Moscow influence. Only two Communist leaders in history ever succeeded in doing this, and both came years later. One was Tito of Yugoslavia, who successfully defied Stalin because he had a newly awakened nation behind him, with a strong army of his own. Mao Tse-tung in China survived Stalin's attempt to purge him in 1948 with the same technique used in America. Then the Indian Communist party played the role of Duclos, and the accusation against Mao was that of "Browderism." But the collapse of Chiang Kai-shek's regime thrust Mao into national power—to Moscow's surprise—quite suddenly, and America's rigid hostility to Mao's new regime forced him quickly back into the arms of Stalin. But in 1945, with the

party very unfavorably situated in America, I could not dream of successfully anticipating Tito's and Mao's defiance of Stalin.

Therefore I confined my resistance to the Duclos letter to publicly declaring it a disastrous mistake which I would never approve. But I made no efforts to organize my supporters to hold onto the party apparatus. Consequently I was soon expelled, and my followers who did not change coats overnight quietly left or were expelled from the party. I have opposed the Communist Cold War line ever since, both by public utterance and by private help to trade unionists breaking free from the Communist influence. I abandoned the party apparatus to Stalin's adherents in order to prevent them from capturing the party's former mass influence. For almost a decade I have not considered myself a Communist nor even a Marxist in the dogmatic sense.

WHY STALIN WAITED

THUS Stalin could purge the American leadership and capture a party machinery, but in the process he had to kill the party as a mass influence. That result was guaranteed because, in order to carry out the purge, Stalin had no choice but to use William Z. Foster as his instrument. And no doubt he still resented the American party's refusal to accept Foster as Secretary in 1929, when Stalin personally nominated him. But that was way back when Stalin was only a rising star.

During my last seven years as head of the party, I could easily have removed Foster from its leading ranks. Indeed, Dimitrov at the head of the Comintern suggested to me in 1938 that this might be necessary. I rejected the proposal, first from a distaste for established "purge" methods, and second because I had found a useful role for Foster as "opposition." He collected all unreliable elements around himself, made them easier to identify and isolate, and stated their platforms with a classic simplicity easy to refute. Moreover, I already foresaw (if dimly as yet) that Foster, as my inevitable successor if hostile forces purged me, would furnish me with a perfect answer—he would be my hidden mine to blow up the captured fortress. Foster did not fail in this role.

Many persons have accused me of naïveté in believing that the Russians would ever permit my reconstruction of American Communism to be carried out. There are always plenty of such wise generals after every war. Yet I had good, tough-minded reasons to believe this might be possible. Stalin had tolerated my "revisionist" program over more than a decade after its direction was clearly shown, and did not intervene against it or permit others to intervene. Why? Repeatedly he had opportunities to purge me quietly and without crisis—but he held back (though never endorsing me on the record) until 1945, when it required a major operation and international scandal. In the reason behind this long tolerance, I thought, was a promise that I might be permitted to complete the job of integrating American Communists into the country's democratic life.

Many fables have been printed to the effect that I was "Stalin's man," chosen by him to head the American party. They are not true. I never met Stalin personally except in large party gatherings, and that seldom. I was never invited to meet him, and for my part I found it inexpedient to ask for a meeting. And after 1929 (when Stalin last intervened personally in American Communist affairs to break the alliance between Jay Lovestone, then party head, and the Bukharin faction in the Russian party) he had kept hands off the American organization. I was entirely a free choice of the American party leadership when I headed the party in 1930. By 1934 I was firmly established as party leader, exempt from Comintern tutelage—both because that institution had sorry results from previous interventions, and more importantly because I was getting results in shaping American public opinion favorably to Russia.

My work most directly pleasing to the Russians was done through the American League for Peace and Democracy. This was an anti-Hitler mass organization that rose to five million affiliated membership; many hundreds of outstanding non-Communist Americans associated themselves with it as sponsors or speakers. I was a vice president of this League and gave it much of my attention. It was of considerable importance in rousing America against Hitler, and in creating sympathy for Russia. It thus paved the way in public opinion for the eventual Great Coalition of World War II. Even Winston Churchill, when he was opposing Chamberlain on the issue of appeasing Hitler, was at one time unable to obtain quick sponsorship for an American tour, and consequently asked the League to organize such a trip for him.

I used unorthodox, "revisionist" means to build the League, but the Kremlin bosses were not finicky about the emphasis I put on common Russian and American interests when they saw

the results. In the presence of great danger they easily forgot their dogmas. I relied upon this pragmatism to outlast the war.

One incident, I recall, expressed their undogmatic attitude most sharply. I had publicly supported America in the dispute with Japan over the USS *Panay* incident. When I was next in Moscow a German dogmatist named Florin arose in the Comintern to demand that I be censured. I had impermissibly "taken sides with one imperialism against another" where no issue of Socialism was involved. Even the mild Socialist, Norman Thomas, he pointed out, had condemned such a position because the USS *Panay* had been escorting Standard Oil tankers on the Yangtze River. The case was argued for several hours. I refused to retreat or compromise and called for a united front of all opponents of the Japanese, even including Standard Oil, because the Japanese were in reality making war not only against America but also against Russia and China. The Russians listened silently; all other speakers had been more or less sharply against me.

A few days later I asked Manuilsky, known as Stalin's man in the Comintern, what would be the decision. He said to forget the whole matter, there would be no decision. Then most unusually, the old cynic embraced me and for the rest of my stay treated me with great cordiality. The Russians avoided open approval of my heresy on the record—but they loved it. The menace of Hitlerite and Japanese armies on their borders had won freedom of action and opinion for me—temporarily. When my purge was started, without notice to me, in late 1944, the defeat of Hitler had become certain. Browder was no longer needed.

My removal from the party was a liberation for me personally. But at the same time it signaled the opening of the Cold War, a great misfortune for the whole world.

LAST VISIT TO MOSCOW

AFTER being expelled, as an ex-Communist I applied for and received a visa to visit Moscow. I had no invitation, no appointment to meet anyone, no idea what would be the result. I simply felt that one more trip to Moscow was necessary to close the books on twenty-five years of my life. And I was glad to make it as a free man, unconstrained by party discipline.

Soon after my arrival I was invited to the office of A. Lozovsky at the government Information Bureau. He was a man I had known since 1921, having worked with him when he was the head of the Trade Union International (Profintern), and when I was directing the Pan-Pacific Trade Union Secretariat formed at Hankow, China, in 1926.

Lozovsky had advanced in the Soviet hierarchy by replacing abler men who fell into party disfavor. For twenty-five years he served whoever was in power, and from the trade unions moved into governmental offices. As a Soviet counterpart of a Western high-level civil servant, he seemed a permanent fixture. When I met him in 1946 he was a picture of prosperity and contentment. I could not foresee that Stalin would order him shot as part of the "Jewish conspiracy" and an agent of Zionism, only a few years later.

I explained to him that I took seriously the dissolution of the Comintern, and thought its final resolution was its greatest document. I had not come to discuss my relations with the American party, but rather as a long-time friend of the Soviet Union with views on future Soviet-American relations which I hoped they would examine seriously. As far as the American party was concerned, I was sure its new policy and leadership would cause it to decline and disappear, and considered this a fortunate result. During several sessions I expounded my opinions on the possibility of peaceful co-existence, and related problems. Finally I summed them up in a series of written memoranda.

After about ten days this business was concluded, and Lozovsky told me it had all been submitted to Foreign Minister Molotov who was then in Paris in the deadlocked Council of Ministers meeting on Germany, in which America was represented by Secretary of State James Byrnes. He asked me to remain in Moscow to talk with Molotov when he returned.

I had arrived on May 3, and it was May 20 when Molotov came back from Paris. It happened to be also my birthday and, not knowing in advance when Molotov would arrive, I had accepted some typical Russian hospitality from a few old friends in a very good Moscow restaurant. When, after four hours of food, drink, and anecdotes, I finally got back to my hotel, I found frantic messengers who had been searching for me for hours to tell me that Molotov wished to meet me in the Narkomindel (Foreign Office) at ten o'clock. I had one hour and a pot of black coffee to get myself back to normal.

Molotov met me courteously and, after a few polite amenities, said he had read my memo-

randa but would like to hear my views from my own lips. He led me with questions which showed him familiar with my opinions. It was all rather one-sided, but I did manage to score with a question of my own. I asked him point-blank: "Is the Comintern going to be revived?"

Molotov hesitated a moment in thought, then answered: "No."

Events soon showed that his answer, technically true, was in essence and reality false. The Cominform—an *ersatz* Comintern with all its faults and none of its virtues—was born the following year. Perhaps Molotov was overruled on this issue by Stalin, as so often happened.

I received the impression, although he said nothing directly, that Molotov was sympathetic to my views. Perhaps it was only because he had spent hours in examining them, with much understanding. Or again, this may have reflected merely his great diplomatic skill. At any rate, the very fact that I had been listened to led me to believe that the big issue of Cold War had not yet been completely closed in Moscow. I could still hold onto the hope that the bad turn in international relations could be reversed, even though I knew American Communist prospects were hopeless. My visit, I thought, would not have been entirely wasted if in any degree it strengthened the peaceful tendency among Moscow leaders.

MOLOTOV OFFERS A JOB

AFTER two-and-a-half hours of questions, Molotov closed the meeting by asking what my personal plans were. I said I had none, beyond using whatever influence I had in favor of a peaceful *modus vivendi* between America and Russia. He then said it had been proposed to offer me the position of American representative of Soviet publishing houses, to place their books for American publication. He asked me if I could accept the offer without too much disturbing my own plans.

I had previous information that the proposal would be made, and had thought the matter out. To refuse it would mean I had no confidence in my own advocacy of Soviet-American co-operation; to accept it would give me an opportunity to do something practical in this field.

I therefore accepted. Molotov then thanked me for visiting Moscow to give him my views which he found quite interesting. Thus ended my last political contact with Moscow.

Needless to say, my hopes would prove vain. Next day I received an invitation to visit General Walter Bedell Smith, the American Ambassador, at the Embassy. He was very friendly and asked me to spend the afternoon with him in leisurely conversation. He understood that I had "received the red-carpet treatment" and had a long audience with Molotov on his first day back in Moscow, while he himself had waited for months in Moscow without being able to get fifteen minutes. He wanted to learn the secret of how to reach Molotov's ear and, perhaps, even enlist my aid. He felt frustrated in Moscow, as never before in his life, and was willing to cut corners to break out of his isolation. His genuine frankness and friendliness made a favorable impression on me.

I told the General my "secret" would not help him much, as it consisted in getting myself expelled from the Communist party, something beyond his power. I doubted if I could help him, even though quite willing to do so. But I was ready to give him my opinions at length, in the same way I had with Molotov—though I would be grateful if he responded more freely than Molotov had done. I had talked so much in Moscow, without an opportunity to listen, that I was hungry for some two-sided discussion. General Smith laughed heartily, and we settled down for a three-hour conversation.

I assured him that I thought his frustration in Moscow was merely a by-product of the deadlock in the Council of Ministers. Molotov was spending so much time with Smith's chief, Secretary of State Byrnes, that he had little left for seeing the Ambassador. But if the Russians seemed to "get tough" with him, they had picked up that slogan in Washington, and only applied it more systematically.

"Ah," exclaimed the General, "what an unfortunate phrase that was, 'get tough'."

Perhaps for General Smith the chief profit in our conversation was in providing a break in his boredom in sealed-up official Moscow. I had felt the same boredom myself. It can be most oppressive. For me our visit had one practical consequence. The Ambassador offered to bring his private airplane from Berlin to take me on the first lap of my trip home. ("You see," he complained, "they do not permit me to keep my plane in Moscow.") Later on I dutifully reported his complaint to Lozovsky. I doubt if it did the Ambassador any good, but I'm sure it was the cause of Lozovsky's going the Ambassador one better, and arranging an airplane lift for me clear to Paris.

My new publishing venture was ruined by the sharp development of the Cold War. But I

hung on despite extreme financial difficulty until 1949. Then I canceled my contract, and broke my last technical relation with Soviet circles. When I closed the office I was penniless, having exhausted the small savings of a lifetime in this doomed venture.

It was high time to make the break, however, for much more serious reasons. In Sofia, Budapest, and Prague, the Stalinists were putting national leaders on trial for "treason"—using as a central bit of evidence the accusation that they had used Browder's books to train their associates in treason, in classes held in American Consulates, with printed texts in translation provided by American secret agents. Laszlo Rajk and a group of associates in Budapest were hanged on such absurd evidence of "Browderism." (Among them was the man whose "confession" provided this tidbit, a Dr. Tibor Szonyi.) The big accusation was, of course, "Titoism" and conspiracy with Tito; but since Tito had been orthodox ideologically until Stalin made war on him, the required "heresy" was provided by injecting my name and books.

THE SPICE OF BROWDERISM

THE instrument for this purge was the Cominform (or Communist Information Bureau). It was the formal front for imposing "unity" with Moscow on the Eastern and Central European nations which had, for a few brief years, enjoyed relative freedom as "new democracies" with multi-party governments. Yugoslav Communists were represented in the formation of the Cominform by Tito himself. But on discovering that Stalin was opening a war against him, Tito and his party refused to attend the second Cominform meeting. Thereupon the entire Yugoslav party was expelled for treason, and Moscow appealed to "loyal Communists" in Yugoslavia to overthrow the Tito regime. This was the only serious act the Cominform ever took. It was created for that single purpose. The purge in all countries was carried out under the flag of "eliminating Titoism," with the minor theme of "Browderism" added as spice.

These personal reminiscences of the origin of the Cold War may, I hope, throw some light on the complex problems of bringing it to an end. I watched men and movements, personalities and parties, in a process of rapid change, for worse or for better. Such experiences show how futile it is to deal with these problems in terms of fixed dogma—as though the world of ideas by which mankind works out its fate are eternally unchangeable. We all need restudy and intellectual rearmament.

My own personal reorientation was a long and difficult process. In the middle and late 1930s I was deeply disturbed by the disappearance of some of my best friends in the Russian trade unions, and even more profoundly troubled when, on inquiring for them, I found that even their former existence was denied, their records had been rubbed out, they were "unknown." But with the American Ambassador attending the purge trials, and vouching for their authenticity, a Communist leader could hardly be expected to challenge them.

The Molotov-Ribbentrop pact in 1939, with its overtones of a possible future collaboration of the dictators, was also disturbing, and caused a group of American intellectuals to split from the party. But since the immediate effect was to put the Soviet Union into a neutral position quite similar to that which the Neutrality Laws enforced upon America, I took the position that I could not demand more from the Soviet Union than from the United States in the fight against Hitler. And 1939 actually eased the position of the American Communists at home, especially in the labor movement, which was then isolationist in sentiment. Therefore, as long as the Russians tolerated my "revisionist" policies, I had no imperative occasion for a clash with them. Only with the Duclos letter of 1945, was it revealed there was a deep chasm between us, and its full depth was made clear only in 1948.

By the 1950s, my break with the Russians had led me into a basic re-examination of Marxist theory, and I followed in Marx's footsteps with the declaration: "I am not a Marxist." My personal revolution in thinking is, of course, of importance only as an example of how the shattering years of the Cold War have broken up the old patterns of thought—behind the Iron Curtain as profoundly as in the West, although there it is revealed mainly in the lightning flashes of mass discontent and revolts.

What remains constant, for me, during the past fifteen years, has been the conviction that the Cold War was a calamity for the entire world, and that it can be justified by no consideration of theory, nor by any supposed national interest. I can only hope that Khrushchev's new line of talk portends a new line of action to which America can respond in kind. Such hopes are, however, tempered by years of disillusioning memories, which remind us all that it takes two sides to make a peace.

Harper's Magazine, March 1960

A Story by JOHN BERRY

Drawings by Harry O. Diamond



THE TOUCHABLE

WE pedaled on across a semi-arid plain with rice paddies in the low places and villages in the high places: a cluster of mud huts with thatched roofs that seemed to rise effortlessly out of the landscape and were in perfect harmony with it; a pond that was at once the community water supply, public bath, and laundry—with hyacinths and lilies and sometimes lotuses growing in it; parrots in the coconut trees and the date palms; gray-vested crows everywhere; tiny, black goats with a preference for dried cow dung; pale cows with humps on their backs and mysterious elongated eyes out of which the goddess Kali looked; and perched on these cows, or prospecting about them like common chickens, were white herons, fantastically elegant.

Each village had strict zoning ordinances, unwritten, according to caste. The Brahmins lived in one section; they were, in general, the color of coffee with cream, and they took their ease, for the world was their oyster. The next castes down, with smaller and smaller amounts of sacred cream in their coffee—although there was some variety, always duly noted, commented on, and evaluated—inhabited the central and less desirable sections of the village. And on the outskirts of the village, resigned to coffee without cream and to life without status—for they were not permitted to approach the temple, or even to allow their shadow to touch the shadow of a servant of a Hindu—were the Untouchables. And they had to have their own, separate mud puddle.

My companion was Aretino Scott—Tino—a handsome, dark-eyed, auburn-haired American who taught at Bharat University. As the district was familiar to Tino and it was a clement time of year—September—he had offered to show me the countryside of this part of Bengal. By two o'clock in the afternoon we had finished off the bottle of boiled water we had brought with us; and although there was plenty of water in the village ponds, it was guaranteed to reduce our life expectancy: in our thirties, we were already far beyond the average age for India. I suggested that we stop in the next village for tea, since people generally boiled the water when they made tea.

"Yes," Tino chuckled, "and they wash the cups in the nearest buffalo wallow!" However, he said, if I could hold out for another half-hour, we should come to a small town with a tea shop where he had connections.

The town we were headed for turned out to be considerably more than half an hour away. By the time we got there, I was quite peevish. Tino was wearing an ironic smile, which was apparently uncontrollable, since I had already given him several black looks. I thought he was amused at my discomfiture. So I was not at all happy when we descended at a little open-air tea shop and the proprietor rushed out, made a dive at Tino's feet, touched the top of his shoes and then the top of his own head. Tino's efforts to prevent this abasement were quite half-hearted. In fact, he appeared disgustingly happy.

Two jolly-looking lads placed a table and benches for us in the shade of a mango tree, at a distance from the other customers—for they were Brahmins with sacred threads over their sacred left shoulders and sacred locks of hair looped up in back, and they would feel contaminated by the likes of us. Out of a locked box the proprietor produced special cups and saucers, thus reassuring not us, but the Brahmins: beef-eating lips would not touch *their* cups, anyway. In such a place even the sight of an Untouchable would have been intolerable to them. I was not pleased with India at that moment.

OVER the tea and the many tidbits which the proprietor served us in person, I let Tino know that I disapproved of the foot-dusting he had allowed himself to receive—even though I knew it was an Indian custom. It seemed to me, I said, that these were a gentle though vicious people and too easy to take advantage of because of their belief in non-violence. Tino's ironic smile broadened into a grin, and then at last he gave me the apology and the explanation for which I had been longing.

"I see that I must tell you a little story," he said, "because I have been rude. Since the source of my rudeness is discretion, I will now be indiscreet. In return, you must promise that you will be discreet about it."

As I was already quite mollified, I made the promise, and I hope to keep it.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon," Tino Scott said, "on August the first, 1952, I was careening along at breakneck speed through Calcutta traffic, in a rickety bus driven by a bearded Sikh in a turban. Narrowly missing rickshas, oxcarts, bicycles, pedestrians, trams, and flivvers, we were approaching Putiary Station, one of the old districts where Westerners are seldom seen. The bus was not just packed, it overflowed. Men clustered like swarms of bees around the front and back openings, clinging for dear life when we rounded corners. An official notice in back of the driver's seat said: 'Maximum capacity 30 Passengers.' I estimated that there were at least 65 passengers. I, the only non-Indian, was hanging by one hand from a metal rod suspended from the ceiling—there was no room for my other hand. Bodies were crammed against me fore and aft. It was impossible to fall, even if I had died suddenly. I swayed when they swayed, tottered when they tottered, and I waited to be disgorged at the next stop.

"Plastered against my forward surface was the thin, elegant backbone of Arjuna-*babu*, my good friend who had come with me from Bharat University, a hundred miles away by train. An unseen person, himself under pressure from behind, fitted moistly over my entire southern surface. Arjuna twisted his neck around, looked soulfully at me and gave his head a wry flirt which meant, in Bengali, that we were nearly there, such as we were.

"Suddenly, the brakes squawked, the bus flung itself to a halt, the wooden structure in which we were riding leaned forward, and everyone hurtled into the front of the bus in a wild tangle of bodies. The front door opened and they began to fall out—on their feet, surprisingly—into a large mud puddle. The unseen person behind me slithered around me and began forcing his way through the door.

"On a vague impulse I felt for my wallet, which I kept in my hip pocket. It was gone. Leaping down the steps, I seized the end of a blue Punjabi shirt-tail just as it was disappearing into the crowd. Pulling it in, hand over hand, I found myself confronted by a short, swarthy youth who was glaring at me with an expression of outraged dignity.

" 'What is the meaning of this?' he demanded in Bengali.

" 'I think you picked my pocket,' I said.

" 'Very well, search me!' he cried contemptuously. 'Search me!' My confidence was vanishing, but I searched him nevertheless, going through all the pockets in his long, blue Punjabi shirt which hung down over his dhoti. Lifting it up, I considered this latter garment: some six yards of white cotton cloth wound loosely around the upper legs and knotted about the waist. Blue Boy sneered. 'Well, Sahib?' After all!

"I was about to begin my apologies, when Arjuna dashed up. 'What happened?' 'My pocket was picked, but—' That was all Arjuna needed. His fist shot out and caught the youth a resounding blow on the jaw. Blue Boy staggered and my wallet promptly dropped out of the inner recesses of his dhoti into the mud. I picked it up.

"At least a hundred men were looking on by this time. They made a tight ring around

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The author of "The Touchable" won the Macmillan Prize Award for 1959 for his first novel, "Krishna Fluting." John Berry is a Californian who has traveled much in Europe and Asia and has taught at the University of Southern California and at Viswa Bharati University in India.

Arjuna, the pickpocket, and me. They began to mutter, then to shout. 'What are they saying, Arjuna?' 'They are going to stone him to death,' Arjuna replied. 'He has brought shame on them before a foreigner.'

"Blue Boy was trembling violently. His eyes darted this way and that, looking for a way of escape. There was none. A hundred or more self-appointed executioners had suddenly surrounded him and were staring at him with hatred.

" 'Look here!' I called out to the grim mob around us. 'I got my wallet back. I'm satisfied.' They did not budge. 'It was my fault,' I said. 'I put temptation in his way. It was in my hip pocket. All wrong, see?' They did not see. They had begun to equip themselves with rocks. Two men laid hold of the thief. I pushed them off, grasped Blue Boy by the hand and began to pump it ostentatiously.

" 'Hey!' I yelled, 'Forgive those who do you evil!' And I sermonized further. It fell on stony soil. Again they laid hold of him, but they were lacking in resolution, perhaps because they unconsciously associated me with the old British overlords, but also, I like to think, because I had my left arm possessively around Blue Boy's neck, and my right fist, raised high in a theatrical gesture, was ready to descend violently on somebody—and Bengalis are small men with delicate bones.

" 'You criticize America for her lynchings—which are ancient history,' I said. 'And now you're going to lynch this boy!' This time they yelled back at me furiously: 'No, no! Not lynch! We *stone* him! Stand back!'

"Still clutching my man, I pushed slowly toward a little roadside tea shop, arguing meanwhile. 'Lynch or stone—same thing—without due process of law—jury of his peers! You're just a lynch mob—disgrace to India—worse than pickpockets!'

"Instead of shaming them, I merely infuriated them. They howled anti-American slogans at me. By this time, however, I had reached the tea shop. Dragging Blue Boy by the arm, I shoved him down on a bench against the wall, wedged myself against him, and pulled a broad table up against our ribs. Arjuna sat on the other side of me. Across this table we three contemplated the angry mob, which shuffled and glared at us from a distance of four feet.

"I ordered tea. Never before had I had such an opportunity of playing the hero without much direct danger to myself, and I enjoyed it to the full. I knew that I was absolutely right, for once, that I was actually dominating a situation, and that I could win. With the calm of Walter Mitty, I considered my next move. Arjuna was numb and speechless, but loyal to me. The pickpocket stared blackly at the table—he was in the stocks. The mob stirred impatiently. I thought of sending Arjuna for the police, but I was afraid the mob would not let him through, for he was a Bengali like themselves—I was the only unknown quantity. If Arjuna tried and failed, it would add perilously to their sense of power. There must be no failures at this point. I sipped tea. Arjuna sipped tea.

"Blue Boy sat like a stone, jammed between me and the wall.

"ACROSS from the tea shop was a corner around which two sets of tram rails curved. On the nearest one sat an empty tram. Every few minutes a tram came along, stopped on the other side of the empty one, just even with it, and continued on its way. One was approaching now.

"Pulling Blue Boy with me, I stood up with an exalted expression, as if I were about to make a great speech—and Bengalis cannot resist speeches. Pointing to Heaven, I marched with measured steps straight at the crowd, which opened to permit my demonstration. I did not have to hold onto Blue Boy—he was leaning against me like a Siamese twin, mechanically keeping step with me. The mob was puzzled. We were marching like a doomed man and his priest to the scaffold. Only it was not a scaffold, it was the empty tram, and we were actually climbing into it before they realized that they were being tricked. As the leaders swarmed in after me, I pushed Blue Boy through the door on the other side, into the tram which had just arrived, and turned to confront them. 'Shame on you!' I said, bracing myself firmly in the doorway. Looking over my shoulder, I saw Blue Boy walk up to the front of his car, sit down primly in back of the conductor, and stare fixedly ahead of him, as if by concentrating he could make the vehicle move.

"It did move. And I had the leaders of the mob in my empty tram, unable to go forward through me, or to go back through their followers. The other tram was some distance down the tracks and gaining speed before the mob outside quite grasped the situation. They dropped their rocks. Leaning backwards through the doorway, I glimpsed the dapper blue shirt of the pickpocket as his tram rounded another corner. I began to laugh.

"Arjuna and I started walking toward Banar-



jipara Road where his friend Biren lived. A group of young men followed us. I turned and faced them. They told me that they had observed everything and were heartily ashamed of their countrymen. 'Fine,' I said. They told me I had taught them a lesson. I said I doubted it. They hoped I would not carry away a bad impression of India. I said India was a big place, that I had many impressions, some good, some bad, and that they should be less concerned with impressions and more concerned with their dharma—which means doing your duty. (Arjuna told me, much later, during some heated words, that I had embarrassed him at this point by what he called my 'cynical self-righteousness.' But it is so hard to stop being a hero!)

"AT Biren's house that night there was a slight difficulty about sleeping arrangements. Biren had two mosquito curtains: one big one and one little one. The big one had most of one side missing, while the little one had only a few medium-sized holes. Although I protested against preferential treatment, they insisted that I take the little one and sleep on the wooden platform by the window, while they slept on the floor, under the big curtain. I was too tired to argue long.

"Arjuna and Biren were snoring gently in unison, and I was playing games with mosquitoes, when a head appeared suddenly at the barred, moonlit window beside my bed. An arm in a blue sleeve darted between the bars, poked a paper through a hole in my curtain, then disappeared. I sat up. On the paper was written, in English, the words: 'I am taking the dust from your feet. Please come this side.' Again the head appeared. Blue Boy was urging me to come outside and engage in a ceremony with him. I knew what it would be: He would crouch at my feet, his head nearly on the ground, and either 'take dust from my feet' with his fingers and put it on his head, or actually (if he were really carried away) seize my foot and place it on his head.

"I got a pencil out of my shirt and wrote, by moonlight: 'Not necessary. Just go straight.' He glanced at the note and disappeared. I thought he had gone, but in fifteen minutes he was back with another note: evidently he had an accomplice—a schoolboy, judging from the handwriting—who knew English. This note said: 'I

shall go straight. I shall obey you. I am coming your side.' I wrote back: 'I am going to sleep now. Good night.' Fifteen minutes later he was at my window again. Gazing steadfastly at me, he wrenched his head to one side—which must have meant something very emphatic—and disappeared.

"The next day I was returning to Bharat University by train, without Arjuna. By good luck I had obtained a tiny second-class compartment, and I was alone in it. I meant to sleep, for I had not slept a wink the night before. The train was passing over the great bridge which spans the Hooghly River—one of the mouths of the Ganges—and I was gazing peacefully down some hundreds of feet at the fishing boats gliding like toys over the brown water, when a set of dark brown fingers slid around the window frame on the outside, and clutched the bars. There was really nothing to walk on out there, and yet a man was pulling himself slowly along the outside of the car, and—there he was. It was Blue Boy, somberly staring in at me. I thought of pulling the emergency cord, but then I had a vision of a sudden, lurching halt which would throw him off. I opened the door of the compartment. Very slowly and cautiously he crept along the space between the window and the door. Sinuous toes wriggled in at the door, then fingers, and then, all of a sudden, before I could leap back, Blue Boy was scrabbling at me on the dirty floor of the compartment. It is not easy to stand on one foot in a moving train. I fell heavily into the seat, tugging to get my foot free; but he had succeeded in getting it on top of his head. Appeased, quite contented, Blue Boy remained seated on the floor, gazing up at me. For the first time I saw him smile. He had won!

"In the confession which followed, Blue Boy, with alarming candor, told me that he was an Untouchable from Orissa, and that he had run away to Calcutta, posing as a 'dark' Brahmin. And he did have a certain dignity about him which helped him carry it off. Blue Boy didn't feel inferior—that's what I liked about him. We agreed that, as far as that went, one fellow was about as touchable as the next. In fact, he said, he did not pick pockets in order to touch people, but merely to steal their money; for he had been unable to find work in Calcutta, and he hated to beg. Which would I prefer: begging or stealing?

"With a slight loan, which he is repaying, Blue Boy opened a tea shop in a town which I shall not name. If the touch-me-not Brahmins of that town knew that the rather touchable young Brahmin who serves them tea with such a touchingly elegant touch—is the most lynchable Untouchable imaginable—they would have 999 sacred touchy-fits." •

IT occurred to me that the fellow in the blue Punjabi—the youthful tea-shop proprietor—who was leaning against the mango tree, watching my red-haired friend with such intensity, had not really degraded himself by groveling at Tino's feet. Nor had Tino, obviously. In a way, I thought, and allowing for exotic customs, it very likely fell into the same category and was as problematical as any other act of love.

ROBERT MEZEY

A FAIRY TALE

We have done all we can:
We have untied
The Good Queen from her chains;
The savage black dogs have been pacified.
The magic tasks accomplished, one by one.
There yet remains
Only the journey through the waste—
Let us make haste.

Whatever comes of this,
I will remember
How you came for my sake
To this bewitched domain, where beauties slumber
Night and day, and never a prince to kiss
Their eyes awake,
And pitying my still career,
Brought morning here.

Harper's Magazine, March 1960

ROBERT BENDINER

WHITE HOUSE FEVER

why candidates campaign

All of the uproar, oratory, and heavy spending in the coming campaign will not change more than a few votes—but the semi-barbaric rites still serve some useful (if unexpected) purposes.

ON THE first Wednesday after the first Tuesday after the first Monday of next November, a large but indeterminate number of Americans will ask themselves what all the fuss was about. The two Presidential candidates will have traveled some 80,000 miles between them, made altogether about 500 speeches, and had roughly $50 million spent on their behalf. And when it is all over, it is likely that, except for a few eccentrics, everyone will have voted exactly the same way as he would have in July, before the campaign started.

What purpose, then, will be served by a mammoth show that will keep the country in an uproar for months and drive both nominees to exhaustion before one of them can take the oath of office?

It is true that before a Presidential campaign is a day old—in fact, as soon as the convention halls have been swept out—the minds of some 60 to 70 per cent of the electorate are made up, and they are not to be changed by speeches, slogans, whistle stops, television, or the flattering picture of the opposing nominee on a sugar-lump wrapper. In this vast number are the regulars, who cling to one party by legacy, habit, local custom, or several of these in combination. In it, too, are those who normally vote the other ticket but who have firmly decided since the preceding election to switch just this once, most likely because in office their party has somehow caused them to suffer in the region of the wallet.

Another 20 to 30 per cent go into the campaign in a state of mild doubt, at least flirting with the idea of moving over to the opposition. Waiting to be persuaded against such derring-do, they enjoy a brief sensation of stern independence. But, eased along by friends, family, colleagues, and the pull of habit, they are soon enough persuaded and are overwhelmingly to be found in their customary political haunts well before the end of October.

This leaves about 10 per cent who are serious waverers and, as such, responsive to the pressures of the campaign.* Even with these, however, the tendency is to vote as they have in the past or not to vote at all, and in the end only a small number, relatively speaking, actually go to the polls to register a switch from their normal allegiance. Since this minority is almost certain to be smaller than the winner's margin in the popular vote, why spend all the time, money, and energy that an active campaign costs?

One answer, of course, is that the popular vote has little to do with the case. Truman beat Dewey by a popular margin of 2,106,525, yet if only 29,300 Truman voters had gone Republican instead, Tom Dewey would be a former President today and his party's Grand Old Man at fifty-seven.** The hitch is that in order to make the

*I do not vouch for these figures. Nobody can. But the best studies on the subject indicate that they are sound. If they are off at all, it is probably in the direction of caution. The pollsters went too far, of course, in 1948, when Dr. George Gallup wrote, "In a very real sense, Presidential campaigns are over before they begin." They are only 90 per cent over.

**All former Presidents are Grand Old Men, no other way having yet been found to make public use of them.

© *1960 by Robert Bendiner*

One of the country's ablest political analysts, Robert Bendiner is now a contributing editor of the "Reporter" magazine and American correspondent of the "New Statesman" of London. His article is adapted from his forthcoming book, "White House Fever," which will be published in mid-March by Harcourt, Brace. Mr. Bendiner has covered seven Presidential conventions and many campaigns.

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difference, this handful—not enough to fill one side of a football stadium—would have had to cast their votes precisely in California, Illinois, and Ohio, the three big states that Truman carried by a hair. Since a candidate cannot know, short of witchcraft, just where such minute margins may have so great an effect, he has no choice but to campaign up and down the land, scrounging for the last possible vote.

Even so, it is not the occasional shifters from one major party to the other who furnish the main reason for campaigning. Much less is it those few hardy independents who scorn parties and vote in each election on what they judge to be the merits of the case. A candidate's big objective in campaigning, his overwhelming effort, the absolute condition for his success, is simply to get those who are already for him, more or less, to turn out on Election Day and vote for him. For the extraordinary fact is that in this politics-conscious country at least a third —and sometimes very close to a half—of those who are eligible to vote fail to show up at the polls even in a Presidential year.

In the circumstances, a contender can hardly be blamed if he puts more energy into keeping his own followers steamed up than in trying to attract possible defectors from the camp of the enemy. He must do both, of course, but it will clearly not pay him to win over 250,000 opposition or independent voters while leaving a million of his partisans so tepid that they use Election Day for the purpose of catching up on their sleep.

It is this need to rouse their own "regulars," to bring out the stay-at-homes, that accounts for the fact that Presidential contenders generally talk past each other right through the campaign. They deliberately let themselves go in one-sided rhetoric and find it perfectly sensible to harangue huge gatherings of those who could not agree with them more. It is not argument that their audiences need, but constant prodding and periodic warnings that the election is not in the bag. A candidate either keeps moving or slips backward.

Since there have been in recent years more Democrats than Republicans in the country, their nominees do particularly well to concentrate on getting out the maximum of their party's strength without worrying overmuch about influencing wobbly Republicans. Truman clearly saved himself in 1948 by an extremely partisan performance, which roused the sagging spirits of the Democrats. His slashing tactics were not designed to win him any marginal Republicans, and most of the independents were presumably lost to Henry Wallace and his Progressive party anyway. What Truman succeeded in doing was to stimulate Democrats of the kind who had appeared at the party convention in June with signs reading "We're Just Mild About Harry." Enough of these turned up at the voting booths, evidently more ardent than they had been, to spoil the day for Dewey and to saddle the public-opinion polls with what has been called "the most publicized statistical error in human history."

As a minority, the Republicans have a more complex problem. They must rally their faithful with the usual fanfare and at the same time appeal to independents and wavering Democrats who have little use for the Grand Old Party as such and are repelled by all the banner waving. In this recurring dilemma, the party has taken to choosing nominees of questionable Republicanism, like Willkie and Eisenhower, entrusting its campaign dagger-work to secondary figures, and bleeding in private for the Tafts and Knowlands whom it would follow far more joyfully.

In the circumstances logic would call for the Democrats this year to pick a scrappy partisan, like Hubert Humphrey, and the Republicans a figure with bipartisan charm, like Nelson Rockefeller. The quick-freeze given Rockefeller by the hardened professionals of his party and the slim chance accorded Humphrey by their Democratic counterparts only show that in Presidential politics logic has always to compete with folly and faction, losing as often as it wins.

THE LIVING-ROOM CAMPAIGN

FOR getting out the maximum vote, no substitute has yet been found for hard and prolonged campaigning by the head of the ticket. As an adjunct, television is enormously helpful, but it has too many grave deficiencies for even the most glamorous candidate to trust his fate to it entirely. Presidential politics is the sum total

of regional politics and bloc politics, and as such it cannot be played exclusively from a studio over a national network. It is all very well to have a national hookup, but a candidate who wants to persuade corn and wheat farmers will find that it is no substitute for a personal tour of Kansas and Iowa. If he wants to make a splash on civil rights, he will do so to a large and responsive audience in New York or Chicago or Philadelphia, rather than on an expensive TV program that will win him no votes in the state of Georgia.

Confident as he had reason to be in 1956, and little as he could afford the physical strain of travel, Eisenhower made seven forays into the country, with major speeches in a dozen states. The theory was that he would not only help himself thereby, but raise the spirits of the state and local party organizers, boosting their tickets up and down the line by a laying on of hands. These are ancient rites, resting on an exchange of strength between leader and party, and they are not to be supplanted by a picture tube.

Beyond these large political considerations, TV poses a difficulty for the candidate that has ruined many a professional entertainer. Unless it is used sparingly, it consumes material at a prohibitive rate. Where the campaigner can afford to make the same speech at forty railroad depots and twenty times again on the steps of courthouses, he clearly has to have something fresh every time he appears on television. And at the same time, it has to be adapted to all localities and all types of listener—no more blowing hot on an issue in a speech to a Chamber of Commerce audience and cold to an assembly of mill hands.

Another disillusionment with television was the discovery that excitement is not as easily generated in the living-room as it is in a public meeting. People who can see the President on any news telecast, watch every step in the crowning of a queen, and tour the country with Comrade Khrushchev are not enthralled by a series of half-hour speeches by candidates, especially when they replace their regular television programs. On the other hand, they will still wait hours in the rain to catch a glimpse of an Eisenhower or a Stevenson in the flesh, to shake the great man's hand or have him pat their offspring on the head. Again it is the personal exchange that makes the difference, the infectious excitement that means so much to actor and audience alike. People will not remember what the nominee said, but that they heard him say it, that they saw him close up and were personally smiled upon. Viewing the same celebrity on television, especially if they have seen him only three evenings before, they will as likely as not switch to Groucho Marx or the eternal Taming of the West.*

BREAKS THAT MAKE PRESIDENTS

EXCEPT for being lost in the desert, there is probably nothing that so warps the perspective as the shimmering heat of a campaign, but for the nominee who starts out as an underdog, this phenomenon is all to the good. In 1936 Landon had roughly the same chance of winning as the Abominable Snowman, but, backed by the press and encouraged by the fatuous *Literary Digest* poll, he went into the last week of the campaign convinced that he was about to bring down the mighty Roosevelt. John W. Davis, another high improbability, experienced the same sort of mirage in 1924, when Coolidge was destined to win without twitching a muscle. It is probably Nature's way of enabling the victim to get through what would otherwise be an intolerable experience.

What feeds a candidate's unreasoning hope, even in these darkest hours, is the possibility that an unexpected break will suddenly occur and turn the whole course of events in his favor. And, in fact, such things have been. Political historians almost automatically point to the 1884 campaign in which Cleveland was in trouble up to the final week. He needed his own state of New York desperately, and because of the hostility of Tammany Hall, within his own party, it looked as though he could not possibly win it. But six days before the election, the Reverend Samuel D. Burchard, heading a delegation of Protestant clergymen, called upon James G. Blaine, the Republican candidate, and wrecked him with a single alliterative phrase of devotion. Blaine hardly heard his foolish admirer pledging himself and his colleagues to steer clear of the Democratic party, "whose antecedents have been rum, Romanism, and rebellion," and by the time

*Much likelier, in fact. Even at the peak of its interest, the Republican convention of 1952 had a Hooper rating of 36, compared with 62 for "I Love Lucy," one of the least weighty of television's offerings. During the campaign itself, the disparity was much greater. While Eisenhower drew a rating of 10 in a number of tested cities, the "$64,000 Question" had a rating of 55. Stevenson tested at 8 to Ed Sullivan's 53. Resentful letters poured in when favorite programs gave way to campaign speeches, and the movies had an unusually good season.

he got around to repudiating the preacher's fatal slogan, it was too late. In spite of Tammany's pique, enough Irish voters swung back to Cleveland to give him the state and the election.

Usually it takes more than sympathizers, of course, to wreck a winning candidate, though they obviously can do a good deal.* The fortunes of war and sudden fluctuations in the economy can make a profound difference in a campaign, whether or not the candidates can be shown to have any responsibility for them. The Confederate evacuation of Atlanta was probably the turning point for Lincoln in 1864, when he himself thought he was through, and if Truman had been able to bring the wretched Korean War to an end in 1952, Stevenson's chances would have soared. Four years earlier, Truman himself had benefited from a mid-October slump in corn prices, which he was able to blame on the Republican Congress. A probable loser is somewhat in the position of a convicted defendant still free on appeal. The longer the delay, the better the chance that something will turn up to save him.

Sometimes what looks like a devastating blow from an unkind fate can be turned to enormous advantage, as Richard Nixon demonstrated in 1952. A crusade to clean up "the mess in Washington" could hardly have got off to a less promising start than by having to disprove that its Number Two Knight was a kept Senator with a private slush fund. Worried Republican leaders and newspapers alike demanded that Nixon take the unprecedented step of withdrawing from the ticket before he ruined the party's chances, and Eisenhower himself was grim. But Nixon's television defense, perfectly designed for a medium that had schooled its customers in sentimentality and salesmanship, produced what a prominent Republican leader described as a "U turn" in the party's campaign fortunes.

From a dangerous liability, Nixon became overnight the first Vice-Presidential candidate to get more attention than the head of his ticket. He was greeted by ovations, floral tributes, and a flood of telegrams that jammed the Western Union network for a solid eighteen hours. A story went the rounds that the Republican National Committee, seeking the advice of party leaders, had received one telegram reading: "By all means leave Nixon on the ticket, but use your own judgment about Eisenhower." True or not, the Democrats would probably have made little of the fund incident, to begin with, had they known what Nixon could do with it.

*Ironically, Cleveland himself suffered four years later from the unwanted support of Sir Lionel Sackville-West, the British Minister in Washington and probably the Burchard of the diplomatic corps. When a Republican, posing as a former British subject, asked him for election advice, he promptly wrote back an endorsement of Cleveland, who was thereupon labeled "the British candidate." This did him no good whatever among the Irish-Americans whom he had just won over four years before, even though he got Sir Lionel pulled out of Washington in a hurry.

IS IT ALL CORN?

APART from what the nominee and his party get out of this strenuous process, what does it do for the country? Much that is valuable, I think, starting from the fact that at least once in four years it makes the Georgian alive to the feeling of Oregonians and stimulates the New Yorker's awareness that beyond the Hudson lies more than Jersey City. If the making of a President served only to re-establish this sense of community, it would be worth all it costs in time, money, and folly. But it does much more. In good part, it supplies the pomp and circumstance, the trappings and rituals, out of which a nation acquires tradition and continuity.

If the proceedings of the Presidential convention are often giddy and the techniques of campaigning sometimes past praying for, they nevertheless add up to a system that wears well and affords periodic relief from pressures that might otherwise become explosive. And, it must be admitted, the system fulfills its purpose. Out of thirty-four Presidents, it has given us, by my count, twenty who were either first-rate or respectably competent and only fourteen who ranked downward from the mediocrity of a McKinley, through the ineptness of a Buchanan or a Coolidge, to the total unfitness of a Grant or a Harding. The record, I would say, compares very favorably with the choice of British prime ministers from Lord North to Harold Macmillan and more than favorably with the results achieved by the French, Germans, Russians, and Tibetans with their respective methods of choosing a ruler.

Considering the dust kicked up by politicians traveling the low road and the vapors exuded by those who choose higher altitudes, there would not seem much to be said for the educational value of a Presidential campaign, but the fact is that neither dust nor vapor manages to obscure entirely the issues of the day.

As a rule, by the time the parties have been through the warfare of their own conventions and have tried to re-establish internal harmony,

they have come far in compromise and the issues have been blunted. The two champions are then reduced to advocating pretty much the same things, but with varying degrees of emphasis and conviction, and with neither conceding for a moment that the other really means what he says. Yet the big issues remain in the air and may even play a potent part in the results. If elections are not often decided on the basis of what the nominees say about issues, they may well be decided on the basis of what the electorate thinks the nominees really *mean* with regard to them and what it thinks their capacities and following will enable them to deliver.

For arriving at estimates of this sort, voters depend chiefly on the campaign. Intervention *versus* Isolation, for example, was the issue that divided Americans in 1940, but once the Republicans had settled on Willkie, that issue, as such, had to be played down. If isolationists still preferred him to Roosevelt—and they did—it was not because the two men differed, but because the campaign clearly showed that Willkie's need to conciliate strong isolationist elements in his party might at least make him more circumspect in aiding the Allies. Sometimes, of course, the issues are sharply drawn—as in Jackson's personal war on the Bank of the United States and Bryan's crusade for free silver—but, sharply drawn or not, they invest the campaign with as much of an educational function as an electorate of ninety million individuals of vastly differing degrees of interest is likely to accept.

Admittedly, the system is something of a game, but to recognize the sporting element in campaign politics is by no means to take a cynical view of the process. Quite the contrary. A Presidential election has everything to do with the serious business of democracy, though perhaps in a kind of reverse order. That is, the system, as it has evolved, is not so much the guarantor of American democracy as it is its product and a cheerful symptom of the country's political health. It could have developed and flourished only in the comparative absence of violent extremes, only where there is fundamental agreement between the major parties rather than clashing dogmas. As long as American government rests not on rigid ideologies but on the kind of pragmatism that is the national genius, we can afford the sort of elections we have had—serious enough concerning immediate issues and attitudes, but free of grim fears that if the wrong side wins, the Republic is finished. (Campaigners sometimes try this sort of warning, but hardly anyone takes it seriously. As the last rite in a Presidential election, the loser jumps over the net, as it were, to congratulate his unworthy opponent, promising to support an Administration that he has prophesied will cause grass to grow in the streets of our cities.)

Since we *can* afford an element of entertainment with our elections, it is just as well to enjoy them, whether in the arena or the grandstand. And there is much to enjoy if you don't lose your perspective entirely. By way of drama, the system has in our own day produced such epics as "The Meteor That Was Willkie," "Harry Truman Rides Again," "Dick Nixon's Secret Treasure," and "Adlai, Prince of Denmark." For racing enthusiasts, it would be hard to beat photo finishes like Cleveland's and Wilson's. Some campaigns are rich in comedy and in others there is genuine pathos, to be felt, if not enjoyed—the futile effort of Robert Taft to have his logical chance, the embittering of Al Smith, and the ridicule that sent Horace Greeley to his grave before the Electoral College had even met to ratify his defeat.

Since much in the making of Presidents has developed informally and outside the law, it is reasonable to suppose that it will continue to evolve, shucking off some of its follies as it goes. Perhaps even the Electoral College will in time give way to the direct popular vote, and almost certainly better ways will be found to cope with campaign costs. But if the whole grand scheme is ever robbed of its color and innocent merriment, the country will be the poorer for it. Egypt had its tombs to keep it happy, Greece its theatre, Rome its arena, and England its pageantry. The United States could do worse than to be linked in history with that combination of sport, drama, crusade, carnival, and New England town meeting that we know as a Presidential election.

What hath Allah wrought?

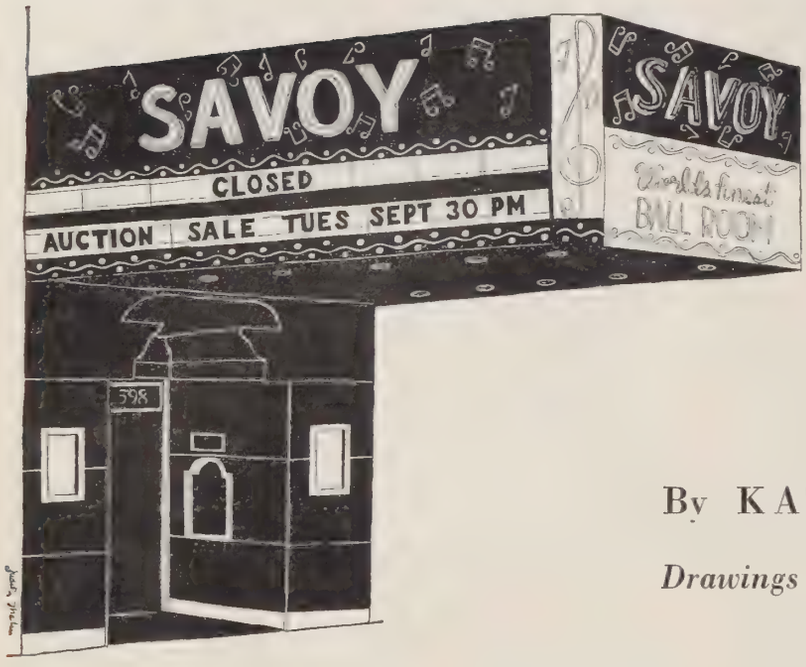
DAMASCUS—In Damascus, Cairo, and other Moslem cities, the muezzin's call to prayer from the minaret of the mosque is now broadcast by loudspeakers and a recording from a central station.

The volume achieved at each of Damascus' fifty mosques is estimated—modestly—at ten times that of the lustiest muezzin's voice.

—John M. Johnston, in the Washington *Post,* June 12, 1959.

THE THREE HARLEMS

and what is happening to them



By KATE SIMON

Drawings by Judith Shahn

IF ONE were to ask a middle-aged European intellectual (preferably French) what the word "Harlem" means, he would return a picture of a steaming pit a few blocks square, crowded with sinuous black bodies twisted in the contortions of jazz and sex; exuberant and salacious, driven by alcohol and saxophones. It is a picture derived from the arts and bears a germ of verity, now anachronistic.

Thirty years ago it was easy to find a party at almost any time, almost anywhere in West Harlem, centering around 125th Street in New York City. The dollar one paid for unlimited drinks—small—made of incognito liquor masked by fruit juice, paid the host's rent. Sometimes the parties were simple and boisterously playful, sometimes dark and very quiet. There was one slight, neat man who lived in an apartment which consisted of one large room and a small one, both dimly lit with divans ranged along the walls. The décor consisted of a few beautiful boys of several shades of color. One wore a heavy seaman's sweater cut down across his shoulders and on his Nefertiti neck a rope of large red beads; he was selective and did not disappear with a partner into the little room quite as frequently as the other boys.

It wasn't necessary to look for a rent party however; every street had its speakeasy, some with a steady, intimate clientele. One didn't go to drink primarily; one went to gossip and discuss love and politics against a background of now legendary piano-playing by Fats Waller. Except for the dramatic results of an occasional mistake in picking a girl or a business rival, nothing much untoward happened. The smaller speakeasies were restful and civilized, like the coffee houses of Dr. Johnson.

For a little more excitement, there were night clubs—big ones with famous entertainers or smaller clubs, unadvertised but by no means unknown. The latter had no fixed hours; they were open when two or more customers gathered, and closed when the last musician fell asleep in his chair. The liquor was best gulped without tasting and the cigarettes sold had tricky side effects. The music was blue and smoky and the entertainers were of rare talent. One stately creature with lovely legs and a deep bass voice specialized in collecting folded dollar bills off tables with special finesse, and a surprising number of people spent valuable depression dollars to keep her (him?) in practice. And then there was always the Savoy Ballroom for Lindy-hopping to wild horns.

While the horns blew, though, another Negro Harlem lived and worked, often in drab poverty. Beds were used in two and three shifts and "door-key kids" wandered the more companionable streets until their mothers returned from work.

to houses which were their homes for a few hours only.

There were non-Negro Harlems also. Just east of Eighth Avenue was a Finnish colony which maintained a book-and-record shop, meeting halls, a restaurant, and a brisk program of folk dances, theatrical performances, and political foment. Not far away, there were German beer halls, a Japanese restaurant or two, a couple of English-style chop houses, Mexican chili joints, and Italian and Jewish pushcart markets.

In spite of the mixture, however, there were three dominant Harlems: Italian, Latin American, and Negro. Today, Italian Harlem, once a small Olympus of gangsterdom, is drastically shrunk; the Americanized young have left the neighborhood and immigration has thinned to a trickle. A few regal old ladies in black still buy dandelion greens and dried thyme from the Italian vendors on Second Avenue (the Main Street of the area); a few bakeries, now too large for their limited custom, still stuff Sicilian cannoli and a few small restaurants still exude odors *à la Posilipo,* but the funiculi-funicula has gone out of the neighborhood, to return only on a few redolent fiesta days.

ECHOES OF THE HOT PAST

NEGRO Harlem has lost its shape and hot glow, too; in part, at least, for a wholesome reason: the slow stubborn drive for desegregation in New York has hardly reached fruition, but it has made it easier for Negroes to enjoy the white man's pleasures in the downtown world of Broadway and Greenwich Village, to mingle with the crowds on Mott Street during the Chinese New Year's Festival, and to dance on Mulberry Street in celebration of San Gennaro's miracle. These advances, alas, have weakened the noise and color of Harlem; Small's Paradise, once crackling with bawdiness and vigor, is reduced to one of the many modest showcases of jazz; Dickie Wells' no longer serves up rare diversions all night. A few clubs and flamboyant saloons offer, once in a while, a sharp-tongued comic who thrusts and strikes (often in rhymed couplets) where white comics fear to look. But gone are the sweet-potato men and the fried-fish and sausage crones, the vendors of peanuts and barbecues—Les Halles of Harlem. Their function has been taken by listless little fish-and-chip joints. The great, irreparable blow to the generation who went to Harlem to learn jazz, drinking, and Life is the loss of the Savoy Ballroom. When it was razed in 1958, Harlem became Rome without a Colosseum.

Still left from the fruitier days is the Apollo Theater, the only continuous vaudeville house in New York City. Its programs recently have been featuring "rhythm and blues" (the hymn-cum-hillbilly-cum-blues combination which seeped out of Harlem to become "rock 'n' roll"). The Apollo's ultra-specialty is amateur night every Wednesday. After the regular show, a new master of ceremonies comes out and sweetens the crowd with a few jokes about pawn tickets, toilets, beds, and Faubus and then launches the amateurs—from New Jersey, the Bronx, Louisiana, Massachusetts, and Tennessee. Most of them assiduously imitate current styles: 1958-59, for instance, was the time of the male quartet moaning behind one separate voice of treacle. Some wore imaginatively lustrous hair styles, some wound up their songs in thin falsettos, and others swooped to Russian basso range, but the stiff gestures, the lugubrious, rubbery melodies, and the hiccup break in the vowels were omnipresent.

Then there are variations on an old, sad theme —the entertainer who fancies himself before an immense admiring audience of rich, beautiful, sensitive people. But instead the singer's voice dries into splinters and the dancer tightens into marionette angles; the trained dog refuses the hoop and its stout, blonde trainer desperately floats à la Duncan across the stage, then twists her unwilling body into bumps and grinds. The audience responds with brutal jeers and whistles. The performers are helped off, by a clowning hook-wielder, "Big Adam," an attenuated length of a man who sometimes exterminates contestants by firing a cap pistol at them; his executioner's costume is a union suit. Thus, the lusty spirit of the old days still echoes on 125th Street.

Despite shifts of population encouraged by housing projects in Harlem, and the opening of other living areas to Negroes, two solid institutions still function as unifying cores of the community. The Harlem Branch of the YMCA is alive with athletics (including judo and tumbling), arts and crafts classes, amateur theatricals, camp programs, and good concerts. And the Countee Cullen Branch of the New York Public Library remains unique.

Kate Simon moved to Avenue C, New York City, from Warsaw, Poland, as a child. Since then, her travels and sojournings in the city have been a rich preparation for this article and for her uncommon guidebook, "New York: Places and Pleasures," which has been a constant seller since its publication by Meridian Books last summer.

Thirty or so years ago, when the American Negro was discovering his cultural roots, writing his own poetry, and examining blues and spirituals as indigenous sources of American music, the Countee Cullen Branch was the agora of Harlem; here much of the excitement of discovery and assertion went on. Named for the Negro poet, this library houses the Schomburg Collection of Negro Literature and History. Among its treasures is a volume of verse in Latin, written by a Negro and published in Granada in 1573; a history of ancient Spain and Africa published in 1614; a remarkable picture file and various African grammars; old playbills, pamphlets, and an impressive file of American Negro newspapers dating from 1827. The branch library proper (in an adjacent building) has meeting rooms and an art gallery where the work of Negro artists is shown. Library-sponsored activities include drama groups, artists' and writers' workshops, story programs, and concerts. Library rooms are used for meetings of local medical associations, symposiums on the work of Negro architects, and Phi Beta Kappa scholarship examinations. Yet at the Countee Cullen Branch today the shouting has died down, the ferment no longer boils. It is more like an abandoned bluestocking, waiting for another generation of excited intellectuals.



CARIBBEAN RIVALRY

SCATTERED through Harlem (and once envied and scorned by the native Negroes) are groups from the Caribbean islands, Negroes from the British and French West Indies. Like the Jewish and Italian immigrants, they used to send much of their earnings back to their families in the islands. Unlike other immigrants, many left their children on the islands until they were grown up and the parents had established steady jobs or small businesses. They could then afford higher education for their children, many of whom entered professions. The envy this stimulated, plus a xenophobic scorn of the British speech, the good West Indian manners, and, especially, the thrift, were expressed in epithets like "monkey" and "Jews of Harlem." In turn the West Indians practiced some discrimination in their own group. Trinidadians, for instance, wouldn't join in Barbadian civic enterprises and vice versa; the French-speaking people were the most isolated of all, cloaked in the superiority of "French culture."

Although not altogether gone, much of the name-calling has been stopped by hopes of desegregation. Harlem's West Indian flavor breaks out publicly only during the carnival season (between January and March) when Calypso contests are held on weekends in local halls, and on Labor Day when the annual West Indies Day Parade turns Harlem into Port of Spain, replete with steel bands, brilliant costumes, ebullient rhythms, and local politicians.

Spanish Harlem is a world in itself. It is at its best on a Saturday in late spring or early summer, when life is lived almost entirely out of doors from early morning to late into the night. The big central market is most brilliant at noon on Saturday (and the pickpockets are busiest). The stoops on the side streets are crowded with young people free from work and school, forming impromptu ensembles of voices, guitars, and drums, singing plaintive Mexican melodies to underlying Afro-Cuban rhythms. On a fair evening 110th Street, between Madison and Fifth Avenues, brings its kitchen tables out into the street for checker playing and beer drinking, recreating the plaza left behind in the islands. Later, most of the people on the block, some of them strumming guitars and softly pounding small drums, make their way to Central Park and, from rowboats on a small lake, send the music across the water and back into the streets.

When the park closes, the parade returns and the party continues outside the houses. But 111th Street is not welcome to the party; 110th, which considers itself a respectable old settlement, has fear and contempt for the disordered, reckless village of the next block, accusing it of a magnificent list of vices, and judging from newspaper stories and local gossip, with some justice.

The whole of Spanish Harlem has a homogeneity of language and poverty: nondescript little bars and shops with dingy windows, tenements of dusty gray or red brick, and tall housing blocks are flanked by vast gaping holes waiting for more projects. Among the depressed bars, and almost as numerous, are the store-front churches which spring up and disappear with ephemeral speed. There are increasing numbers of Pentecostal churches, possibly because the religious experience they offer has a simple immediacy. Others with sonorous, improbable names are private enterprises run by itinerant preachers who stir up a small blaze of faith and revenue and, when these sputter out, disappear for a while to try elsewhere. The churches and names have one characteristic in common: like the homemade, improvised dresses of the local women, they are of poor materials, poorly put together, but confidently over-decorated.

On the main avenues also are shoddy little luncheonettes steaming in the heavy oil used for making the various *pasteles* (bits of varied stuffings in batter and deep-fried) which are the hot dogs and hamburgers of this area.

The dour atmosphere is relieved by the nostalgic hyperbole of shop names: La Virgen del Carmen, La Vista Alegre, La Flor de Mayo, La Casa del Oro trumpet above nondescript wares in musty windows. A rather special sort of shop is the ubiquitous *"botanica."* Windows and front shelves display saints' figures in cake-icing pinks and blues, and chromos in more blatant colors. These objects are also sold by beauty parlors, general stores (which live on the lay-away plan), radio repair shops, and photographers. However, the *botanica* stocks such supplementary merchandise as hair oils and perfumes, school supplies, roach and bedbug powder.

There are peripheral items, though. The heart of the *botanica* is a collection of materials for do-it-yourself minor magic; some are linked with sect rituals, others are just desperate little instruments of superstitious self-help. Large canisters stand filled with vividly colored incense powders; small candles echo the colors of various saints' mantles. Very large candles in glass containers are layered in the colors of the seven blessings—health, love, money, etc.—or of seven "African powers." Some are monochrome, dedicated to one concentrated effort: a candle for making money bears a huge dollar sign, the death-to-an-enemy candle shows a skull and bones. The myriad small containers ranged in rows on shelves hold incenses for uncrossing bad luck, relieving jinxes, and inducing good luck. Powders are named "black art," "dominating powder," and "graveyard powder" and the more gently-purposed perfumes are used to weaken a rival in love, to obviate envy, to avert the stings of hate. There are, also, herbs used in baths, bath oils named for saints and saint-named bath waters, and the very popular "bush-bath mixture" which is apparently efficacious in a general way, like two or three stiff drinks. Harlem's



longing for magic fulfillment, like voodoo, grasps at anything that might prove even remotely beneficial; one finds dream books, occult interpretations of the Laws of Moses, fortune-telling cards, and amulets.

As in the Caribbean islands, the central market (under the tracks of the New York Central as it emerges from the depths of the city) is trading center and gossip fount. The market stalls spill over with plantains, cowpeas, dasheen, cassava root, stalks of sugar cane to chew, stiff slabs of dried cod, and strings of Spanish sausage. The shopping stalls are separated by little eating stands which serve *comidas criollas,* radios roar mambos and merengues, laughing customers haggle with vigor, vendors shout their bargains, babies cry. Color vibrates off the fruit and the women's pink rayon skirts and the explosive hues of kerchiefs.

On one side of the market are the clothing departments: here hang inexpensive work pants, corsets, children's dresses, and long woolen underwear in season. The owners of these stalls are mainly Yiddish-speaking Jews who can address their customers in Spanish, Italian, or English. One who has the pallid bespectacled face and bent back of the Talmudic scholar spends every spare moment reading Hebrew books and Yiddish periodicals. When he sees a customer, he puts down his tome and says with Castilian grace, *"Muy buenos días, señorita. Puedo servirle?"*

The overflow from the market spills over onto surrounding streets in a disordered flood of wrinkled remnants, plantains, lotions, avocados, brushes, and cans of chiles. A large, lifelike painting of a pig announces a roast pork shop from which people emerge nibbling on bits of crackling, sold here in sizable sheets. Puerto Rican rhythms blare out from insistent radios; yards of shiny oilcloth and radiant ruffled petticoats billow out, shining pots and pans sprawl on stands; cheap toys and red bottles of hot sauce glow in strong primary colors.

POLITICS IN BABEL

AT Fifth Avenue, one of the rough boundaries between Spanish and Negro Harlem, one begins to hear English and, suddenly, it seems startlingly foreign. To the east of Fifth, Spanish is the tongue in which women gossip, men argue over their drinks, and children shout as they pour out of school. With *"beisbol"* bats in their hands, striving for *"hon rones,"* they play American games in Spanish. Legal and medical problems are taken to *abogados, dentistas,* and *medicos;* prescriptions are filled by *farmacias Latinas,* and the dead are buried from *funerarias.* The Spanish heard here bears only a root resemblance to that of Spain or Berlitz: Puerto Ricans apparently hate the sound of "s" and eliminate it almost entirely; they are impatient of long words and superfluous syllables; their sentences have a reckless clatter. They have a casual disdain for spelling: *negocios* is spelt with a fanciful play on the positions and numbers of "c" and "s," and a litter of assorted stock can be announced as a "sale" or "sail." Sometimes English and Spanish are welded into a purist's horror, such as *"Hacemos deliveres,"* which may foreshadow a new dialect or possibly another language, like Creole.

For a short distance east of its great market, Harlem remains Latin American and then a pizzeria appears, still flanked by Spanish record shops and guitar menders. These gradually give way to a large old Italian musical instrument shop, to *pasta* and *Orzata,* to the La Guardia social center, and to confectioners who still mold *gelati* and *panetone* and anise-laden cookies. These are vestiges of the Italian Harlem which is being engulfed by the Puerto Ricans.

However, Italian Harlem still wields considerable political and economic power, with the traditional Italo-Tammany leadership not yet seriously threatened by tentative Puerto Rican opposition. For the Puerto Ricans are still too bewildered and beset by the immediate problems of discrimination and poverty to think of political action. This attitude may have been much altered by a recent hospital strike (many of the participants were Puerto Ricans) which was an imposing lesson in concerted action. But as yet no hero of the people—the strong demigod of the classic Latin American mold—has emerged to lead the way through politics to the spoils.

Negro Harlem has for a number of years had its messiah, Congressman and Reverend Adam Clayton Powell. But its political evolution is reaching a more sophisticated level, beyond blind faith. Powell's political maneuvers—which have, in late years, thrust in seemingly disparate directions—are being coolly examined and criticized by more and more Negroes with a growing sense of power as individuals and as a group, ready to play a significant part in the city's business. And as they move ahead, they will inevitably pull along with them toward first-class citizenship the less confident Puerto Ricans, diminishing that community's separateness. Harlem may then become less exotic, but more habitable.

GLENWAY WESCOTT

ISAK DINESEN tells a tale

An aging baroness—fragile, intrepid, and charming—is reviving the ancient art of storytelling in the conviction that she is "fulfilling the will of God."

BARONESS BLIXEN, the Danish story-writer and memoirist who writes in English under the name of Isak Dinesen, came to New York and Washington and Boston last winter, not just to be lionized, and not to lecture in the ordinary way. She somewhat specializes in word-of-mouth narration; and her purpose here was to tell stories to various audiences. She was not able to go on to Wisconsin and California as she had hoped.

She is aged and in delicate health; so slight a figure that, when she walks, someone's strong arm is required to steady her and hold her up. If you have assumed this responsibility and you relax it for a moment, she is liable to sink to the floor; however, her fall is like a feather's and she never complains of it. She has intrepidity and exquisite energy.

She bears a resemblance to Queen Elizabeth, the Shakespearian or Elizabethan Elizabeth. She has that same shell-like, almost skull-like brow and interrogative eyebrows and an aquiline nose. But this Danish noblewoman's hair is of sable; and her eyes are dark, with diamond amid their darkness; they flash, they sparkle, they brood, they caress.

Europeans of late have been anxious to be or to seem like us; not Baroness Blixen! She is rather a story-book foreigner, despite her mastery of our language both conversational and literary. New Yorkers were charmed by her exceptional, fanciful ways; for example, her eating and drinking. The word went around, specifying what she liked, the same minimal if not simple fare at each meal: half-a-dozen oysters, a few grapes, and a split of champagne. Later, she found out how coercively beneficial this country is. Unfair clubwomen in Boston having imposed on her more engagements than she had agreed to, she had to be put in bed in a hospital for ten days, where the doctors decided that the champagne was counter-indicated and prescribed milk instead.

As an honorary member of the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, she attended the annual meeting of the Institute, and there gave what, I suppose, you would call a lecture. It expounded the custom and function of having a motto or successive mottoes to point the way in one's life, instancing those she has made use of herself. When she was a venturesome girl, cramped in small Denmark, she chose a Latin motto: *Navigare necesse est, vivere non est,* which I translate freely: "To set sail somewhere is more important than life itself." This accorded with her emigration to East Africa in 1914, where she owned and operated a coffee plantation near Nairobi until 1931. Her most recent motto is tripartite and lapidary, the inscription on an English castle: over the first gate, "Be bold," and over the second gate, "Be bold," and over the third gate, "Be not *too* bold." This perhaps covers her exploit of traversing the Atlantic so late in life; a calculated risk, with self-knowledge and with safeguards.

Her principal storytelling in New York was done at the Poetry Center of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, which has become the chief platform in the world for poets and poetical prose writers. As she came on stage there, walking very slowly on the arm of a young staff poet, then pausing and turning and, by way of salute

to the maximum audience including standees, outstretching her fine-boned arm in a gesture of some singularity, as of a hunter beckoning with a riding crop, or a sorcerer with a wand. We all spontaneously stood up and acclaimed her.

As soon as we kept quiet she established herself in an important straight chair, spotlighted, and after catching her breath in physical weariness for a moment and gazing around the auditorium with a royal gaze, a gypsy gaze, began the evening's narration. She has an ideal voice for the purpose, strong, though with a kind of wraithlike transparency, which she is able to imbue with emotions, but only narrative emotions. She rarely indulges in mellifluousness in the way of poets; neither does she do much Thespian mimicking.

The basic sound of storytelling is very different from that of poetry or drama; I think you would notice this even if you didn't understand a word. Dramatic art wants to differentiate everything, for the confrontation of characters and their impact upon one another and what results from this in subsequent scenes. Whereas the true narrative feeling, as a rule, unifies. The narrator's enthusiasm about his subject matter and fondness for his heroes and heroines, even for his villains and villainesses, somewhat predominates over their various states of mind and changes of emotion.

What especially colors Isak Dinesen's voice, what gives it overtone and urgency, is remembrance or reminiscence. Seeming to feel its way with soft strong tone, sometimes almost faltering, shifting its direction as power of evocation sways it; not perturbed by her listeners, perhaps helped by them, she seems to be re-experiencing what she has to tell, or if it is fable or fantasy, re-dreaming it. She never gives an impression of having memorized a text and recalling the sentences and paragraphs. When I had heard her tell a given story a second or third time, it astonished me to realize that it had been verbatim, or nearly so.

"The King's Letter," her *pièce de résistance* on three evenings at the Poetry Center, requires almost three-quarters of an hour to tell. It comprises a set of happenings that, for some reason, she did not find place for in *Out of Africa*. That volume, her second in order of publication, is an account of her long expatriation in Kenya Colony: the landscape and famous fauna and the friendships that flourish exceptionally when one is living in a foreign land, and, in greatest detail, her love and understanding of the Africans; and it is a masterpiece. Reading it, especially nowadays, is like a medicine, alleviating some of the fever of our minds due to our awareness of the rebellion of the colored races against the white race everywhere in the world. Also, as it is ravishingly written, it is like a love potion, strengthening us in our enthusiasm about our own life, wherever it may be. Only that one work of Isak Dinesen's is truthful; I mean factual. *Seven Gothic Tales*, her first publication, and the succeeding volumes, are pure fiction, harking back to the epics and the sagas as they developed piece by piece, before they were ever written down.

OF COURSE Isak Dinesen must be aware of the strangeness and indeed sophistication of her practicing for world-wide book readers so primitive a type of fiction—intended to amuse, to amaze, and to allure the imagination—and she may feel supported by certain tenets of the ancients applicable to it. Aristotle said: "Impossibilities are justified if they serve the purpose of the poetry." Longinus said: "The effect of genius is not to persuade or to convince but rather to transport the audience out of its usual frame of mind." Of course both these philosophers were referring to dramatic poetry; and Isak Dinesen's narrative often leans in that direction, and beckons (I should think) to the future dramatist or scenario writer.

In *Last Tales*, an old prince of the Church, Cardinal Salviati, expounds an aesthetic of the storyteller's story, which differs fundamentally from the more modern artistry of the novelist. One of his great lady penitents, sensing underneath his wisdom and humaneness something more than the usual vocational experience, asks, "Who are you?" In reply, he informs her of the mystery of his birth, one of a pair of twins; no knowing which one. He cannot really identify himself, he tells her, except by what he has done, and what has been done to him.

In the modern novel the most important thing is individuality; therefore it has to be, above all, explanatory and intimate. The question it asks as a rule is not *who* but what—what is he or she? what are you, the reader? or indeed, as it is often a subterfuge for autobiography, what

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am I? It is portraiture or self-portraiture, stepping from the frame only enough to demonstrate itself in action, or to teach a lesson, or to make a point.

Whereas to the storyteller the events come first. Particularity of the personages involved comes second, as their activity depicts it, as destiny has brought it about. In the first book of the Bible, "Genesis"—which, as Cardinal Salviati points out, is a story, not a novel—humanity does not even appear until the sixth day. "By that time they were bound to come, for, where the story is, the characters will gather."

Sometimes Isak Dinesen borrows or (I suppose one should say) inherits types of humanity from the old collective family tree of Western civilization, such as Scheherazade, Prospero and Ariel, the Wandering Jew, the Barber of Seville, Philippe-Egalité, Stefan George. "The Wine of the Tetrarch," a tale with which she often regaled her American listeners—it has been available to readers for years, as a sub-narration in the first story in her first book—is a bringing together of the Apostle Paul and the man Barabbas, in whose stead and upon whose cross Christ was crucified. It stirringly expresses the anguished vacuity of the pagan spirit in which Christianity, that most effective amalgam of ethics and superstition, first took place and took hold.

Another little story of the Near Eastern past, "Alexander and the Sibyl," which she told as a guest on someone's television program, happens never to have been published; and the editors of *Harper's Magazine* persuaded her to write it down, as a sample of her narrative technique in one of its oldest modes and in very small format, without characterization or description or explanation, as follows:

Alexander and the Sibyl

BY ISAK DINESEN

WHEN, two thousand three hundred years ago, King Alexander the Great, returning from his long row of victories in Persia and India, for a while took up residence in Babylon, his generals came up to him and told him that there lived in this city a rare and powerful sibyl or sorceress. She was remarkable first of all by the fact that, while other sorceresses and witches are old and skinny, she was young and beautiful to look at, her body being so slim and supple that it looked like a length of the body of a large python. But furthermore the young woman of Babylon possessed the gift of seeing the future before her as clearly as other people the present hour, and she would tell any man his future without fault.

The King answered that he had no wish to have his fortune told, for his fortune he was going to shape for himself with his own sword. But he was curious to know in what way such people as had no sword might acquire knowledge of the unborn years, and he told his officers to have the sibyl sent for.

She was brought before him in a palanquin, all swathed in dark purple veils, and she gazed at the young King with two deep abysses of eyes. When he told her what he wanted of her, she sat for a long time in silence. In the end she spoke.

She would, she told the King, consent to reveal the secret of her art to him, because he was Alexander the Great. But before they began talking together, he must have his casket of precious stones, collected all over the world, fetched and set by her, in order that before giving away to him each separate item of her knowledge she might pick from it one jewel of her choice.

Alexander was himself keen on precious stones and disliked parting with any of his treasures, but he was puzzled by the looks and the voice of this woman, so he had a strong soldier bring up the casket. The sibyl told him to order his officers out of the room, and she and the King were now alone together.

"My art, King Alexander," she said to him, "is in itself simple enough to be practiced by any of you. You will build up a pile of sticks, place your incense on it, and set fire to it with your torch. As then the flames leap out, the smoke rises, and squatting before your pile, you fix your eyes upon the black wreaths of it, within them you will see all happenings of coming years clear as the day. Only each single detail must be performed in the one right and proper way, or the whole undertaking will fail and can never again be attempted by you.

"Also you must give your full attention to my words," she went on, "for I am not allowed to speak any of them twice over."

"I shall give full attention to your words, my fair Babylonian," said the King. "For I mean to undertake the experiment."

"Do you then, first of all," she asked him, "want to learn with what wood to build the pile?"

"I want to learn," he answered.

The young woman then picked up a big topaz, clear as the sunset, from the treasure box, laid it in her lap between the folds of her dark veil, and gave the King the names of aloe, olive, oleander, and baobab tree.

"Do you ask me," she said, "to go on, and to show you in what pattern to lay your sticks of wood? If so, I shall draw up the design on the floor. Brand it well into your brain, King, for there must be no mistakes about the lines or the angles of it."

"I shall brand your pattern into my brain," said the King, "even if, to do so, I have to wipe out some of the lines and angles imprinted there by my good teacher Aristoteles."

The sibyl gazed at the jewels, took out a sapphire, blue as the waves of the Mediterranean upon which Alexander had sailed as a child, and laid it in her lap with the topaz. Then very slowly and carefully with her wand she drew up a diagram on the marble floor.

"And do you ask me to tell you," she continued, "what species of incense to lay upon the pile?"

"I ask you to tell me," said the King. "You smell sweetly yourself. I shall remember you when I make use of them."

With her slim, pointed fingers she lifted from the box a ruby, clear and pure as a drop of a child's blood, and named to him the incenses of musk, sandalwood, and ambergris.

Again she asked him: "Do you wish to learn what words to speak as you hold your torch to the pile?"

"I do," said the King. "Teach me. For I certainly mean to undertake the experiment."

"If you want me to teach you, mighty King," the sibyl said, "you will first have to make your soldier fetch up that large and unique emerald which, before you told him to bring the casket, you ordered him to take out of it."

Alexander bit his lip, for he had meant to give the emerald to the dancer Thaïs of Corinth. But he could not at this moment give up the matter, so in the end he laughed and gave orders to have the emerald brought. The sorceress collected it with her other stones in the layers of her veil. Then she informed him that at the moment of lighting the fire he must speak out the names of his mother, grandmother, and his great-grandmother.

The King was here keeping his eyes on the sibyl's lips, but she lifted up her finger, pressed it against them, and for a minute spoke not a word.

"Now, King Alexander," she said at last, "I come to the very core and essence of my art. For that I shall claim no payment, since it is in itself too precious to be paid for, and is indeed a matter of life and death. Tell me, King, whether you will hear what I have got to say."

"I want to hear," said the King. "Since I was a small child, each day has been to me a matter of life and death, and I have never wanted it to be otherwise. And I wish to undertake the experiment."

The young sibyl moved her body in the chair as if in severe pain. She had to begin her next sentence twice.

"At the moment," she said slowly, in a new, very clear voice, "when your fire takes hold, and you gaze into the black smoke of it, you must not think of the left eye of a camel. To think of his right eye is dangerous enough, and a grave risk. But to think of his left eye is perdition."

"I shall not undertake the experiment," said King Alexander.

NOW the meaning of this, I suppose, is that some knowledgeable persons have knowledge for sale; kings have the wherewithal to buy it; and the better part of any such bargain is the positive part: ingredients, arrangements, and matters of invocation and enumeration. The hard part (which indeed may prove impossible) is to non-know, non-think, non-remember. For the mind, except in cases of abnormality or of long occult exercise, is irresistible to itself, uninhibitable by itself. It is useless to be reminded *not* to think of a thing. The reminder itself is a thought. We humans are all zombis, in a sense; that is, we are inhabited by a kind of superhumanity, if not divinity: a part of our being superior to the whole, a part not controllable by the whole.

There is sententiousness more functional than this in many of Isak Dinesen's tales; and some strange and disorderly aphorisms. Remember that she is Kierkegaard's compatriot as well as Hans Christian Andersen's. But most of it is fictitious; not opinionated. Neither in the aggregate nor in separate flashes of suggestive intelligence does it constitute one of those systems of thought that authors develop for themselves, and lend to all the population of their books at once. She is not proposing a philosophy, only letting her personages philosophize, each according to his nature.

Often she composes a double or triple fabric

narrative within narrative, and narrations about narrators. One of her storytellers, who has earned her living in this way for two hundred years, ancient and black-veiled and mumble-voiced, says, "Where the storyteller is loyal, eternally and unswervingly loyal to the story, there, in the end, silence will speak."

Indeed, if we examine the production of most fiction writers, we find that their message of greatest consequence, greatest originality, is something that they seem not to have known when they took pen in hand. They learn from their material as the work progresses, from the phantoms of memory and from the powers and accidents of the art.

One great charm and strangeness of Isak Dinesen's work as a whole—amid so much other world literature of today that is desperate, whining, punitive—is her having almost entirely silenced in it any personal misfortune or depressed state of her own mind.

"All sorrows can be borne if you put them into a story or tell a story about them," she has written. Yes, yes, if your concept of the story form and narrative style is classic, stoic, non-neurotic. Her narrative mood, overall—or do I mean mode?—is characterized by bravery, sweetness, enjoyment, even when it has reference to tragic matters.

Some time ago, at home in Denmark, she expressed her appreciation of having had an unusually happy life; and an interviewer asked her to explain it; wherein lay the happiness? Her explanation was that all her senses have been very acute and healthy—sight, hearing, taste, and smell. "I have never met anyone who could see as well as I could," she said.

Rungstedlund, her house in Denmark, was an inn in the eighteenth century, and the important poet, Johannes Ewald—who wrote the Danish national anthem—lived there at the end of his life, when he had broken almost every bone in his body falling from horseback. According to someone she talked to recently, the lady of Rungstedlund has seen his ghost, or perhaps only heard his ghostly step; and she has put him in a story, in mid-nocturnal conversation with Christian VII, King of Denmark at the time.

According to history books that king seems to have been, on the whole, insane; and Ewald was wild and unfortunate. But Isak Dinesen pitches their talk in a lull of their two minds, complementing each other serenely enough. One subject of their conversation, proposed by the King, is the idea that there is, or can be, perfect happiness on earth.

The poet agrees, and specifies that in his opinion there are three kinds of perfect happiness: (1) to feel in oneself an excess of strength, (2) to have been in pain, and to have it cease, (3) to know for certain that you are fulfilling the will of God.

It has occurred to me that these three happinesses, diffused of course in every existence, appertain especially, respectively, to three classifications of persons: the very young; those in the shadow of death; and creators of literature and the arts. It is the young who are most often excessively strong; and, oh, great analgesia must be the only consolation for having to depart from the wondrous world and our beloved fellow men; and, with due deference to saints and scientists, I think that creative men are most apt to feel sure that they are doing what they were created to do.

ISAK DINESEN surely has known this third happiness to her heart's content. She has given us to understand that it has not all been simply euphoric and voluntary. One night last spring, just before her return to Denmark, dining at a friend's apartment with the poetess, Marianne Moore, she told a sort of fable of her own life, a fable with a moral or maxim. By that time her fond Americans really had tired her out. In diaphanous black, her physical being made one think of a fever-wasted child; but her eyes were as lively as the diamonds in her ears. She really did no more than haunt the dinner table: only one oyster, perhaps three grapes; but later, in the softest corner of the room, amid cushions, she sat up as straight as though she were enthroned on stage at the Poetry Center.

Her mingling of formality and ease, intimacy and sense of performance, is characteristic and memorable. Facing an audience, she simply reminisces, unrestrained and trustful. On the other hand, in familiar circumstances, in private, she gives of herself as generously and intentionally as though she had been paid a great fee. I suppose the writer who scribbles or types or dictates all day long relaxes when the day has ended; a mere everyman among his fellows. Whereas perhaps the storyteller's art is never done. Listening public is much more ubiquitous than reading public.

That night with Marianne Moore, who listens inspiringly, Isak Dinesen told of the time, two or three years ago, when, having had two or three operations on her spine, she couldn't sit up, either to write or to typewrite; the post-operative pain was too grievous. Notwithstand-

ing this, she intensely desired to produce one more book before she died. So she lay flat on the floor and dictated to Clara Svendsen, her secretary, day after day. She had never dictated before, and somehow it differed fundamentally from merely telling the stories; she couldn't get things right. There had to be seven or eight successive versions of some pages. She began to despair. Clara Svendsen urged her to give it up, to wait until her health improved, until the pain abated.

"No, no," the recumbent aged authoress answered, "let us work just one more hour; let us compose just one more page. Of course we shall not get the book done, but we must keep on trying to finish a little more of it."

In due course they did get it done; enough of it to be publishable. It is the volume entitled *Last Tales*. She has published another volume since then.

"It taught me a lesson," she told Marianne Moore and the rest of us. "When you have a great and difficult task, something perhaps almost impossible, if you only work a little at a time, every day a little, *without faith and without hope*"—and she underlined these words with her spooky, strong, but insubstantial voice—"suddenly the work will finish itself."

I do believe that the renunciation of those two glorious helpful virtues, faith and hope, in certain circumstances may be the saving grace. Despairing of what we want to do may help us to do what can be done.

In that conversational story from which I have already quoted, the unruly poet, Johannes Ewald, explained to crazy King Christian that, as our human existence came about by means of the divine creative word, Logos, we ought to translate things and give them back to the creator in our vocabulary, in myth and reminiscence, the abiding forms of our gratitude. Terrible, Ewald said it was, to feel this obligation to Almighty God. "Terrible in its weight and incessancy is the obligation of the acorn to yield Him the oak tree."

Many of Isak Dinesen's protagonists say similar things; it is like the music of Mozart in his operas, which some find undramatic. Upon this point of the fulfillment of fate, she has said, in her own person, in *Out of Africa*, "Pride is the faith in the idea that God had when He made us. A proud man is conscious of the idea and aspires to realize it."

I believe that her aging mind must be all strangely and warmly mingled with that sense of incarnateness.

CARL BINGER

PUELLA ACADEMICA

THE word they use is "Um."
It has become their shibboleth
Like "Sir" for a boarding-school boy.
They say: "Um, I can't seem to get my papers in on time,
Or, Um, I don't do any work at all,
Or, Um, all I do is to waste time,
Or, Um, I don't know whether it's Jim or Joe.
I suppose I'm not in love with either.
If my mother knew, she'd, Um, kill me,
Or, my mother would understand, but my father would have a heart attack.
I guess the only reason I feel guilty is 'cause I don't feel guilty."
Then a voice asks: "Don't you like it here?"
Now the tears trickle down the nose and the answer comes clear.
"Oh, yes," they say with smiling conviction.
"I'd like—Um—to be Aphrodite and Pallas Athene
and Cornelia and Charis and Cleo and Cleopatra
Or even Helen of Troy
But all I am is Sally Jones or Susie Smith from Nashua, New Hampshire."

LOUIS E. LOMAX

Two Millionaires, Two Senators, and a Faubus

the curious constellation of Arkansas politics

The conflicting ambitions of these five men will shape the future of Arkansas politics—and will reach far beyond the borders of their state, since the next campaign there may affect all of us, and may do the country a lot of harm abroad.

THE pivotal probability in the future of Arkansas politics is that Governor Orval Eugene Faubus will try to use the school integration issue as a passport to the United States Senate. If he does, Faubus will challenge either John McClellan, chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Labor-Management Relations, in the coming primary for the 1960 election, or William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in 1962.

The door is not closed to Faubus for a fourth term as governor, but if he chooses this goal, he may clash with a strong newcomer, Winthrop Rockefeller, millionaire chairman of the Arkansas State Industrial Commission. And in any campaign, his power of attack will depend considerably on the backing of another multimillionaire—this one homegrown—Witt Stephens, who runs the Arkansas Louisiana Gas Company and owns a lordly share of the state's financial, utility, and industrial enterprise.

If Faubus gambles for the Senate, the racist fight at Little Rock could spill over the borders of Arkansas more than it already has and, in its effect on all of our lives, make the future of Arkansas politics a matter of national and even international concern. Both Senators McClellan and Fulbright are segregationists, though they have not distinguished themselves as such; their campaigns, while speckled by the racism that pervades Southern politics, have not focused mainly on the race issue. McClellan and Fulbright would prefer to continue this record of relative moderation, but rather than retire before Faubus—as the late Walter George of Georgia did before Herman Talmadge, and for the same reason—both incumbents are girding for a bitter fight in which school integration may well be the central battleground.

McClellan and Fulbright, as members of the team of experienced Southern Congressmen with seniority, can help in holding back civil-rights legislation. It would appear, then, that Arkansas would be eager to keep these nationally known men in the Senate. However, things simply are not that way: the truth is—as aides to both McClellan and Fulbright admitted to me late last summer—Faubus could have defeated either incumbent if the election had been held at that time.

Of course, a lot can happen between even this writing and late April when Faubus must declare his future political plans, but as long as he keeps control of his state machine it is most likely that

he will try to shape future events to forward his Senatorial ambitions. Nevertheless, his present political ground is uncertain. To assess his chances—and the future of Arkansas politics—one must retrace the career that has made him at the age of fifty a most unfortunate symbol throughout the U. S. A.—and beyond.

TO THE BRINK OF POWER

MAJOR FAUBUS came home from World War II brandishing a chestful of medals and went about the streets of Huntsville shaking hands with the people and telling about the Rhine and the Marne crossings, "where your humble servant was under fire for three hundred days."

Well forward in this emerging public image was the poor hill-boy who "axed alongside" his father behind their clapboard home at Greasy Creek in the Ozarks, cutting hickory staves for sale to the local lumber mill; the backwoods student in the Combs elementary school which "kept" about four months a year; the scholar who "teachered" his way through Huntsville high school in his twenties by presiding over the third-grade class at the Ball Creek grammar school until the term "petered out" and then went over to Huntsville high for the second semester; the fruit-tramp and lumberjack; the ambitious public servant who lost his first try for political office but avenged that defeat two years later in 1938 by gathering with fellow citizens around the cuspidors of the Madison County court house and persuading his way into the county recorder's job by 208 votes.

And when World War II came, Faubus was the man who, although given the 3-A classification due public officials, "beseeched" the draft board to reconsider; who, while serving five years in the Army, distinguished Madison County by becoming a first lieutenant after only two years and acting as flank scout for the Thirty-fifth Infantry and as combat liaison officer for the Fourth Armored Division during the crossing of the Marne and the Rhine; the man who kept the people of Madison County abreast of the war with a weekly letter in the *Madison County Record;* the man who, like Lincoln—according to Faubus, at least, Lincoln was this way—believed "the wit of man cannot devise a more solid base for a free, durable, and well-administered republic than the self-governing township, county, and state."

Charles Morrow Wilson, the Arkansas biographer of Faubus to whom I am deeply indebted, says that the day after Faubus came home "the local political bosses decided to set up this war hero and self-styled Abe Lincoln as postmaster before he tried something real wild—like running for Congress." Four days after he returned home, Major Faubus was named postmaster of Huntsville.

With his first six months' salary, Faubus bought the *Madison County Record.* His editorials extolling the virtues of St. Paul, Lincoln, Jefferson, schools, hospitals, and especially highways apparently convinced liberal-reform Governor Sid McMath that Orval Faubus was just the man to do something about the state highway program and, at the same time, win McMath third-term political support among voters in northwestern Arkansas.

As highway commissioner, Faubus uttered well-publicized, and often successful, pleas for more and better highways; at the same time he etched out the image of himself as an "unpaid, non-political" public servant who had "bread and board" only because his wife took over as acting postmistress of Huntsville. Within a year, however, Faubus was on the state payroll as McMath's $5,000 a year administrative aide and was charged with "working" the country vote during the 1952 elections. McMath lost his bid for a third term (he blames Faubus for the defeat) but Faubus returned to his home county in glory.

Two years later, Francis Cherry, McMath's successor, announced for a second term. To the consternation of everybody, Faubus announced against him. Cherry won the primary but failed to get the majority required by the state constitution and was thus forced into a runoff with Faubus. No one gave Faubus a chance in the fall of 1954 against the aristocratic Cherry. Most of the political bosses were against him; he had conducted an impecunious primary campaign, speaking "wherever there was a stump and three listeners." Both candidates soft-pedaled the segregation issue—perhaps under pressure by the liberal Arkansas *Gazette,* perhaps through uncertainty about its possible effect.

Yet, despite odds, Orval Faubus was on the

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brink of long-sought power. To understand why, we must consider the role of Witt Stephens, an Arkansan capitalist little known even now outside the state except in financial circles. For the unrelated dreams of Faubus and Stephens fused to make Faubus a governor and Stephens a multimillionaire.

THE PERSUADING MONEY

WITT STEPHENS is a fifty-two-year-old Arkansan who began as a door-to-door salesman and has amassed a $20-million fortune through a series of deals that make most present-day Wall Street financiers look like little boys playing store.

Stephens made his first major impact on Arkansas finance in 1945 when he mustered $150,000 for a down payment and bought the Fort Smith Gas Corporation, which serves the state's second largest city. But Fort Smith was only one of Stephens' interests; he was, and still is, the most prosperous bond dealer in Arkansas. Unlike most states, Arkansas does not require sealed bids for municipal and school-bond issues. Rather, the school board or other agency floating a bond issue signs a pre-sale agreement with a bond dealer who, for a fee, handles the bonds. This arrangement naturally pays off best for a dealer with a wide political acquaintance, and Witt Stephens is said to have been acquainted with just about every major state politician of the past fifteen years, including Orval Faubus.

Stephens refuses to confirm or deny published reports that he bore the lion's share of Governor Sid McMath's campaign expenses in 1948, or that he got the lion's share of the bond contracts that issued from McMath's first act as governor, the authorization of an $80-million highway program.

A rival bond dealer put it this way to a *Fortune* reporter: "Now, when Witt went after a bond contract from some little country school board, I can't say he promised them anything or that he didn't give them as good a deal as the rest of us would have. And he's a hell of a salesman. But school boards were as interested in getting paved roads as anybody else, so why shouldn't they give the contract to a fellow like Witt, who supposedly has the governor practically in his hip pocket?"*

Stephens is equally mute about fund-raising activities for Francis Cherry, the man who defeated McMath in 1952, but they were friends during Cherry's term of office. Shortly after Cherry became governor, Stephens moved to buy the Arkansas-Oklahoma Gas Company, producers of about 97 per cent of the gas distributed by Stephens' own Fort Smith Gas Corporation. Arkansas-Oklahoma was an integrated utility (it produced, transmitted, and sold gas) and as such was limited by state law to realizing only the actual production cost of its gas plus a 6 per cent return on the depreciated cost of all its properties, the gas wells included. Stephens proposed, however, that Fort Smith buy Arkansas-Oklahoma's *transmission* facilities and that Stephens Productions—that is to say Witt Stephens and his brother, Jack—buy Arkansas-Oklahoma's production facilities. Once the deal was consummated, Stephens went before the Arkansas State Public Service Commission and argued that since Stephens Productions was not an integrated utility it could sell its gas to Fort Smith at any price it chose. Further, Stephens concluded, Fort Smith was entitled to a fair profit and must therefore pass the increased cost on to the consumers.

The price increase was allowed, but under conditions that prompted William Berry, a former member of the Public Service Commission, to comment: "Official sanction of [Stephens'] business deals seems to have come easy. Whatever scruples he may entertain about using agencies of the government to support his personal objectives is something no man can answer except Witt Stephens."

The Arkansas-Oklahoma purchase was consummated early in 1954 and it was a much more confident Stephens who, a few months later, set in motion another extraordinary utilities deal. And it was during this same time that incumbent Governor Francis Cherry found himself in a runoff with Orval Faubus.

In Arkansas, as elsewhere, wealthy men who are apt to do business with the state or with the state's approval often make contributions to the campaigns of both contestants in a runoff. In the 1954 runoff, "They throwed corn to both hawgs," Faubus told Charles Morrow Wilson. This gave candidate Faubus a good deal of persuading money.

The business money turned the tide and late in the campaign word drifted back to Cherry's headquarters that Faubus was running strong. The Cherry forces panicked and made a grievous blunder.

They unearthed records showing that in 1935 Faubus was enrolled at Commonwealth College, in Mena, Arkansas, which was later cited

*See Spencer Klaw's article on Witt Stephens in *Fortune,* May 1959.

as a Communist enterprise by the Attorney General and the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

At a press conference on July 31, 1954, Faubus said blandly:

"They are saying I was either a faculty member or student at Commonwealth College. This is not true. I have never been a student or faculty member at the school and have never attended a class there."

Cherry promptly appeared on television and presented the Commonwealth record. Caught flat-footed, Faubus replied that he did go to the school for a few days but once he realized what the school was about he left without attending classes. I have seen copies of the *Commonwealth College Fortnightly* which show that Faubus was at the school long enough in the spring of 1935 to become president of the student body and a delegate to the All-Southern Conference for Civil and Trade Union Rights in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

But in 1954, the nation was recoiling from the kind of political attack made notorious by Senator Joseph McCarthy. An Arkansas *Gazette* editorial pointed out that whereas it was obvious Faubus had some prior connection with Commonwealth, there was no evidence that he was or ever had been a Communist. The "exposé" backfired and Cherry found himself charged with witch-hunting.

Partly because of Cherry's misguided campaign, partly because of Faubus' restraint on the race issue, many liberal voters and Negroes fell into the Faubus camp. When the final count was in, Faubus was the victor by 7,000 votes.

As governor, Faubus fulfilled his liberal promise: he named six Negroes to the state central Democratic committee; increased the number of Negro school supervisors, giving Arkansas one of the highest ratios of Negro to white supervisory employees in all Southern school systems; and the University of Arkansas increased its Negro enrollment beyond the point of token integration. Faubus' son became a student at Arkansas Polytechnic, a state-controlled school. This record won Faubus a second-term victory over four opponents, two of whom were violent segregationists. The 1956 campaign, however, was the most expensive Faubus has ever conducted and Spencer Klaw says Witt Stephens contributed substantially to Faubus' campaign and is believed to have organized several "put" sessions (fund-raising meetings where corporation executives and others put their campaign contributions on the table before leaving the hotel room) in Faubus' behalf.

Shortly after Faubus won his first term in office, Stephens bought the Arkansas Louisiana Gas Company. ArkLa at the time was not a promising property.

"We circled that deal like a possum-huntin' dawg," Stephens said, his accent and language—like that often used by Faubus—more mimic than real. "We went right up there among those Wall Street boys right in their *(Continue on page 82)*



"What I can't stand about American policy is this endless, wishy-washy drift, drift, drift. . . . For instance, why doesn't Governor Faubus do *something!"*

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HAVANA

THE CITY

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If Havana has sometimes been compared to Paris, it is perhaps due to the glow of her cosmopolitan life after dusk, her wide tree-lined boulevards, and the love lavished upon her. And if she has been compared to Rome, it is because of her many statues and monuments; her citizens' fondness for fine food, art and music; her gentle climate and happy tempo of life. But like a beautiful woman, she defies real comparison. Havana is Havana and blessedly unique—the city *sui generis.*

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own home town, and got us a deal, and we brought it down here and we made it work."

The deal worked so well, in fact, that ArkLa earnings rose from $1.8 million in 1954 to $7.17 million in 1956. This is why it worked:

Like Arkansas-Oklahoma, ArkLa had been allowed to recover only the actual cost of producing its gas plus a 6 per cent return on the company's investment. Stephens argued that ArkLa should be allowed to charge the same production price as would apply if it were dealing on the open market rather than supplying gas itself for distribution. The Arkansas Public Service Commission saw things Stephens' way and in November 1955 approved his request for a "fair field price." This added $4.3 million a year to the gas bills of the thirty-four big industrial firms that bought 80 per cent of the gas distributed by ArkLa.

The companies protested and in November 1957 (coincidentally, during the first Little Rock integration crisis) their appeal from the Public Service Commission was sustained by the Arkansas State Supreme Court without a dissenting vote.

By this time—to avoid federal scrutiny as a holding company—the Stephens brothers had sold all but 2½ per cent of their holdings in ArkLa, making a $9 million profit on the deal to that point. But they had sold the ArkLa stock to many of their close friends. Thus Witt Stephens felt obliged to enter the battle when the Arkansas Supreme Court struck down the Public Service Commission ruling.

Stephens called on his friend Orval Faubus and in one afternoon (this is the way a prominent Arkansan put it to me) it was arranged for the state legislature to pass a special bill making the fair-field-price method the law of the state. "Stephens mobilized a small army of persuaders," Spencer Klaw says. "Stephens himself worked the phone incessantly, calling legislators, friends of legislators, and friends of their friends." However it was done, within a week after the unfavorable court ruling the Arkansas state legislature—the house by 83 to 7, and the senate by 34 to 1—passed the fair-price measure.

The Arkansas Power and Light Company was hardest hit by Stephens' power play and yet one of its former executives said this:

"Hell, there's no call to get mad at Witt. He hasn't done anything the other utility boys wouldn't have done if they could. Who wants 6 per cent on his investments if he can get 7, 8, 9 per cent?"

Stephens rejects any suggestion that his alliance with Faubus had anything to do with Faubus' decision to call out the National Guard to prevent integration at Little Rock's Central High School.

"Faubus has never mentioned integration or segregation to me," Stephens said. Even so, the interests of the two men were certainly linked. Faubus wanted a third term; Stephens wanted a friend in the governor's mansion. Despite his neutralist disclaimer on the school issue, Stephens has never denied his continuing closeness to Faubus as a friend and politician: Stephens contributed to Faubus' next campaign, in the heat of the school dispute; Orval Faubus and a host of state Democrats traveled to Washington, D. C., for the Democratic party's 1958 fund-raising dinner in a private railroad car provided by Witt and Jack Stephens.

SUPPORT FROM THE NEGROES?

NOW it is 1960, the end-year of Faubus' third term, and he must decide among (1) running for a fourth term as governor, (2) trying now for the Senate against McClellan, (3) becoming a candidate for a lower office where he can bide his time, say the House of Representatives, and (4) retiring from politics altogether.

Orval Faubus wants the security and prestige of the United States Senate. I interviewed about a dozen knowledgeable Arkansans during research for this piece and Faubus' Senatorial ambition is the one thing on which they all agree. The only question is:

When will he make the run for the Senate and against whom?

More than once in the past two years, Faubus promised publicly never to oppose McClellan for the Senate. To keep that promise, and to retain his prominence, Faubus could run for a fourth term as governor and challenge Fulbright in 1962. But time is running against him. McClellan supporters fear Faubus may sense his dwindling popularity as the school crisis eases, and decide to try for the Senate while the emotional tension lasts.

Faubus' strongest allies are the segregationists (mostly white) and his patronage machine—many of them Negroes. This odd situation was brought home to me in a rather shattering fashion during my visit to Arkansas when I heard that several influential members of the Negro community had quietly supported Faubus in 1958 for a third term. Checking the report I discovered not only

that Little Rock's Negro school teachers had in general kept significantly still about the Central High issue but that a number of Negro clergymen had been able to place their wives as public school teachers because they, the clergymen, had either covertly supported Faubus or publicly counseled patience and long suffering on the race issue. I asked one of Faubus' Negro supporters why he was in the Faubus camp and got this reply:

"Well, I'm a preacher and I'm against capital punishment. So is Brother Faubus and that's enough for me."

The impact of integration on the Negro middle class is the great unwritten book of the past decade. And of the cities that have suffered school integration turmoil, Little Rock is the most significant. A cleavage has occurred along economic class lines; the lower-middle-class Negroes insisting on integration, the upper-middle-class Negroes (usually clergymen or teachers with "status") keeping a strangling silence. I say strangling because the Little Rock clergymen and teachers—those who could make the integration push a mass movement rather than a valiant effort by a brave few—have simply refused to enter the fray. Instead, relations among Little Rock's Negro population are so strained that I was able to verify a report that several Negro women are actually keeping count of the new dresses worn by Mrs. Daisy Bates (the NAACP leader), in hopes that she is living beyond her means and is thus misappropriating funds sent to the Little Rock Nine by well-wishers from across the nation and world.

Both segments of Faubus support are vaporous: the segregationists because they shout "amen" to any demagogue; the Negroes because, although they would never say it openly, they think Faubus' acts at Central High are nothing short of murder most foul and they would defect to any candidate without the Faubus stigma who they felt (1) could win and (2) would continue their sojourn at the public trough.

A MOUNTAIN-MOVER FROM THE EAST

ONE certainty is that Faubus must face considerable solid opposition if he runs for political office in 1960. The hard core of this opposition consists of men who feel that Faubus' actions have cost Arkansas millions of dollars by frightening away Northern industry and capital. The chief spokesman for this opposition is Winthrop Rockefeller, brother of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller. He may well be the dark horse in Arkansas' immediate political future.

Winthrop Rockefeller came to Arkansas in 1954. After buying and literally moving part of a mountain in the Petit Jean range of the Ozarks, he established at Morrilton one of the most lavish and successful cattle-breeding farms in North America. In 1955 Rockefeller was named chairman of the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, a state agency, and has attracted hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of Northern industry to the state.

When it became evident that Faubus intended to use the National Guard to prevent integration at Central High School in 1957, Winthrop Rockefeller went to the governor's mansion (according to *Time*) and pleaded for two hours against such action, arguing that it would give the state a bad name with Northern industry. Faubus was quoted as saying, "I'm sorry but I'm already committed. I'm going to run for a third term, and if I don't do this, Jim Johnson and Bruce Bennett [local segregationists] will tear me to shreds."

The record indicates that Rockefeller was correct. Northern industry seems to have singled out Little Rock for boycotting while industrial migration to other sections of the state has continued to keep pace with the increase in the other years since Rockefeller became a prime mover in the state's affairs.

As a result, there is a good deal of Rockefeller-for-governor sentiment in Arkansas (it is difficult to say how much) and last fall Winthrop announced that he would consider running. I came away from a visit to Arkansas convinced that Winthrop had not fully made up his mind. As one of his aides said, "Next year may not be our year. Then again, it might." But more important, I came away convinced that the Rockefeller threat has Orval Faubus running scared. The image of Winthrop Rockefeller is a clean one, and if he runs as an independent rather than a Republican—which I am certain he would do—he could be a formidable opponent.

Faubus knows that this opposition, with time, will get stronger rather than weaker, for his battle of attrition at Central High School has ended in defeat. Eventually Faubus will remain only the symbol of last-ditch resistance to integration—and the state patronage dispenser. And as Harry Ashmore said, "Faubus will never again sit easy on the tiger he has chosen to ride."

All this may persuade Faubus to renege on his promise and challenge McClellan (though many

politicians think Fulbright is the real target).

Late last fall, Arkansas State Supreme Court Justice James Johnson (one of the two men Faubus is credited with saying would tear him to shreds if he allowed Central High to integrate peacefully) made a speech in which he said John McClellan supported the Landrum-Griffin labor bill and that the bill contains provisions no self-respecting segregationist could possibly support. Johnson has been a useful, if not ardent, Faubus man for the past few years and many observers in Little Rock think that this speech was the opening salvo in the war against McClellan.

Even so, I do not rule out the possibility that Faubus may run for a fourth term as governor. Moreover, there is a slim possibility that Faubus may retire from politics altogether, or at least for a while. Witt Stephens recently bought the Union Life Insurance Company and one hears that Orval Faubus can move out of the governor's mansion next year into an executive job with the company.

"After all, Union Life sells mainly to poor white people in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Georgia," it was explained to me, "and there is no doubt that the name Orval Faubus will sell a hell of a lot of insurance to these people. It will also give him a chance to keep talking until 1962 when he can take on Fulbright."

WHAT WILL MAKE A SENATOR BLUSH?

BUT the individual fate of Faubus is less significant than the evil that will outlast him. The troubling thing about the future of Arkansas politics is that because of Faubus every candidate for every office must now make a public show of not only supporting segregation but of somehow acquiescing in mob feeling. And the victors may be the candidates who can best prove their own segregationist purity and reassure the white supremacists that it was not a moral and legal crime to throw bricks at school children, kick reporters in the groin, and defy the United States Supreme Court. This means that John McClellan must conduct something of a segregationist campaign this spring and summer even if Faubus does not run against him.

Sometime ago McClellan agreed to sponsor an article under his byline—"Does Labor Need a Czar"—for a national magazine. I was assigned by the editors to work with him. The Senator did not know I was a Negro until I arrived at his office. We worked for two hours or more; the race issue never arose. Then as I was about to leave his office he made a memorable aside:

"I am not a Negro hater," McClellan said, almost plaintively, his face reddening. "I'm against the forced integration at Little Rock but I don't hate your people like some white Southerners do."

I kept my silence. I wanted to relieve his embarrassment, yet, what was there for me to do or say? Then he added:

"To show that my heart is right, I want your people to get the benefit of some of the money I'll get for this article. I usually send these honoraria to the Arkansas School for Boys but I don't think they will accept your people there. If not, I'll let the editors know where to send the money." The editors of the magazine later told me Senator McClellan ordered half of his fee sent to a Negro church in Little Rock.

What will McClellan do if he is challenged by Faubus? He will run as an avowed segregationist but he will not "out-Faubus Orval Faubus," one of his aides put it. Either way, I fear McClellan's effectiveness as a principal in the Senate's labor debate will be greatly reduced, to his and the nation's loss.

If we project the Faubus threat to 1962, Senator Fulbright's situation seems even more dangerous—for him and for the nation. Those concerned about the effect of race strife on our international relations hope Fulbright will resign or go down to defeat rather than wage a segregationist campaign. The same group looked to Fulbright for some support when Little Rock flared in 1957. Fulbright failed then and he may fail them in 1962.

"The Senator will run as a segregationist," one of his administrative aides told me. "The Senator believes and will say that the Supreme Court decision was premature; too encompassing. I doubt that the Senator will exhort crowds to run wild in the streets and defy the court edict. I also doubt that the Senator will go to Little Rock and tell the mobs to disperse. All in all, I don't think the Senator will wage what you could call a racist campaign. There is a point beyond which he will not go."

I was aware at the time of Fulbright's votes in the Senate against civil rights and his *amicus curiae* brief urging the Supreme Court to delay integration at Little Rock. I know that in private talks Fulbright reveals on the race issue a mélange of spiritual liberalism, guilt, deep troubling, and practical rationalizations. As the New York *Post's* William V. Shannon observed, "If Fulbright had come from New Jersey or New



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York he would vote quite differently on many domestic issues. In its ambiguities and divided allegiances, Fulbright's attitude is not unlike the viewpoint of many persons who have one foot inside and one foot outside any semi-closed minority group."

However, I was surprised to learn that Fulbright actually believes that black, brown, and yellow people of the world are rather unconcerned about the American race problem; that they are so caught up in their own class and race conflicts that they do not interpret our racial conflicts as evidences of moral failure. When he was pressed on this issue during a question-and-answer period following a speech he made at Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia, Fulbright said:

"My stand on the race issue will not impair my work in the area of foreign relations. I have visited the black and brown countries of the world and found that they are not as concerned about the race question in America as some people here in America would have you think they are. They have their own race and class problems. They realize what we are going through and are not as prone to berate us as some propagandists would have you think."

Last fall I visited Fulbright and found one of his aides hunting through Japanese culture and history for proof that the Japanese had a race problem, the better to assert that the non-white peoples of the world will be unmoved when the author and architect of the Fulbright scholarships takes a segregationist stand. Fulbright's aide told me the Senator is unalterably convinced that he is right on this—any further pursuit of the topic would be futile.

Even Winthrop Rockefeller will not campaign as an integrationist. Rather, if he runs at all, he will campaign as a moderate and say the Supreme Court's rulings are the law of the land and must be obeyed.

THE POLITICAL RISK

IN THE near future at least, Arkansas politics will continue to exploit racism and assist its contaminating flow into every vein and muscle of our body politic. Nevertheless, Little Rock and Faubus have rendered our democracy an invaluable service. They have taught the South that brotherhood is good business—having learned the lesson from a millionaire with a mission; they have dramatized the fact that a U. S. Senator who is elected from Arkansas as a racist may one day chair a committee probing corruption in labor unions; they have put the spotlight on a Senator, and an aristocrat at that, who trots over to the Supreme Court to argue the inheritance of racial memories, only to be slapped down, yet who remains in charge of the committee responsible for America's relations with the awakening millions of colored Asians and Africans.

As one looks back over all this he realizes how far we have come, how far we have to go. Twenty years ago integrated schools in Little Rock would have been unthinkable; twenty years from now we will marvel that a Faubus was ever able to rise among us. But we are time-locked and that is precisely what disturbs us; our emotions are rooted in the past, our sensibilities in the future. This democratic writhing has produced political demagogues before and, I suspect, others are yet to come. Yet, there is no clear-cut, quick solution if we are to remain a free people. The best the conscientious believer in democracy can offer—confronted with the ugly outlook in Arkansas—is a policy of containment. We outsiders cannot vote in Arkansas and could only do harm by organizing a campaign to influence the coming Arkansas state elections. Nevertheless I offer two lines of action which may possibly advance the containment policy:

First, it seems to me that the Arkansas NAACP would do well to devote itself for the next several months to the defeat of Orval Faubus. This, I am well aware, will make for strange alliances because there is little about McClellan or Fulbright, for that matter, that a militant Negro can support. But if Arkansas' Negro voters organize and cut down Faubus while he is yet in bloom it would be a mighty deterrent to some incipient demagogue now dreaming of the day he can race-rabble his way into high places.

Secondly, I have always felt that good government suffers from the Senate's system of naming committee chairmen without regard to their compatibility with the national character. I can think of no better time than now, or any better reason than this, for Americans to let their several Senators know that they will not tolerate flagrant racism on the part of the Labor and Foreign Relations committee chairmen. This, of course, goes to the heart of the Democratic party and its Congressional majority. That is precisely where I suggest that Americans generally make their attack.

Democracy is a political risk. As John Dewey suggested, it turns on the notion that ordinary people will do extraordinary things. Sometimes they don't, but in the long run they do.

Harper's Magazine, March 1960

BECHIR BOUMAZA
AND JOSEPH KRAFT

TORTURE IN PARIS

"La Gangrène," a book by four Algerians who told of their savage torture by the Paris police, was published last year in France and promptly seized by the government. A sizable excerpt—containing the narrative by Béchir Boumaza—is published here for the first time in the United States. Preceding it is an introduction by Joseph Kraft, a frequent contributor to "Harper's," "The Saturday Evening Post," "The New York Times Magazine," "The Reporter," and other magazines, and winner of the Overseas Press Club Award for his reporting of the Algerian War.

Introduction by Joseph Kraft

HORROR stories rarely need an introduction and the selection from the book *La Gangrène* which follows is a horror story with a vengeance. The difference is in the context. The torture described in *La Gangrène* is no tale of the imagination, but an undetachable part of the five-year-old struggle for Algeria. It also documents once more the workings of the twisted desire for violence which we should by now recognize as one of the universal sicknesses of our times. Whatever the results of General de Gaulle's efforts to settle the Algerian War, torture in France will not easily cease to be a problem.

All wars breed atrocity, but few more lavishly than the Algerian conflict. An urban guerrilla struggle, it has been waged in the midst of a population settled in the cities of North Africa, and, to a lesser extent, of France, where some 300,000 Algerian Moslems live. The National Liberation Front (FLN), fighting for independence from France, has deliberately created a climate of terror. FLN agents have murdered and mutilated not only French soldiers and European civilians, but Moslems they believe to be collaborating with the French. The grenade left in the streetcar is a favored weapon. It is indisputable that among the few prisoners taken by the FLN, some have been savagely tortured.

In riposte, French soldiers and police have uprooted perhaps a million Moslems from their homes, herded thousands into concentration camps, and made torture of prisoners so commonplace an event as to be denoted by a special cliché. *Deux gifles,* a couple of cuffs, is a shorthand expression covering a wide range of more ferocious practices, which can be found in virtually every account of prisoner interrogation.

Logic as much as feeling underlies the brutality. Only by making trouble have nationalist movements been able to impress their claims upon colonial powers. Even now, after five years of fighting, any letup of FLN terror is received in some French quarters as a mark of enemy weakness, a reason for not making political concessions. The maintenance of terror thus becomes a first order of nationalist business.

There is just as much self-interest on the French side. In many, even most, cases prisoners possess information about arms caches or coming assaults; torture is the only swift way to pry out the facts and thus save lives. One high official, notorious for condoning torture, put his case to a member of the Commission on Safeguards, appointed by the French government to investigate torture charges, in these terms:

"We've just caught a terrorist, grenade in hand. We're sure that he knows the names of thirty other terrorists, each one ready to throw a bomb. What should we do? Give him a few unpleasant minutes? or put three hundred innocent lives in danger? You make the decision in my place."

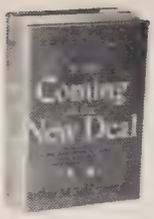
What reply the investigator made has not been recorded, but the temptation is to answer in the words of a well-known son of Algeria: "I defend my mother," the late Albert Camus said in his Nobel Prize address, "before defending Justice."

Still, the claims of Justice demand more than a novelist's anguish, and they have received it: a tribute to the French conscience. The Catholic hierarchy has repeatedly and publicly condemned the use of torture. Priests in Lyon, Paris, Algiers, and Oran have sheltered known FLN agents

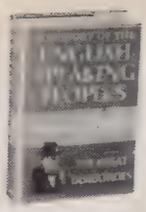


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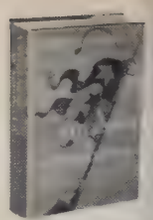
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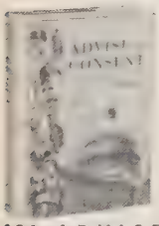
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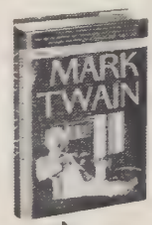
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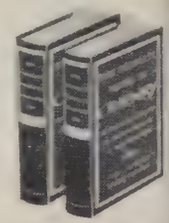
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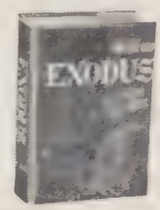
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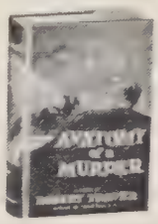
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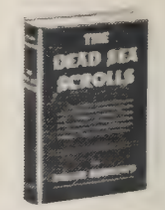
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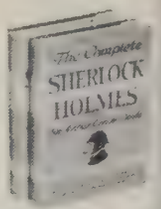
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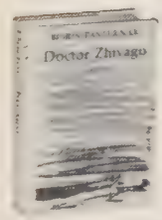
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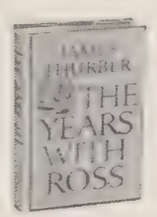
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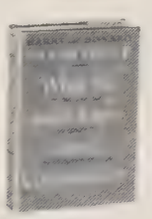
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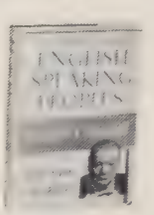
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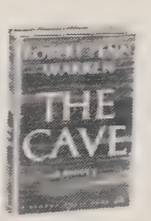
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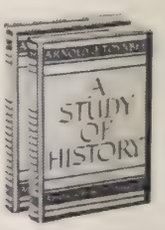
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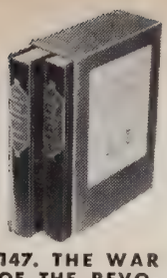
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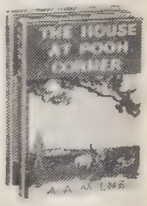
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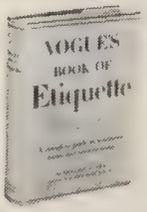
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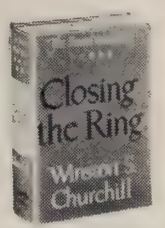
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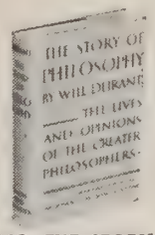
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rather than deliver them up to their tormentors. French lawyers and jurists have investigated and denounced brutal treatment. Reporters, editors, and publishers have braved threats of physical violence to make known the facts. And occasionally even the slumbering god, Public Opinion, has been stirred. Three different publications—*The Question* by Henri Alleg; *The Audin Affair;* and *For Djamila Bouhired*—inspired widespread misgivings about paratroop tortures in Algeria, though Alleg and Maurice Audin were Communists, and Mademoiselle Bouhired a confessed killer. Alleg's book, after police seizure of the first printing, sold 600,000 copies, though distribution was illegal. More recently, a storm has blown up over *"l'affaire de La Gangrène."*

EARLY in December 1958, a group of Algerian Moslems living in Paris, most of them as students, were arrested by the DST *(Direction de Surveillance Territoire,* the French security police). The charge, of which they were almost certainly guilty, was acting against the security of the state—more specifically, moving to reconstitute the previously dissolved student wing of the FLN—the UGEMA or *Union Générale des Etudiants Musulmans Algériens.* In late December, just after arraignment, four of the prisoners filed formal complaints charging torture by the DST agents. Their accounts of the torture, together with supporting statements, were assembled in a small book, *La Gangrène.* Extracts from one of the accounts, the story of Béchir Boumaza, are printed below.*

Because the complaints against the DST are still before the French courts it would be imprudent to assert positively the accuracy of the charges. But there is impressive circumstantial evidence. In the case of all four prisoners ten days intervened between arrest and arraignment before judicial authority. Three of the four had to be hospitalized, and in two cases the arraigning magistrate visited the hospital. The doctor's report on the admission of one of the prisoners found: "Bruises on the insides of the thighs and around the buttocks; swelling around both sides of the jaw bone, with stiffening of the neck; general abdominal tension, probably of muscular origin, there being no marks of visceral damage, but many indications of diverse shocks."

Moreover, the most extravagant efforts were made to conceal the whole matter. Ould Aoudia, an attorney for the prisoners, was shot dead, presumably by a counter-terrorist organization; threats have been issued to all his legal colleagues. In June 1959, when *Les Editions de Minuit,* a publishing firm which put out clandestine Resistance literature during the German occupation, tried to publish *La Gangrène,* all copies were seized by the police. When a Catholic monthly moved to publish, the type was destroyed. And though the matter is still under judicial inquiry, Premier Michel Debré has not only approved the banning of the book inside France, but also condemned the plaint of its authors.

"This infamous, lying book," he said from the rostrum of the French Senate, "doesn't contain a grain of truth."

Two other factors combine with repression to raise *La Gangrène* from the level of a mere document. First, the very setting of the book is significant. The tortures described in *La Gangrène* were not carried out under the pressure of conditions which oblige crude officials to weigh "a few unpleasant minutes" against "three hundred innocent lives." They took place, on the contrary, in the DST headquarters on the rue des Saussaies in Right Bank Paris, just round the corner from the smart shops on the rue St. Honoré and not three hundred yards from the Elysée Palace which is the official home of President Charles de Gaulle. One of those directly implicated was Roger Wybot, former head of the DST and a figure in close touch with the highest echelons of a regime which includes such renowned humanists as André Malraux, to say nothing of Charles de Gaulle himself.

La Gangrène thus expresses not only a monstrous aberration prompted by a bitter war but a danger which can threaten all supposedly civilized societies. The latent capacity to find satisfaction in sadistic brutality—to terrorize victims for the pure joy of striking fear—is far from rare. Fortunately, very few men are ever given full power to do what they will to other men. For the police, however, the temptation is often present and irresistible—especially since men inclined toward sadism are frequently drawn to police careers. *La Gangrène* is a sample of what can happen when unchecked power passes to the police. "The reign of the cops," as one of the DST agents says in this book, "is beginning."

Secondly, there is the sheer horror. Béchir Boumaza and his fellow prisoners are partisans of a violent cause: guilty, not innocent victims. Propaganda suffuses their stories. But pick faults as one may; note provocations and weigh circumstances; and still pity breaks through and anger rises in the throat. Anger, however, should not

* The complete text will be published in the U. S. in April by Lyle Stuart.

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[NUMBER VI]

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blind the reader to the equally brutal behavior of both parties to this wretched war; the horrors perpetrated by one side have been matched, on every level, by the other. And what follows is known to us only because of the courage of a French publisher whose sense of outrage is shared by millions of his fellow countrymen.



Narrative by Béchir Boumaza

I WAS arrested on December 2, 1958, at ten o'clock in the morning at the home of my friend Naoui. The inspectors of the DST had arrested him on November 28 and seized the records. He lived alone—no one had given the alarm. Before I fell into the trap at his house the police already knew from the records who I was and had time to study all the documents concerning my activities. . . .

As soon as I rang the doorbell three police inspectors opened the door and handcuffed me.

"That's him," said one of them who appeared to be in command. Looking at me fixedly, he said, "It's in your interest to talk. That's my free advice to you."

"If I want to," I replied, "and I warn you that I have a good memory."

The other inspector shrugged his shoulders and said, "We don't give a damn for the Commission on Safeguards. When there's a complaint against us the boss gives us a promotion."

Another inspector said: "Tell them [the Commission] to come to us and they'll be hung on the spit like everyone else."

I saw that it was useless to go on talking, and kept quiet. The inspectors sat on the bed and the two chairs, leaving me standing. A few minutes later four more inspectors knocked on the door. They led me out to a car which drove directly to the rue des Saussaies.

Crossing a hall full of inspectors I was led into a room where Commissioner Bigorre took charge. Twenty policemen were in the room.

"We know who you are," Bigorre informed me, taking off my handcuffs.

An inspector called: "Bonjour, Pascal."

I heard: "We'll make you piss blood."

"We'll put you onto the spit."

"We give orders to everyone here, even to the judge."

"If you're torn up too much, you'll be thrown into the river with a sign saying, "Traitor to the FLN."

"But if you talk, you'll be given a leftist attorney . . . and everything will be arranged."

I supposed that this comedy was intended to put me "in condition" before the arrival of the "specialists." My thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the Commissioner.

"You'll have to decide right now—not when your friends have all gotten away."

I thought: "If only I—I also—have the strength to keep silent."

The inspectors blindfolded me with my handkerchief and handcuffed me again. I heard the Commissioner say in a voice that was intended to be overheard, "Don't forget. If he dies, the sign on his back and a stone tied to his feet."

We went downstairs into the court and got into a car, which drove off immediately. It must have been noon. I guessed from the silence at one moment that we were leaving Paris and driving through a forest or the countryside. After three-quarters of an hour the car stopped and I was taken out, still blindfolded. I crossed a paved courtyard and walked up five flights. My blindfold was taken off. I was in a bare room; the only window was barred. I saw several chairs, two tables, a coal stove, shabby walls. I was made to sit on a chair, head turned toward the wall. The police left the room, except for an inspector.

"They know that you are Pascal," he said to me in Arabic, "so you have every reason to talk. Otherwise they'll cut you to pieces. Believe me, I'm your brother."

He begged me to avoid needless torture:

"What good does it do for you to refuse, since they know everything? De Gaulle is going to make peace—this isn't the time to kill yourself; it would be stupid."

Probably my silence seemed promising to him; he proposed that he go ahead with my interrogation himself; as soon as I had answered he would take me before the magistrate, "his friend Batigne."

Acting on these words, he went quickly to the door of the office and double-locked it. "This way," he said in French, "they won't interfere with us any more."

Then the questioning started—on my "relations" with the Church . . . Cardinal Liénart, the International Red Cross, the League of the



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Rights of Man, the lawyers, especially those the Algerian prisoners had singled out as the most devoted.

"All their conversations with their clients are recorded. They're asses. So tell what we know already and you'll save your skin. You understand?"

I didn't answer. . . .

"You've asked for it," he told me, going to the door. He came back with ten of his colleagues.

"What—you gave a chair to this *salaud?* Why not an armchair?" an inspector said. He suddenly pulled out my chair from behind and I fell on my back. The inspectors crowded round and kicked me all over my body. I believe it's what they call "playing football."

After a quarter of an hour they stopped. I got up. The Arabic-speaking inspector came in again and the others left. He brought me half a glass of water. My nose and my mouth were bleeding. I drank the water mixed with my blood. He wiped my face with his handkerchief and solicitously gave some more advice.

"You'd better talk right away—the others can't waste all their time waiting for me."

If I don't have the strength to hold out until the end, I thought, I've already gained enough time. M.———, whom I was supposed to meet at noon, will surely have given the alert.

Wearying, the inspector called his colleagues back in and left the room.

The others ordered me to undress; since I wasn't fast enough for them, they emphasized the command with more punching and kicking.

In the meantime, two policemen had entered, carrying the electric dynamo, called *"Gégène."* As soon as I was completely naked, they blindfolded me once more, made me squat down, tied my wrists to my ankles, and then passed a metal bar behind my knees. In that position there was nothing to hold onto and I was entirely defenseless. I was raised and suspended in the air, head down, each end of the bar resting on a table.

They pointed out with appropriate filth the indecency of my position. Then two of them wound an electric wire around the fingers of my hand and my right foot.

"We're going to test your blood pressure before we bugger you," one said to me when all the preparations were finished. "But before that we'll drink to your health."

I heard them leaving the room—an intermission, a delay obviously designed to make me more apprehensive. In the silence that surrounded me I supposed that I was alone and I tried by moving my hips to move along the bar toward one of the tables, but it was useless. I tried to slip off the blindfold by shaking my head, but it was hopeless. Wasted effort. Suddenly I felt that someone was in the room, and then a hand touched my face. It was the specialist in psychological investigation who had returned.

"Talk. Talk fast and I'll detach you in five minutes. What interests the chief are your relations with the lawyers and the priests. Whether they took place or not, you see what's expected of you. Talk. What do they mean to you, the priests and the lawyers!" He added in French: "Get going—for God's sake—here they come."

I heard him going quickly toward the door, calling to them. "Voilà. Voilà."

Then he came back to me and begged me a last time to answer. I didn't even hear any longer. I was resigned to the worst. He moved away and the others came in.

"Well?"

"Nothing doing."

THE session starts. One of the policemen has to operate *"Gégène."* I hear a faint grinding sound from time to time. Another passes the electrodes over my body, lingering at the request of the others on my sexual organs. From time to time he stops, while I'm sponged with water in order, I'm told, "to leave no traces and increase the pain."

To stop me from crying out, the police have stuffed a rag in my mouth. At one point I thought that water was being poured on my face but laughter from the police made me understand that one of them was urinating on me. The vibrations run through my whole body. I have the impression that the metal bar is cutting through my legs, that they are going to fall piece by piece. I can neither move nor cry out. I can only tremble continually.

They went on this way for an hour or two. I can't say exactly.

I was then taken off the bar and my guards started their football again, perhaps for a quarter hour. Then they led me, still naked and blindfolded, into a neighboring room on the same floor. I heard: "We'll have to kill him, the bastard."

They then laid me on a bench, flat on my stomach, head extending into the air, and tied my arms against my body with cords. Again the same questions, which I refused to answer. By tilting the bench very slowly, they dipped my head into a basin filled with stinking liquid—dirty water and urine probably. I was aware of



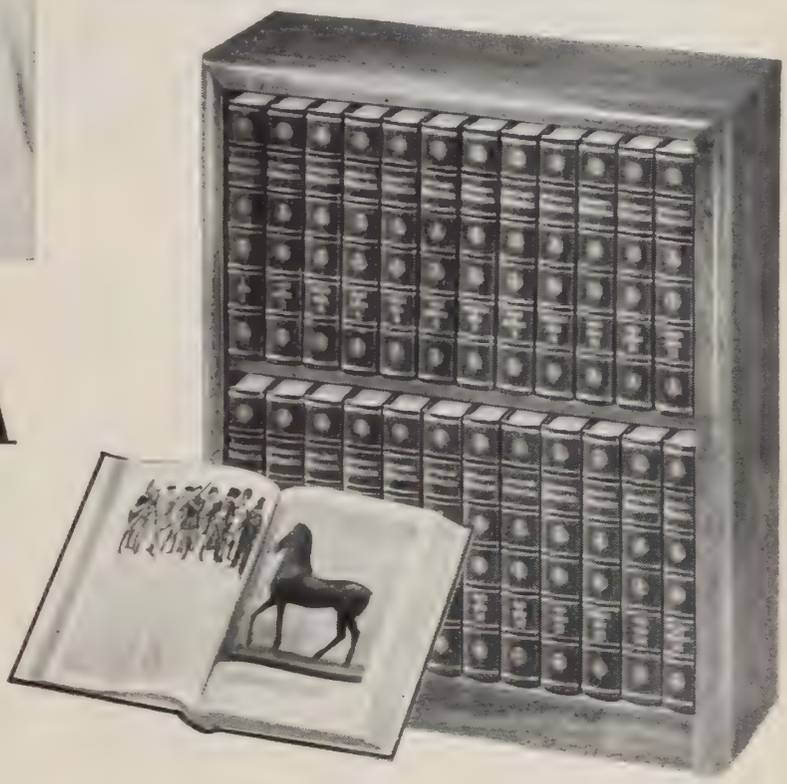
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the gurgling liquid reaching my mouth, then of a dull rumbling in my ears and a pricking sensation in my nose.

"You asked for a drink—take all you want."

The first time I did drink, trying to appease an insupportable thirst. I wanted to vomit immediately.

"He's puking, the *salaud*."

And my head was pushed back into the basin. . . .

"He's tough, the *salaud*."

Then they untied me, took off my blindfold and ordered me to get dressed. They handcuffed me again and we went down to the courtyard; they put me into a car, blindfolded me, and the car drove off. We spent a quarter of an hour traveling on streets with village noises, then again there was silence. They took off the blindfold as we crossed the Bois de Boulogne. It was night. At the headquarters on the rue des Saussaies police officers were waiting for me and led me directly into a room.

WITH my blindfold off I saw some fifteen police inspectors gathered around M. Wybot. I recognized him from a photo in *Jours de France*.

Once again I was asked the same questions by an inspector; he slapped me when I didn't answer. After three-quarters of an hour M. Wybot ordered them to take me to the basement. It was exactly 12:30 P.M.—as shown by the register where I am listed under the name of Nelili Ali.

I passed the night in my cell. At seven in the morning they woke me and took me to M. Bigorre's office. He had before him all the documents on my case. My torturers of the day before were with him including the inspector who spoke Arabic. I'd had no chance to wash or eat since the day before; I had perspired all night and my clothes, covered with vomit, stuck to my skin.

M. Bigorre didn't try to make me accuse anyone and limited his questions to the items in my dossier. He kept at it until that night without giving me anything to eat. When he left, I remained under guard. It wasn't until midnight that I managed to buy several yogurts—at a high price—from the guards.

The same routine was followed the next day and then each day until the eleventh of December. On December 11, at eleven o'clock, my state of health was such that the judge ordered that an inspector take me to the doctor at the ministry. When I saw the doctor he requested by telephone in my presence that I be hospitalized; he gave a medical certificate to the police.

I was taken to the cell at one o'clock in the afternoon. The next day, at about nine o'clock, I was taken to see the Commissioner. He read me my "confession":

"When the UGEMA was dissolved we destroyed our records. . . .

"Omar is still living. There were rumors that he had left, either for Morocco, Tunisia, or Germany. Yes I once saw him but never spoke to him.

"I would arrange my meetings in the Bois de Boulogne, in the Luxemborg Gardens. . . .

"I worked with Mohammed, about five foot ten, a bit stout, chestnut hair, has razor scars, sometimes wears glasses."

[*The list of "confessions" continues but is abbreviated here.*]

I couldn't help laughing. The Commissioner slapped me and said, "I know very well that it's a tissue of lies—you couldn't repeat it yourself if you tried."

"Then why have you put it down?"

"To prove that you talked."

"That's made you waste ten days."

I understood then that they couldn't keep me any longer, that outside my brethren were working in my behalf. The police had been shown that we have not weakened. All this exhilarated me.

The Commissioner threw me into the corridor.

"Get out of here," he said.

The next day at eleven I was transferred to a central police station. For a half-hour they took my physical measurements, while I submitted to the threats and mockery of the police:

"Cripple."

"We'll soften you up."

"We'll put the electricity on your testicles." (They apparently ignored the fact that it had already been put there!)

"Bourguiba will look after you."

At three o'clock I was presented, handcuffed, to M. Batigne, the magistrate. He looked at my twelve-day-old beard, my swollen face, the scabs on my neck—and said simply:

"You are accused of attacking the security of the state and of reconstituting a dissolved organization. You will be held in the prison at Fresnes."

I looked at him for a long time, without a word.

"What do you want?" he said.

I did not answer.

Then he said to the guards: "Take him away." . . .

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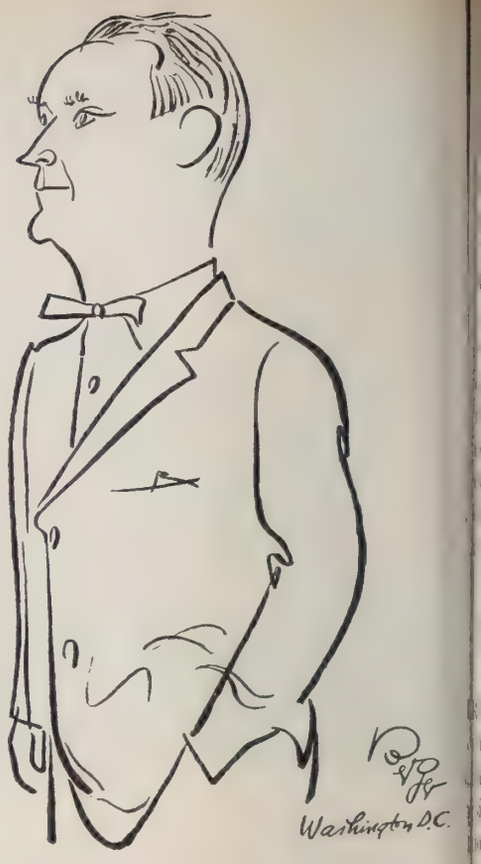
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WILLIAM S. WHITE



Eisenhower's Dangerous Legacy of "Good Will"

The President's travels are vastly popular—with both Americans and his foreign hosts—but they may be entangling him (and his successor) in some unintentional and highly dubious commitments.

WASHINGTON—In these last fleeting months of his Presidency Mr. Eisenhower is leaving a curiously dangerous legacy compounded of the best of intentions and the most amiable of "good will."

It is an inheritance, moreover, that nobody can really reject. The nation is being committed to an issue, "peace," which cannot be critically and effectively examined—neither within the Republican party nor by the opposition. The President opened his tenure seven years ago by "going to Korea" and ending a hot war there. He is now ending that tenure by going to the whole world, more or less, with yet more airliner diplomacy—based upon a sunny trust in others rarely known in modern history.

Neville Chamberlain trusted a potential enemy long ago because he had to, and Britain had to. Not even the sourest of analyses, however, really suggests *we* have got to, to any such degree, at least. And the West's hulking antagonist, the Soviet empire, remains notably lacking in the quality of kindly faith.

The moment General Eisenhower made his 1952 campaign promise to go to Korea he committed himself, in advance, to a fixed position which left it impossible for him really to bargain with the Communist aggressors. Once he had done what he did, he simply *had* to have an armistice, and well they knew it. Now, as the Eisenhower Era draws to the close, he is again committing himself in advance to positions in which our bargaining power is largely cast away. And again the other fellow knows this perfectly well.

Our grand policy has passed from one based upon strength and a reserved mistrust of the Russian to one based upon "good will"—and hope. The old policy was endlessly denounced as negative and "sterile," and to an extent so it was. At least, however, it stood upon objective and thus measurable considerations. But the new policy can hardly be criticized at all, for it is as gossamer as a moonbeam over a meadow. It rests upon the indisputable proposition that peace is better than war. But it doesn't leave much room for fruitful maneuver in the vast areas of negotiation and choice that normally would surely lie betwixt such polar opposites.

The President's breathless eleven-nation tour of late last year is, by all the current signs, to be followed by similar cavalcades this year. The notion that our head of state should call in person upon dozens of other real and alleged chiefs of state—the powerful and the tinpot, the democratic and the despotic, the useful and the useless—like an evangelistic preacher bringing the Gospel, has been triumphantly accepted in this country and maybe over the whole earth.

This is understandable. We live at an hour in which what is "new" is automatically reckoned to be superior to what is old. Too, no decent man anywhere wants anything left undone that might conceivably avert nuclear war.

Months ago I wrote in another place that the spectacle of a mobile Presidency, descending cheerfully and briefly from the skies upon this or that foreign ruler, was a dangerous break in the tradition of the office. Such public response as came was most nearly typified by one correspondent's simple postcard observation: "To hell with precedent and tradition."

Peace is undeniably wonderful. Tradition and precedents are undeniably dull. All the same, this towering fact remains—even though any man raising it risks being labeled a warmonger: Never before in modern history has so powerful a nation been so committed to so much that lies beyond any possibility of effective debate.

"Good will"—whatever that engaging term may mean—is the keynote for the political year. Whoever seems to run against "good will" will find himself holding the sticky end of the stick, as surely as if he campaigned for dishonesty in government.

The abrupt retirement of Gov-

PUBLIC & PERSONAL

nor Rockefeller of New York from en half-open competition with ice President Nixon for the GOP residential nomination proves the oint as nothing else could have me. You can say if you wish that ockefeller jumped or fell—but the lain fact is that he was pushed. He und that the controlling Republi- n organization people were unwill- g to hear, or even to allow him to press to others, his own less-than- cessively-harsh reservations about ur headlong pursuit of "good will" the keystone of foreign policy.

THE CONVERSION OF THE GOP BOSSES

OCKEFELLER'S withdrawal as the clearest possible signal that ne Republican party generally had oined the Eisenhower Administra- on in irrevocable commitment to ne principle that the President's ourse was unchallengeable. It was not a subject," as Oxford debaters sed to say of unsuitable topics.

If Rockefeller, with his immense nancial power and his popular fol- wing, could be so easily shushed, hat humbler Republican would ter dare to speak out, or even to umble crossly, in public meeting?

Even Nixon is a prisoner of this ew Look. He too, is committed— s indeed are both parties and the hole nation—to "good will" as the olvent of a most colossal power ruggle.

Nixon has been a part of the dministration that prepared this olicy. He is, in addition, its desig- ated heir. In all logic, then, he nnot in the coming campaign offer rious caveats. (Though in fairness must be said that Nixon himself ould not have followed the wise de- ision to talk with Khrushchev with ne second and critical Eisenhower ecision to make a policy out of aguely generous overtures to other ulers. At most he probably would ave used such overtures as tech- ical devices which might help in the evelopment of a policy.)

My own notion is that Nixon is ble enough and tough enough (and his is no Johnny-Come-Lately con- ersion on my part) to restore in ime an approach to realism. To uppose, however, that he can or will lo this while struggling for the Presi-



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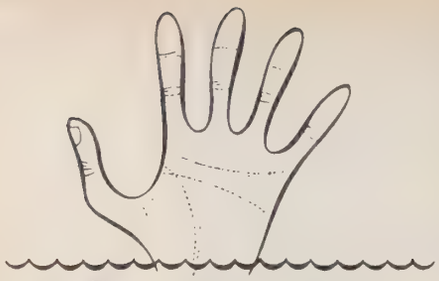
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dency is to hope for altogether too much. For this year he is tied down—and the hands of the clock may be moving very fast.

I have never believed in the devil theory in foreign affairs—that when things go wrong, one identifiably erring leader must be at once hunted down and destroyed. When such things happen, many men usually share the fault. So I am pursuing no devil here—even though I do not view Mr. Eisenhower as the greatest (or even the second or third greatest) President we ever had. I do have a deep regard for the Presidency, whoever may fill it at any given moment, and I do not enjoy the company of those who take snickering pleasure in the mistakes, in foreign affairs, of this or any other President. Nevertheless, I do think that Mr. Eisenhower's quest for the grail of good will ought to be scrutinized sharply, just in case the current massive public opinion which apparently supports it might be wrong after all.

GUILTY CONSCIENCES

WE HAVE here the unfolding of a situation which, given our recent past, was perhaps all but inevitable. The Eisenhower Administration set out with the deep (if unacknowledged) consciousness that it had come to power in part through a campaign of extreme irresponsibility—specifically about Korea. Its first Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, no less than the President, bore an inescapable share of what might be called an awareness of guilt.

Thus for years under Dulles' leadership the Administration moved to repay its debt to the containment of Communism by taking a "hard" and "inflexible" line. Some of this, of course, was nonsense, such as the "unleashing" of old Chiang Kai-shek. Most of it, however, was entirely genuine. It was in fact a good policy—a long way from a perfect one, of course, but at least a practically defensible and, above all, comprehensible one.

Dulles, however, (and less directly the President) had sown the wind. Their "hard" line fell under sustained attack from those who had good reason for resentful cynicism toward an Administration that had chosen the weapons it did to win

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fice. Even before his death Dulles hose guts were of high quality en if his taste often was not) was ing forced back from the hard sition. And Eisenhower along with m.

The retreat was caused only in naller part by Democratic pressure. he operative factor was disenchant- ent within the GOP itself with a licy that seemed to promise only dless years of Cold War. Unhap- ly this was also all that could have en *responsibly* promised under any tional line. Not for the first time, e nation became impatient with intractable reality. We hated to ce the fact that some problems are rrently insoluble and must be ed with as best one can in the pe that time and altered circum- nces will bring some easement.

But once "inflexibility" had fallen, mething that was all too flexible placed it—the policy of "good ill." The Democrats—who are now mmitted, too, along with all of us can make now no real attack upon . For as a party they offered no sig- ficant, concrete, or *useful* criticism hen Mr. Eisenhower set out on the ad that has now taken him and all us so far. And long before this, it as mostly Democrats who howled the heavens for more and more lexibility."

Denouncing the Republicans for lying on Madison Avenue slogans, e Democrats themselves became be- used with other mere catch phrases. larry Truman and Dean Acheson—hose joint record basically is one of sponsible action in foreign policy were stout holdouts against the ew Democratic sloganeering. And ey deserve great credit for it. They id propose comprehensible alterna- ves. But the Democratic Congres- onal party was silent at some criti- l times and joining in the halle- jah chorus to "flexibility" at other itical times.

Thus, a whole gathering of cir- mstances—the chief of which was versimplification—put us on a down- ill run into the bland and almost rupy atmosphere which we now reathe. It was in such an atmos- here that Mr. Eisenhower under- ok his fabulous journey across the orld, halting a few hours here and few days there for what was not xactly "negotiation" but surely was

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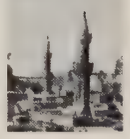
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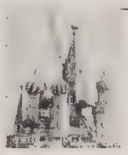
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foreign-policy formulation—even if the resultant formula was profoundly ambiguous.

I do not argue that any and all Presidential missions are ill-advised. There never was any reason why the President, for illustration, should not exchange visits with Khrushchev. For Khrushchev represents what is significant in these affairs—power and actuality—as opposed to what is merely sentimentally appealing, the *feelings* of other nations having no decisive power.

There always was sound reason, too, for the President to talk to our principal allies: Britain, France, and Italy. And, stretching the point a bit, even to Adenauer's Germany—though I, for one, confess to being less than happy over the circumstances which have given the Germans so much place in our own world.

WHAT THEY THOUGHT THEY HEARD

ONE can even agree that there was some reason for the Presidential visit to New Delhi. India is not now powerful nor an ally. And, though this statement may empurple those who confuse probable future realities with the realities of the present, India is not *now* vital to the main existing problems of West-East relations. Her significance one day, of course, is likely to be immense.

But what earthly reason can there have been for a Presidential call on Franco Spain, or Afghanistan, or Algeria (where attitudes had to be taken that had to be retracted a day or two later in Paris)? And what good reason can there be for a whole new series of Presidential visitations later this year to various places about the globe?

Can anybody point to a single result of the last Presidential world tour (acknowledging its decency of *purpose*) that did not involve a contraction of our bargaining capacity at the various Summit meetings to come? Grant that the President has made not a single formal "commitment." Does anybody suppose that among his foreign hosts there will not be those who will have *understood* certain implied commitments from him? Did not Nehru, for example, publicly state, after the Presidential visit to India, that increased economic aid to India was no longer even debatable?

I have news for Mr. Nehru. Such an increase is not only debatable; it is, right or wrong, extremely unlikely to be forthcoming from Congress if he continues to speak of it as a kind of natural right, rather than as a possibly desirable political development. Can it be assumed that he would have spoken in such extraordinary terms if there had been no Presidential visit?

For that matter, is it humanly possible that Mr. Eisenhower himself can maintain the tough-minded detachment which his office demands when his ears continually ring with the cheers of kindly millions? The ablest reporters on the last tour noted over and over how he bloomed under such adulation. This is no discredit to him. Probably no political leader ever lived who did not relish, and find an almost physical refreshment in, the approving roars of the crowd.

Now this is not to say that a President should not seek and enjoy the approval of the peoples of the world. What I am saying as inoffensively as possible is that the content of American foreign policy cannot be determined by the volume of cheers for it among foreign multitudes—or even among the multitudes at home.

THE GAGGED CANDIDATES

THERE is an immense difference between a wandering Prime Minister and a wandering President. The one, by the nature of his parliamentary government, can make foreign policy which will stand so long as his party does not rebel and cast him out, as it can do at any time. The other, the President, can alone and with no one's aye or nay make any policy he chooses—and from it there can be no appeal at home except sabotage. Thus it is that a President can make no foreign visit without carrying with him both an immense power and an immense capacity to make irretrievable mistakes. Of these qualities he simply cannot divest himself. So the President cannot make foreign visits without to a significant degree making foreign policy.

The President's conduct of these matters, I submit, has amounted to



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an act of foreclosure—no doubt not deliberate—over informed discussion in 1960 of grand policy. It is not simply Governor Rockefeller's prudent departure from the field of criticism that makes the point. And it is not merely that the whole of the Republican party has manifestly resolved that the President is not to be questioned at all, even from within his own party. Nor is it simply that the Democrats have talked themselves out of any real opposition role, to the point where not one of their Presidential "availables" can at this late date indict the policy of "good will."

There is talk now of Adlai E. Stevenson as a possible antagonist of Richard Nixon, on the assumption that the Democrats need at this juncture what the pros call "the statesman type." I have no intention to get into this aspect of the discussion, except to agree that a "statesman type" is surely needed for the future and to observe that, in my view, neither Stevenson nor Nixon is automatically disqualified from that title.

But I do raise the question: Can Governor Stevenson, who has so long clamored for an end to "rigidity," now make effective attack on the total absence of same? Can Senator Lyndon B. Johnson, the Senate Democratic leader? Can Senator John F. Kennedy or Senator Hubert Humphrey or Senator Stuart Symington? Without offering the slightest challenge to the good faith of their past actions, the answer is simply "No." I happen to believe that any one of the four—Johnson, Nixon, Stevenson, Kennedy—could make a good President. I also believe that *in time* any one of them could restore to our foreign policy a certain stiffness of rationality.

But for a short but a very important and possibly a critical run—the span of the 1960 campaign—we are really without the power of self-criticism in this whole field. What we have now—and I intend neither irreverence toward the Almighty nor disrespect toward a highly decent President—comes down to this: An unuttered assumption that God will save the United States (and the rest of the free world) until that day when we can do more to help ourselves.



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A Sense of Difference

The **Others** is a first novel by a young woman named Ann Aikman (Simon and Schuster, $3.50). It somehow has the look about it of one of those slight, sensitive books perpetrated by young women who hope to grow up to be Virginia Woolf, but in fact it is a sturdy, original, humorous piece of work.

Miss Aikman's materials are simple. She takes two families who happen to find themselves living near each other for a summer on the Long Island shore. One family, the Alexanders, have an isolated house of eccentric design on a cliff high above the beach, where they have returned summer after summer to pursue their work away from the distractions proffered by less discriminating spirits. Work for the father, an architect, consists of drawing plans for buildings that are never built; he has too much integrity to be successful, or at least that is the official version of his failure, carefully nurtured by his wife's devoted trusteeship of his talent and amply supported by the money she has inherited, though there are disquieting signs that as Mr. Alexander nears sixty he is playing with the idea that a little crass success might be worth a few compromises. The Alexanders have one child, a boy of fourteen, who is diligently trying to be a failed artist of some sort, since that is the only kind of career the family seems to know about.

The invaders of this carefully sustained calm are an energetic, unreflective family named Mooney, who anchor their borrowed houseboat at the foot of the cliff. The Mooneys are younger and tougher than the Alexanders and more prolific (they have several little girls). Mr. Mooney is a zircon in the rough; he has made some money in various Florida real-estate ventures; now he is thinking about building a chain of motels, but he would really like to light out for Utah to go prospecting for uranium. It is not a plan that suits his blowzy, friendly wife, whose dream of the future, when she bothers to have one, centers on a house in Westchester suitable for the gracious living she has heard about but somehow can never achieve in the general turbulence churned up by her husband and children.

A less skillful writer than Miss Aikman would have seized upon the encounter between the highbrow Alexanders and the lowbrow Mooneys as an occasion for satire, using the vitality and candor of the Mooneys to undercut the little pretenses and ingenious devices for self-protection of the Alexanders, or the taste and cultivation of the Alexanders to undercut the vulgarity and flimsiness of the Mooneys. And Miss Aikman does both, but the point of her book is not satirical.

Neither family is pompous or self-satisfied; both live the way they live because they are the kind of people they are; both welter in confusion and would achieve order and clarity if they knew how. When Mrs. Mooney goes to church for the first time in years, for instance, she decides that she will "practice humility, and maybe go on a diet." The impulse to self-improvement is genuine enough, though the means are curiously mixed, and the results the poor woman attains with her program are both sadly and humorously different from her expectations.

At bottom Miss Aikman's book concerns loneliness. The two families try to be kind, but they never make contact; to the Mooneys, the Alexanders remain "the others," as the Mooneys do to the Alexanders. They are estranged by the different expectations they bring to life, by the difference in their style of living, by being different people. Only the Alexander's son, by falling in love with the oldest of the Mooneys' little girls, is sustained by a feeling powerful enough to carry him into the homeland of the others, but he is too young to do anything about it, and the girl is an accomplished little flirt.

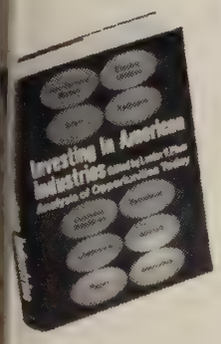
The Others will not appeal to readers who like stories full of dramatic incident in which the forces of good are drawn up in clear array against the forces of evil. But it will be appreciated by readers who enjoy intelligent observation, good prose, breadth of sympathy, and a humorous awareness of moral complexity.

THE CURSE OF GOODNESS

ANOTHER first novel of more than usual distinction is **A Separate Peace** by John Knowles (Macmillan, $3.50). This is a book that will

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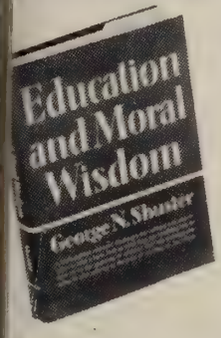
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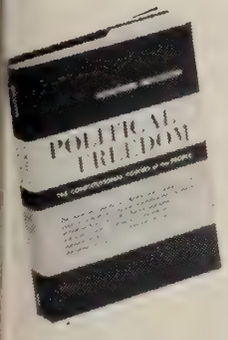
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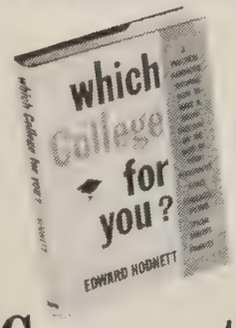
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probably please a larger audience than *The Others,* because it has a more conventional story and more dramatic interest, though the two books hardly invite comparison except that both are good and that Knowles, like Miss Aikman, is concerned with the moral consequences of the differences between people.

There are two main characters in *A Separate Peace*—Gene and Finny, both boys in their last year in a New England preparatory school in the year 1942, when the second world war conferred some sense of unreality on the campuses of such institutions. Gene, who tells the story after a lapse of years, is the best student, or nearly the best student, in the school; Finny is no student at all, but he is beyond question the best athlete and the most lovable boy.

Gene is acutely self-conscious, always aware of his own not very presentable motives and of the effect he is having on other people, but he makes the mistake of supposing that other people must be the same way. He is able to deal with his envy of Finny by attributing to him the kind of motives he would himself have if their positions were reversed. But then Finny quite inadvertently but unmistakably demonstrates that Gene is wrong; he has not been trying to use or manipulate or have an effect on Gene; for him, their relationship is based on simple friendship and trust. Gene is unable to bear the revelation of his friend's greater goodness, and he sets in motion a chain of events that destroys him.

A Separate Peace makes a break with the usual novel of preparatory school life in several ways, but most notably in its reassessment of the "sensitive" boy. In most recent novels about schoolboys (in the nineteenth century it was different), the sensitive boy has been the hero, as in fiction in general sensitivity has come to be treated as a moral virtue, by writers as different as Thomas Wolfe and J. D. Salinger, among many others. Yet Knowles is right in recognizing the possibility of cruelty in sensitivity, the impulse of the acutely self-conscious to make the world pay them back for what they suffer.

The book is very nicely constructed; the action begins simply and gathers importance almost before the reader is aware of it. The writing is quiet, unexhibitionistic, but quite up to the considerable demands made of it.

There are not many months when I come across two first novels as good as *The Others* and *A Separate Peace.* Neither is a big or pretentious book, but both are excellent beginnings for writers who have the technical and human resources of fine novelists.

OLDER HANDS

The Magic Christian (Random House, $3) is the second book by Terry Southern. It is based on a wonderful idea: the main character, one Guy Grand, is a man so immensely rich that he can do something about the criticisms of society that most of us share but are powerless to express except in grumbling. If, for instance, Grand gets tired of bad television shows, he simply buys up a few and has the actors sabotage them.

Unfortunately, the idea, to be amusing, needs some ingenuity and wit and style and imagination in the execution, and it gets none. The first of Grand's heroic deeds is fairly typical of the level of the book; Grand begins by building a giant cauldron on the Loop in Chicago; then he heats it up and fills it with many tons of excrement from the stockyards mixed with bills of large denominations. He calls this enterprise "making it hot for them" and presumably gets his fun out of imagining people going through the stinking mess in search of money after he has left town.

Possibly a writer of Rabelaisian gifts could give such an incident satiric power, but in Southern's less talented hands it is cheap and sniggering, a tasteless bore. The other episodes are hardly better, and they are padded out with a totally irrelevant but interminable conversation among three old ladies that is inconceivably fatuous.

But I may be wrong. I lent my copy of *The Magic Christian* to a friend as evidence of how low a reputable publishing house can sink, and he reports that it is one of the funniest books he ever read.

ROALD DAHL is often described as a short-story writer in the tradition of Saki and O. Henry, and with some justice, for he has written a handful of remarkably ingenious stories. In his new collection, **Kiss Kiss** (Knopf, $3.95), several of the stories follow a line of ingenuity that I find unappealing; the trick lies in taking some figure of speech from popular scientific writing and developing it very literally. One example explores what might happen if a man's brain could be kept alive after the death of his body, and another explores what might happen if a human baby were fed like the larva of a bee and grew at the same rate. The trouble with these stories is that the reader gets the idea long before the details are worked out, and the details, to tell the truth, are pretty grubby when they arrive.

But *Kiss Kiss* contains a few stories that are equal to Dahl's best. All the good ones make use of essentially the same pattern—the character is robbed of success by his own excess of cleverness—but the pattern is worked out with great variety and skill. In "Parson's Pleasure" an antique dealer is far too convincing in his attempt to make a suspicious farmer believe that an immensely valuable Chippendale chest is worth next to nothing, and in "Mrs. Bixby and the Colonel's Coat" Mrs. Bixby, anxious to hang on to a fur coat her lover has given her without

ousing her husband's suspicions, orks out a way of doing it that ould have been fool-proof if her usband had been the man she ought he was. Another entertain- g story, "The Champion of the orld," concerns some pheasant- achers in England but has some- ing of the quality of the tall tales the American frontier; it suggests hat Mark Twain might have made it of "The Celebrated Jumping rog" if he had lived in the age of eeping pills.

THE COMPLETE GENTLEMAN

JOHN O'HARA is a novelist hose work I have read with pleas- re through thick and thin, but even must acknowledge that in recent ears the books have been getting nicker and the stories thinner, and n his new book, **Ourselves to Know** Random House, $4.95), he must each some kind of limit in both irections.

The main character is Robert Millhouser, the kind of man that very reader of O'Hara knows horoughly by this time. He comes rom an old Pennsylvania German amily with some money, grows up n a small Pennsylvania town where e enjoys a certain social standing, oes to the right schools. There are ome new touches in his career— Millhouser's mother is Irish, and he oes to Princeton, which has only ecently started numbering O'Hara eroes among its alumni (they used o go to Lafayette and Yale).

Millhouser combines the *savoir- aire* of the complete gentleman with kind of fundamental innocence. He knows how to deal with old amily retainers, honorable trades- nen, other gentlemen of birth and reeding, ladies of pleasure, horses, utomobiles, guns, books, clothes, nd liquor. But in emotional rela- ionships he is remarkably naïve. After college he goes abroad, to ex- lore the possibility of becoming a ainter, in the company of a witty, ascinating aesthete. But after they ave lived and traveled together for ome time he discovers what every- ne else recognizes at first glance— hat his friend is sexually deviant.

In shocked recoil Millhouser goes ome and nothing much happens to im for many years. He passively

BRUCE CATTON

Author of *This Hallowed Ground* and *A Stillness at Appomattox*



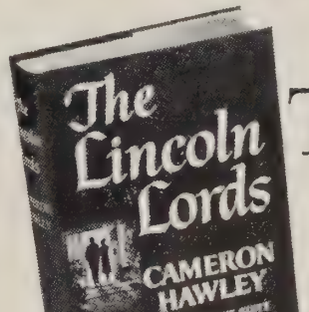
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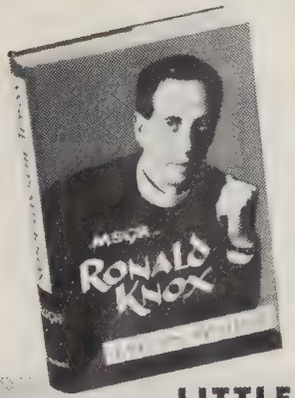


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accepts the pattern of life that is available to him and makes little or no effort to shape his own destiny. He gets engaged but breaks off the engagement; he gradually becomes something of a figure in the cultural and financial life of his home town. Then, in his early fifties, he suddenly breaks with the placid pattern he has followed; he falls in love with and marries a girl of eighteen. For a short time he is ecstatically happy, still protected by his naïveté from realizing his young wife's real nature; then he discovers that she is notoriously and flagrantly unfaithful to him, and he kills her. He spends some time in jail, is brought to trial, and freed. He goes back home and lives there for another thirty years or so. Then he dies.

There are two main difficulties with the novel. The first is that the material is simply too thin to support the elaborate treatment O'Hara has given it. The book recalls a short story O'Hara wrote a good many years ago, a story called "The Decision." The main character in it is much like Robert Millhouser: he has to face one searing revelation about himself, and then he spends the rest of his days living with that revelation in Stoic dignity. All the reader sees is one day in his later life and the much earlier scene in which he made the discovery that has given his later life the appalling shape it has assumed, but it is enough; "The Decision" is a perfect story. But to spread out such a story over hundreds of pages is to invite tedium.

The second serious difficulty with *Ourselves to Know* is technical. O'Hara has abandoned his usual straightforward narration in favor of having the story told by a much younger man, Gerald Higgins, the grandson of a respected acquaintance of Robert Millhouser. Presumably O'Hara has resorted to this device to give some kind of focus to the long-drawn-out story, and perhaps to endow Millhouser with something of the legendary quality that a much older man with a crime in his past would have in a boy's eyes.

But the device fails to work, in part because it is completely out of character for a man like Millhouser to start blabbing the most intimate and painful experiences of his life in relentless detail to a callow youth; it

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ɔs him of his dignity, and that is he has. Besides, the device fails cover the ground. To make it ɔrk O'Hara has to resort to such likely stratagems as having young ggins go to sleep in a room in llhouser's house and wake up owing what happened in that ɔm years before, and for long ssages at a time the fact that ggins is supposed to be telling the ry has to be tactfully ignored.

Ourselves to Know, it should be ded, has all the secondary virtues at O'Hara can bring to this kind of ɔry—flashes of excellent dialogue, ute observation of social class and ɔbbery, sure-handed characteriza-n of minor figures, and so on. It a pity that such gifts are not rnessed to a more powerful nar-tive.

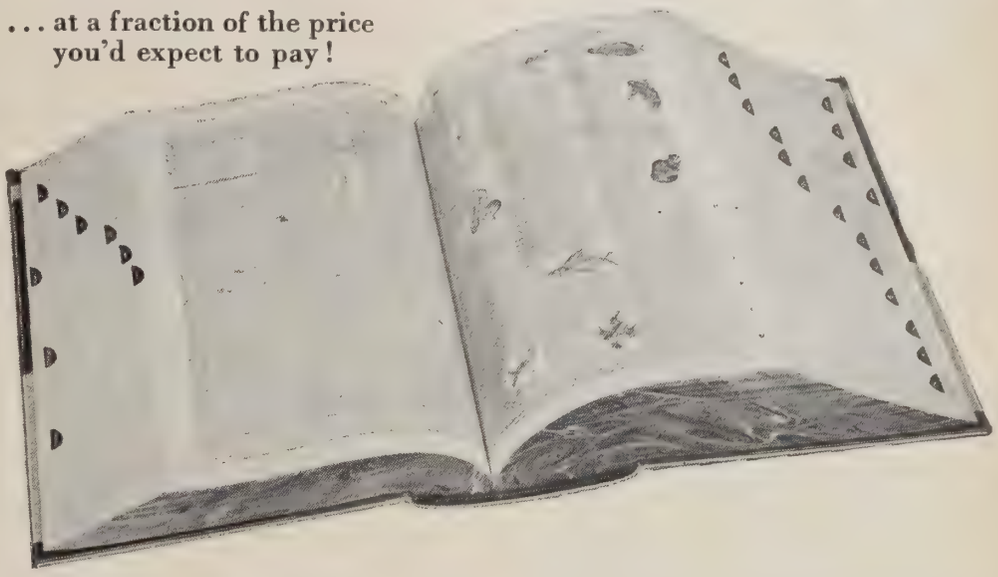
SYMBOL OF SUCCESS

N **Rosemarie** (Knopf, $3.95) the erman writer Erich Kuby has writ-n a book that he calls a novel but at is in fact a piece of somewhat tionalized journalism. As a novel is nothing much, and as journal-n it would be a good deal more lightening if the reader had some ty of knowing where fact leaves off d invention begins. But the book s a certain interest, since it at-mpts to explore again the much-plored economic revival of West ermany since the war by entirely w means. In place of the usual tistics and debates over free enter-ise Kuby centers his account on e figure of a briefly famous Frank-rt prostitute who was murdered in 57. This innovation in the exposi-n of economics should be much ɔpreciated, and may explain why e book has been translated into even languages.

Unfortunately, the point about osemarie is that she was one the least glamorous prostitutes er to win international attention. e started out as an ordinary reetwalker, and then attracted the terest of some very powerful in-istrialists who happened to be at-nding a conference in Frankfurt. a short time she was a tremendous ccess, with a fashionable apart-ent, an expensive car, and a dis-nguished clientele. She became portant enough to be on the pay-

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roll of one large company as hostess and spy; her business premises were wired to record the secrets that she had a special gift of eliciting from tired customers. Soon she was so deeply enmeshed in commercial intrigue that when she was found strangled with a nylon stocking there was an embarrassing abundance of suspects. She had kept methodical accounts of all her transactions, which gave the police many leads to investigate, but the crime has never been officially solved, perhaps because it would be awkward to the government to have the criminal brought to trial. Kuby makes it clear that he thinks he knows who did it.

The case of Rosemarie, on Kuby's showing, does not illuminate postwar German society in any very remarkable way; it seems to be far less revealing, for instance, than the Montesi case in Italy. Rosemarie was not the first of her kind that harassed businessmen away from home have discovered, and probably she will not be the last. Kuby in part sees her significance in what she was not: she had nothing of the great courtesan about her; she was not even remarkably good-looking. But she did have the single-minded, unimaginative drive toward material success that Kuby sees in the German economic revival. If such a drive is rare enough to confer symbolic status on the person who has it, then perhaps Rosemarie is a symbol.

SECOND LAW

THREE years ago a man with the slightly unconvincing name of C. Northcote Parkinson and the thoroughly unlikely position of Raffles Professor of History at the University of Malaya scored a great success with a little book announcing his discovery of "Parkinson's Law," the principle that work expands to fill the time available for its completion. Now, in **The Law and the Profits** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), he attempts to do it again, by announcing as his second law that *expenditure rises to meet income.*

I doubt that Parkinson's Second Law will have the success of the first, largely because it seems likely that anyone who has survived in this harsh world long enough to have his allowance raised from twenty-five to fifty cents a week will already have discovered it for himself. What the world obviously needs on this subject is Pickrel's Law, which is that income does not necessarily, usually, or even often rise to meet expenditure.

But Parkinson is not really thinking of private income; his book is a criticism of how governments spend money. The argument goes something like this: in time of war taxes go up, but in time of peace they forget to come down again, and government spending expands to take up the slack. Budgets are irrational because they are the work of interested parties; every department is trying to expand, and a budget is simply the sum of their dreams of glory. The only way to make a budget rational is to figure out how much a government ought to spend and then to divide it up justly among the candidates.

It seems a sensible enough proposal, but there turn out to be a few little problems in the application. Parkinson devotes a good deal of his book to demonstrating that there is a way of figuring out how much a government ought to spend, because there is a kind of natural limit to taxation, which he puts at 20 per cent of the national income. (The only other writer I know of who has attempted to set such a figure—the Australian economist Colin Clark—set it at 25 per cent.)

The magic figure of 20 per cent is reached by a variety of means that seem plausible as long as they wear the protection of Parkinson's witty, graceful style, which has the charm of rarely bogging down into tedious demonstration. But the reasoning is full of assumptions that appear a little doubtful if they are closely examined. To mention one example: Parkinson assumes that in peacetime the same job is done by taxation in all times and places, and that if taxes are higher here or there then the only conclusion to be drawn is that more money is being wasted. He may be right, but we seem to get more of a good many things for our own tax money than Charlemagne's subjects did—more traffic cops, insane asylums, school lunches, social security, food inspectors, etc., not to mention various forms of extremely expensive

xplodable hardware. The relation etween taxes and national income n ancient Athens may not be very elevant to our problems unless we ave some idea of what the Athenian as buying with his tax drachma.

Yet *The Law and the Profits* is a vely, engaging book on a side of ne argument that has not had its nare of wit and style. The case for ower taxes in America has largely ested in the hands of home-made conomists often suspected of some ersonal interest in the reductions hey have so dourly advocated. arkinson shows that their case need e neither gloomy nor selfish.

In a sense *The Law and the Profits* s a reply to Galbraith's *Affluent ociety,* with its optimistic assumption that we can have a much better ife if we are only willing to pay igher taxes to get it. Galbraith's ook left me doubtful, but I am not onvinced by Parkinson's argument hat all we get for higher taxes is nore waste, either. But limitations of pace prevent me from giving a true iew of these matters until the next ssue.

s There an American in the House? Macmillan, $3.95) is a collection of ketches, essays, and comments by David Cort, who seems to be a kind of Harry Golden except that he has ought his way up from Madison Avenue rather than the Lower East ide and retains much less amiable nemories of his early days. (He has been on the staff of *Life* and *Time* nd devotes pages to excoriating both of them.)

At his best Cort can bring a uriously double vision to bear upon American life. He enjoys such things s super-markets and popular magaines simply as spectacle; his sense of he ridiculous is aroused by the conradictions he sees around him, yet he is deeply concerned about their implications. He can take the image of the sturdy, independent American male as it appears in *True* magazine, for instance, and contrast it with the acquiescent male who never gives his female keeper any serious trouble in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* and wonder how the sexes can possibly live together amiably when they have such different images of maleness. Several of his essays are simply informal surveys, in which he com-

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Here, at last, is a practical guide that simplifies and explains in everyday language just about every legal problem you can expect to encounter in your life. Mr. Ross, a lawyer, court attaché and teacher at New York's City College, gives you hundreds of true-to-life examples that illustrate each point of law. Here are just a few of the questions he answers:

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Is a parking lot owner responsible for damage to your car?

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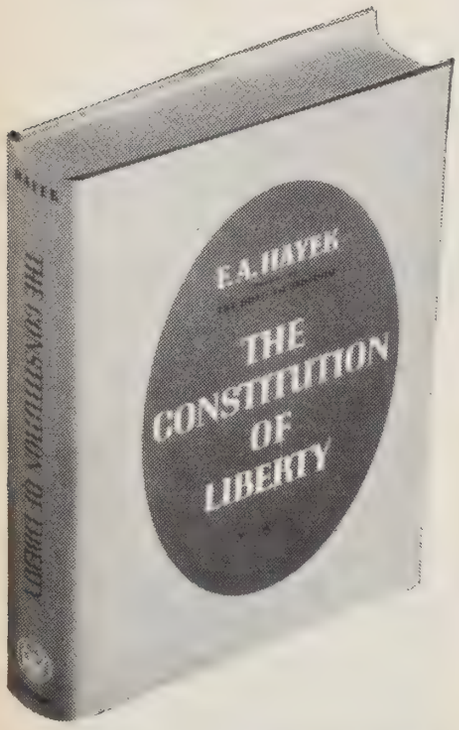
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piles a few statistics (what gossip columnists write about, what the same groceries cost in different cities, etc.) and then speculates about the meaning of the figures he has turned up. He also has a passionate and informed interest in such aspects of the American physical environment as the problem of diminishing water resources and decreasing fertility of the soil.

Cort is a man of strong opinions. He has no use for Robert Moses, Ed Sullivan, the late Senator McCarthy, drivers who disregard the rights of pedestrians, most of the material in the *New Yorker,* etc. He can also be somewhat beside the point, as he demonstrates in an essay called "Proust and the Cove Cats," a misguided effort to show that there is common ground between Proust and the beat writers because both see life as a joke. It is hard to imagine what beat writers he has read to give him that idea, or for that matter what Proust.

Msgr. Ronald Knox, the subject of Evelyn Waugh's new biography (Little, Brown, $5), was possibly the most famous English convert to Roman Catholicism in his day, as well as a brilliant wit and scholar and a gifted and astonishingly versatile writer and translator. (He was both a successful writer of detective stories and I believe the only man except for James Moffatt to translate the whole Bible into English single-handed.)

Knox made his fellow-convert Waugh his literary executor, and Waugh has produced a somewhat official life of his friend. The book does not attempt to capture the Knox of anecdote; there are few examples of his famous gift for witty rejoinder. Nor does it attempt psychological analysis—even Knox's conversion is presented more as a series of actions than as an inward struggle. Waugh assigns himself no role in the book at all; if it weren't for one oblique hint that Knox gave him some advice about how to handle certain ecclesiastical details in *Brideshead Revisited* there would be no evidence that author and subject ever met.

The tone is not only official but insular. Certain passages about Knox's life at Eton and Oxford are so full of the jargon of English upper-class education that the reader on this side of the Atlantic can hardly follow them, though in retrospect, for all their tony jargon, some of these passages are very moving, for Knox came along at the golden sunset of Edwardian boyhood, and almost every one of his close friends in youth was killed in the first world war.

And Knox himself seems to have been a rather insular man. On returning from a trip to Africa, for instance, he expressed pleasure in getting back to the Mediterranean, because, he said, "everything in Africa starts with Livingstone," as if history had always waited for the arrival of a Britisher to begin.

Yet in spite of these faults, if faults they are, Waugh has produced an elegant account of a fascinating man.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Constant Image, by Marcia Davenport.

This is a novel distinguished at the same time for richness of texture and economy of expression. The descriptions of life among the wealthy postwar industrial families in Milan, especially among the women—mornings at the milliners, luncheons, siestas, evenings at La Scala, amorous intrigues, interludes in a hill town, and a weekend of skiing in the Tyrol—are full of loving and living detail. It is all background for what starts as a lighthearted affair between a rich and beautiful American divorcée and an even richer Milanese husband. On the surface it sounds like an inconsequential drawing- or bed-room comedy of manners, but it ends by touching one's sympathy greatly. "The constant image" is the Italian view of the sanctity of marriage and family which the book seems to be defending against the romantical American marriage-go-round. The author makes the development of the characters of both Carlo and Harriet in the light of the

BOOKS IN BRIEF

alian "image" convincing and mov-ıg. Mrs. Davenport has written ınger books but none, in my ɔinion, with more depth of feeling ıan this short one.

Scribner, $3.95

angerous Silence, by Donald Mc-enzie.

The year has started off with a fine op of "suspense" stories. Here the ıthor of *Scent of Danger* tells of ı English ex-convict-gone-straight hose good and prosperous life is ıddenly invaded and endangered by ackmail from the past. Fear for is position and his life keep him om confiding in anyone who could elp him for what seems an in-rminable time, while death and rror pursue him and the excite-ıent is terrific. Dangerous silence ıdeed. Houghton Mifflin, $3

Twist of Sand, by Geoffrey Jen-ins.

A hold-your-breath novel of the des and deserts and uncanny eather of South Africa's Skeleton oast; of rare beetles and a beautiful oman scientist; of diamond smug-ling and unsung heroes; of flash-acks of war and submarines, and a ecret too long kept. But even to a ındlubber, it is especially exciting ı its vivid descriptions of naviga-on in uncharted waters in inhuman nd unpredictable weather.

Viking, $3.95

The Center of the Green, by John owen.

Mr. Bowen, so far as I know, is o relative of either Elizabeth or atherine Drinker Bowen. He is a terary man in his own right and his is his third novel. It is about middle-class English family—the ıther a retired army man, the ıother hopelessly possessive, the two ɔns with whom the story is con-erned ruined, one would think, eyond saving. I have never seen ɔneliness made more palpable—the ɔne brother so cut off from life he ries suicide; nor satyriasis made so onvincingly compulsive—the other ɔrother who cannot let women alone. But these aren't people to whom hings "just happen." The brother vho tries to do away with himself tarts going to a group-therapy class. The mother knows she is too posse

"But Can It Be Found In The Bible?"



People often indignantly demand that Catholics prove their teaching from the Bible.

The Bible is their "rule of faith" . . . and they argue that every man has the right and ability to discover for himself, by his interpretation of the Bible, what he must believe and do to be saved.

We do not question the sincerity of these people and we applaud all who strive earnestly to understand and observe the Scriptures. But—are they right in calling the Bible, privately interpreted, the sole source of Christian teaching?

"Hold the teachings that you have learned," wrote St. Paul, "whether by word or by letter of ours" (2 Thessalonians 2:15). He refers to Christian teachings, some oral, some written . . . and demands that *all* be received.

Christianity did not begin with the Bible. It began with the coming of Christ. The Lord instructed His Apostles to "go forth . . . teach all nations"—and to insure that His truths would always be maintained, Christ established His Church, ". . . the pillar and mainstay of the truth" (1 Timothy 3:15).

The last part of the Bible . . . written by St. John . . . was not completed until 60 years after the Crucifixion of Christ. There was no Bible in anything resembling its present form until nearly 400 years after Jesus had died on the cross. And the widespread distribution of the Bible as we know it today was impossible until the invention of printing, some 1400 years after the Savior's death.

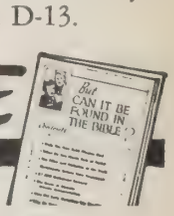
By what "rule of faith" did the millions of Christians live during those 1500 years?

The answer is, of course, that the teaching of the Church was the rule of faith for the Christian world. And St. Paul reminds us that Christianity consists of "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism" (Ephesians 4:5). "God is a God of peace, not of disorder," St. Paul said further (1 Corinthians 14:33).

Yet today we have nearly 300 different religious denominations, all calling themselves Christians . . . all professing the Bible as their rule of faith . . . and all differing to some extent in their understanding of what the Bible means. Could Christ have left a "rule of faith" that would permit such confusion? Would He have left the interpretation of His Word to the fallible and changing judgments of men—when our very souls depend on a correct understanding and observance of Christ's teachings?

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sive and tries to fight it. Out of all this comes a tragic sense of life all right, and an understanding of the utter alone-ness of the individual, but not without hope and compassion and even humor. Moreover it is a compelling narrative from start to finish. I didn't read Mr. Bowen's first two novels (this is the first to be published in this country) but I shall certainly read his next.

McDowell, Obolensky, $3.50

NON-FICTION

Here Lies the Heart, by Mercedes de Acosta.

A woman who has been poet, novelist, playwright, actress, friend of the great and near-great in the social and creative worlds of the last half-century, could scarcely write a dull book. Among her friends she has counted Garbo, Duse, Isadora Duncan, Eva Le Gallienne, Dietrich, John and Ethel Barrymore, Michael Strange, Noel Coward, Cecil Beaton, Cole Porter, Stravinsky, Jeanne Eagels, Hope Williams, and Aldous Huxley, to mention only a few who play their moments on this stage. Perhaps because of the masses of material the book seems to suffer from a lack of selectivity and it is written in a surprisingly disconnected style giving the effect of a series of double takes. For instance a comment on her mother's suit to regain her inheritance:

> My mother's appeal was successful. . . . She came into about four million dollars, at that time a fairly large fortune.

On Paris when she was ten:

> When I was only ten, Rita [her sister] took me to see many great artists in Paris. She treated me like a grownup and used to introduce me then as her "canary." Later on she always referred to herself and me as "The Sisters Karamazov." I met Rodin, Bourdelle, Henri Bergson, Brieux, Anatole France, Boldini, Yvette Guilbert, D'Annunzio, Edith Wharton, Helleu, Sarah Bernhardt, Jacques Copeau and many others. . . . We went often to Zuloaga's studio in Montmartre, where he mixed gypsies and bullfighters with intellectuals such as Benevente, Ortega, and Unamuno.

On the sale of their house in New York:

> With the selling of the house many other changes took place. Our old cook Bridget had just recently died, and so had our fox terrier.

On buying furniture on her honeymoon:

> Before returning to New York, Abram and I went to London to buy some English furniture for our house. While there we met the painter Augustus John, and spent several afternoons with him in his studio. I saw Ivor Novello again, and met his close friend Bobbie Andrews. Cecile Sartoris had given me a letter of introduction to Gabrielle Entohven saying that Gabrielle knew Duse very well. This, of course, was enough to make me rush to see her at the earliest moment. She became one of my closest friends in London.

She is such a master of *non sequiturs* that one keeps saying over and over: "What's that again?" But her sidelights on the famous people who crowd her life are extraordinary and personal and one cannot stop reading. A remarkable document.

Reynal, $5

Isadora: A Revolutionary in Art and Love, by Allan Ross Macdougall.

Mr. Macdougall, whose circle of friends must have overlapped Mercedes de Acosta's at many points, here writes the life of one whom both of them knew well. It makes an interesting and illuminating footnote to *Here Lies the Heart* and repeats inevitably some of the same material, for Isadora's impact was never trivial and apparently all who knew her treasured her every word and gesture. Mr. Macdougall (who in 1952 edited and compiled the letters of another friend, Edna St. Vincent Millay) was at one time secretary to Miss Duncan and collected material about her for many years. He manages to tell a great deal about her though he seems unable to accomplish the impossible feat of communicating the quality of her dancing to those who never saw it. But he makes quite clear the overwhelming effect it had on those who did.

Nelson, $5

Diary of a D. A., by Martin M. Frank.

Considering the way most people lap up detective *fiction*—stories of invented murders and murderers,

nvented clues and solutions, I can't ee why a book like this shouldn't eap to the best-seller lists. It is writ- en by a man who is now an Associ- te Justice of the Appellate Division f the New York Supreme Court. or sixteen years before becoming a udge he was Assistant District At- orney of the Bronx—which, "were it separate community . . . would ank seventh in population among he cities of the nation." Moreover is book is written simply, quietly, nodestly, but drama is on every age as he tells of some of the cases vith which the police and the Dis- rict Attorney's office wrestled dur- ng his term of office. They are vonderful and awful stories, but vritten as they are by someone on he inside they shed much light n the problems and practices of aw enforcement—identification, con- essions, the "third degree," circum- tantial evidence, etc. I particularly ecommend "A Midsummer Night- nare" and "Manhunt."

Holt, $3.95

FORECAST

Heroes and Hero-worship

Have you a favorite character in history, in theatre, on the contem- porary scene? The chances are you can find something about him or her among the biographies, autobiogra- phies, and memoirs of 1960. Judy Garland? Random House will pub- lish *The Judy Garland Story* which she is writing with Fred Finklehoffe, in the fall. F. Scott Fitzgerald? Andrew Turnbull is writing his life for Scribner's, and H. Dan Piper has written *F. Scott Fitzgerald: A Por- trait of the Artist,* which Rinehart has scheduled for early spring.

Jack Paar's *I Kid You Not* is due in May from Little, Brown. The memoirs of Felix Frankfurter come from Viking in May; Henry Holt is publishing Cary Grayson's *Woodrow Wilson: An Intimate Memoir;* Har- court, Brace has a life of Lord Cur- zon by Leonard Mosley; J. Donald Adams has written a life of the be- loved teacher, *Copey of Harvard* for Houghton Mifflin, who will also pub- lish Anthony Eden's *The Full Circle* and Sylvia Sprigge's *Berenson.*

Buster Keaton has written his memoirs for Doubleday; Kathryn Murray with B. H. Hoffman has written *My Husband, Arthur Mur- ray,* and Abraham Flexner has writ- ten his autobiography, both for the Simon & Schuster spring list. Mr. Truman has expanded his memoirs, which Bernard Geis will publish under the title *Mr. Citizen* in March. Albert Skira, the art publisher, is at work on *Conversations With Myself* for World; Harnett Kane is finish- ing *The Longs of Louisiana* (not to be confused with Dutton's book of the same title by Stan Opotowsky, published March 1) for Doubleday, who will also bring out the auto- biography of Mayor Willy Brandt of West Berlin. Grove plans Henri Hell's *Poulenc;* Viking has a pic- torial biography of Mozart by Erich Valentin and one of Leonardo by Richard Friedenthal, while Eliza- beth Gray Vining, whose *Windows for the Crown Prince* was a best seller some years back, writes in *Re- turn to Japan* (for Lippincott) of many things including Prince Aki- hito's wedding which she attended—she was the only non-Japanese so honored.

New Venture

I had been puzzled as to the dif- ference between Doubleday's new pa- perback series—Dolphins—and their Dolphin Masters. The unadorned Dolphins "will include fiction, non- fiction, and poetry chosen from the world's great masterpieces of litera- ture and thought." So far so good. But one of the editors wrote me:

> A book is a Master only when it re- produces an edition . . . in the form in which the author himself published it. For example, many collections of Emerson's essays are available, but the particular collection he published under the title of *The Conduct of Life* is not. Ditto Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.* The volume of Shelley and Keats we are doing is actually two books: the col- lection of poems Keats published in 1820 and the collection Shelley pub- lished in the same year. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* ran through a number of edi- tions in a matter of months after it first appeared; the Dolphin book is set from the first edition. But al- though we set *The Scarlet Letter, Jude the Obscure, The Prairie* and a number of other Dolphin books from the first editions we did not make them Masters, because no changes were made in later editions.

Any questions?

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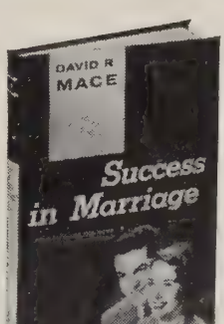
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The idea of record "reprints" is something relatively new. Up to the last decade a record was dropped for good once it was removed from the catalogue. Then it became a collector's item, to be found only in second-hand shops. But in the early 1950s, with the advent of the LP disc (which had been introduced by Columbia in 1948), companies began investigating their own past. Victor, in its LCT series, exhumed great performances from its vault and made them once more available. Columbia had its Entré series. Smaller companies like Scala, Eterna, and, more recently, Tap, have concentrated on great vocal discs of the past, transferring them to LP with more or less success.

By far the most ambitious of the current attempts in that direction is the Great Recordings of the Century series, sponsored in this country by Angel. Angel's parent company is E.M.I. in England, where the vaults of the great His Master's Voice recordings are available. For the last few years we have had those HMV re-issues. The sponsors of the Great Recordings of the Century have not gone too far back, chronologically. They have concentrated on early electrical recordings, and on orchestras and instrumentalists rather than vocalists, though there was made available last year a beautiful Elisabeth Schumann disc, among others. The current batch, released several months ago, also is primarily instrumental, though here again one vocal disc is present. And what a disc!

It contains scenes from Wagner's **Die Walküre** and **Götterdämmerung,** sung by Frida Leider, Lauritz Melchior, and Friedrich Schorr, with orchestras conducted by Leo Blech and Robert Heger (Angel 105). Leider and Schorr made their "Walküre" excerpts in 1927, and she joined Melchior for the "Götterdämmerung" in 1931.

Leider was the greatest of the immediate pre-Flagstad Wagnerian sopranos. Her voice was one of unusual size and color: much more colorful, indeed, than Flagstad's. Flagstad tended to be dispassionate, using her great voice like a musical instrument. Leider was much more womanly, and by far a more passionate singer. The Immolation Scene on this disc ranks with the best Wagnerian singing ever recorded. And what is more, it has complete vocal security. One wonders how many of the great Wagnerian singers of the past could have been able to match it. Fremstad's recordings certainly do not suggest this kind of authority (though veterans who heard Fremstad assure me that the recordings give no idea of her voice); and as one listens to the Mapleson reconstructions from the stage of the Metropolitan in 1901-03, Nordica's voice, big as it is, does not suggest perfection in matters of pitch and musicianship. (Lionel Mapleson was the librarian of the Metropolitan Opera at the turn of the century. Edison lent him a machine, and Mapleson, from the wings and the catwalk, recorded hundreds of cylinders containing bits of actual performances. Two LP discs of those excerpts were released by William Seltsam of Bridgeport, Connecticut, a few years ago. And those who want to hear an entire LP disc of Nordica and Fremstad can examine the recently issued Rococo R 21, in which each singer has one whole side.)

As for Melchior, he has the field undisputably to himself. He was in his prime when he made these recordings, and he leaves no doubt about his position as the greatest Heldentenor of the century. That easily-produced, trumpet-like sound was a phenomenon that made pygmies out of the Laubenthals, Alvarys, Althouses, and other Wagnerian tenors of the day. And the admired Schorr, whose Sachs in "Meistersinger" was the criterion for so many years, had a warm, noble-sounding, flexible baritone. There *were* giants in those days.

Mozart Without Perfume

Another giant was Artur Schnabel, heard with the London Symphony under Malcolm Sargent and John Barbirolli in a pair of Mozart **Concertos—Nos. 21 in C** (K. 467) **and 27 in B flat** (K. 595). The C major was recorded in 1937, the B flat in 1934 (Angel 67). In those days very few pianists played Mozart, two exceptions being Gieseking and Iturbi. Those two had a rather perfumed view of Mozart, especially Gieseking, who could make ravishing sounds but seldom managed to suggest the stature of the music.

What Schnabel does in these performances sounds easy but has never been duplicated. His phrasing has a remarkable finish, but never does he try to "interpret." One feels that he has faith in the composer, and sequences roll forth with inexorable logic. The music sounds virile, authoritative, clear; and when Schnabel gets into something like the slow movement of K. 467, which contains just about the most piercing melody Mozart ever composed, there is a concentration of emotional resource, intellectual power, and pianistic sheen that places the results on a height of supreme art. The recorded sound on this disc, by the way, is unusually clear. Those who remember Schnabel's distinctive tone will find an amazing duplication here.

Two other Great Recordings discs in the series present Fritz Kreisler in the Brahms **Violin Concerto,** with the London Philharmonic under Barbirolli (Angel 35) and the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals Trio in the Beethoven **Archduke Trio** (Angel 29). The Brahms, recorded in 1936, is one of those typically lyric Kreisler performances, full of *Welt-*

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schmerz, that he alone could manage. This is one of Kreisler's greatest records, much better than his version of the Beethoven concerto, recorded at much the same period. If nothing else, it has more control, and the intonation is on a high level. (Toward the end of his career Kreisler could play off pitch.)

The "Archduke" dates from 1928, and is one of the least successful in the series. Where, in the other records, the engineers have been successful in the LP transfer, they have not been able to do much with this early electrical recording, and the LP has considerable distortion. Nor have I been able to work up as much enthusiasm for the Cortot-Casals-Thibaud Trio as most collectors. Their recording of the Schubert B flat, for instance, is upheld almost unanimously as the exemplar of chamber-music playing. But what about the way Thibaud wanders all over the violin in the second movement? Is this to be upheld as the model? In the "Archduke" the violinist is more restrained, but even here his intonation is far from flawless. The interpretation on the whole is a romantic one, with considerable leeway in matters of phrase and tempo. It is a wonderful period piece of playing, but there are better interpretations on LP. Whereas the other discs in the series are unique.

Out of Quarantine

Talking about the "Archduke" is reminded of how little chamber music has been recorded the last few years. Chamber music has never been a particularly salable commodity, but that is no excuse for the large record companies to regard the form as a species of musical chicken pox, to be put under permanent quarantine. Fortunately, with the advent of stereo, new catalogues must be built and basic repertoire re-recorded, and in the process the Budapest Quartet has been turned loose once more on Beethoven. The first fruits are contained in three discs of the six **Op. 18 Quartets** (Columbia M3S 606, stereo; M3L 262, monophonic). Eventually the rest of the sixteen quartets will follow.

It would be hard to overpraise the Op. 18 album, either as performance or recorded sound. Columbia in this recording has achieved a pronounced stereo effect (first violin at the left, cello at the right, the two other instruments in the middle) but not at the expense of realism. In other words, one is not conscious of stereo but of the music; and superbly realistic it comes forth. And, at this date, it would be pointless to describe the virtues of the Budapest Quartet—its uncanny ensemble, its accurate rhythm, and its understanding of the German repertoire.

Among the scattering of chamber-music releases are two from London—the Schubert **Trout Quintet,** with Clifford Curzon and members of the Vienna Octet (3025, monophonic; CS 6090, stereo), and a Mozart disc containing the **Quintet for Piano and Winds** and the **Clarinet Trio,** with Walter Panhoffer, pianist, and members of the Vienna Octet (CS 6109, stereo). Three works, three masterpieces. The Schubert receives a cultivated performance, even though a few tempos may raise an eyebrow. Why, for instance, the unseemly rush in the third movement? But Curzon remains one of the most elegant of pianists, and his Viennese co-workers integrate beautifully with him. Panhoffer's name is not as illustrious as Curzon's, but he too is a fine, sensitive artist, never making a tasteless or an illogical sound. Those who do not know these two Mozart scores are in for a treat. The Clarinet Trio represents Mozart's lighter side, and it has a theme in the first movement (the second subject) that makes the listener wiggle with delight. The Quintet is a dark-colored, intense piece of writing, with a remarkable second movement and with a few sections that are in the very world of "Figaro" and "Cosi fan tutte."

The Romantic of Romantics

Victor, which releases almost no chamber music, makes its contribution with a two-disc set played by the Festival Quartet (Szymon Goldberg, violin; William Primrose, viola; Nikolai Graudan, cello; and Victor Babin, piano). The contents include Beethoven's **Piano Quartet in E flat,** Brahms' in **C minor** and Schumann's in **E flat** (LM 6068, monophonic; LSC 6068, stereo). Schumann's E flat Piano Quartet is not to be confused with his Piano Quintet in the same key; the latter is, of course, his most popular piece of chamber music, whereas the E flat Piano Quartet is not heard too often. But, then again, it is surprising how little of Schumann's music is heard these days, aside from a handful of recital favorites. Even the sesquicentennial observances this year (Schumann was born in 1810) apparently will not advance matters, for outside of a few token programs there seems little interest in the event. Schumann, the most romantic of the romantics, is not a symbol to this age.

Even the Festival Quartet, which plays most of the E flat in a fluent manner, appears to be a mite embarrassed by the intense kind of subjectivity Schumann displays in the slow movement. Here the performance is awkward, seldom getting off the ground; and thus this movement, one of the most personal and glowing that Schumann ever wrote, emerges as a rather faded tintype. Which it isn't. The players, on the other hand, gleefully attack the crisp measures of the Beethoven E flat Piano Quartet (perhaps better known in its version for piano and four wind instruments), and handle the Brahms with considerable style.

The Brahms is a typical work of the composer's middle period: awkwardly written, full of tremendous ideas, and as noble as hell—self-consciously so. Brahms was *so* conscious of his role as bearer of the Beethoven pennon. Later on, when he learned to relax, he was able to write things like the Clarinet Quintet—simple, lyric, flowing, subtle. But at the period of the C minor Piano Quartet he was apt to engage in a Laocoön-like struggle with his materials. The result can be uncomfortable. Yet there is never any doubt that a major musical mind is at work, creating a score that may not be especially handsome but that is impressive in its integrity and strength.

AND ALSO . . .

Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake Excerpts. Ernest Ansermet and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London CS 6127 (stereo).

Ansermet, one is apt to forget, is an experienced ballet conductor who was associated with Diaghileff's Ballets Russes and even made some ballet recordings around 1917. His Swan Lake disc is elegant, understanding, and thoroughly delightful.

Chopin: Scherzos. Ann Schein, piano. Kapp 9040 (mono); 9040-S (stereo).

Unusually deft performances. Schein is a young American whose career will be worth watching. She as yet has to grow emotionally into the four Scherzos, but even at that her performance is better than that of many bigger names who have recorded the music.

Mahler: Kindertotenlieder: Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen. Christa Ludwig, soprano, and Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Vandernoot and Boult. Angel 35776 (mono); S35776 (stereo).

Smooth, rich-voiced singing: exactly what the music needs. In addition, Ludwig is a sensitive stylist. She sings with a great orchestra and two experienced conductors.

Mendelssohn: Octet. Janacek and Smetana String Quartets. Westminster 18856 (mono); 14082 (stereo).

Two excellent string quartets pool their resources for this "Octet," the miraculous product of Mendelssohn's sixteenth year. Strongly outlined playing, excellent recorded sound.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

BLUES

Samuel B. Charters has done some pioneering in **The Country Blues,** a book about the less tutored style that developed roughly in parallel to the better-known "city" blues. Charters chose to write it in terms of the most popular singers, their rural audience, and the often indifferent white recording companies which exploited both; and the decision gives his work both unity and originality.

The "race records," as those intended primarily for the Negro trade were called, had enormous sales for the amount of effort that went into them; Charters gives an estimate that the old Paramount company, in the early twenties, was turning out as many as 100,000 a month. Yet the musicians lived much as they always had, singing for their keep, like Blind Lemon Jefferson, who drank and whored his way through life, and rests in an unmarked grave near Wortham, Texas.

Charters gives a useful appendix of available country-blues recordings, but there is one of them that was apparently issued too recently for him to mention, which adds a postscript to his story. The scene was late evening, eighteen years ago, around the piano after a Negro country dance in Delta country, Deep South. Here were four men, among them the folklorist Alan Lomax, with one of those small low-fidelity disc recorders then in use; and everything said and sung for the next two hours was saved—poorly, by modern technical standards, but magnificently by any other.

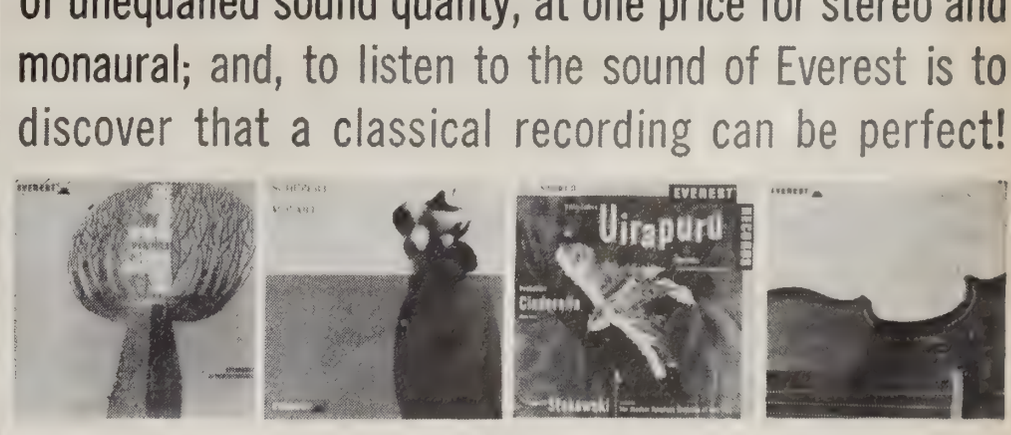
We are not given the names of the three speakers, which is understandable. Mr. Lomax had only asked them what the blues were, where they came from, and why they were sung, but for his answer he got an extended commentary on social conditions in the Mississippi basin during the past half-century. "Blues started from slavery," says the one we know as "Leroy," and later "Natchez" adds: "The fact of the business, back in those days a Negro didn't mean no more to a white man than a mule." To which all three echo in reply: "Didn't mean as much!"

The Country Blues, by Samuel B. Charters, Rinehart, $4.95.

Blues in the Mississippi Night. Recorded and edited by Alan Lomax. United Artists UAL 4027.



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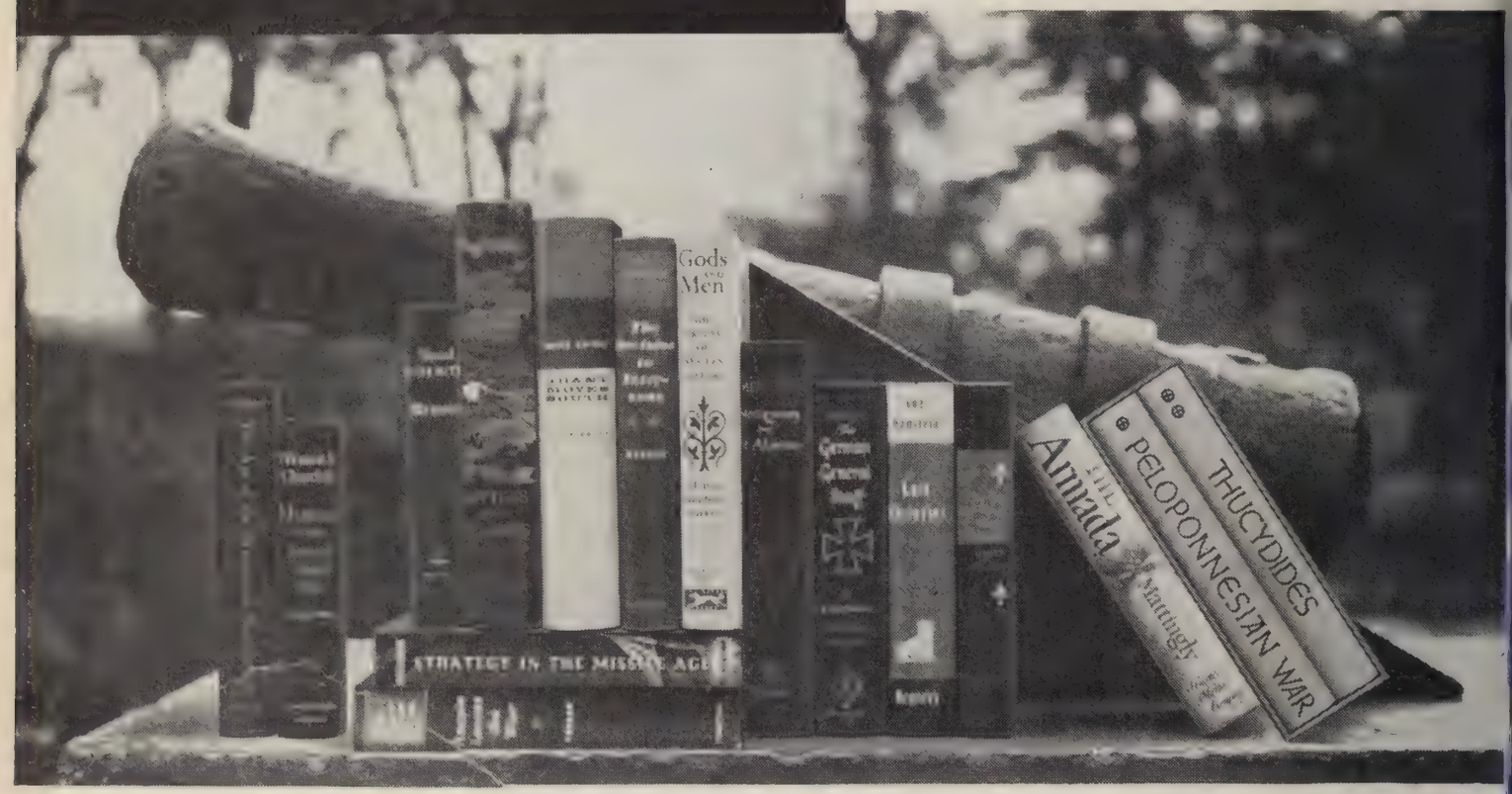
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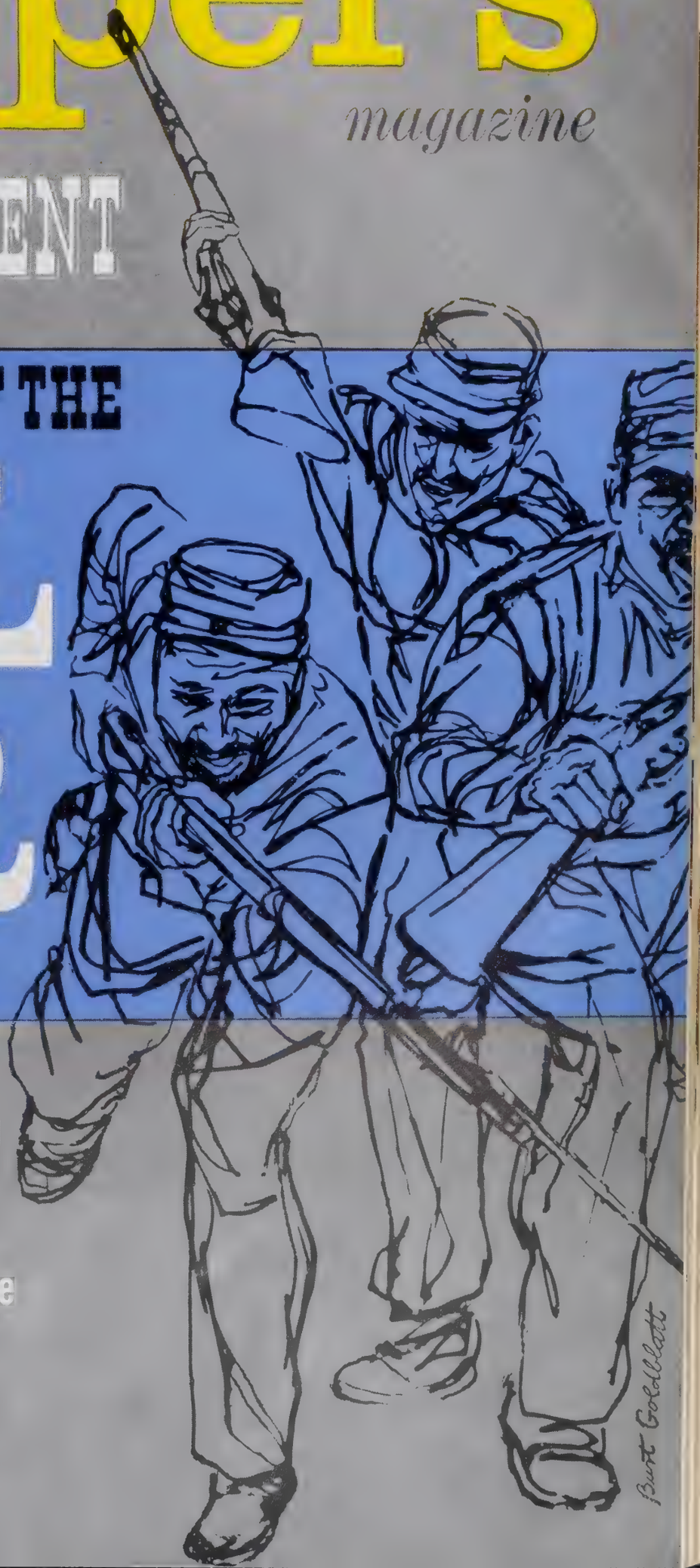
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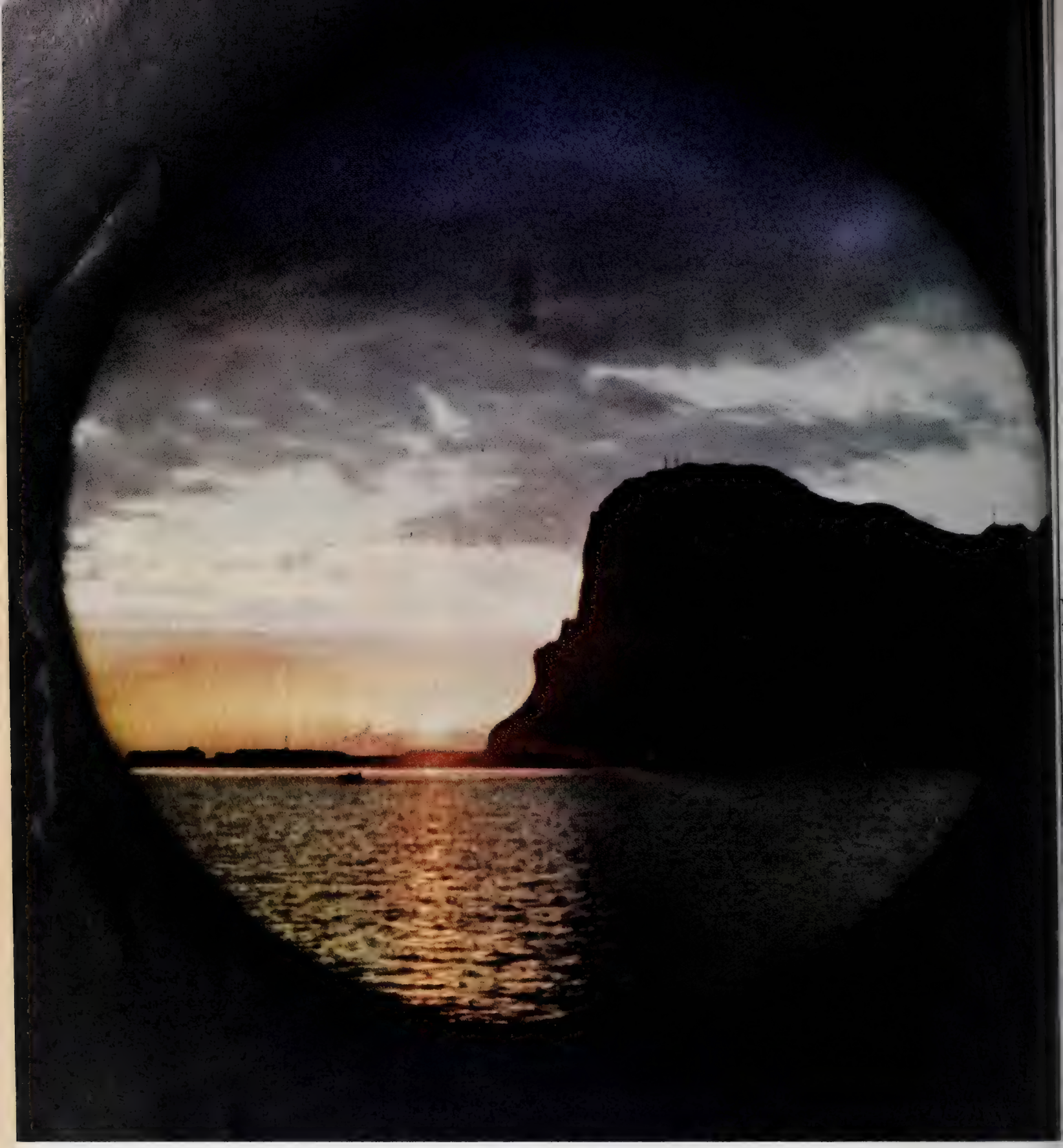


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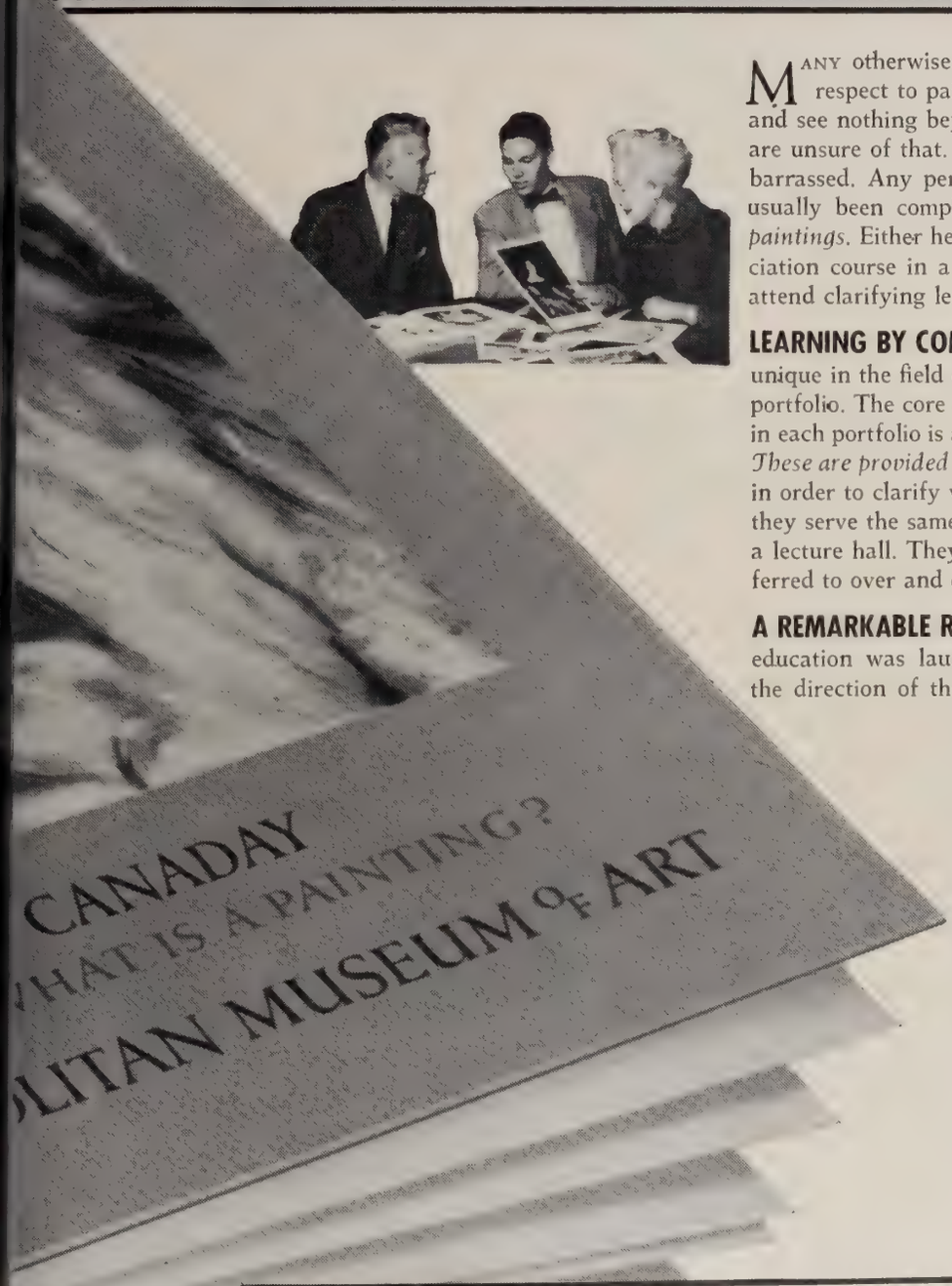
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LETTERS

Jonny

To the Editors:

Mira Rothenberg's story of "The Rebirth of Jonny" [February] was not only gripping but a sensitive and delicate interpretation of mental illness. I believe Jonny's parents, who consented to the publication of his story and his therapy, have also made a real contribution to the field of mental health.

Nathalie Kennedy
Nat. Assoc. of Social Workers
Los Angeles, Calif.

This article was the most unforgettable one that I have ever read. I have been interested in retarded children for some time and this article proved to be the clincher. I am a senior in high school and I have definitely decided to major in this field and to be of what help I can to unfortunate children like Jonny.

Brenda Augustine
Sterling City, Texas

In publishing "The Rebirth of Jonny" *Harper's* has responded to the growing public interest in the grave problem of childhood mental illness. . . . Whether, however, the difference between the mentally ill and the normal child is only one of degree, as the author writes, is by no means firmly established. Many child psychiatrists, clinical psychologists, and other professionals believe the mentally ill child comes into the world with a basic constitutional abnormality perhaps of genetic or chemical character. This is "the unidentified 'x' factor" referred to in your editor's note.

Unfortunately little basic research is being done, partly because of lack of funds, partly because mental hospitals usually do not have the necessary laboratory facilities. Increasing research appropriations is therefore one of the goals of our organization.

One of our most serious problems is the critical shortage of trained personnel. Hence one of our prime responsibilities is to encourage young people to enter this field. We are prepared to offer them career guidance and also to supply complete information to all interested readers of *Harper's*.

Michael E. Freelund
Natl. Organization for Mentally Ill Children
171 Madison Avenue
New York 16, N.Y.

I do not believe this article is up to your usual standards. . . . The saga is an interesting one, a valuable and I'm sure a valid description of a therapeutic approach effective in this one particular child. I protest, however, the presentation as incomplete and of the type to inspire false hope. . . .

Bernadine Z. Paulshock, M.D
Wilmington, Del.

What Mira Rothenberg has achieved is astonishing and very interesting from the medical and psychological point of view. I do not know the boy but from my experience with other pathological children I think her result is based on her deep intuitive understanding of such children, their fears and defenses. The article is a serious contribution to therapy for abnormal children. . . .

Kurt Goldstein, M.D
New York, N.Y.

Your article on childhood schizophrenia is certainly commendable. We are happy to see further efforts being made to acquaint the public with the nature of these problems.

W. C. Rippy, Jr., M.D
Children's Unit, John Umstead Hosp
Butner, N.C

Galbraith vs. Nixon

To the Editors:

John Kenneth Galbraith's article, "Mr. Nixon's Remedy for Inflation" [February], is rather devastating to a fellow Californian. As an old-line Republican I had been cheered that Nixon is now certain to be the Republican choice to succeed Eisenhower. But this article has shaken my faith, and will affect every voter who is intelligent enough to be worried about the certain disaster that unchecked inflation will bring, not only to our economy but to the life of our free-enterprise system. But to whom else can we turn? Certainly not a single "prospect" being spotlighted on the Democratic stage as yet offers any better solution for inflation.

Can we Republicans do anything but believe and hope that Mr. Nixon will "grow in stature and moral courage" to face the grave issues of the next term, if he should win in November?

William B. Smith, M.D.
Delano, Calif.

Professor Galbraith has caught a politician with his policies showing and he

The passions that move men to create history

"My destiny is not fulfilled," Napoleon had said before invading Russia. But in Moscow, instead of Tsarist peace deputation, only raging fires and the city's beggars awaited the master of half a continent and of his army of 650,000, less than 100,000 remained. These, Napoleon abandoned to their fate, while he escaped to fight another day — but never again with his old power. The road from the Kremlin was to lead to Waterloo — and a new era of independence for the subjugated nations of Europe.

The passions that move men to create history may be peculiar to the time and place, but their consequences are the legacy of us all. Just as our lives today are shaped in part by Drake's defeat of the Spanish Armada—so is our future now being altered by the seething aspirations of people in Algiers, Djakarta and Peiping.

For a meaningful understanding of the present, the thoughtful reader seeks new insights in the fascinating panorama of the past. To help you do so — at substantial savings — we invite you to membership in The History Book Club.



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LETTERS

has done a cute job of surgery on Nixon. But since Galbraith assumes . . . that there *are* answers and that one party has more of the correct ones than the other, he may be asked:

(A) Is it possible to have economic growth without creeping inflation?

(B) If it is, how would Galbraith control it?

GWYNN NETTLER
Mexico, D.F.

For the first time in twenty-five years of married life we are able to pay our bills when they come due. Whether this be because of inflation, or if it is a remedy for inflation, I wish to say "Thank you, Mr. Nixon." . . .

I am not a Harvard economist, just a plain schoolteacher who had to "master a course in home economics" in order to keep away from a thirty-day month of beans for twenty years. . . . We are far better off under Nixon's do-it-yourself policy than ever before. It is a heady experience to answer the doorbell, check book in hand!

VIOLET V. RUCKMAN
Eugene, Ore.

What's Wrong with Houses

TO THE EDITORS:

I applaud A. M. Watkins ["A Good House Is Hard to Find," February] but suggest that he failed to define the most urgent need. . . . With the advantages of the suburbs being destroyed by the wild multiplication of these suburbs themselves, the home-building industry must face the need to design *environment* rather than simply *houses*. . . .

This includes the house and also the old shade tree that may or may not be bulldozed away to save $100 in building costs, the street that may or may not be the only place to ride a tricycle, the meadow that may or may not be left in public ownership when the work is finished, and the school that may or may not be a safe child's walk from home. . . . The best designed and most efficiently constructed house, if it is cheek by jowl with 3,000 identical twins in a treeless plain may not be half as good a bargain as an indifferent old house on a tree-shaded dead-end street with enough top soil to grow a garden.

JOHN L. DAVIES, Architect
Elkins Park, Pa.

I could find no item of disagreement with Mr. Watkins but would like to add a few notes out of my own experience:

(1) The layout of the development—road and utilities pattern, site subdivision, and house location on the site—is crucial in terms of neighborhood character as well as individual house. . . .

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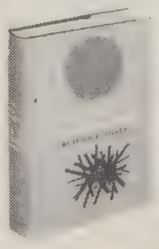
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THE IMITATION REAL THING



LETTERS

Here, where it is least utilized, the planning capacity of the architect can make the difference between an integrated, livable community and a dreary budding slum.

(2) The architect's experience in commercial and industrial methods can advantageously introduce construction elements and systems of which the house builder may be totally unaware. . . .

(3) To complement the uniform national building code advocated by the author, a maintenance insurance policy should be developed as an integral part of mortgage financing.

NORBERT N. TURKEL, Architect
Yonkers, N.Y.

The Billboards We Watch

TO THE EDITORS:

Howard Gossage's "How to Look at Billboards" [Easy Chair, February] is an amusing piece of fiction. . . . The author is being warmly fried by the outdoor advertising industry, the advertising trade press, and advertising agencies. This barbecuing is taking place not merely for his iconoclastic attack . . . but principally because he offered nothing constructive to the profession wherein he makes his living. . . .

His thesis, if carried to a logical conclusion, would eliminate department store window displays, theatre marquees, gas stations, and all business signs. . . . Billboards are an integral part of the great system of free enterprise which safeguards the rights of Gossage and me to vigorously disagree.

J. W. FONTANA, Pres.
N. Calif. Council of Outdoor Adv.
San Francisco, Calif.

Three comments:

(1) Window displays and the other items Mr. Fontana lists are located on the advertiser's own property; billboards are not.

(2) The only constructive way to deal with billboards is to abolish them.

(3) This has no more to do with free enterprise than the abolition of slums.

THE EDITORS

A word of warm commendation for the article on the billboard menace. This type of advertising is offensive to the public in every way, particularly because it destroys the beauty of our roads and is dangerous to all who travel upon them.

E. E. MACCRONE
Detroit, Mich.

How much privacy does Mr. Gossage want when he ventures outdoors? Personally I find some billboards obnoxious, others helpful. Occasionally when bound for the grocery I'm glad to be reminded

Red Russia's railroads get the green light



If you think the great era of railroad building is gone, you should see Russia today!

The Russians are feverishly building new railroads . . . improving existing trackage . . . adding modern equipment — electric and diesel locomotives, roller-bearing cars, automatic coupling, welded rail and plenty of new and improved rolling stock.

And while Russia's railroads are by no means up to American railroad standards, they're moving ahead fast.

* * *

In the United States, by contrast, public policies tend to reflect indifference to the railroads, while they encourage railroad competition.

Railroads are burdened with over-regulation and discriminatory taxation — while their competition uses highways, waterways and airways built and maintained by the government.

* * *

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by a billboard of a product I've intended to try. On the open road when I crave food or shelter, I'm pleased to see a billboard with information about motels. I have even felt grateful for a highway sign suggesting "Next time try the train." I did, and I'm glad. . . .

If we grant that a few billboards are informative and useful and in the public interest, do we then censor only the harmful outdoor advertising? In that case, who should decide? Should it be the man who writes those alluring [Irish] whiskey ads—Mr. Gossage?

KEITH MONROE
Fuller & Smith & Ross, Advertising
Los Angeles, Calif.

Surely a public which is not roused sufficiently to care about leadership in government, racial segregation, the degeneration of mass media, slum clearance, spiraling inflation, and atomic testing cannot care too much about their field of vision. I wonder, in fact, how many people look up or around enough to recall seeing outdoor signs that obscure a breath-taking view; or if they know that there are such views. . . . Mr. Gossage's article had some justification but I felt that his scorn and wry wit were wasted.

EUGENE TASHOFF
Lawrence Fertig & Co., Advertisting
New York, N.Y.

Women and White

TO THE EDITORS:

With his comments on women, public policy, and politics ["Public Women," January] William S. White has undoubtedly removed himself from consideration for the Presidency, at least in 1960. But the force of his comments must be judged in terms of the cold sincerity with which he wrote.

The time is certainly ripe for questioning not only the "corollaries of the Nineteenth Amendment" but the wisdom of the Amendment itself. . . . If Mr. White chooses to continue his thesis in a later column I suggest that he use the League of Women Voters and Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce as background material.

GEORGE C. ROBERTS
Department of Government
U. of Arkansas
Fayetteville, Ark.

Like Mr. White, I know some of the "Madame Chairlady" types. But they are outnumbered at least a hundred to one by those who never mention the "woman's vote," are modest about their achievements, use the word "lady" only in its dictionary sense, and also find time to love and cherish their husbands and children in addition to running the PTA, trying to do something about the bond issue for the sewage disposal plant, and keeping tabs on their local candidates. . . .

I have a prejudice for some individual "public women" and also for a whole organization of them . . . the League of Women Voters which in 1958 received from an all-male jury, the LaGuardia Award for "outstanding contributions in the interest of vigorous, efficient municipal government. . . ."

I would hate to think that Mr. White's malice would keep any women of "imperturbably public spirit" from becoming "public women."

Of course, a detached male could always adopt the cynical attitude of the late W. C. Fields who once bellowed his refusal to address a woman's club.

"Why, don't you believe in clubs for women?" he was asked.

"I do, indeed," he said. "But only after all other methods of persuasion have failed." JACK HARRISON POLLACK
Westport, Conn.

Complicated Coffee

TO THE EDITORS:

M. N. Stiles who wrote "How to Engineer a Perfect Cup of Coffee" [After Hours, February] has my nomination for a Ph.D. in coffee. The next time around I shall gather hand-picked beans, timing and heat-control devices, a strainer, absorbent cotton, a funnel, glass retorts, test tubes. . . . Standing by, after I drink my coffee, will be a lab technician who will take my blood pressure, a cardiogram, and blood analysis . . . and thus make sure it has had the proper effect. HOWARD R. SAFARIK
Northport, N.Y.

Bah! Let Stiles create warm bilge water and havoc in the kitchen. . . . I like my coffee boiling hot, and I like a little old boot taste in it to wake me up in the morning. PATRICIA PEARCE
Lexington, Va.

For nearly two years I have been doing basic research into what is needed to produce a better coffeemaker. . . . Mr. Stiles, in his admirable article, has given me a boost. I wish to thank him sincerely. FRED LICHTGARN
Northlake, Ill.

Last week I quit my job so I could brew coffee properly. SALLY L. WELLS
New York, N.Y.

All that complex engineering for one lousy cup of coffee? . . . To the barricades, men! Grab your tea-bags! Spare me the brewing of a cup of coffee that requires a diploma from M.I.T.

HENRY KANE
New York, N.Y.

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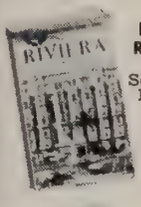
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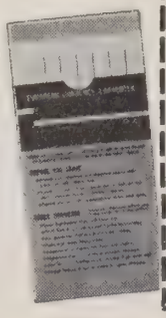
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the editor's EASY CHAIR

Hard Questions for Senator Kennedy

RECENTLY I had a rather unusual conversation with Senator John F. Kennedy. To my surprise, it modified my opinion of him. I had known him casually for several years, had watched his performance at the 1956 convention, and had followed his public behavior with the attentiveness which political reporters always give to those men who are reaching for the White House. So I thought I had a fair measure of the main facets of his character.

This talk, however, made me look again at my tentative estimates. For that reason it may be of some interest to other people who are still trying (as I am) to guess which of the half-dozen obvious contenders might make the best President.

The conversation was unusual in several ways. Unlike many interviews between politicians and reporters, it was not off the record; it was tape-recorded, and the transcript is now before me. The questions were just as hard—indeed, embarrassing—as I could make them. The chief ones were submitted to the Senator in writing several days earlier, so that he could give considered answers (or, if he preferred to follow a traditional tactic, figure out graceful ways to evade them). He chose, however, to reply informally, candidly, and without notes, both to the written questions and to a number of others that cropped up as the conversation moved along.

All the questions centered on foreign policy—partly because that seems almost certain to be the decisive testing ground for the next President; partly because the interview was to be incorporated in a forthcoming book, *The Strategy of Peace,* which will round up all of Senator Kennedy's main statements on foreign affairs.

The first noteworthy point is that Kennedy did not succumb to Temptation No. 1, which besets candidates for every office from alderman to President. This is the temptation to promise that if he is elected the voters' lives will be wonderful—taxes will go down, hard problems will vanish, and everybody can relax because Our Peerless Leader will take care of everything.

This promise is seldom honest, but it has been the favorite political device since the Age of Pericles; and it generally works. It is particularly tempting just now, because—on the evidence of the last two Presidential elections—this is what most American voters want to hear.

But Kennedy did not try to duck the unpalatable fact that government is going to have to spend more money, not less, in the coming decade—and that taxes very probably will have to go up. He put it this way:

"I think we will have to begin by deciding what is essential for the security of this country, and then determine in what way we are going to finance that agenda. These decisions will require sacrifices. . . ."

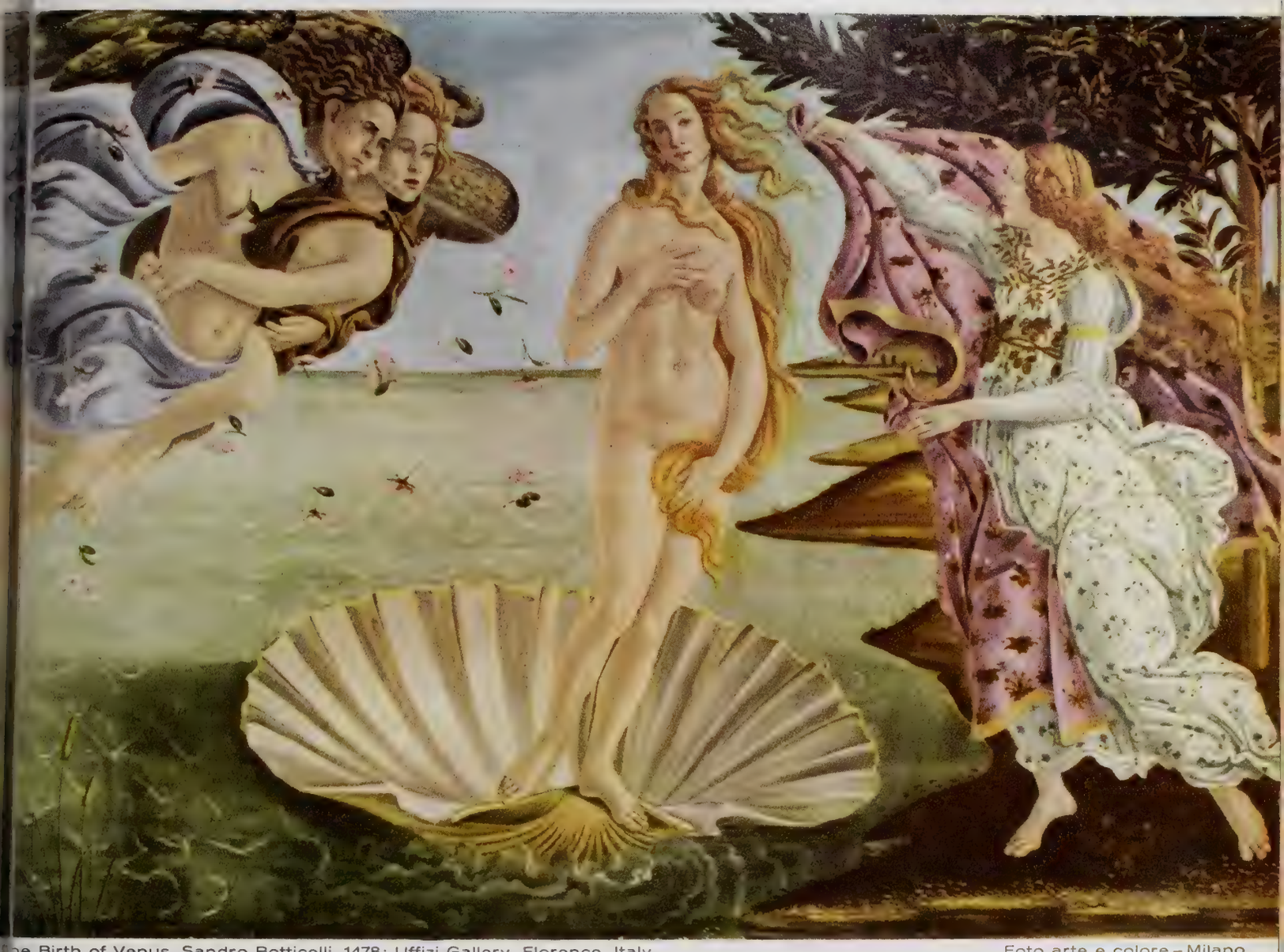
He listed as essentials "an invulnerable nuclear retaliatory force, plus sufficient conventional forces to limit the development of brush-fire wars (which is really the most likely kind of military struggle we'll face in the next decade); and assistance to those nations—enough to make an economic breakthrough—who are newly emerging. I would say those are things that must be done."

Much of the money needed, he hoped, might come from a swifter growth of the economy, which would thus yield more revenue at the present tax rates. He does *not* have great hopes for savings in less essential government programs. The big leaks in the Treasury—subsidies to veterans and to farmers, which add up to more than $12 billion a year—probably won't be plugged because Congress doesn't have the guts to tackle these two powerful privileged classes. (Those aren't Kennedy's words, but that's what I think he meant.) The best we can hope for, he suggested, is a substitute farm program demanding "somewhat less expenditures." But he added, "I don't think we can successfully predict that."

In short, he refused to yield to the politician's perennial Temptation No. 2: to promise vast economies in government, whether they are feasible or not.

If a recession threatens (as some economists think it may in 1961), "then quite obviously it would be the greatest mistake to try to increase taxes, because such a policy might have a deflationary effect." But "I would have no objection to increasing taxes, if that represented the best economic judgment at that time. . . .

(Continued on page 21)



he Birth of Venus, Sandro Botticelli, 1478; Uffizi Gallery, Florence, Italy. Foto arte e colore – Milano

The artist turns to nature to inspire his craftsmanship

Botticelli chose the mythical birth of Venus as a subject worthy of his brush and produced a masterpiece. Before then and since then most art has shown a preoccupation with the things of nature and the legends surrounding them. The seashell has for long held a fascination for the artist and served as his inspiration. But inspiration alone is not enough; it must be coupled with skilled craftsmanship to achieve perfection.

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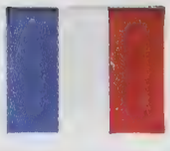
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"In fact I would think it would be necessary, if that were the only method by which these essential policies could be implemented. I think the things which *have* to be done *must* be done in the 'sixties."

Can we afford it?

"Quite obviously we can afford to do it, if the Soviet Union, which still has an industrial productivity little more than a third of ours, is able to devote as large an amount to military purposes as we are . . . you can't say that the capitalist system cannot afford it, and their system can." Noting that Louis Johnson, Truman's Secretary of War, had argued not long ago that "a $15-billion military budget was the maximum this country could sustain," Kennedy pointed out that "we're now up to $41 or $42 billion." Consequently, "we could do a great deal more, probably, in these areas than we think we can."

He wound up his comments on defense financing with a phrase which reminded me of the 1952 Stevenson campaign: "I don't think either political party should go to the American people telling them that, if they are successful, in the 'sixties life is going to be easier and softer."

ONE thing about Senator Kennedy which apparently worries a good many people—to judge from scores of conversations I have listened to during the last three years—is his father. The Kennedy family is an unusually close and loyal one, as the Senator's own campaign publicity emphasizes. And Joseph P. Kennedy's record is notoriously reactionary and isolationist.

If any of the father's prejudices have rubbed off on his son, however, I am not able to detect them. (The fiscal policy indicated in the preceding paragraphs, for example, is enough to make the old financier break out in goose pimples.) Both the Senator's voting record and his expressed views are unhedgingly internationalist. He is committed to the Atlantic alliance right up to the last chip, and argues that we have to hold on to our position in West Berlin even at the risk of an atomic war. "I think we have to make it cold—and mean it—that we would fight."*

*On this point Senator Kennedy may be carrying his internationalist convictions to an extreme. For reasons indicated here last month, I suspect that the NATO powers would not sacrifice London, Paris, New York, and a dozen other major cities in an effort to hold Berlin; and I doubt whether we could ever make the Russians believe that we would do so.

Since NATO does not have the strength to defend Berlin with conventional weapons, the only other alternative I can see is to try to keep a toehold there by diplomatic bargaining—that is, by yielding substantial concessions at the coming Summit meetings. Obviously this is distasteful; but it is the price we probably will have to pay for letting our military position slump so far behind Russia's. A stud player who holds a pair of jacks against three aces on the board is in no shape for either a bluff or a showdown.

On the other hand Kennedy is less rigid in his attitude toward negotiations with Russia than some of his fellow Democrats—among them former Secretary of State Dean Acheson. "I don't agree with those who feel that any discussion is really a concession."

What kind of negotiations?

Not on possible disengagement in Central Europe, along the lines of any of the plans suggested in recent years by Kennan, Gaitskell, and Rapacki. That does not now offer "a reasonable alternative" to our present policy, he believes, although he did think "there really was more chance two or three years ago than I do today." Nor does he have much hopes for negotiations about Berlin. At best there might be a chance for "some agreement which would respect the relative position of us both in that section of Europe, and still permit Berlin to live easier," and he has some specific proposals for such a deal.

But more probable is a long-continuing effort by the Soviets to force the West out of Berlin step by step—gradually so that no step ever "seems quite worth a war. . . . That's going to be the real struggle. It's going to be a test of nerve and will."

So the only remaining issue which offers a possibility for fruitful negotiation, as Kennedy sees it, is disarmament. That is "quite obviously the key area . . . particularly the agreement on nuclear testing, which is the first step." Such bargaining is not likely to get very far, however, so long as the United States lags far behind Russia in long-range nuclear weapons. Consequently, the Senator argues that a vigorous effort to close the missile gap should be "the first priority." For as the Russian "missile lead increases, I would think that their belligerence will too."

A WELCOME FOR NEUTRALISTS

ANOTHER issue on which the Senator differs sharply with many Democrats, as well as the Republicans, is neutralism. He has no patience with Dulles's doctrine that every nation which isn't with us is against us, or with the late Secretary of State's effort to coax and pressure dozens of little countries into military alliances. On the contrary, Kennedy believes that neutralism is both natural and inevitable in many parts of the world—and that eventually it may work out to our benefit.

"It's going to be an increasing trend in Africa and Asia," he said, "and you're going to find it increasing in Latin America, I think. The desire to be independent and free carries with it the desire not to become engaged as a satellite of either the Soviet Union or the United States. . . . And if neutrality is the result of a concentration on internal problems, raising the standard of

living of the people and so on, I must say that particularly in the underdeveloped countries I would accept that."

He noted that "for the first time people in the Middle East have realized that the Communists are their enemy as well as the enemy of the United States"; and that the British and French are beginning to recognize that the emerging nations "will increasingly reject any paternalism that comes from the West." This he sees as "a natural evolution which we could perhaps regard not unfavorably."

"This desire to be independent, which is part of the neutralist movement, benefits us in the long run," Kennedy said. "We have no desire to dominate these countries. They're going to be as opposed to domination from the Soviet Union as they ever were from the West."

Whether they are neutral or not, he believes we are going to have to give massive help to the nations of the Poverty Belt—stretching from Southeast Asia through Africa to South America—for a long time to come. For "the real struggle in foreign policy is going to take place in these countries" which face "the staggering problem of making an economic breakthrough." India, above all, will be the crucial area—because "it has 35 per cent of all the underdeveloped people in the world within its borders" and it is now engaged in a tremendous race with Communist China to see which can first lift its people up to a decent standard of living. "If India fails and China succeeds, I would say that the decisive struggle of the Cold War in the next ten years will have been lost."

Consequently, American taxpayers will have to get used to the idea that foreign economic aid is *not* a temporary matter, but must remain "a constant and continuing charge upon us" for at least the next decade. "We can rightfully hope that others are going to join us and make a proportionate effort"—especially some countries in Western Europe which haven't yet borne their share of the common load. But "the United States is the leader and . . . if we're not ready to bear these burdens which go with the leadership of a free society, then we might just as well say it now and be ready to yield the stage."

The world population explosion is not a problem that Kennedy tries to minimize, as a number of Catholic religious spokesmen seem to do. He is well aware that the poor countries will find it enormously difficult to get ahead, so long as their population is increasing at the rate of 2 per cent annually—doubling about every forty years. To accomplish the necessary economic breakthrough, he suggests that they ought to aim at an economic growth rate of at least 6 per cent: "so that you would have, say, a 2 per cent increase to take care of the population increase, another 2 per cent to provide better living standards, and another 2 per cent to provide momentum in the years ahead."

BIRTH CONTROL?

THIS is, of course, a rate of economic growth few countries have ever achieved. (China and Russia apparently are doing better than that at the moment, but the United States is doing only about half as well.) Yet the Senator thinks it might be done, if the resources of the world are properly managed. "I'm not saying that it's going to be done, but at least that must be our goal. . . . What is the alternative? I think we must do it. Otherwise you just say you're going to ration poverty among the increased number of people."

Birth control? That is a question the people of the underdeveloped countries will have to decide for themselves and "which of course we should not interfere with." It would be a mistake, Kennedy feels, for the American government to try to push birth-control programs in other countries, for two reasons—both of them political. The people in the Poverty Belt might well resent our intervention; and if the birth-control issue is linked with foreign-aid legislation, it will be a lot harder to get such legislation through Congress.

"Foreign aid doesn't have many friends left anyway," he pointed out. "If you're going to add this burden to the bill, I'll just tell you that what you'll end up with is not much foreign aid."

In any case, Kennedy insists, this question (and all others) has to be considered by any elected official, no according to his personal religiou beliefs, but according to his be judgment about the interests of th United States.

I think he means it.

Like many other Protestants, have given a good deal of anxiou thought to the religious issue in th coming campaign. It is a real issue which cannot and should not b avoided, because of the special na ture of the Catholic Church. Unlik the Protestant and Jewish faiths Catholicism is a hierarchical and au thoritarian religion, which claims the right to require special obliga tions and discipline of its adherents. Moreover, the Catholic position on some public questions—notably birth control, education, and censorship—has been disquieting to many non-Catholics, who feel that the Church has at times tried to impose its views on them as well as its own members.

Nevertheless, I am convinced that Senator Kennedy would not let his religion influence his actions as a public official in any way which need cause concern to non-Catholics. Indeed, if he were elected the first Catholic President, I suspect he might lean over backward to demonstrate his impartiality and his belief in the traditional American doctrine of separation between church and state. (Already he has taken positions against state aid to parochial schools and against American diplomatic representation at the Vatican which go beyond the stands taken by some Protestants.) In foreign affairs specifically, I have no doubt that he would be guided solely by his estimate of where the national interest lies. Moreover, on the basis of his record, his speeches, and the interview from which I have quoted a few brief excerpts, I think his estimate would be well-informed, thoughtful, and courageous.

HIS ARGUMENT WITH IKE

IT also would be a moderate one, not calling for a radical change in objectives but rather for a shift in the "basic attitudes which affect day-to-day decisions all around the globe." For Kennedy's main difference with the Eisenhower Administration in foreign policy is not about goals, but about its methods—the

glect, vacillation, short-sighted-ss, and "emphasis on budgetary nsiderations over security consider-ions" which have left so many ises patched-up rather than solved.

"This Administration may go out office on a crest of 'peace' popu-rity," he said, "but it will leave on e next Administration's doorstep e most critical problems we have er faced. . . . This Administration s not faced up to these problems uarely—nor have they been willing tell the American people the frank uth about them, what they mean terms of real danger and what it ll take to ease those dangers. And orst of all, they will not leave be-nd sufficient military power to en-le us to deal with these situations Berlin, Quemoy-Matsu, and all the st—from a position of strength. . . .

"I think a new Administration ust be willing to tell the people the uth, and place the real dimensions our crisis before them. It must be illing to bring back to the State De-rtment men of stature, compe-nce, and creative imagination ithin both parties—for it is the en, not merely the stated policies, at determine the effectiveness of merican foreign policy. It must be illing to take a much broader view budgetary and inflationary ques-ons in order to deal effectively with e needs of other nations to achieve economic breakthrough. . . .

"Above all, I would not conceal e fact that to solve these problems e must accept in our public life hat we know is true in our private fe—that nothing is achieved with-ut effort and sacrifice."

Only a President who tackles his b with this kind of attitude, it ems to me, will have much chance stopping this country's long, slow ide toward second place in the orld.

This does not mean that I am a ennedy supporter; for a few more onths I would like to keep a watch-l eye on all the potential candi-ates, of both parties, before deciding ow I want to vote. But my talk ith the Senator did clear up some arlier doubts I had held about his apacity to handle the foreign-policy ide of the President's job. I hope hat the other candidates, in the eeks ahead, will be equally forth-ight.

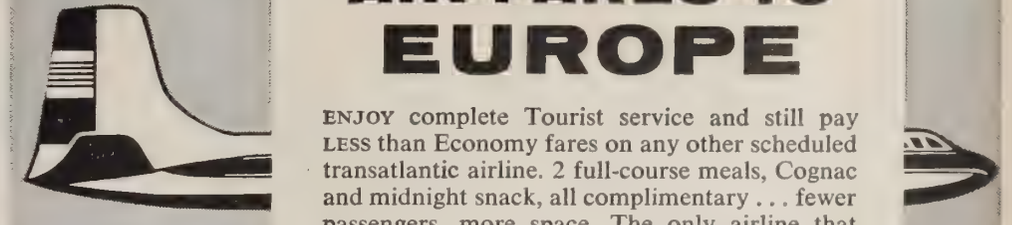
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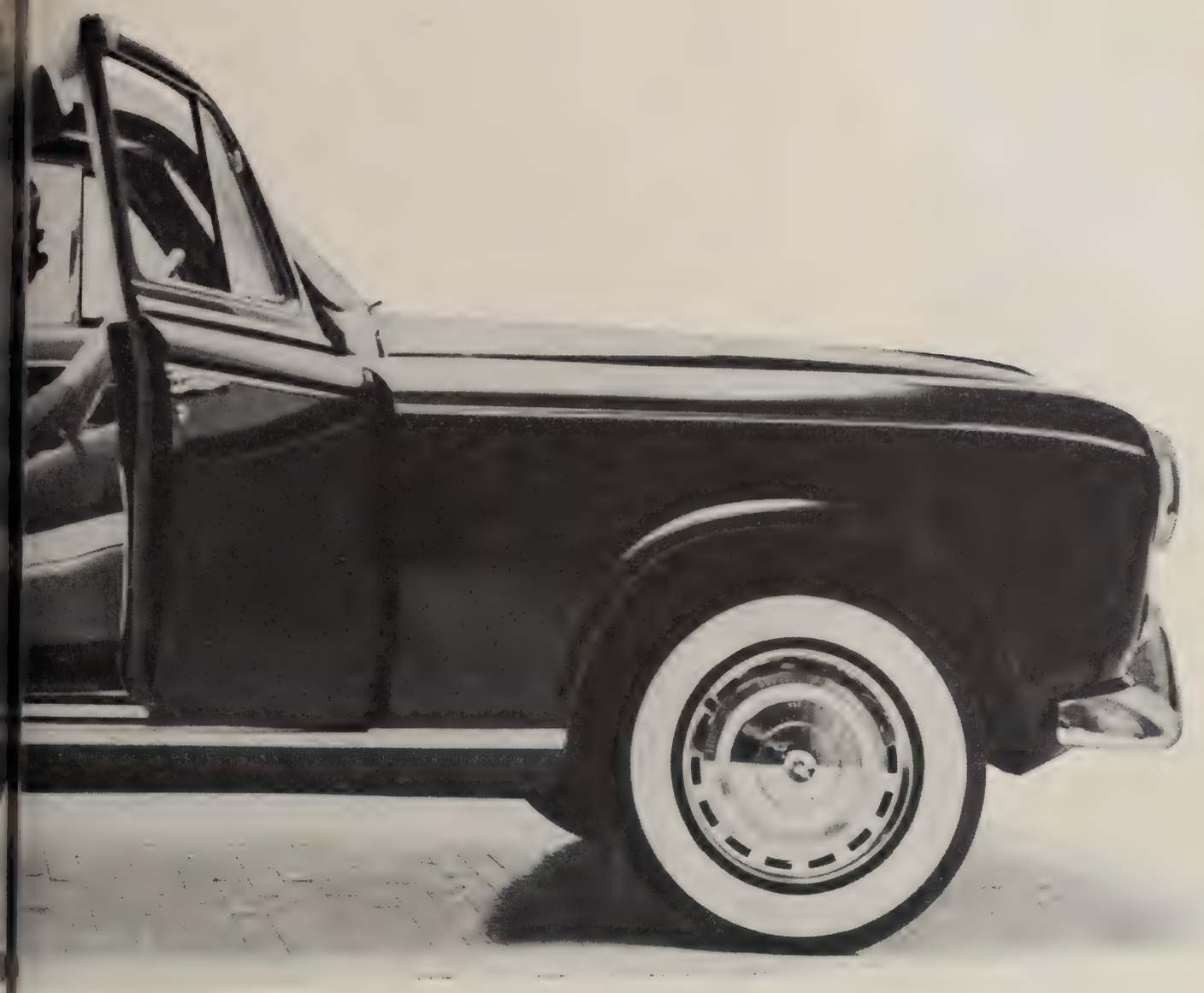
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AFTER HOURS

Kenneth Tynan at "The Connection"

IN MOSCOW—or so they told me when I was there five years ago—you do not say to a friend: "Let's go to the Art Theatre and see 'The Three Sisters'." Instead, you say: "Let's drop in at the Art Theatre and see how those sisters are getting on." I realized why as soon as I saw the celebrated Nemirovich-Danchenko production of Chekhov's play. The stage exuded a sense of life, pre-existent and continuing; it was not like going to the theatre, it was like paying a call on old acquaintances. I seemed to have met these people long before the curtain rose, and after it fell I found myself wondering what would become of them. I feel much the same, *mutatis mutandis,* about "The Connection."

I first saw Jack Gelber's play in New York in August 1959. It had opened at the Living Theatre on Sixth Avenue about five weeks earlier, when it had received a fairly thorough bludgeoning from the daily press. A small cult of devotees, however, had formed around it, and it was on the recommendation of one of them that I went. Since then the cult has snowballed. As I write, six months later, it has developed into an obsession for some of its members, and there are few prominent Broadway figures who would admit, with anything like pride, that they had not seen the play. It has pervaded the consciousness of many people who had hitherto thought themselves immune to experimental theatre. It has become, in short, a cultural must. A few weekly reviewers gave it lavish praise; otherwise, it has had to depend for its success entirely on its own merits, supported by that most potent and unpredictable of critics, word of mouth.

"The Connection" is a difficul play to write about. Its atmospher somewhat recalls Gorky's "Lowe Depths"; its theme is akin to that o "Waiting for Godot"; and it tackles the same social problem as "A Hatful of Rain." But to say what a work of art is *like* is often a tacit confession of inability to say what it *is.* Starkly, yet unsensationally, compassionately yet unsentimentally, Mr. Gelber's play deals with a subject that the theatre (or the cinema, or television) hardly ever approaches except as a pretext for pathetic melodrama. The people with whom it is concerned are beyond the reach of drama, as we commonly define the word. They are heroin addicts, from which it follows that they are almost totally passive as human beings; their lives are spent in expectation of the next "fix," the next moment of glorious, transient reconciliation with the world and with themselves. They see themselves neither as victims nor as heroes, but merely as absentees from the daytime universe; their relationship to society is not one of enmity, but one of truancy. While they wait for their dope-purveyor—or "connection"—to arrive, they idly debate their condition. "That taste," one of them muses, "that little taste. If you don't find it there you look some place else. And you're running, man. Running . . . I used to think that the people who walk the streets, the people who work every day, the people who worry so much about the next dollar, the next new coat, the next vitamin, the chlorophyll addicts, the aspirin addicts, those people are hooked worse than me . . ."

"They are," says a fellow junkie. "Man, they sure are. You happen to have a vice that is illegal."

Later, the long-awaited connection turns up, and offers a sour comment on the official attitude

© by Kenneth Tynan 1960. Mr. Tynan's criticism of "The Connection" will appear as preface to the Grove Press edition of the play to be published this spring.

oward narcotics: "Everything that's llegal is illegal because it makes nore money for more people that vay."

The play is not a defense of dope. Nor does it attack the wage-earning, lock-punching, home-making technique of survival; as one of the haracters says, ". . . what's wrong vith day jobs? Or being square? Man, I haven't anything against hem. There are lousy hipsters and ousy squares." Leach, the snarling, nickering, putatively epicene hipster n whose apartment the play unfolds, has built up such a tolerance to drugs hat he can no longer get high; and one of the most shattering moments of the stage production is that in vhich, tightening a belt around his rm to bring up the necessary vein, ne gives himself an overdose that very nearly kills him. There is no softening of the agony. But equally, here is no shirking of the issues. The unkie seeks euphoria. The average itizen seeks happiness. How do these goals essentially differ? If the aim of life is pleasure, why is it more desirable to achieve it by injecting dollars into the bank account than by injecting dope into the blood stream? If, on the other hand, the aim is spiritual enlightenment, how can we be sure that the insights provided by heroin (or mescalin, so eloquently hymned by Aldous Huxley) are less reliable than those supplied by religious mysticism? "The Connection" offers no answers; it simply states the problem, and implies the questions.

Theatrical characters – even inactive ones—must talk; and junkies, as a class, are contemplative rather than talkative. To overcome this handicap, Mr. Gelber employs the device of a play within a play. A nervous producer explains to us that he has hired a writer to bring together a group of addicts for the expressed purpose of improvising dialogue along lines that the author has previously laid down. The results are filmed, before our eyes, by a two-man camera crew. There are thus, acting as a collective bridge between us and the junkies, four intruders from the world of getting and spending. Some of them, by the end of the evening, have surrendered their credentials as squares and allowed themselves to be drawn into the hipsters' orbit. In the interim, we

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AFTER HOURS

have learned a new language—the dry, wild, disenchanted *argot* of the confirmed and impenitent junkie. We have laughed at a kind of gallows humor that eschews self-pity; we have listened to a plethora of reminiscences, wry in tone and phrased with the most perceptive frankness; and we have heard—if we attended the Sixth Avenue presentation—some exemplary jazz, blown by the quartet of musicians who are among the guests at Leach's pad.

Some of the characters are Negro, others Caucasian. The color of their skin is of negligible importance. "The Connection" is probably the first American play of which this could be said. In a preliminary note, the author stresses that, although he envisaged some of the characters as white and others as colored, "there need not be any rigidity in casting." This constitutes a minor, but vital, revolution.

I could pick one or two holes in "The Connection." For instance, it is sometimes guilty of repeating its effects; and with something approaching ferocity, it forbids us to admire any of its characters. But most of these minor flaws are inherent in the subject matter—a way of life composed of recurrent lows and highs, all of which occur inside the nervous system and are seldom expressed in normal emotional relationships. Where Mr. Gelber overwhelmingly succeeds is in filling the stage with the kind of truth that goes beyond verisimilitude and achieves, at times, the robust, amoral candor of folk poetry. As one of the squares keeps iterating:

"That's the way it is. That's the way it really is."

"The Connection" seems to me the most exciting new American play that off-Broadway has produced since the war. It explores a frightening territory with clear, unprejudiced eyes, and a gift of words that makes its vision ours.—**K. T.**

PLEASE TOUCH THE FLOWERS

LAST fall I went to a party at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden—that famous fifty-acre oasis of trees and flowers in the downtown section of New York City's most populous borough. This was an evening get-together for members, held in the

AFTER HOURS

reen stucco Administration Build-ıg on Washington Avenue, its anicured grounds made festive with ıper lanterns and floodlights.

Gardeners all, we strolled around ıe lighted outdoor area, reading gns and labels. But one sign, set ı a large oval, I couldn't read—was written in Braille. "Please ɔuch the flowers," one of the staff ɔld me it read and the flowers it ılled attention to were chosen es-ecially for the enjoyment of the ghtless, for whom this oval garden as planned.

Several of these gardens for the lind are scattered throughout Eng-ınd, mostly in parks. In 1953 a ress story describing the one at ɔrighton was reprinted in an issue f the Botanic's magazine, *Plants nd Gardens*. The letters and tele-hone calls that poured in showed he need for one like it here. At once he energetic Women's Auxiliary of he Garden started a campaign to aise the money—which came from hurches, stores, banks, garden clubs, nd individuals, some blind them-elves. Even local school children nd Scout troops contributed. Two ears later Brooklyn's Garden of Fragrance for the Blind, one of the ew of its kind in America, was ɔpened. (There's one in Lima, Pennsylvania, and another in Los Angeles.)

For easy access, it has gently slop-ng ramps. Benches made of aromatic edwood from California add to its ɔleasant odors. Most of the plants ıre along the top of the waist-high wall which bounds the sunken oval awn and are set at elbow level to ɔave the sightless from stooping to eel their labels; a few are in pockets n the wall itself. Many, like lily-of-he-valley, honeysuckle, heliotrope, flowering tobacco, and lavender have ɔerfume easy to recognize. There are ragrant roses also, including an old Elizabethan favorite, the eglantine ɔr sweetbrier rose with its apple-scented leaves. Some plants, like fuzzy mullein and prickly holly, have an interesting "feel." Others, such as peppermint, dill, and coriander, have signs inviting the visitor to taste them. To further identify these plants, members of the staff conduct classes there and in the nearby green-houses.

Several organizations for the blind helped plan this garden and Miss

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AFTER HOURS

Theresa Wood, sightless herself, takes an active interest in it. Now retired and living nearby, for over forty years she was employed by the Brooklyn Bureau of Social Service to teach blind people how to get along in their sightless world. Every spring in several widely circulated Braille magazines, she describes Brooklyn's Garden of Fragrance and invites all who can to visit it. Subscribers from distant places write her asking questions and express the hope they may one day "see" it. However, since long trips are hard on the blind, most of the visitors who come are from nearby points.

Quite often the local Lighthouses, schools, and the Industrial Home for the Blind arrange excursions to it and Miss Wood is usually at the entrance to welcome them. Then, aided by one of the Botanic Garden's staff, she shows them around. With each plant plainly described by its label, the visitors are soon able to get along by themselves.



SINCE most blind people lose their sight after the age of twenty, this Garden of Fragrance helps them "see" again some of the beauty of nature. Familiar flowers delight them and new ones have them calling excitedly to each other. Tasting herbs like thyme and sage is a wonderful experience and they like to stand by the tinkling fountain, sometimes dabbling their hands in its little pool. Those who have potted plants or outdoor gardens at home are likely to get together and chat about gardening problems, peppering the staff member with questions about ferti-

COMING IN

Harper's *magazine*

NEXT MONTH

NEW AFRICA: A GUIDE AND A PROPOSAL

An uncommonly perceptive world traveler reports on his third visit to a continent of rapidly increasing interest to Americans.

By Adlai E. Stevenson

EISENHOWER AND THE NEW PRESIDENT

A cool appraisal of how the current front-runners are likely to measure up to the world's most impossible job.

By Richard H. Rovere

THE PROCAL: HIS HABITS AND HABITAT

Anything can happen in Southern California—and usually does—but the natives remain loyal.

By Cynthia Lindsay

THE STRANGE ETHICS OF THE ETHICAL DRUG INDUSTRY

How miracle remedies are merchandised . . . why they cost so much . . . and how your medicine bill could be sharply cut.

By Alek A. Rozental

THE BIGGEST OFFICE BUILDING YET—WORSE LUCK

One of the most crowded spots on earth—Manhattan's Grand Central area—will soon have 50,000 new tenants and daily visitors.

By Edgar Kaufmann, Jr.

zers, insecticides, and the best time or pruning.

"Must we really go now?" they say egretfully when they have to leave nd one or two may slip back for a st smell of some particular favorite ower.

But for children blind from birth, flower is utterly strange. It has to e explained to them—how it grows nd what it's like. Later they're led ound and told to touch and smell nem. Invariably they're surprised at ne softness of the petals, then, bury- ng their faces in the blossoms, they niff ecstatically.

One day last spring a group of hese youngsters visited the garden. fter touching, smelling, and tasting ne plants, in a happy mood they retched out on the sunny lawn. To dd to their knowledge, their guide egan to tell them about it: the thin, ointed blades were grass, the flat ounded leaves were clover.

"If you find one with four leaves," ne added, "it's supposed to bring ood luck."

In a jiffy they were on their knees, eeling for a lucky clover. And to the nbounded joy of a frail little girl— ne found one.

—Arline Thomas

RUN, SWEET PANTHER

The Panther is not only handsome but very kind. Among the animals it counts only the dragon its enemy. A lovely singing sound comes from its mouth, together with a delightful smell of blossoms and herbs, like allspice. The animals of the forest follow the panther because of the fragrance of its breath. Only the dragon flees the panther.

—Medieval bestiary

RUN, sweet panther, race
The fleeing dragon (spawn
Of Serpent, he, guilty
Of guile since Adam's bride).
Sweet panther, overtake
The enemy; with song
And allspice vanquish him.
(Not St. George's way:
Dragon dead, but sire
Of dragonkind.) Breathe song
And allspice; then shall he
Beam benignity,
Flame-flickering tongue
Lolling—cooled with kindness.
Run, sweet panther! Run!

—Vonna H. Adrian



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Harper's MAGAZINE

AMERICAN COLLEGES

what their catalogues never tell you

DAVID BOROFF

Most young people now heading for college are going to be sadly disappointed—for reasons both teachers and administrators ought to be ashamed of . . . and the public doesn't need to tolerate.

A FRIEND of mine, a college dean and a mild insomniac, recalled that when studying for his Ph.D. in education at Harvard, he used a prominent journal of education as a soporific. Ten minutes of curriculum planning, and he was sound asleep. "It never failed," he said appreciatively.

That is one of the things wrong with education today—the stupefying boredom its high-toned idiom generates. There is hardly an educational journal written with grace and sophistication. But that is merely a symptom of higher education's ills. First, a grim statistic: the student drop-out rate is almost 60 per cent. For more than half its clients, the service that colleges render is unsatisfactory—or the customers ill-chosen. Second, we find failure when we look at the product—the college graduates. How many of them are shaped significantly by their experience? How many have developed the habit of disciplined thinking? How many, by decent standards, are well educated? Very few, the honest college teachers would acknowledge ruefully. It is just possible that professors and students are actors in a vast comedy, a mad travesty of solemn ritual, wasted time, and trumped-up claims.

During the past two years, I visited a dozen or more campuses, talked with presidents, deans, professors, and hundreds of students. I described six of these institutions in two series of articles in this magazine and am preparing this material for publication in book form. I have also taught in college—both full-time and part-time—for a dozen years. What I offer here is the distillation of my observations. If they seem harsh, it is not that I lack tenderness for higher education. Americans have perhaps too much, born of the stubborn conviction that somehow education is a good thing. (Education is our secular church—the one faith that unites us all.) If I seem at moments assaultively critical, it is out of *my* conviction that education is too valuable to fool around with; we shouldn't permit it to settle into a bog of sloppy sentimentality and vested interests.

This is no dirge about the fall of valor. No doubt, colleges are better than they were a few decades ago. Students work harder; there is less nonsense. But the old mummeries no longer

deceive. It is self-evident that higher education is not good enough.

We have imposed upon our colleges, as we have upon the lower schools, an almost hopeless array of tasks. Our educational goals are at once aristocratic and democratic, vocational and intellectual. We want our college students to be intellectual stalwarts, impassioned seekers after truth, but we insist also that they be regular guys and nice girls, skilled in ballroom dancing and badminton. We pull our curricula this way and that depending upon which ideology is in the ascendancy. And the students, caught in these crosscurrents, are somewhat bemused.

They are nice enough kids—decent, good-natured, a little torpid perhaps. Their vision is pinched off by career and marriage and what passes for the good life on TV commercials. They want a degree—a visa for Suburbia. What can we do with their four years of college to make of them more than trivial rites of passage?

HOW TO TELL THEM APART

IN making the rounds, I was struck by the fact that schools divide into two kinds: those which we might call adolescent reservations, fenced off from serious adult concerns, and those which represent a transition to adulthood. Harvard is an example of the latter. If anything, there is at Harvard an expropriation of an unattained adulthood which can be disconcerting. The adult visitor is not only treated like a fellow citizen of the republic of learning but sometimes like an apprentice. Nevertheless, I far preferred the condescension of Harvard striplings to the opacity I found elsewhere.

When I visited Harvard I brought the inverted snobbery that only someone with a working-class background and a municipal college education could have. I came to scoff but remained to be impressed. No academic person could resist the exuberant play of ideas. It is a great university. Wisconsin offers a vivid epitome of American democracy—its strengths and weaknesses. Birmingham-Southern College provides a familial warmth that is pre-eminently Southern. Sarah Lawrence reflects a measure of intellectual daring that is still rare. Brooklyn College yields a solid education for a subway token. Claremont has a multi-college plan that may be tomorrow's answer.

One can hardly resist the fantasy of shuffling the elements of some of the schools. Birmingham-Southern could learn from some of Brooklyn College's intellectually bellicose kids, just as Brooklyn could profit from BSC's relaxed rhythms. Wisconsin's hurly-burly of farmer's son and storekeeper's daughter might dilute Harvard's tendency toward preciousness. There should be an infusion of Claremont's rugged optimism about higher education in boards of trustees all around the country.

What about size? There is no ideal size, but those huge city-states like Harvard or Berkeley or Chicago are naturally the ones we hear about most. It is important to remember that a university's reputation is usually based on its graduate schools, not on the quality of undergraduate instruction. Few people know this—except disgruntled undergraduates—for the great universities keep their reputations golden through research breakthroughs, Big Names, and books, books, books. What takes place in freshman composition or World Civilization I is of less moment.

The truth is that a small school is often better equipped to deal with the tenuous beginnings of intellectual life. A senior I met at the University of Wisconsin had transferred from a cornball college in Iowa. At the smaller school, she said, she wrote far more papers and had easier access to faculty. In fact, she assisted a political science professor as he journeyed about the district electioneering for a Democratic candidate. "I helped elect the first Democratic Congressman in that district," she said proudly. At Wisconsin she became social chairman of the Student Union, but surely she must have had a wan sense of decline from the heroic days of routing out rural Democrats.

On the other hand, Dr. Conant's strictures against small rural high schools apply to colleges. There are small colleges tucked away in rural areas that are no more demanding than a good city or suburban high school. Our new educational egalitarianism—every citizen a B.A. —keeps them going.

"If you have a high-school diploma and have stayed out of jail, then you can go to college," a critic observed tartly. The danger of this new stampede, according to Charles Frankel, is that

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David Boroff wound up his series of articles on individual American colleges coast to coast in the December "Harper's" with "California's Five-college Experiment." Educated at Brooklyn College, Yale, and Columbia, he served as a Japanese translator for Military Intelligence during the war and has been teaching English at Brooklyn College for the past twelve years.

"more and more Americans will be holders of degrees that mean less and less." The idea of college education for all is profoundly attractive. If only it worked! The high drop-out rate points up the limitations of the idea. And despite these scholastic casualties, standards have a way of accommodating themselves to the mass.

There is something to be learned from the municipal colleges of New York City. Here free higher education is a birthright—but it can be exercised only by the able students. For the late bloomers and high-school goof-offs and even for those who flunk out, there is a last-chance alley. The evening schools are designed as a kind of academic purgatory in which scholastic ne'er-do-wells can do penance and the hitherto unqualified can demonstrate talents.

FALLACIES IN THE GREAT DEBATE

WE LIVE in an age of consolidation in education. There are few new ideas—most of those being argued about at the moment are simply old ones refurbished. Independent study is really the familiar tutorial, in which a student works on his own under the guidance of an instructor. Educational TV, despite its technical bravura, is essentially the lecture method. Actually, discussion about method often misses the point. More important than the specific method is the quality of the teacher. Even the so-called depth/breadth controversy is at bottom unimportant. Any significant attainment of depth—exploring limited subject matter intensively—will open broader areas of study. And a reaching out in breadth—survey courses are a good example—should provoke the student to explore some part in depth. Good teaching restlessly cuts across all methods.

But in the midst of the Great Debate, retrograde teaching plods on. Talk to students and you can compile a bleak anthology of boredom, inertia, and ineptness among teachers. The unconscionable method of stuffing the "prolix gut" of the student—the phrase is Woodrow Wilson's—is still going on. "They just give you the text," a student said bitterly. Another remarked: "My professor throws something at us, and we return it on an exam. In between we never even look at it." Perhaps the most startling symbol of complacency and disengagement is provided by a very near-sighted professor I heard about, who removes his glasses so that he cannot see his students, sits back, and pontificates. Students are indignant at first about this dreary assembly line of learning. Freshman year, a time of the greatest expectations, is often a cruel disappointment to many who had looked forward to something exhilaratingly different from high school.

Right now the tides of controversy are swirling around the Ruml Plan, which envisions a flexible pattern of lecture, seminar, and independent study. Every student would experience all of these arrangements, in varying proportions, instead of the current mixture of lecture and recitation. It may well be that all discussion is academic, for, as one authority observed, "The Ruml Plan has to happen." The economies it offers provide the only feasible way of meeting the wave of students during the next decade. (It also presents a method of raising salaries, but even that has failed to endear it to faculties, a disputatious and chronically aggrieved group.) There is little doubt that the teacher-student ratio has been a sacred cow. The former president of Fisk University once observed that without a superior teacher "the small class merely assures the transmission of mediocrity in an intimate environment." Available evidence suggests that the mere size of a class has little influence on educational efficiency. Even learning machines, Orwellian as they seem, may have a legitimate place in rote learning. And the prospect of the best teachers in the country—even in the world—becoming available through TV and in kinescope is indeed persuasive. The academic profession would do well to give up its guerrilla warfare against change. (Academicians present the paradox of being liberal politically but die-hard conservatives professionally.)

Ironically, as matters now stand, American universities rely far too much on lecturing, without the other features that the Ruml Plan includes. The usual pattern provides large lecture classes, staffed by top-notch professors, with small sections covered by graduate assistants of uneven talent. This reflects an indifference to—even a contempt for—undergraduate instruction.

Education involves, ideally, an alternating rhythm of idolatry and subversion, the authority principle and insurgency. The lecturer ravishes his audience intellectually. But the student must have the opportunity for defiance and counter-attack. And a graduate assistant, often little removed from a bright undergraduate, does not provide an appropriate object of attack. It is this question-asking, idol-smashing phase that is the key to real learning. The other—quiescence in the lecture hall—is often merely busy-work. A gifted teacher at Smith College (a school loaded with teaching talent) remarked wryly:

"Any good student wants to burn down the place by the time she's a senior."

The stringencies of the next ten years may bring about a revolution with the happiest consequences for higher education. Independent study is the first of the new models—born of the need for economy and reinforced by a hangover of Deweyism. (It is Deweyan in that it is anchored in the individual interest of the student.) Its most attractive feature is that it sets up habits which endure long after college. What, after all, can college teachers hope to achieve during four painfully unsettled years in the life of a student? All that can be done is to set the stage hopefully for a lifetime of study. If a student develops the habit of reading with discrimination, he may be reasonably well educated by the time he is thirty. Independent study provides an impetus in this direction. At the very least, the independent study candidates learn their way around a library —a rare skill, I might add, among young and old.

Through independent study students may win back their identity which rote learning kills off. I had a sobering lesson in the stultification of students recently. I asked a literature class I was teaching to read a background book and do a critical commentary. Paper after paper proved to be little more than a summary. With some exasperation I asked why this happened when I had specifically asked for critical impressions.

"It was safer that way," students said. "It's what we thought you wanted; it's what other instructors usually want."

How casually they forswear their own identities!

TIMETABLE FOR CIVILIZING THE YOUNG

IF THERE is to be life-adjustment education —and we seem to be stuck with it all the way through college—let's at least have a sensible timetable. Let's teach the basic skills where they belong—in high school. And the colleges should do something currently done in high school—done prematurely and badly: consumer training, so to speak, in the arts. In high school, there is the barbarism of the book report and the magazine "unit." (The word "unit," so modish in pedagogy, gives the game away with its phony intimation of precision.) High-school kids dutifully plow through "good" books, riffle the pages of the *Atlantic* or *Harper's,* and make callow judgments about movies and plays. Yet in college, at precisely the time when students will inherit the world—and its arts—there is little concern with them. Isn't there something absurd about colleges vacating their responsibility to mold civilized taste? It is little wonder that so many college graduates are cultural infants reading best-selling pap.

Under the influence of a distorted progressivism, colleges have pushed into areas in which they don't belong. The brash imperialism of personnel services and student activities strives to dominate the students' private and social life. In contrast with today's organized fun, there was something innocent about the horseplay of the 'twenties. At least the hell-raisers were autonomous. Their infantilism wasn't sponsored by the administration, which these days lays down the ground rules and acts as umpire for the nursery games. There is even a dreadful sameness about campus activities from coast to coast, for the personnel technicians are quick to import wholesome nonsense from other campuses.

My quarrel with the personnel engineers is that they are likely to be smiling, smiling products of Teachers College or some other emporium of inane good will and well-roundedness. And all too frequently, they are undereducated themselves. Yet they shape decisions which are academic ones, for every decision on a college campus is academic. And they fuss too much over students. I challenge the concern with student mental hygiene and the close supervision of student organizations—"psychiatric baby-sitting" someone called it. On examination, it often turns out to be something quite different: the will to power on the part of administrators. It is another instance of the invasion of privacy that characterizes our time.

The Voice of the Turtle

> MERIDEN, Conn. July 22.—Beware, young lovers, wherever you are in Connecticut. The police object to couples who neck or spoon while driving.
>
> Leo J. Mulcahy, State Police Commissioner, said today he would take steps against front-seat cuddling by motorists. He said he is "instructing our personnel that in the event they observe this type of driving they are to immediately stop the car, talk to the operator, explain to him or her the terrible consequences of this particular type of operation."
>
> —Special to the N. Y. *Herald Tribune.*

Isn't there in all this nervous hovering over students a subtle denigration of any ideas they may have? And don't students become infected with excessive caution, with the disabling sense that their ideas are not really to be trusted? (In Queens College in New York, the two student newspapers were supplanted by a single one despite student protest. The action evoked a litany among students of the futility of their efforts.) There has to be another choice than monolithic squaredom or disheveled bohemianism.

The effort to shape personality or inculcate manners through administrative machinery doesn't work. A student develops by knowing and admiring the educated man or woman who behaves with restraint and expressiveness. What the large academic mills need desperately is what the good small liberal-arts colleges have built into them: the opportunity for contact between students and teachers, occasions for the exchange of ideas uncontaminated by notebook or grade.

THE SCHOLAR IN THE JUNGLE

THE estate of the college professor has gone up; he is even an authority figure of sorts. But this only aggravates an old and vexing paradox. If his status is high, his income is still low—probably a few cuts lower, on the average, than that of a member of the Teamsters Union. The professor's characteristic bearing is one of dignified self-pity.

The image of the college teacher has become youthful. No longer viewed as a crochety ancient with a bizarre passion for Middle High German phonology or pre-Columbian art, he has probably shed twenty years in the last few decades. He is now businesslike, brisk, and crew-cut—a cocktail-party ornament. Nevertheless, shading into the new image is the old Clerk of Oxford—prim, vaguely eunuchoid, and cloistered. People expect college professors to resist the infections of American life. (At the same time they expect them to be frantically up-to-date.) Witness the horror with which Charles Van Doren's fall from grace was greeted.

Academics, while beginning to resemble businessmen, have all sorts of special burdens. Absurd standards of gentility prevail. (A faculty tea is truly a parody of itself—the stifling *politesse,* the elegant non-communication, the shuffling for position.) But the main thing is that there isn't enough money; life is pinched and mean (except for the new expense-account aristocracy who get the big grants). A dean of a college in the Northeast told me that a good deal of his time is spent writing character references to finance companies. Thus a promotion, let us say, to associate professor is likely to be a more desperate matter than a hitch up the corporate ladder. A $400 raise to a teacher with a second or third child on the way can be a necessity for survival.

As a result, academic institutions are not gentle civilized retreats, high, high above the dark jungle of business. Alas, at precisely the time that business has become somewhat less feral, academia now dances to the beat of the tom-tom. It has come to resemble the world outside when the world outside no longer resembles what it was. The competitiveness is exacerbated by the new marginal groups now in academic life. Universities were once dominated by Anglo-Saxon oligarchs, often with independent incomes (the professor's favorite daydream). Today, second- and third-generation immigrant groups of all nationalities, in America's new status revolution, have found their way into academic life, are pouring their energies into it, and threshing about for position. This makes for a much-needed vitality but also for sharp elbows and knees when the in-fighting gets rough.

But the big problem is the relationship of the scholarly routines to the intellectual life. To put it plainly, all too often universities are simply research factories with little relationship to that bold exercise of ideas which should be the peculiar genius of an institution of higher learning. Intellectualism and teaching don't pay off; research does since it builds professional prestige—the key factor in the academic marketplace. (A marvelously funny sketch could be written about scholarly conventions in which no one listens to the papers being read. Instead, everybody mills around in the corridors and lobby converted into a shape-up or hiring hall, the chairmen looking for bright young men, the bright young men—and some not so young—looking for jobs.) The problem has got worse as knowledge has proliferated—the process of Balkanization run amuck! There are all these little fiefs of knowledge in this crabbed medievalism in which one communicates incestuously only with his scholarly first cousins. Publish or perish—the deadly old choice—has become: Publish *and* perish.

Scholarly caution can freeze the intellectual and imaginative faculties. The most uncommon kind of teaching—but the most important—is what might be called relational: seeing the connections between things, throwing bridges from one area of knowledge to another. A young

assistant professor was describing the university where he received his Ph.D.: "All that dull Germanic scholarship . . . if you had an opinion, watch out!" "The Groves of *Ac-anemia,*" a sprightly Ph.D. candidate called her university, one of the great schools of the East. "All those bloodless people," she added shudderingly.

One answer is to infuse college faculties with new life. We have writers in residence. Why not visiting professorships—or lectureships—for talented businessmen, journalists, trade-union people? (The point is to break up the monopoly now operating in restraint of intellectual trade.) The outlanders might pick up some academic circumspection, while their daring and sense of the concrete might rub off on the scholastics. It might be a good idea to apply the Antioch scheme of education to academicians. (At Antioch, students have a work period each year in which they have a chance to relate what they learn to the flinty realities outside.)

College faculties should be shaken up a little. Intramural warfare notwithstanding, life is too easy for many. There are the ineluctable corruptions of teaching: the too-quick dominion over students' minds, the sleazy omniscience, the sacerdotal aura of the lectern. It would be wise to have more faculty seminars, and teams of teachers handling the same class in active opposition to each other. All too often it is considered bad taste for professors to discuss ideas—they are inherently monologists—and some faculty dining-rooms have the starchy chattiness of a British officers' mess.

The welfare state can be just as enervating in academic circles as elsewhere. And current tenure arrangements can mean strenuous effort early in one's career and the worst kind of sloth in the middle and final stages when one should be most productive.

THE RAGE TO PUBLISH

BUT the problem of scholarship is more complex than I have indicated. On the one hand, universities and colleges should be more than conveyor belts of what has been called "tertiary education." There is, no doubt, an organic connection between first-hand scholarship and teaching. There can be a special excitement for the student in contact with a mind working on the frontiers of knowledge. On the other hand, there has to be a halt to the trivialization of scholarship, the rage to publish. "Who says that 10,000 political scientists have to publish?" a professor in California said impatiently. "How many scholars can dance on the head of an academic journal?" an observer asked. Certainly, the consequence of avid brigades of researchers trying to establish scholarly beachheads is the creation of new scholarly journals and university presses, which pour out a flood tide of the dull and repetitive—an expense of spirit in a waste of footnotes. This torrent of words threatens to engulf any reasonably conscientious reader. An English professor retorted testily when I complained about the rash of new scholarly journals: "But they're not meant to be *read.* They're just supposed to be *indexed.*"

A distinction should be made between a scholarly cast of mind and actual scholarship. Every college teacher should be scholarly; it is a minimum obligation. But he need not publish to be scholarly. In fact, the publishing process drives him into academic dustbins and deflects him from broader scholarly concerns. (In almost every English department there is the man who says, "Faulkner? I don't know anything about him or care about him. He's out of my area.") We need fewer scholarly journals and greater intellectual commerce among disciplines, especially between the humanities and the sciences. And with this retrenchment, there should be a new emphasis on teaching—undergraduate teaching—with the best people reaching as many students as possible. Scholarship, yes—but without the fetishistic overtones it now has. It may also be that if the petty scholarly empires are reduced, good scholars may turn their minds to problems of higher education instead of letting the educationists win by default.

William James' attack on the "Ph.D. octopus" is still relevant. The narrow guild character of the academic profession, with its emphasis on the Ph.D. means that talented teachers without the Ph.D. are consigned to a squalid *Lumpenproletariat.* (As our society becomes increasingly bureaucratized, credentials take on more and more importance. Consider the absurd role of the B.A. as the way to the abundant life.)

We ought seriously to consider whether there is any point in the whole Ph.D. process. In university circles, the degree is irritably dismissed as a union card, and perhaps it is nothing more than that—an indefensible form of academic featherbedding. Certainly, it would be hard to demonstrate that the Ph.D. is evidence either of teaching skill or of the ability to make an original contribution to knowledge. (Its disastrous effect on the native vigor of one's prose is notorious.) The most one can say for it is that it attests to a certain minimum of intel-

ligence and plenty of *Sitzfleisch*. Veterans of the Ph.D. grind will affirm that preparation for the orals is little more than an ordeal of memorizing. (The information promptly leaks out of the candidate's mind after the exam.) And who, in his right mind, ever reads the run-of-the-mill Ph.D. dissertation?

College teachers should be recruited in terms of realistic criteria—the ability to think, skill in imparting knowledge and stimulating thought, and that ineffable quality of enthusiasm without which the classroom becomes a mortuary.

Guild parochialism means that some of the best people have the hardest time. Dennis Wrong wrote recently of the "humanistic underground" in American sociology, fighting a forlorn battle against an IBM-oriented and lifeless empiricism. The members of this underground have to endure names like "journalist" and "literature major." The International of the discipline is rigid and unforgiving.

A professor of sociology in the Midwest offered a modest and revealing rationale for the kind of piddling research that abounds. "You see," he explained, "it provides a function for the guys who are not so talented—you know, those with an IQ of 115 or 120. On their own, they can't do very much. But give them a little area to work in, and then put together what they have done and what others have done, and maybe you'll have something. Sure, there are people like Riesman with powerful minds, but what are you going to do with less gifted people?"

THE ALTAR BOYS IN THE GRADUATE SCHOOL

THERE is no time to discuss the jolly fratricide in which scholars pummel each other in academic journals. Nor can I more than mention the opaque prose, the esoteric cult-language through which scholars protect their spooky guild secrecy. Curiously enough, a scholar whose style is uncluttered and vigorous (in a word, unprofessorial) can probably place an article sooner in a reputable national magazine than in an academic journal, so intense is the rat race. Moreover, the material will appear faster, he will be paid, and the article will evoke response from a wide range of people. When one lucky pedant does place a scholarly article, he grows old waiting for it to appear, and the only reward is a handful of free copies. (In fact, it usually costs the scholar dear, since he is likely to order a few hundred offprints to distribute among his peers.) Of course, in many academic precincts publishing in a national magazine does not rate—again, the sterile scholasticism that gives university life such a scrawny look.

This specialized intellectual efficiency, unfortunately, is picked up by graduate students, a notably timid group. Because of the recent wealth of fellowships and grants, careerism gets off to an early start among graduate students, who are inclined anyway to be opportunists at best and sycophants at worst. Weren't we better off with the lonely young men reading their heads off without a cold eye cocked at a grant of $3,000 a year? There are few graduate schools without the pale copies of the Great Men. When the altar boys receive their Ph.D.'s, they are dispatched to the hinterland with The Word. About six years ago I took a seminar at Columbia with Lionel Trilling and was appalled at the shameless fashion with which the young graduate students echoed Mr. Trilling's ideas. In all fairness, Trilling did not himself encourage this iconolatry. On occasion, he would deliberately shake up his students by taking new and unexpected intellectual tacks. But how many Trillings are there? Elsewhere, there must be Masters who relish their role.

It is well to remember that the graduate student, often subsidized by the university, desperately needs his department's recommendation. This, more than anything else, will determine where he is placed, and his initial placement may well set the tone of his career. Graduate professors, on the other hand, have the assurance of a captive and submissive audience. How good do they have to be? (The effectiveness of teaching varies inversely with the level. High-school teachers are usually more skillful as teachers—not as scholars—than college teachers. Undergraduate instruction tends to be better than graduate teaching.)

The effect of all this is narrowness, intellectual pallor, professionalization—the very antitheses of the goals of liberal education. C. Wright Mills made this bitter estimate of the younger social scientists:

> I have seldom seen one of these young men in a condition of genuine intellectual puzzlement. And I have never seen any passionate curiosity about a great problem, the sort of curiosity that compels the mind to travel anywhere and by any means, to remake itself if necessary, in order to find out. These young men are less restless than methodical; less imaginative than patient. . . . Listening to their conversations, trying to gauge the quality of their curiosity, one finds a deadly limitation of mind.

A word about faculty democracy, another sacred cow. Committees have been growing like a cancer in most colleges as the vehicle of faculty self-determination. On the surface, the trend is unobjectionable—who is against democracy?—but committees can be a curse. For one thing, teaching is a demanding art; one wonders about the wisdom of dispersing the teacher's energies. Secondly, committees and policy-making lead to a complicated network of relationships and an enforced, often neurotic, intimacy. In the old days, you hated your chairman or the president —or both. Now you hate everybody.

Since I teach only part-time I am somewhat insulated against the Gothic excesses of the academic world. But I am constantly aghast at the rocketing anxieties of friends who are full-time academics. Serving on a tenure committee is exceeded in melodramatic horror only by being a candidate for tenure. "You don't understand what we go through," a friend said to me. "You would have to be around all the time."

I have proposed some tentative answers to real dilemmas in higher education. But practical answers must flow from a vision of what the educated man should be. More than ever, we have to be concerned with first principles. We can't teach everything—or everyone. What do we really want from our colleges? That education should emerge as high drama in our popular press is at least a symptom of health.

There are even signs that the current generation of students is rousing itself from its beauty sleep. Honor students at the University of Wisconsin petitioned last year for more strenuous challenges. At Smith College, student sentiment seems overwhelmingly in favor of independent study starting in the freshman year. A Harvard student-council report lashed out at the idea that a "non-committed, objective stance is the only one that is scholarly and scientific." We may yet see that "wholly awakened man" whom Woodrow Wilson called for.

Higher education is a creature of our society, but it cannot escape its obligation to transcend it. We live in a dangerously easeful time. There is a lack of roughage in our national diet. Shouldn't our colleges and universities provide a countervailing tendency to the fat, sleek materialism of American life? Shouldn't they provide something hard and lean and spiritually purposeful? The press of students at our college gates may give us just the opportunity we need. In the past, our fear of the idea of the superior few pushed us into shoddiness and hypocrisy. We are now in position to try the leap for excellence. We have the students; we even have the teachers. All we need is the will.

AN ENGLISHMAN LOOKS AT AMERICAN COLLEGES

THE American system of general education, taken by and large, does tend to have the advantage of breadth and the disadvantage of relative superficiality, while British university education scores with greater depth but runs the risk of narrow-minded specialism. The American student is given the depth later, at his graduate school, and by the time he has finished his studies there he is just as well qualified in his speciality as is the British scholar. But it takes longer to get there.

Some people will tell you that we do in the schools what the Americans do in the undergraduate college. My own experience [teaching] at Hamilton College [in New York State] does not bear that out. The first year of the college curriculum is probably comparable with the work of the sixth form in a good English grammar school. But the whole of the four-year program is more aptly compared with a pass or general degree course at a British university; and in fact I found that a number of the more senior students turned out work which would be regarded as highly creditable in honors students over here. This would probably not be true of all colleges, but in the best examples the American Liberal Arts College is far better than we are apt to suppose. I think we can learn from the Americans. Too many academics in this country say that general education in the liberal arts should be left to the schools. If they knew something of the American college at its best, they would change their minds.

—D. Daiches Raphael, Senior Lecturer in Moral Philosophy, Glasgow University, in the *Listener*, December 24, 1959.

A Story by MIRA MICHAL

Drawings by Frederick E. Banbery



ROYAL ASCOT

"WHAT does one wear?" I asked gloomily as I looked from the elegantly printed invitation to the window, which was lashed by torrents of rain.

"It tells you plainly on the attached instructions," answered my husband. "What I would like to know is which horse to back."

I looked at the instructions and found they made very interesting reading. The gentlemen were supposed to wear morning coats and top hats as well as decorations. The ladies, "afternoon dresses and hats." Departure time was ten o'clock in the morning. Nothing was said about coats and umbrellas, but after all Royal Ascot was still two weeks away and one could hope for the best.

I had in my closet a garden-party dress dreamed up just before our departure from Warsaw to London by a "little" dressmaker. It was, naturally, made of flowered organza; its length was neither here nor there; and it was meant to be accompanied by a large picture hat, high-heeled sandals, and long white gloves.

I looked once more at the weather outside, shuddered, and decided to find out a thing or two about horses.

Every morning a heap of newspapers was put on my desk. On that memorable day I turned for the first time in my life to the sports page. I soon found out that every English paper had a racing expert who selected winners for his readers. For the sake of efficiency I thought I should stick to one, and not bother with his competitors. But which one should I choose?

The solution came that very afternoon at a cocktail party. While in the midst of a very bored group of people, I brought up the subject. The gentlemen around me were immediately galvanized into animated conversation, and suddenly displayed strong views—a refreshing change from the usual diplomatic wishy-washiness on any theme. A small crowd gathered around us, and the party became one of the successes of that season.

All this wouldn't have helped much if Lord G., who had been doing most of the talking, had not drawn me aside and whispered into my ear:

"My dear lady, there is only one man on this Island who *knows,* and he is the racing expert of the *Daily Worker.* Now don't tell anybody, it's just between you and me."

He bent down closer. "And another thing, never bet on the King's horses. No good at all, you know."

This was the best advice I could possibly hope to get. It had its positive part—namely what to do—and its negative one—what not to do. Could anyone ask for more?

WHEN we woke up on Ascot day, a steady drizzle was coming down from a dark sky, and it was cold. I switched on the electric heater, ignored the garden-party dress, and pulled out a black woolen suit and a colorful hat. At that very moment the telephone rang. One of the elder ambassadresses wanted to know what I was

planning to wear. I told her and she gasped in horror.

"But didn't you read the instructions? You can't call a black woolen suit an afternoon dress. Besides we are going to the Royal Enclosure, which means that we are guests of the King, and you should know, my dear, that black is never worn at court except during periods of mourning. You do not want to offend the Royal Family, do you?"

That was the last thing I wanted to do, and I dragged my silk dress out of the closet.

My husband now appeared all dressed up in morning coat, holding top hat, white gloves, and umbrella, and promptly declared that he would not be seen with me in that outfit on a day like this. I explained to him the rules of the game, and in silence he dragged out an old jacket of mine made of what the New York fur trade likes to call processed lamb, and threw it around my shoulders.

"But it is black," I protested.

"Never mind," he answered firmly, "I shall take the responsibility for this upon myself. You can throw it off every time the King or the Queen looks at you."

It was now time to leave, and I looked frantically among the heap of morning papers for the *Daily Worker,* but it was not to be found. I had to give up, and we climbed into the old Embassy Chrysler and started on the long and slow drive to Ascot.

Owen, the English driver, who had been with the Polish Embassy for a quarter of a century, looked me over quickly and discreetly. He glanced at my sandaled feet, my flimsy dress, my big hat, my umbrella, and fur piece and smiled approvingly. I knew I had done nothing wrong. It was one of the mysteries of British life.

We settled down in the back of the car with a rug across our knees, and my husband proceeded to study the newspapers which he had taken from my desk. After a while he asked me pointedly what I had done with the *Daily Worker.* I explained that I had been looking for it myself but that it was nowhere to be found, and we decided to try to buy a copy at Ascot.

The road was crowded with big black limousines. Like all the other ladies, I peeped unashamedly into the cars in order to see what *they* were wearing, and felt reassured. They were all in printed silks.

WE ARRIVED at the gates of Ascot racecourse at about noon, and stepped out into the wind and the rain, making a great effort not to stretch our limbs like dogs who had lain too long in front of the fire. We had to be on our best behavior, as a sizable crowd was watching the entrance for celebrities. Being a British crowd, it was different from any other in the world—oblivious of the weather, polite, gay, craning necks without pushing, and making "jolly remarks."

Separately we looked strange enough but as a group we were hilarious. The men walked with great dignity and self-assurance, pushing out their chests and pulling in their stomachs. (Most of them had to, as their morning coats were much too tight, and seemed to date back at least to the Boer War.) They had red or white carnations in their buttonholes and badges with their names written in unreadable handwriting. They were armed with field glasses, racing programs, and umbrellas, and somehow managed to hold onto their ladies' elbows as well without looking burdened or harassed. Their ladies, on the other hand, looked as if they were having a terrible time. The heels of their flimsy summer shoes were sinking deep into the loose gravel, their full skirts were billowing in the breeze, they had to hold onto umbrella, handbag, skirt, program, fur piece, and husband simultaneously and with the usual number of hands. The only exception were the Oriental ladies. Tightly cocooned in their saris, with heavy English tweed coats unashamedly thrown across their shoulders, their heads covered in shawls, their feet in flat sandals, they presented a picture of composed comfort.

After careful scrutiny by a number of stewards, we were given name badges and programs and allowed into the Enclosure. We immediately looked around for a newsstand but there was no such thing. We realized that we were very hungry and a long queue in front of a striped tent looked starved enough to be a luncheon queue. We joined it greedily and moved slowly on in stony silence in the most dignified line of overdressed, bejeweled, and frozen people imaginable. After about half an hour we found ourselves

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Mira Michal is the pen name of a Polish newspaperwoman whose husband now represents his country at the United Nations in New York. By her own admittance, Mrs. Michal's rather sketchy acquaintance with the racecourse stems from the days when the Michals occupied the Polish Embassy in London shortly after World War II. Mrs. Michal writes a New York letter for one of Poland's weeklies and is the author of a humorous novel published in Poland.

under the canopy, folded our umbrellas, and were permitted to buy our meal tickets for seven shillings and sixpence. Fifteen minutes later, a fabulously elegant headwaiter ushered us toward a table for six where four gentlemen were already sitting. They were studying with great concentration what we thought was the menu but what turned out to be the racing programs.

Menus there were none. We were given a few seconds to make up our minds between cold salmon or cold chicken and ice cream or strawberries with cream. We had the salmon and the strawberries and the only warm thing we had was a dry martini with a lot of bitters in it. Since our table companions were strangers to each other, they chewed noiselessly with the slightly offended expression which, as I later discovered, is the shy Englishman's standard social weapon. Two of them had copies of the *Daily Worker* carefully folded inside out in the side pockets of their morning coats and one had the racing column clipped out and neatly folded into the pages of his racing program. I envied them but there was nothing I could do but peep discreetly and without result.



WE LEFT the tent still hungry and decided to proceed immediately into the Diplomatic Box where we thought we would be warm and comfortable. We made our way up a precariously winding wooden staircase and found that the box was wide open to the elements. It was furnished with several rows of hard, wooden, and rather damp benches. A group of old hands among the diplomats already occupied the choice seats, those adjoining a side glass wall which divided us from the Royal Box. We were greeted by the *chef de protocol,* shook numerous hands, said "good afternoon" in several languages, and sat down in the last row, from which we had a good view of the whole show—the racetrack, the Royal Box, the elegantly milling crowd below us, the men in the Jockey Club at the left, and on the other side of the track, thousands upon thousands of ordinary citizens. These were dressed warmly and sensibly in tweeds, rubber-soled shoes or galoshes, wrapped in raincoats and hoods, eating hot dogs and fish and chips and jellied eel and drinking steaming cups of coffee and tea. Behind them was a large amusement park with carousels and devil's wheels, and probably a bearded lady or two and a sprinkling of fortune tellers.

Some of these lucky commoners were armed with opera glasses but the majority carried that great British invention, the mirror on a stick. Like all great inventions it is simple. The user simply turns his back to whatever he chooses to observe, lifts his stick high into the air, and looks into the mirror which he has previously fixed at the end of it. The view of a crowd turning its back collectively on a parade or procession can be very puzzling to the uninitiated tourist but he will soon get the hang of the whole business.

In contrast to that crowd, the one in the Jockey Club seemed as quiet as a funeral. Beyond the Jockey Club there was sheer bedlam. A teeming mass of bookies stood in the rain with their arms in the air, moving their fingers in deaf-mute madness. It was fascinating.

From the well of our diplomatic wooden staircase now slowly and majestically emerged the best-dressed group of diplomats' wives in their Diors and Balenciagas, their Faths and Balmains. Their timing was perfect because the moment they sat down a hush fell over the crowd, followed by a collective murmur of "There they come." All heads turned east, and there, at the end of the long, green track, we saw a toylike procession of glittering carriages, drawn by, yes, white horses.

The men in the Jockey Club stood up as if by command, and raised their enormous field glasses simultaneously to their eyes, the crowd at the Royal Enclosure rushed to the white railing lining the track—while on the opposite side children were lifted onto fatherly shoulders and sticks with mirrors were raised into the sky. There was a sigh of "Ain't she lovely" as the pastel-clad royal ladies drove by.

The sky played its part very nicely indeed; the clouds parted and the pale sun came out.

"Royal weather," murmured the *chef de protocol* dutifully. In the carriages the ladies waved their white-gloved hands in a well-studied and automatic gesture, and the gentlemen raised their toppers about two and a half inches over their heads. All along the track women were dropping down in deep curtsies, muddying the hems of their dresses.

The King and Queen were in the first carriage, then the Princesses, the Dukes and Duchesses, while lesser royalty and plain aristocracy followed. As the procession reached our box we stood and remained on our feet until they all settled down in the adjoining box. The minute they did, the sky decided that enough is enough and the rain started again.

It was now hours since we had left the house and the only horses we had seen were the ones that had pulled the royal carriages. Since I was frankly getting bored and tired, I inquired meekly whether it would not be possible to go home and to bed with a hot water bottle. My request was dismissed as a bad joke and I turned my attention to the dresses again. I noticed that all the ladies in the Royal Box were dressed in various pastel shades—pinks, mauves, and powder blues—and that the Queen even had a fox boa dyed to match her pale lilac gown. My ambassadresses stuck it out for a few minutes longer in their fragile gowns and then wrapped themselves resignedly in various bits of fur, thus ruining the whole effect.

My husband suggested that we could make the whole thing slightly more exciting by putting some money on one of the horses. We opened our umbrellas and followed the crowd into the paddock. The horses looked all alike to me, but we naturally made conversation with the people standing next to us and soon learned to shake our heads and say something about the fact that the track was wet, which naturally made all the difference in the world.

In the first race I backed number seven, which



I have always considered my lucky number. It came in last. My husband put a pound note on something called "Happy Holiday," which came in third and paid him a few shillings. He was radiant, and began to enjoy himself visibly. In the lines leading to the betting booths not a single lady was to be seen, and we deduced that it was obviously no place for me either. My husband asked me to please leave him alone and return to the box. I strolled in the direction of the tea tent, having asked him to back number two for me in the next race, for the excellent reason that we had two children.

In the tea queue I found a buxom, middle-aged woman whom I had met at a dinner party a few days before (and whose name I did not remember) in the company of a very chic friend in a black coat and *café-au-lait* accessories. They were deeply involved in criticizing somebody else's children, and when I managed to get a word in I complimented the lady on her outfit—the only smart one, I thought and said so, in the whole crowd. I wanted to know why she dared to wear black.

She laughed and explained to me that she was barred from the Royal Enclosure because some years ago she had been involved in a divorce case. The fact that she belonged to one of the oldest families in England, that her title dated back to Henry the Eighth, and that one of her ancestors had been beheaded in the Tower didn't make any difference. She was barred from the Court of St. James and all its functions forever. This lady was therefore not bound by any protocol rules and could wear and do precisely what she wanted so long as she stayed away from certain places. This fascinating piece of information made my day, and we parted after having had our tea and some sandwiches made with margarine and fish paste. The divorced lady returned to her unroyal and undiplomatic vantage point, Mrs. X to her husband in the Jockey Club, and I to my wooden bench in the Diplomatic Box.

My husband only waved his hand when I asked how we had done in the last race and I concluded that my theory of lucky numbers was no good on the racecourse. Something else would have to be tried. There was a bit of excitement in the Diplomatic Box because the main race was approaching and considerable amounts of money were at stake. My husband and I bent over the program and among all the "Pink Clouds," "Apple Blossoms," "Curry Powders," and "Rosy Futures" we saw suddenly the name "Russian Hero" stare us straight in the face. We smiled, looked at each other, and my husband promptly left the box for the betting booth. When he returned he handed me a ticket with a number seven on it. I made a long face as I had been let down by seven earlier in the day. The diplomats were now showing each other their tickets but not a single seven was to be seen. Whatever "Russian Hero" was, he certainly was not a favorite.

When the race started somebody lightheartedly offered me field glasses which I kept glued to my eyes for the duration of the race. Our horse led from the very beginning and came in first without the slightest effort whatsoever. It looked too easy for words.

MY husband casually spread the news of his good fortune among his colleagues as we went to pick up our loot. It came to quite a handsome sum.

We now decided to call it a day and start for home before the big rush. It took us half an hour to find Owen, who was obviously having a wonderful time on the wrong side of the track. They called him repeatedly over the loudspeaker system, and he finally brought the car around still panting and puffing. While he held the door open for me I saw sticking out of his coat pocket a copy of the *Daily Worker*. My husband stretched his hand out silently and with an embarrassed smile Owen handed him the paper.

As we sank into the well-worn seats of the old car, I kicked off my shoes, covered myself with a rug, and peeped over my husband's shoulder to see what the *Daily Worker's* expert had to say. The headline was "RUSSIAN HERO FOR FIRST PLACE."

Two days later I met Lord G. again. By now he considered me a horsy woman worth talking to, and we struck up a conversation about Royal Ascot.

"Did you have any luck, my dear?" he wanted to know.

"Oh yes, I had Russian Hero in the main race," I said casually.

"Very good, very good."

"Didn't you? He was recommended by your favorite expert, you know."

"Yes, yes," he said and sniffed in that vague, Oxonian way, "but, you see, I naturally thought that in this particular case the man was politically biased.

"And so did everybody else, for that matter," he added. "That is why you got such excellent odds."

He excused himself, and went off in search of a drink.

How Small Business Cuts Its Throat



By GEORGE S. ODIORNE

Drawings by Reese Brandt

One of the most revered American traditions is that any Bright Young Man can start his own business. But four out of every five who try it will fail—in spite of plenty of help from the government—because of their own incompetence and their worship of a vanished past.

LAST year the Junior Chamber of Commerce in a Midwestern city awarded the citation "young man of the year" to one of its number, and in doing so quietly marked the end of a period in our history. The young chap selected was as clean-cut as any previous recipient. His grip was as firm, and he met your eye with a clear and serious look. The only thing that made him different from any recipient in the past lay in the route by which he had climbed to the top.

His success story began with a loan backed by the U. S. Small Business Administration. Then with skill and aggressiveness this youngster had obtained a sizable government contract which was open only to small businesses by Defense Department directive. His profits were helped along through an accelerated write-off of his equipment for tax purposes. His rise to the top followed immediately. Admittedly, this fellow showed perspicacity and more than average skill in negotiating the red tape required to rally such support for his firm. Still his story puts a reverse-English upon our "rags-to-riches" tradition which might cause many an old-style free enterpriser to rest uneasily in his grave.

Statistics and politics have combined to exalt the small businessman in Washington eyes in recent years. While large corporate profits have soared, the little fellow has been caught by low profits. As casualties multiplied, it became difficult if not impossible for the survivors to get credit from conventional sources. The Small Business Administration (until 1958 a temporary executive agency) did its best with business and disaster loans but found itself unable to cope with the rising tide of failures. In 1958 Congress voted $260 million tax relief for small business.

Even so, the rate of failures kept mounting. Last year Congress created Small Business Investment Companies operating under the supervision of the SBA which provides funds when necessary.

Essentially bi-partisan, these measures have been enthusiastically supported by both the Democratic Congress and the Republican Administration. The small businessman, it would seem, is acquiring a privileged position in Washington comparable to the farmer's. Actually, however, there is a big difference between the two. The farmer is subsidized for hardships resulting from superior ability to produce. In most instances the small businessman is shored up with tax money because of his incompetence in management. And the present pattern of government aid does nothing constructive about converting a losing small business into a stable and profitable one. The Small Business Investment Companies in fact merely assuage symptoms without getting at the underlying malady which is partly a matter of hard economics, partly the fruit of the small businessman's peculiar philosophy and limitations. A high mortality rate is almost inevitable.

The odds are that only one in five small businesses will survive ten years. In fact, the median age of 4,500,000 firms in this country is seven. Three hundred fifty thousand will go broke this year and another 370,000 will change hands.

Despite these hazards, some 400,000 new ones are likely to get rolling in the next twelve months. Each founder will—in all probability—be confident that, with just a little capital, he can become a Henry Ford, a Buck Duke, or a John D. Rockefeller, starting in a corner grocery or tiny machine shop. Unlike a ball-player, actor, or painter, he does not feel that he needs any special talent, training or experience. Pluck and grit—nowadays called motivation—will suffice. Flanked by a Loyal Woman, he shouts "invictus" as he pours his life savings down the rat hole. If he has no capital of his own he can always borrow from a bank, friends, relatives, or the Small Business Administration.

What he can't borrow is the ability to run a business successfully. In fact, he is very likely doomed from the outset by his incompetence as a manager and his persistence in clinging to outworn ways of doing business. Typically, the small businessman stretches his limited capital too far, overextends credit in order to get customers, overloads himself with slow-moving stock, has no knowledge of the market or of his competitors, doesn't know how to raise money when he needs it, doesn't know the principles of good management and wouldn't use them if he did.

There is always a wolf at his door called "working capital." Because he needs it so badly he can't get it from the sale of stocks and bonds. His principal source is a too-meager profit, which he must plow back if his company is going to grow. High taxes keep him from accumulating funds, the inheritance tax takes a large bite between generations, and risk money is scarce. He depends chiefly upon commercial lenders and banks which, when he needs them most, also dry up on him.

Dun and Bradstreet, the master scorekeeper of business failures, has found that more than nine out of ten small business failures were caused by lack of experience or incompetence. The newspaper ads which show businesses offered for sale "for reasons of health," are often deceptive—poor health accounted for only 2.5 per cent of the failures. The bulk of them were the result of competitive weaknesses, inadequate sales, and above all, inexperience.

In the *Harvard Business Review,* L. T. White of Cities Service Corporation has listed these cardinal mistakes of small businessmen: (1) failing to create customers, (2) keeping inadequate records, (3) being emotional about credit and purchases. The typical small businessman who fails sees his job as "running a shop." Often he keeps his records and results secret not only from his wife and tax people, but from himself, and judges his credit risks by hunch.

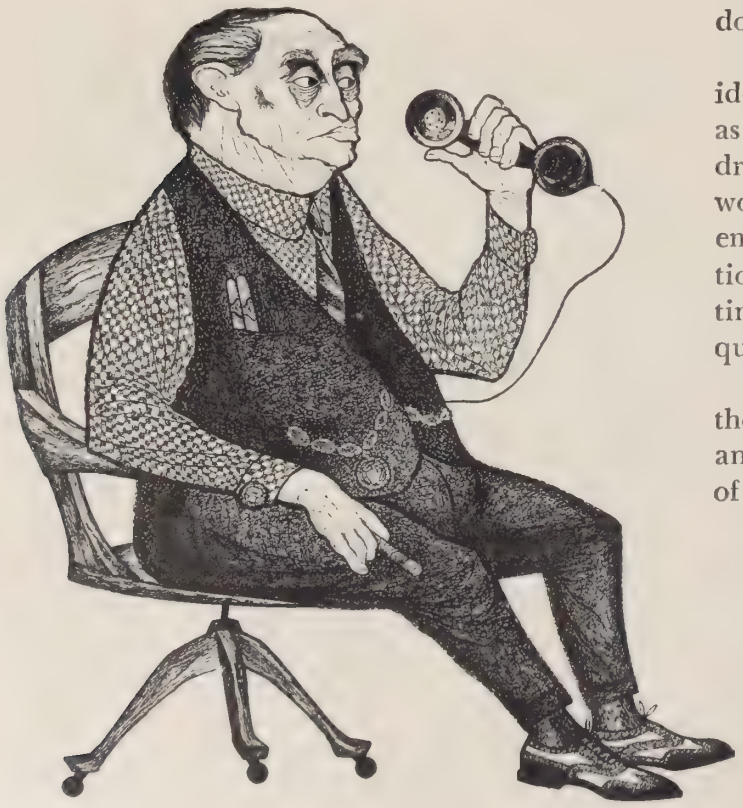
THE BUSY BUSY BOSS

THE small businessman generally operates on the "owner decides all" principle. He feels he must know more about engineering than his engineer, more about sales than his sales manager, more about accounting than his accountant. (His antiquated personnel habits make it much more dangerous for a worker to be employed by a small firm than a large one, according to surveys conducted in New Jersey.) Since he insists on making all the decisions himself, he has few strong, competent people to help him. Those who stay on are passive and dependent. His preoccupation with detail not only hampers him competitively; it also makes it harder for him to get working capital. A company that can be wiped out by the owner's coronary or nervous breakdown is too great a risk for most lenders.

When a small company is absorbed by a larger one and continued as a wholly owned subsidiary,

a drastic infusion of new managerial know-how is usually imperative. For example, a large food company took over a small West Coast bakery a few years back, and after careful study sacked the previous owner. A man from the parent company, unskilled in the bakery business, became general manager. In his ignorance of the details of the business, the new manager concentrated on building up the talents of others in the firm, letting them make their own decisions and try their wings with new ideas. Within an amazingly short period of time, the branch was double its previous size and paying for its own growth out of enlarged earnings. Employee ideas which had been stowed away in desk drawers were dusted off and put into action by the rejuvenated work force. These of course had been available all along to the former owner.

To be sure, sound management practices aren't necessarily to be equated with bigness. Sometimes, indeed, the little firm actually outmanages its big competitors. What it lacks in power it can make up in sheer speed and footwork, leaving its cumbersome, bureaucratic competitor lumbering behind, caught in its own red tape. As in the prize ring, however, the good big man invariably beats the good little man. (Nobody, for instance, has much prospect of outsmarting Sears or Macy's or IBM.) None the less, there is nothing to stop a smart young fellow with $25,000, brains, guts, and an idea from starting out on his own. If he's lucky, he won't lose the $25,000 and will make a living wage except during periods of "rolling readjustment." Of course there won't be any profits—unless he's willing to count his salary as such, in which case he's working without pay. (Bankers always consider the small businessman's personal salary an equivalent to profit which can be tapped in case of emergency—repayment of a bank loan, for instance.)



Such are the obstacles in the world of the small businessman. His rewards are mainly psychic. He has no boss breathing over him and sets his own hours—which are nearly twice as long as a paid employee's. In theory he comes and goes as he pleases and has the enviable right to tell any man to go to hell. This is seldom expedient, however, if the man happens to be a big customer, a banker, a supplier of hard-to-get material, or one of his own salesmen. Even so, the small businessman likes his work. If he is able to make a decent wage, he may even become enamored of the illusion of independence and full economic freedom.

Actually, what he hankers for is not economic freedom but the kind of monopoly once held by the general store in my home town near Haverhill, Massachusetts. With the advent of the Model T, my mother joyfully waved farewell to his exorbitant prices and drove off to buy her groceries at the A & P ten miles away. A similar kind of monopoly is enjoyed by the corner delicatessen which stays open till eleven when every other store in town is closed, and will send a boy around with a case of beer when needed. By working an ungodly number of hours the owner manages to make a living—but he is unlikely to do more.

Psychologically the small businessman tends to identify with the tycoons of another era—such as Edison, Carnegie, and Sewell Avery. Still dreaming of the day when the lonely inventor working in his cellar could found an industrial empire, he declines to face up to the long gestation period of research and the investment of time, equipment and specialized skills now required to develop a marketable new product.

An incurable optimist, he is impatient with the frictions which impede his spacious future and judges every law by how it affects his brand of free private enterprise. His voice—increasingly strident and of dwindling influence—is heard through the National Association of Manufacturers, which describes 80 per cent of its members as "small manufacturers" even though one third have over 500 employees. (In truth, no one is quite sure just what a small business is. The term includes the corner grocer, pharmacist, tavern

owner, automobile dealer, and independent milkman. It also embraces any firm with less than 500 employees, by Defense Department definition.) It is, in any event, the lesser fry who dominate the NAM's committees and espouse their peculiar form of reaction and rural nostalgia. They tend to be, as John H. Bunzel puts it, deeply suspicious "of anything that is alien to their preferred pattern of living, whether it be the intrusion of foreign ideologies into the American scene or the upsetting of tradition and stability as a result of the spread of new ideas and the mingling of different cultures and people."

This isolationism is not just international. Small-business-dominated Chambers of Commerce have enacted ordinances which dig economic and legal moats around their cities. In one New Jersey town, for instance, every outside salesman must register at the police station before ringing a doorbell. To deliver milk, ice, Good Humors, groceries, or to sell Bibles, ladders, or other wares he must post a bond, take a medical exam, provide character witnesses, be fingerprinted, and specify which streets he will visit. On leaving, the outlander must sign out at the police station. One salesman was fined when a local hardware merchant detected him straying off the designated streets.

Such behavior is prompted by something deeper than simple self-advantage.

"Our loyalty is not a selfish loyalty," says R. Harland Shaw of the Conference of American Small Business Organizations. "It is rather a loyalty to an America that big labor most of the time, big business part of the time, and big government all of the time (consciously or not) are willing to sell down the river."

THE TRIPLE THREAT

OF THE three Goliaths threatening the small business David, the unions are probably the least interested in him. Early AFL leaders are said to have felt that "the small guy has nothing to give," and today's super-unionists seem to agree. Occasionally the large unions find themselves on the same side of an issue with a small company. But by and large the economics of big unionism require big plants and work forces.

A careful look at the latest steel strike and the perennial negotiations in railroads and automobiles suggests that the new "big bargaining" is not always in the public interest. Certainly it has increased the likelihood of "paralytic" strikes. Perhaps we would be better off if more union halls were still operating from empty stores in the factory district rather than marble mansions within sight of the White House. But wherever their headquarters, the small businessman is still inclined to regard unions as hostile conspiracies against him, whereas to the professional manager of a large firm they are but one of a multitude of problems to be solved in a rational, human way. And today's union leader in his button-down collar with the *Survey of Current Business* under his arm has little desire to engage in petty haggling with a furniture manufacturer from Grand Rapids.

In contrast to the unions' indifference, major companies are often at some pains to help puny competitors survive. For one thing, the Sherman and Clayton Acts are still on the books even though they have failed spectacularly to preserve the Adam Smith kind of competition. Economic power and property are today concentrated in the hands of some two hundred corporations, and the trend shows no signs of abating. But harassment of potential monopolies is the sworn duty of the Antitrust Division's attorneys and one way for the big fellows to placate them is to keep some small businesses afloat.

The little fellows are useful too for handling small lots on subcontracts. Because they may be willing to forgo profit and pay none too liberal wages, their costs may even be lower. In this fashion, big companies with heavy research and development programs can get their new products on the market by farming out their manufacture while holding firmly onto the patents and wielding a high degree of control. One electronics giant now has 1,800 such "licensees." The establishment of "independent" dealers, distributors, and franchise holders transfers the risks of competition to the small firm, proportionately reducing it for the large. As one small distributor told me:

"I've got all of the disadvantages of free competitive enterprise; at the same time I'm shackled with the control and aggravation of working for a big company. I'm president of this company, but the lowest rookie salesman from my franchise

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company can pull the rug out from under me."

The giant firms are increasingly carving themselves up into smaller and more manageable units. These have all the advantages of smallness with the added strength of highly expert staff advice and planning.

The small businessman, I find, is mistrustful of statements from big companies about being "partners of small firms." Press releases or economic studies conducted by big corporations do not interest him as much as the fierce current battles between the giants and their distributors in such industries as automobiles, petroleum, and steel over sales, fair trade, and franchises.

Similarly he feels that the government, even in a Republican Administration, is against him. Once the dominant force in GOP politics, he is now part of the frustrated opposition within the party. And Uncle Sam is likely to be one of his competitors. The Bureau of the Budget estimates that the federal government is operating some 20,000 commercial-industrial activities with 275,000 employees and $11 billion in capital assets. These projects include mining, contract construction, manufacturing, wholesale and retail trade, services, farming, forestry, transportation, communication, finance, insurance, and real estate. The Hoover Commission, which recommended trimming down these activities, has been strongly supported by small businessmen. They do not, however, object to government "interference" in the form of loans by the Small Business Administration. In 1958 these added up to $314 million spread over 6,355 companies. Another $1 billion of defense spending was "set aside" for exclusive award to small firms.

In fact, one of the few ways a small company can get big these days is by specializing in a vital national-defense service, like electronics research. The government will arrange special loan privileges, cost-plus contracts, and accelerated write-offs of fixed assets to fatten up the profits. But the typical businessman, clinging to a nineteenth-century ideal, will see something shabby and un-American in these schemes, even as he deposits his own government check. Maybe his instinct is not entirely wrong.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING

IF THE government stopped subsidizing this over-populated and wrongly oriented segment of the economic community, business failures might surge upward, it is true. But continued subsidy on a long-term basis might be even worse. From the viewpoint of simple economics everyone pays when subsidies are used to bolster the incompetent. A rise of, say, 10 per cent in business failures is unlikely to have the dire impact on the economy which is often cited as the reason for farm subsidy. On the other hand, there is ample evidence that subsidizing inefficiency maintains prices at higher levels than if the marginal business were wiped out.

More importantly from the viewpoint of small business itself, a point-blank exposure to the workings of the free market might bring home the necessity of changed attitudes and increased professionalism in the conduct of its affairs.

Within its own ranks, small business can find proof—exceptional but impressive—that modern attitudes pay off. I think for example of a small paper company in Spring Grove, Pennsylvania, whose present owner, P. H. Glatfelter III, has taken American Management Association courses and applied what he learned to his business. He is doing splendidly, though oil portraits of his father and grandfather who founded the company seem to frown on his new-fangled ways.

An even more impressive example of new management skills effectively used by an old-fashioned business is S. S. Pierce of Boston. From a staid nineteenth-century dispenser of fine foods for upper class Bostonians it has become a smart and aggressive firm of modern merchandisers. Wally Pierce, scion of the Pierce family which founded it, has also attended AMA's Management Course. Here, side by side with executives of du Pont and General Electric, he studied the techniques of professional management, and applied them to selling high-priced groceries.

Carefully avoiding anything which would lessen the impact of its reputation as a store for epicures, S. S. Pierce now capitalizes on the new gourmet-foods market, studies organization planning, motivational research, and management development, to remain several jumps ahead of the more prosaic food manufacturers and merchandisers, among which are some two hundred large corporations.

It is unlikely, however, that many small businesses will try this kind of therapy so long as the government continues to apply artificial respiration. Once the pulmotor is cut off, however, there might be some changes. More conversions take place on the Road to Ruin than the road to almost anywhere else. Of all the subsidies which have come out of Washington, we have in the Small Business program the purest example of a subsidy of archaic thinking. With a decade or more of global economic warfare facing us this is an expensive luxury.

ALLAN TEMKO

SAN FRANCISCO REBUILDS AGAIN

One of the world's most charming cities has been losing its beauty in recent years because of blight. But it now has a long-range scheme working—an exciting one—to regain much of its lost ground. This is the fourth article in "Harper's" series on building in America.

FROM the silver bridge bending high over the bay, the cityscape is one of the most stirring in the world. San Francisco smiles in the sunlight. Directly behind the piers of the Embarcadero the towers of downtown thrust upward, twenty and twenty-five and thirty stories into the bright air, massed together in the financial district that controls the economy of the Far West. Beyond, on the slopes and summits of the hills, stand more towers—hotels and apartments as well as office buildings—going westward with the city. The grid of streets, resolutely American, crosses crest after crest, so that San Francisco rises and falls with the spectacular terrain, the lines of white houses rolling over the hills, past the Golden Gate and the elegant red web of its bridge, to the Pacific.

Nowhere, unless at Rio, can so fine and powerful a metropolis be found in a setting of comparable grandeur; and this is the chief secret of San Francisco's charm. If the skyline recalls the tremendous profile of New York, the port (five hundred square miles of sheltered water ringed with hills and peaks), the play of light on buildings, the easy climate, and the classical sea beyond the harbor, all suggest Naples and Marseilles. Side by side with San Francisco's frank business premise, its American air of getting things done, exists a half-Mediterranean *dolce far niente*, tempered by the informal manners of the pioneer West.

If such a city—the most pleasant in the United States—cannot be saved and improved during the present age of urban crisis, then all our cities would appear to be lost. Indeed, even to speak of "saving" San Francisco, when megalopolitan jungles such as New York and Chicago, and the featureless waste of Los Angeles, face problems of far greater magnitude, may seem to be begging the urban question. For if San Francisco has been called a "miniature Manhattan," the qualification of size makes all the difference. Inhuman scale, appalling land densities, and paralyzing congestion have rendered New York increasingly uninhabitable; and on a frightening night last August, with the power dead in half of sweltering Manhattan, the city received an intimation of apocalypse.

On the day the air-conditioners failed in New York, San Francisco was gay and cool. Visiting strangers, as they have since the Gold Rush, and particularly since the last war, experienced a strong urge to stay. People were polite; there did not seem to be too many of them; they appreciated food and wine, spoke a variety of languages, and had more money to spend, per capita, than any other urban population in history. Cable cars, their bells clanging, climbed the hills like donkeys: a civic affectation perhaps, so late in the technological age, but a winning one. It was possible even to drive in the heart of the city, in spite of occasional tie-ups, and to park rather quickly. From every high intersection, going up Nob or Russian Hill, breath-taking views of the city and port opened suddenly. In the distance appeared the baroque dome of City Hall, or the burnt-orange dome of Maybeck's Palace of Fine Arts, and across the

expanse of the bay, the sunlight caught thousands of windows in the Berkeley hills, above the great university.

Nowhere does the environment seem to crush the individual. Even the tallest buildings—the 31-story Russ, the 30-story Shell, the 26-story Pacific Telephone, all dating from the boom of the 'twenties—would be lost in midtown Manhattan. The city has retained manageable proportions, and this is not the least of its advantages as it embarks on a prodigious program of construction and renewal that makes it a fascinating laboratory of urban experimentation.

A CITY PREMATURELY OLD

SINCE the last war it has been clear that San Francisco is no longer a lively provincial seat, but one of the world's main centers of civilized life, a city of the first international rank. It is no accident that Mr. Khrushchev was captivated by his visit there; nor was it accidental that San Francisco, facing Asia, was the scene of the inaugural meeting of the United Nations in 1945. Yet even though history has given San Francisco a grand role in the middle of the twentieth century, the city has far to go—in terms of urban beauty—before it fulfills its potentialities. The romantic city of towers gives way, on close inspection, to the tawdriness that typifies the urban scene almost everywhere else in the United States. Whole sections of San Francisco are blighted. Even on the proudest streets such as Montgomery, California, and Post, one turns a corner into what, in a more prosaic city, would be called a slum.

In San Francisco, however, because of the richness and vigor of the whole, ugly details pass for piquancy. Beneath its garish trappings, Chinatown, for example, is a slum of ordinary American buildings erected—like virtually all of the city's slums—after the disaster of 1906. Significantly, too, it preserves the ghetto dispositions imposed on the Oriental community by the pioneers. For although the reconstruction following the earthquake and fire must be accounted one of the heroic municipal achievements of modern times, the city was actually rebuilt in a nineteenth-century image. The original street pattern was retained. Except for the mall of the grandiose Civic Center, no important open spaces were created. Architecturally, as can be seen in the Palace Hotel, so dull in comparison with the marvelous structure it replaced, the city lost much of its early gusto and distinction. How distinguished the pioneer city was at its best could be seen in the Montgomery Block of 1853, one of a few early buildings to escape the fire, before it was destroyed last year to make room for a parking lot.

More serious still, the city which rose from the ashes—"the Phoenix of the Pacific"—aged quickly. Partly because of the rapidly changing needs of the twentieth century, but also because of lack of planning and laissez-faire chaos in design, San Francisco—only fifty-odd years later—is prematurely old. The weird surrealism of the American commercial ethic has made matters even worse. Market Street—the main artery—over most of its length from the Ferry Building to the foot of Twin Peaks has been disfigured by gimcrack shops, penny arcades, sensational movie houses, mean hotels, and further out, ramshackle apartments. Discordant signs clamor for attention, as everywhere in the U. S., and by night the pavements are splotched with neon.

Perhaps it will take the rest of the century, or longer, to repair all of this environmental damage, but the important fact—at a time when the urban situation usually elicits cries of despair—is that San Francisco has begun the task.

A new city is in the making, which should be one of the first to display the new urban beauty that is possible in the age of the Second Industrial Revolution. An effort far greater than that which followed the fire will be needed: some $600 million in new construction is now contemplated, and that is only a portion of the work ultimately required. A rapid transit system for the Bay Region—to cite only one great undertaking the voters will be asked to approve—is urgently needed if San Francisco is to remain "the City," the dynamic core of the immense metropolitan complex developing around it in a territory as large as Connecticut and Delaware combined, and is not to fall victim to the automobile. That alone, in the end, will probably cost the better part of a billion dollars.

But if the costs are high, the stakes are tremendous; and already, as automated factories and a nuclear power station have appeared beside the bay, new towers have been rising in downtown. Two of them, the recently completed

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Crown Zellerbach and John Hancock Buildings, rank with the finest architecture created since World War II: a claim which hitherto could not have been made for office structures in San Francisco. And more towers are on the way, including the dozen or so which will be part of the large Golden Gateway project which will be built just north of the present financial district, in the curve of the Embarcadero.

In another important project the worst of the slums, which festers on the hill of the Western Addition directly behind the Opera House (where the UN convened), has been partly demolished to make way for handsome residential and commercial developments. Still a third major renewal project is underway on Diamond Heights. The battle for the future of the environment has been joined, and with luck and stamina, San Francisco can win.

FIASCOES OF THE 'FIFTIES

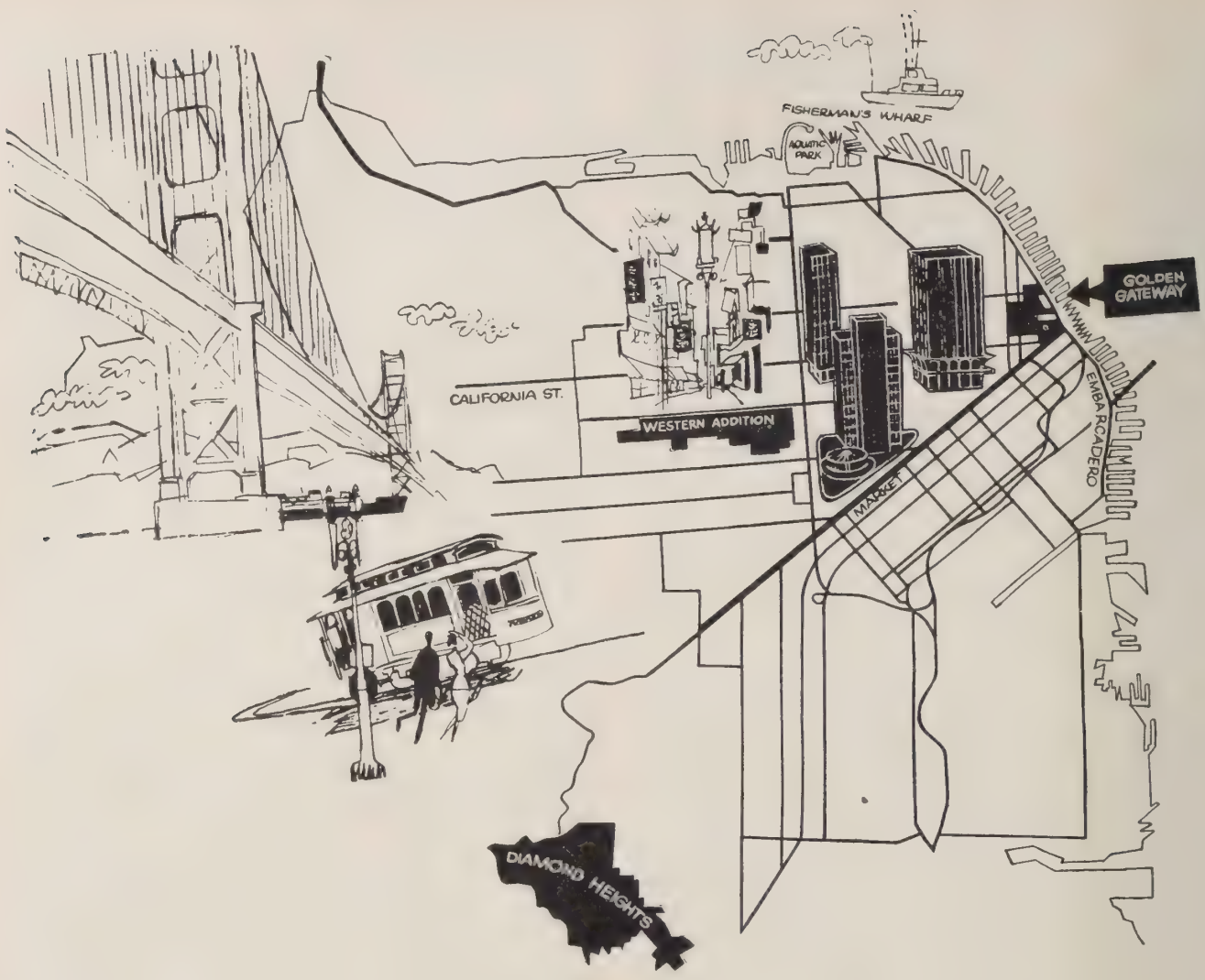
BEFORE the city could rise to its present pitch, however, its renewal problems had to grow almost desperate. Perhaps because there is no local squalor comparable to the fantastic degradation of human life in Harlem and the Chicago South Side, San Franciscans are not quick to find fault with their surroundings. Only a series of fiascoes, which occurred with wearisome frequency as the 'fifties passed and little was accomplished, roused them into action at the end of the decade. By then the entire redevelopment program was virtually at a standstill, and the *Chronicle* bitterly suggested that it had been entrusted to "Dawdle, Dawdle, Bumbling & Pokery, specialists in deceleration."

This was a particular pity because the city has enjoyed the services of specialists of exceptionally high caliber, who after the war attracted national attention for the excellence of their renewal concepts. The Western Addition project, proposed in 1949, was a model enterprise, the first of its kind to take advantage of new federal legislation enabling cities to pay a comparatively small share of redevelopment costs by providing streets, sewers, and other facilities which would be needed in any case and often are already in existence. The project for Diamond Heights, a steep but potentially splendid site which was largely unoccupied, followed soon after, and San Francisco seemed on its way.

Instead, sordid political squabbles occurred. From the start the gifted professional planners met with niggardliness and lack of imagination in City Hall; sometimes downright obstructionism and venality hamstrung their efforts. Repeatedly federal officials warned that San Francisco would not be given a "free ride" and declared that more rapid progress was necessary if funds were to be kept available in Washington. City officials replied that the California state redevelopment law, written in deference to the real-estate lobby, made land acquisition a very slow procedure. In truth, until the law was amended last year, it was one of the most unwieldy in the U. S., and it is still far from perfect. Also, its constitutionality was questioned, and there was wrangling in the courts. But these difficulties did not prevent other California cities, notably Sacramento, from carrying out projects which were started after San Francisco's.

For the disgraceful delay both Mayor George Christopher and former Mayor Elmer Robinson, whom he succeeded in 1954, must bear responsibility. But if Mayor Christopher has gradually —one might say, painfully—become aware of what redevelopment means for the city, such comprehension apparently was beyond the grasp of his predecessor. It was under Mayor Robinson that a quarrel erupted between political hacks and planners which resulted in the resignation of James E. Lash, director of the Redevelopment Agency, and one of the foremost urbanists in the country. Mr. Lash moved on to ACTION (the American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods), where he continues to do outstanding work. In his place was appointed Eugene J. Riordan, an elderly appraiser and a gentleman of the old school but with no evident qualifications for so demanding a post. Nevertheless Mayor Christopher retained him, too. During five years in office, Mr. Riordan gave few indications that he had learned much about the job. And lower echelons of the Redevelopment Agency were filled with political deadwood.

Under the Christopher regime clearance of the Western Addition began, but at so slow a pace that speculators have had a field day. In October 1958, the press revealed that Mayor Christopher's principal aide, a devout realtor named Chester R. MacPhee, who conducts Bible-reading sessions for fellow businessmen, owned stock in one of the syndicates which had been buying slum properties for resale to the Redevelopment Agency. Mr. MacPhee's holdings were small, but their value can be estimated to have increased from $5,000 to $20,000 within a space of two years. This news did not shock the public so much as did Mr. MacPhee's inability to fathom what he had done wrong. The Mayor appeared shaken, but he allowed Mr. MacPhee to remain



in office for three more months until an opinion by the city attorney forced a dismissal.

The scandal, which coincided with the exposure of other slum dealings by lesser municipal employees, also came shortly after U. S. Housing Administrator Albert M. Cole's patience with the city ran out. He noted that San Francisco was "behind most other cities of its size in its redevelopment program," and ordered an investigation of its "slowness."

These were blows which could lead only to total disaster or to recovery. To his credit, the Mayor made a praiseworthy appointment. He induced Everett Griffin, a wealthy and exceptionally able chemical engineer, to assume the chairmanship of the Redevelopment Agency. Previously this had been a largely honorific post, but Mr. Griffin, a native San Franciscan with genuine concern for the city's welfare, has made it an instrument of progress. His first task was to find a "younger, more vigorous man" than the sixty-nine-year-old Mr. Riordan to serve as executive director of the Agency. After a nation-wide search, during which he saw impressive accomplishments at Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and other cities, Mr. Griffin decided that the best possible man had been in San Francisco all along: M. Justin Herman, Western administrator of the U. S. Housing and Home Finance Agency, who since 1951 had been prodding the city to get its program under way. A short, amiable man of fifty, trained at Harvard, Mr. Herman brought to the Agency incisive intelligence, as well as a generous fund of common sense and a firm grasp of political realities.

In less than a year spectacular progress has been made on all fronts, not least in the Redevelopment Agency itself, where the staff has been increased, salaries raised, some deadwood removed, and morale restored. Land acquisition has been dramatically accelerated and is now complete in Diamond Heights and almost complete in the Western Addition; the few remaining parcels are under condemnation. Already developers are bidding for the Diamond Heights and Western Addition projects, and soon the new neighborhoods will begin to rise; probably construction will start within a year.

What will give these projects particular distinction, however, is Mr. Herman's determination to ensure their high quality as social architecture. Not only the price offered by the

developer for the land—usually the main factor considered when renewal contracts are awarded—but the proposed design of the buildings, absence of monotony, provision for middle-income housing, and overall warmth of community character will also enter strongly into the Agency's decision. An interesting feature of the Western Addition will be a Japanese trade and cultural center, long needed in San Francisco, which will be an integral part of the rebuilt neighborhood. So will the landscaped courts which have been foreseen in the master plan of the area, providing tranquil urban space close to the city's amenities, but free from traffic, where children can play and adults can stroll.

These achievements alone are stirring, but they are overshadowed by another undertaking which Mr. Herman has set moving: the great Golden Gateway project which will replace the decaying produce market on the edge of the present financial district, and transform the skyline with its office towers and high-rise apartments.

MEN AND MONEY

GOLDEN GATEWAY, understandably enough, since its inception in 1956 has been the special project of the men who control the great affairs of the West Coast from their downtown offices. As the economy of the West expanded prodigiously after World War II, several major corporations failed to set up regional offices in San Francisco simply because they could not find suitable accommodations. Yet, as late as 1955, only one large structure had been erected in the financial district: the 25-story Equitable Building which, architecturally, was a disappointment.

Indeed, within its pseudo-modern facing of white marble and aluminum, the Equitable was not much different from a speculative skyscraper of the 'twenties. Its clumsy shaft filled the zoning envelope with a maximum of rental space, but did little else for the city. Every inch of the important corner site was occupied. No greenery was provided; nor was underground parking. The building was a crass money-maker of the kind which has reappeared in most American cities, anarchic, coarsely designed, lacking even the vulgar ornamental verve of the old towers nearby.

The ugly advertising clock on the roof of the Equitable was only one indication that time might be running short in the most powerful part of the city, where eight of the nation's fifty leading banks are located, including the head office of the titanic Bank of America, as well as the headquarters of some fifty tremendous corporations, including Shell Oil, Standard of California, and Pacific Gas & Electric.

Another sign was a tendency of some companies, such as the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, to abandon downtown. Yet on the very edge of the financial district, crying for redevelopment, was the produce market, a colorful but inefficient and badly blighted nest of low buildings, which the city planning commission had designated a slum immediately after the war. Like all slums, it does not pay its way, yielding only about a quarter of a million dollars in annual taxes for more than fifty prime acres in the heart of the city. Moreover, it is particularly difficult to keep clean and well-policed. Rats and vermin infest the hotels and rooming houses where its tiny population of six hundred, mostly old men, live in squalor. Fire engines cannot move through the streets during business hours when the trucks of the produce merchants are busy at the obsolete loading platforms. The market, like the Halles in Paris, belongs to the nineteenth century in mood and location, even though its buildings date from the early twentieth.

Clearly a wonderful renewal opportunity existed here, close to the waterfront, within easy walking distance of the financial district and only a little further from the shopping and entertainment districts. But nothing was done until 1956. Then at last, when the redevelopment prospect looked darkest and Western Addition and Diamond Heights lay dormant, the magnates of downtown decided to assume some of the civic responsibility which the politicians seemed bent on abdicating.

The turning point came on a December evening in 1955 when Mr. James D. Zellerbach, head of the vast Crown Zellerbach wood-products empire which extends from Canada to Mexico, was reading an article entitled "Rebirth of the Cities" in *Time* and found that San Francisco was not mentioned. The next day he showed the article to the late Charles R. Blyth of the investment banking house which bears his name.

Together these powerful figures invited nine other business leaders ("men," in Mr. Zellerbach's words, "who can provide money when it is needed") to form the Blyth-Zellerbach Committee, which was to serve as a catalyst for the entire urban renewal effort. Its first step was to finance a preliminary study of the produce area by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, creators of Lever House in New York, who in association with the local firm, Hertzka & Knowles, were designing new headquarters for Crown Zellerbach Corporation.

At this point Nathaniel A. Owings, a founding partner of S.O.M. (as the nation-wide, thousand-man architectural firm is known), exuberantly entered the local scene. He is probably the most successful salesman of serious design in the history of modern architecture.

Corporation after corporation has yielded to his argument that maximum expenditure for aesthetic and human purposes—which of course means the renunciation of giant size and the sacrifice of quick investment returns, as at Lever House—is the wisest way of achieving prestige. The new "corporate image," rather than the childish fantasies of the Woolworth or Chrysler Buildings in New York, consists of landscaped plazas, liberal use of sculpture and other works of art, subdued but sumptuous materials, and magnificent technology. Mr. Owings had no difficulty persuading Mr. Zellerbach that this was the appropriate philosophy for Crown Zellerbach in its own headquarters, and it was with Mr. Zellerbach's blessings that S.O.M. drew up an ambitious scheme for the Golden Gateway.

Yet when the first drawings were published, an uproar broke out. The project called for two groups of severely geometrical, all-glass towers—office buildings on the south, apartments on the north—separated by a vast central garage whose roof would serve as a mall. As the authors of *The Exploding Metropolis* put it, the project—coldly formalistic and barren—couldn't have looked "less like San Francisco." Plenty of open space was provided—perhaps too much—between the widely dispersed buildings. The old street pattern was replaced by superblocks connected by bridges, for the pedestrian level was raised a story above automobile traffic. But the overall effect was forbidding. The structures seemed like cubistic abstractions rather than habitable buildings, Procrustean cliffs of glass in which was no sign of the city's color and traditional warmth.

S.O.M. promptly explained that the drawings were meant only as "diagrammatic" studies of volumes and related forms; the buildings actually erected might be different in shape and number. This was true, but the admission inadvertently damned the firm's own sleek version of the International Style. In actual fact, S.O.M. often had built structures identical in spirit to those in the drawings, and there was scant reason to think that Golden Gateway was not intended to look the same.

But what *would* be right for so generous, outgoing, and sunswept a city as San Francisco? There were no existing buildings in downtown which could serve as examples, except possibly the ten-story Mills Building of 1890 by the great Chicagoan John Wellborn Root, which survived the 1906 fire. Its light buff-colored façades, organized in tall, rhythmical arcades which recall Louis Sullivan's Chicago Auditorium but are less heavy and serious, display a warm, easy cheer as well as strength and dignity. These qualities combined seem very San Franciscan. The question remained, could such qualities be created in thoroughly modern buildings which make no concession to historicism, but on the contrary make the fullest possible use—as the modern should—of industrial techniques and materials?

The city was given time to ponder the problem while the redevelopment effort bogged down again. Golden Gateway was quickly snarled in the same net of red tape, incompetence, and



The first version of the Golden Gateway: It could not have looked "less like San Francisco."

apathy as were Western Addition and Diamond Heights. The project's guiding spirit, Mr. Zellerbach, had left to become Ambassador to Italy, and without him the Blyth-Zellerbach Committee lapsed into quiescence.

GLASS, STEEL, AND WILD STRAWBERRY

IN THE meantime individual corporations went ahead, sporadically and without overall plan, with construction projects downtown. A few modest towers appeared; none was as tall as Equitable although most shared its total lack of distinction. Only the Crown Zellerbach and John Hancock Buildings, completed last fall, gave the city heart. More important, each in its own way—for they are profoundly different buildings although both were designed by S.O.M.—opened paths which show the way to the success of Golden Gateway.

In what had been a declining waste on Market Street, but is now a resplendent little park, the twenty-story Crown Zellerbach rises swiftly in the cityscape as a transparent enclosure of green-tinted glass. Obviously it is a cousin of Lever House, but in many ways it marks an advance over its graceful predecessor on Park Avenue. Its landscaped garden, in contrast to the dry formalism of the Lever plaza, possesses an almost baroque exuberance as it flows at several levels in sinuous patterns through the magnificent triangular site. In the center of the garden, occupying only one-third of the ground area—a record for generosity in modern urban land use—the glass-sheathed structure represents an even more dramatic departure than Lever's from traditional tower design.

Eighteen colossal steel columns—nine on either side of the long slab—lift the tower two stories free of the ground, propelling the building into the air, rather than merely holding it aloft, thus providing an almost unobstructed view of the garden, with its pebbled walks, curving ramps, and limestone steps, and the sunken fountain—its abstract sculpture by David Tolerton jetting water above a pool—sheltered by granite-covered walls which soon will be covered with ivy. Everywhere there are shrubs, banks of lawn and wild strawberry, and trees; and near the corner of Market and Sansome a small round bank—an office of the American Trust Company—sits above the rest of the garden like a summer house.

Overhead, defining the great expanse of urban space which has been created on every side of the garden, the tower rises masterfully. The



Moss Photography

Crown Zellerbach Building



Jon Brenneis

American Trust Building (at the foot of the Crown Zellerbach)



John Hancock Building

Photographs by Morley Baer



Terrace Garden (of the John Hancock)

eighteen columns ascend the full height of the building, piercing floor after floor, passing through a series of vast superimposed rooms two hundred feet long and nearly seventy wide. The floors seem separated by layers of air; and in fact, except for the columns and movable office partitions, they are; the flexibility of this unobstructed interior space, in contrast to the forest of supports within a conventional tower, provides a remarkable solution to the problem of obsolescence in tall buildings. The elevators and other utilities are housed in a service shaft which flanks the broad southern façade, boldly revealing—in a stunning application of functionalist theory—the immense amount of technical equipment which goes into a modern office building.

But if Crown is a formidable work of technological art, it also suffers from the sin of pride of the Miesian school of "skin-and-bones" design; the vain display of the structural skeleton through a glass skin. Just why a building otherwise so sumptuous should have surfaces as ascetic as Crown's is puzzling unless the curtain walls are understood in terms of modernist dogma: they are "honest," "clean," "crisp." They are also rather inhuman. Despite the undeniable geometric grandeur of the green glass façades, they are severely punished by the sun. Without air-conditioning Crown would be uninhabitable; and even so the windows are covered with draperies (a decorator's, not an architect's, device) much of the time, depriving the occupants of the view which theoretically is a main advantage of a transparent structure.

ARCADES FOR SHOPPERS

ONLY two blocks away the John Hancock Building, richly cloaked in polished black granite, its pattern of individual windows set off by bronze frames, its concrete parapet meeting the sky with a sense of finality rather than soaring off in the blue, represents a radically different tendency in modern architecture. Six stories lower than Crown and a smaller building in virtually every other dimension, its structure a stanch shell of reinforced concrete rather than a skeletal frame of steel, Hancock is more modest in purpose and situation. It serves not as the headquarters monument of a leading San Francisco corporation, but as the regional office of a conservative Boston insurance company. And although the corner site, at California and Battery Streets, is one of the best in the financial district, it cannot compare with the spacious park which Crown has to itself. Crown was able

to create a new environment in its immediate vicinity; Hancock has had to fit in with an existing one.

This challenge has been turned to brilliant advantage. Hancock, like the venerable homes of the other staid financial institutions which line California Street and are intended to resemble Florentine palaces, exists as a mass with a strongly defined base, middle, and top, and not as a transparent volume which would have violated the character of its surroundings. But unlike its bulky neighbors, Hancock nowhere resorts to textbook architecture. It sports no Tuscan orders or rusticated masonry. Rather, the architects have transmuted the lessons of Renaissance splendor into a thoroughly modern idiom, making adroit use of technology to achieve opulence and variety.

But no Renaissance arcade springs with the energy of Hancock's, lifting two stories on columns of reinforced concrete which change shape with a lithe strength impossible in stone and a plastic freedom impossible in steel, tapering upward and suddenly outward, and at the same time spreading to either side—like the wingspread of a bird—to form the arches that support the granite-covered concrete walls above.

The arches have been broken in mid-rise by a projecting balcony which on the inner sides of the site becomes a delightful terrace garden or platform, from which the tower itself rises in the cityscape without being crowded by its neighbors. Beneath the balcony the pedestrian is sheltered as nowhere else in the city and can pause pleasantly to examine the windows of the shops in the lower half of the arcade. These model commercial premises show what a row of stores can be in the United States: as dignified and unassertive as the shops in the Rue de Rivoli, spacious, inviting, and easy to identify through the controlled lettering of their signs. On the level above, fronting on the terrace, are the Hancock Company's executive offices, rooms with a lordliness that most people thought had vanished from modern architecture. French doors lead to the garden with its sycamores and birches, flower beds, boxed hedge, paved walks, and an especially fine granite fountain and wrought-bronze balustrades.

The influence of Hancock promises to be enormous. If it is recognizably an experimental structure, it nevertheless recalls the fresh romantic vigor of the modern at its most winning early moment, in the Chicago of Sullivan, Root, and the young Frank Lloyd Wright, when new ideas came tumbling forth so quickly that many remain unassimilated today. But a change has set in. The modern is coming of age, and a new generation of architects such as Edward Charles Bassett, chief designer in the San Francisco office of S.O.M., who is only thirty-eight years old, has found it possible to abandon the negativism and severity of men such as Mies, who had to fight stubbornly against the academic tradition during the nadir of the 'twenties and 'thirties, when the contemporary cause at times seemed lost.

THE THRESHOLD?

TODAY it has triumphed. That the single firm of S.O.M. has been responsible for buildings as dissimilar as Hancock and Crown, in much the way that the pioneers Burnham & Root within a year or two of 1890 created both the solid Monadnock and the airy Reliance in burgeoning Chicago, can be taken as a sign that we are on the threshold of a period of great towers. Possibly that period will be truly inaugurated in the Golden Gateway project, for which the city is presently conducting one of the major architectural competitions of our time.

Directed by Justin Herman and the Redevelopment Agency, the project has been revitalized, and is gaining powerful momentum. Only the rudiments of the preliminary scheme have been retained, and a jury of international stature has been assembled to evaluate the proposals of seven great syndicates of architects and developers for the northern half of the complex. This part of the project calls for 2,200 apartment units, as well as the central mall and garage, which will now be surmounted by a large office or residential structure. This tower, at the heart of the project, is hoped by the city to become "one of the monumental buildings in the West."

Skidmore, Owings & Merrill naturally is in the thick of the competition, but its rivals include some of the most gifted designers in the country. Whatever proposal the jury prefers, there is pretty good assurance that San Francisco will have a development which Mr. Herman expects to "command world attention and renown." For the rules of the competition specify that the project should be based "on a foundation of imaginative architecture" that goes "beyond the expected returns to investors"—rare words in an age that too often builds for expediency and selfish profits. Indeed, no civilized society has ever expected more from its architecture, and now that San Francisco has come alive to the challenge and responsibilities of the future, it should not be content to accept less.



A Story by MAX STEELE

Drawings by Nola Langner

The Glass-brick Apartment

THEY tell me here that it sometimes helps to remember events accurately and to see them all again. I was ten the summer my Uncle Nat was taken away sick and I was not to talk about it with any of the neighbors.

Four years before that summer when I came to live with my grandparents, Uncle Nat had moved out of his upstairs room to the basement where he'd made a cool, dry apartment for himself. It was the time in the early 'thirties when everything was Modern—meaning, in the South, glass-brick. Uncle Nat, by saving each week, had managed during two years to replace the old sunbaked bricks with glass ones. The lot sloped from the street to the creek and the apartment had full-sized windows, the sills of which were a good two-feet above the garden path. Often he stood, very tall and bony, looking out the big plate-glass window at the garden and the stream.

My grandmother was against the idea of the apartment from the very beginning. Uncle Frank, her oldest son, had been killed in France; Uncle Charles had left home when he was sixteen, and no one knew where he was; Fred, the youngest, my father, came only at Christmas time. Uncle Nat was the only one left. Except for two years at the University, he had lived all his life in a room across from my grandmother's. The room had a high ceiling and a ceiling fan, and one of Uncle Nat's toy airplanes still hung from the center of the fan and circled slowly when the fan was turning. He and my grandmother had fought every day for two months while he and Will Jason, a Negro who had worked for him at his florist before it was closed by the depression, were wallboarding the basement.

"Living in a basement!" my grandmother seemed to say at least once every day. "If you don't come down with consumption, it'll be something worse."

I remember one day when she said it, we were in the front parlor and she was standing in the tall windows which reached from floor to ceiling, fussing with the dark, red velvet drapes. Uncle Nat was standing by the door with a cup of flour he had come up to borrow.

"What's worse?" I asked, hoping for descriptions of a tropical disease so horrible I could not go to sleep.

"Living at home," Grandpa said. He loved Grandmother and Uncle Nat, but not when they were together.

"Why," I whispered to Grandpa, "is living at home worse?"

He fingered his empty pipe and glanced up through his white brows. When he winked I knew he meant: "Later, when we walk down to Five Points for the evening paper."

She had seen him wink. "Make him think of his mother." She jerked the drapes and the brass rings jumped along the brass rod. "Make him homesick."

But Grandpa and I had talked about it the first time my grandmother slapped me. He knew I was glad that my mother was keeping books for some peach growers and that I was here for the summer. I was glad that my parents were getting separation papers and that in the fall my mother and I would have a very small apartment in a large apartment house with balconies and with a policeman at the corner. My father couldn't bother us then.

"Have you written your father?" Grandmother asked. She had opened my last letter from him and knew that he didn't like living alone. She believed it when, at the end of the letter, he promised to quit drinking. She didn't know him like I did. My father had gone off to school and had married without returning. "He didn't get away soon enough," my mother used to say. "Still he's better off than Nat." She never said why. To keep now from telling Grandmother that I had written him, I asked: "Why is Daddy better off than Uncle Nat?"

"Who told you that?" She seemed taller when she walked under the glass beads of the chandelier to the dark mantel. I looked to Grandpa for help, but he was studying his pipe.

"You see what she's been telling him?" Grandmother said. Here, "she" meant my mother; at home, "she" meant my grandmother.

"Why do you call her 'She'?" I asked. "Don't you know her name?"

She could hear the anger in my voice. "Careful how you talk to me," she said. "You're getting a little too smart to suit me."

I hated her. At that moment when she turned and started out of the room, stiff and proud, I thought again how I wanted to take my BB gun and shoot at her in her stiff corsets.

Grandpa and Uncle Nat were watching me and I was afraid they could see what I was thinking. Uncle Nat smiled, not much, but enough to show the edges of his large, even teeth. "How do you like living in my old room?"

I told him I liked the fan and the airplane and the army-boy adventure books left over from when he was a little boy.

"He's still a little boy," Grandpa said.

Max Steele's first stories in "Harper's" came out in 1944 when the author was a private in the Army; his Harper Prize Novel, "Debby," was published in 1950. Born in Greenville, South Carolina, and a graduate of the University of North Carolina, Mr. Steele has lived also in California, New Orleans, Paris, and Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Uncle Nat quit smiling. He stared at my grandfather a while before he finally said: "Like father, like son." Sometimes it was no better here than it was at home. Just when you were all set to like everybody, they didn't like each other. Uncle Nat walked out of the room and the door to his stairs clicked shut.

Grandpa shook his head. "Forty years old and still single and still living at home." While Grandpa played with his empty pipe, I sat on the arm of his chair. When I saw that he was not going to say anything else, I asked him my question again: "Which'd you rather be run over by: an old Greyhound bus or a new one?" He still hadn't answered that one.

I REMEMBER that later that summer Uncle Nat and I were at the foot of the garden when he asked me in a funny voice: "How did your mother treat your father?"

He was sitting on an old broken-down wicker chair and wore only a pair of khaki shorts and dirty white sneakers. His skin was as brown as the hair on his chest and legs. He'd been clipping hedges but had stopped to sweat. All he did now that the florist was closed was to tend the garden, sometimes with Will Jason, but usually by himself.

I was washing marbles in a sand pool in the creek. We'd been talking about where I lived and how many rooms and things like that when he asked me that question in a funny voice.

"Sir?" I said. I didn't know how to answer. My father was my father, and mother, my mother and nobody "treated" anybody anyway. "I don't know."

"It's none of my business," he said. "I shouldn't have asked."

"Grandpa says you ought to get married."

"Maybe that's why I was asking."

"You're going to marry Mother?" I glanced at him. It would be funny to have to call him "Daddy." I grinned. He looked a little like my father.

"Why're you laughing?" He frowned.

"I'd have to call you 'Uncle Daddy' then."

"I'm old enough to have a son your age." He quit frowning. "I'm old enough to have a son ready to go off to the University."

"Would he live in the basement with you?" I still hadn't been in his apartment. When I was sure he wasn't there, I would peep through the plate-glass window and try to see why he kept it all locked and secret.

"What?" he asked, already way off.

He was staring across the garden and creek at

the woods. I watched and listened too. The late morning sun was slanting through the water oaks and willows and lighting up the crepe myrtle and the water where it foamed white around the wet green rocks. A white butterfly was flicking under the bushes and over the water and up over the rocks. A swarm of gnats hung near the moss bank and moved, the whole cloud of them, in sudden jerks, up, then settled slowly back.

"It's all got by so fast," he said. "A man thinks life is going to be . . ."

I waited. His lips moved but I could hear only bee noises from the crepe myrtle, and from the woods beyond, noon noises, hot and still.

He looked so much like my father I felt, for the first time, kin to him; and I felt the same kind of shyness I felt when my father was happy-drunk. But when I tried to sit on the arm of his chair he jumped up. The chair fell over and landed on top of me. He did not try to lift it off, but stood over me, whispering through the wicker, as if I were a wild animal in a cage: "Don't touch me!"

I lay in the grass under the wicker chair, unhurt, but wanting to cry and not to cry. I was not stunned, but I was not breathing.

"Crazy! Crazy! All of you are crazy!" I wanted to shout as he hurried toward his apartment under the house. That's what my mother said to my father and to me, too, when I lost my temper. Instead, I said, not loud enough for him to hear: "I don't want to touch you."

I was embarrassed for him and for myself. Breathing again, no longer needing to cry or not to, I wanted only to get out from under the chair and across the stream and to sit in the dugout which my father and uncles had dug when they were young.

My grandmother had seen it all, just as she saw everything. Already she was rapping on his window, and not seeing him, was coming down the garden path toward where I lay under the chair. As she stepped through the flower border and onto the grass, she called to me: "What did you do to him?"

"What?" I asked, standing up with the chair between her and me.

"Don't you say 'what' to me!"

"M'am?" I asked.

"What did you put on him?" She studied the chair as though she expected to see a snake or a lizard or a tadpole. I could not tell her that I had merely wanted to put my hand on his shoulder, that sitting there he looked sad and like my father. I could tell her nothing.

"You're more trouble," she said, "than all my four sons put together."

I wanted to say, "You go to hell." But I just stood there, out of her reach, and let her stare at me and I stared right back into her gray eyes without blinking. I pressed my lips together tight to let her know how much I hated her and how much I wished she were dead. We stared without moving.

Behind me I could hear the water white against the stones and could see again the white butterfly skimming the water but all the time I was staring into her gray eyes knowing I would not be the first to look away.

The bee noises sounded at one moment far off and the next moment inside my head and the garden was so bright my eyes seemed shut and this was a picture of a garden burned on my eyelids. My grandmother was a black shadow standing like a paper doll against the bright garden and I was a paper doll too, swaying backward and forward. I kept my lips pressed tight and made spit back of my teeth with the tip of my tongue. If she moved toward me, I'd spit on her. But she did not move and I could not.

After a while she was no longer black nor the garden so bright nor the bees so close in my head. But we didn't move. What if we were to die here like this? What if we never moved? The grass would grow tall around our legs. Then it would snow and the snow would pile up and maybe bury us.



Her face was twitching now. A muscle in her cheek was jumping. I wanted to laugh. But I thought about how much I hated her. "You won't break my spirit." I had heard the words somewhere and about my grandmother. "You won't break my spirit, you won't break my spirit you won't . . ." I said over and over till the words ran together in the glare and hot silence like pats of butter and I could both see and hear them but they had no meaning because she was staring and her eyes ran together like the pats of butter and the words and there were her eyes in the pool of butter and my mar-

bles in the sand pool and the words and bee noises in my head. The garden was bright, then dark. After a long time the garden turned bright again and there was a sob in my throat. I could not swallow now. My right knee was trembling and I felt like I was going to sit down without wanting to. She did not move.

I couldn't cry now or sit down or run away. I didn't know what to do. I dried my palms against my wet shorts and remembered to press my lips together again, tight, to show her how much I hated her though now I didn't hate her as much. Now I could imagine leading her down to show her the marbles in the sand pool and pressing up close to her and smelling the dusty lemon odor of her starched dress. I said it over and over: "I hate you I hate you . . ." But the words lost their meaning and left me with nothing to keep my face mean and my lips tight and my backbone stiff. "It's a silly game we're playing," I said to myself, "and I can quit anytime I want to." I could feel a smile in my eyes and I wondered would she know it was a silly game and that we could quit. I could feel the smile on my lips.

She lifted her chin and the line from the corner of her nose to the corner of her mouth deepened. It was not a smile and not a sneer, but a proud look as though she'd won. "It's a good thing you changed your mind," she said. She lifted her head higher and picked her way through the border and up the walk.

I hadn't lost. I hadn't looked away. I was still standing there in the same spot. She hadn't won, she hadn't! I wanted to pick up a rock and throw it at her. I wanted to run across the stream and sit in the dugout. My knees were trembling and I sat down in the grass and tried to think about nothing, not even about the ant that was crawling up a blade of grass and waving its feelers against the air. I bent my head low and asked it my question: "Which'd you rather be run over by: a new Greyhound bus or an old one?"

IN LATE August the dime store windows were full of notebooks and yellow pencils. In three weeks school would be starting and I was homesick. Uncle Nat was acting funny and hardly spoke to me at all. He wouldn't come into the garden if I were playing in the creek and he wouldn't come upstairs if I were in the house. He had, though, one day when I was in the dugout, come up to his room and taken the toy airplane. I didn't care but I wouldn't even look through his window to see if he had it hanging up in his apartment.

My grandfather would walk me down to Five Points and explain that it was not my fault but to stay out of Grandmother's way because she was worried and sleepless about Nat. The only thing I heard her say about it though was: "I wish we could afford Will Jason one day a week. He could get Nat interested in gardening or in something, I believe." But Grandpa said he didn't think Mr. Robins would let Will come and add the cost to the unpaid drug bill. "I don't know how much longer he'll let me have pipe tobacco."

Twice I wrote to my mother to come and get me, but I didn't tell her that my grandmother and Uncle Nat would hardly speak to me. She had written back that the last peaches had been shipped and that next week she would go into town and have the furniture moved and would send for me.

I wrote and told her please to send now. I wouldn't be in the way. Please, I could help her with the furniture if she would send for me. I didn't mention what was happening to Uncle Nat and how my grandparents were worried. The next evening she telephoned long-distance and explained that it would be easier her way, that I'd been a brave boy all summer and couldn't I be brave a week or so longer? She spoke to Grandpa and then to me again.

"Yes," I had to say, even with my grandparents listening. "Yes. I know you love me."

Then, because she kept asking, I had to say with them listening: "I love you too." But then I couldn't say "good-by" when she said "good-by." She waited for me to say something or to hang up and finally she said, "Hang up, darling." I could hear my breath in the phone and could smell the dusty telephone smell, but I couldn't say anything.

"Hang up, darling," she said. "So I can hang up too." I knew she meant it was costing money but I couldn't say "Good-by." I put the receiver back on the hook and went upstairs without speaking to my grandparents who were watching me and lay down on the rug in the middle of the room and studied the string dangling from the fan.

THE rest of that week I stayed away from the house as much as possible. In the mornings I worked on the dugout; but when I started back to the house for a plank, I could see Uncle Nat standing in the garden, not with a hoe or mallet, but just standing. Then when I would come out on the creek bank he would be gone.

The next week there was a cool breeze across

the garden every morning. The sky was September blue and clear all day without a cloud. One noon when I was hopping across the stream, late for lunch, I heard shouting near the house. I stepped back and waited, not hiding, but not in plain view. Uncle Nat was walking back and forth shouting up at the house: "I'll be damned if they do!"

He ran into his apartment and slammed the door. No one was in the yard, but then I saw my grandmother's head in the kitchen window. I turned and started back to the dugout, but thinking that she had perhaps seen me, turned again, and jumped from stone to stone across the creek.

Lunch was not ready. The green beans had burned to the bottom of the pot. The kitchen was full of smoke. In the dining-room the ice tea was poured and the ice already melted. In the kitchen my grandparents were both talking at once in sudden spurts, then they were quiet, then talking again, one, then the other, then both, too excited to finish anything.

Sitting in the dining-room behind the swinging door, I finally understood: my father had lost his job a month ago. My mother had discovered it when she went for the furniture. He could not afford an apartment for her or for himself. My grandparents had no money to send her. The money from her summer job would feed us for a while, but would not be enough for rent. She was giving my father fifty dollars so that he could go to California where he claimed he could get a job. She would have to come here to live.

Grandpa began in a loud voice: "Then she'll have to take an upstairs room . . ."

"I will not have her telling me . . ."

"All right, then." Grandpa's voice dropped and was calm. "What else can we do?"

"Nathan's got to listen to reason." Grandmother's voice was full of anger and tears.

"And what *is* reason?" he asked in an even, calm voice as though he were talking to a baby.

"He'll have to move back upstairs and let them have the basement."

"That's what you wanted all along." His voice was angry again. "Isn't it?" I could hear him push back a chair and walk to the window.

"Don't say that's what I want!" Grandmother said. Suddenly her voice dropped and she said quietly, "I'm trying to do what's best for everybody."

"Poor Nat," Grandpa said. "It's all he has . . ."

"Besides," my grandmother's anger was back, "two women can not live in the same house together. This way she'll have hers, I'll have mine."

Again there was shouting in the yard. Uncle Nat was under the kitchen window. "I knew it! I knew when I was painting this goddamn basement that Fred would get it."

"Fred's going to California for God's sake!" Grandpa hollered out the window.

"That's right," my grandmother said. "Tell the neighbors."

"They're not going to have it. I'll burn it first." The basement door slammed shut.

"If she'll sell most of that awful, new-looking furniture," my grandmother was saying, but I didn't listen to the rest. I drank a glass of warm tea and took two corn muffins which had already been split and buttered and went out the front door and through the side yard to the creek and across it to the dugout.

LATE that afternoon when I came back up through the garden, I could see Uncle Nat standing in the exact middle of the big window. The curtains were drawn on either side of him and he stood without moving. I tried not to look at him, but I kept glancing up. If I told him it wasn't my fault, that I didn't want his old basement . . . if I told him we'd move out as soon as my father got a job . . . but that wouldn't fool him . . . it didn't even fool me. Shoot! He couldn't even hold a job here.

But I was trying to think of words to say in case he stepped out and blocked the path. He was staring, though, at something way above my head, off in the woods. I wanted to turn to see what he was seeing, but I kept on walking up the path and around the house without stopping.

As I went to sleep that night a wind was scraping oak leaves against the window screen and across the slate roof. Once in the night I was half-awake and heard voices in the hall. Grandmother and Uncle Nat were talking and she was saying: "I'm glad you changed your mind."

During breakfast the next morning my grandparents did not speak. In the silence I planned what I would say to Uncle Nat if I had a chance. I wouldn't mention his apartment, my father, or anything about where we were going to live. I'd simply tell him about the new steps to the dugout. If he wanted to go and look at them, he could go with me.

As soon as my grandmother folded her napkin, I asked to be excused and ran down, hoping to find him in the garden. He was still standing between the curtains, staring over my head at the same spot in the woods. He did not move. Had he been standing there all night? Had I dreamed the wind and the voices in the hall?

"Uncle Nat," I said, not loud. He did not hear. "Uncle Nat," I said with more breath, then softer. "You want to see the dugout?"

Still he did not move. I stood close to the window. His eyes were open but he was not blinking them. I tapped on the window to make him blink, to make him look at me. "Uncle Nat!" I called.

He did not blink. He was still staring. I rapped louder. "Uncle Nat!" I could not see him breathing either. "He's dead!" I thought. I moved back from the window and screamed: "Grandpa!"

Both my grandparents came to the kitchen window, but I could not look up or away from Uncle Nat standing between the curtains staring out at that spot in the woods, not blinking, not breathing.

"What is it?" they were both asking but I couldn't tell them or look away. With my grandparents coming down the steps I was no longer afraid. I knew he was not dead. "Uncle Nat," I tapped on the glass. "Uncle Nat."

Then, behind me, my grandfather said: "Oh, my God."

My grandmother pushed me aside. "Nat," she called. She cupped her hands on each side of her face and peered into the window, a foot away from his face. "Nathan," she said firmly. She stepped back, but he was still staring at the spot in the woods.

"Well," Grandpa said. He was looking at my grandmother as though they both knew something. "This is it."

My grandmother's face had no expression, nor did her voice when she turned back and rapped on the window. "Nat, answer me."

"We'll have to get in," Grandpa said. They were almost whispering but they did not sound afraid, or sad, or anything. They could have been talking about potatoes. "Have you got a key?"

"You'll have to use the skeleton key. It's under the scarf on my dresser." As my grandmother spoke she did not look away from the window, but she said louder, as though she could see Grandpa rounding the path by the corner of the house: "You'll have to go in from the upstairs door." She turned to me. "Run down to Five Points. Tell Mr. Robins to send Will Jason."

"What if . . ." I began.

"Tell him I said to," Grandmother said, firmly, but quietly.

"What if he wants to know why?"

"Tell him Nathan's sick," she said. "Don't tell anybody else."

As I passed Grandpa he said: "Run, boy. Run." And I said the words to myself all the way to the drug store.

THE next evening everything was settled. A doctor was in the hall making one last phone call. My grandparents were on the side porch trying to close the bent top of a thermos full of hot coffee. Will Jason was carrying a basket of food to the black U-Drive-It car parked in the driveway. Grandpa and Will Jason would drive all night and be at the state hospital by eight o'clock the next morning. Uncle Nat sat in the front seat staring straight ahead at the street. I stood back of the car, watching.

I wanted to tell Uncle Nat that we didn't want his apartment. I wanted to tell him something to make him laugh. If he would smile, even a little, he could, I knew, quit staring and begin moving again. If they let me stare back at him, I could get him to smile. Or if I could think of something to tell him. But he knew all my jokes and riddles. He knew about the Greyhound bus. I even thought of poems and rhymes I knew and movies I had seen and about the new steps to the dugout.

I moved around the side of the car away from the house and stood near the front window where he sat staring. I didn't try to stand on the running board because he might think I wanted to touch him again. I moved on up to the front of the car, still trying to think of something to say. He didn't seem to notice me. I eased up on the bumper and onto the front fender and lay down across the hood so that he would have to turn his head if he didn't want to be staring at me through the windshield. The street light was reflecting from the windshield but on the other side I could see his eyes still looking straight ahead. Then I said the rhyme I knew:

> Say, little boy!
> Where'd you get your britches?
> Your mama cut the pattern out,
> Your papa sewed the stitches!

Uncle Nat didn't move. But Will Jason came up to my side and said: "What're you doing up there?"

"I'm telling him a rhyme I know."

Will Jason began lifting me off the hood. "I don't think he'll appreciate it," he said. He set me on the ground. Then he watched my grandfather on the porch shaking hands with the doctor. Will Jason walked around to the driver's side and opened the door. He leaned into the car and said:

"We'll be on our way in a minute, Mr. Nat."



CARIBOU YEAR

WILLIAM O. PRUITT, JR.

IN THE Northwest Territories of Canada beyond Beverly Lake lies an extensive upland of long, gravelly ridges, interspersed with shallow valleys. No trees grow here; this is the tundra or "Barren Grounds," where the wind blows almost constantly. The vegetation on the ridges consists of mats of a blackish lichen known as Alectoria, clumps of hardy sedges and grasses and beds of dwarf Labrador tea in protected spots.

It is now early June and there is continuous daylight in this Arctic region. This is latitude 65° north, about the same as Fairbanks, Alaska, and Cape Mercy on Baffin Island. Winter is reluctantly loosening its grip on this land; storm after storm alternates with brief periods of thaw. The temperature ranges from zero to freezing. Snowdrifts form and reform as the wind carves them away.

Near the top of a long, sloping hill rests a band of Barren Ground caribou. They are all pregnant does, ready to give birth to their fawns. Instinctively they congregate here on these windswept ridges where they can see far downwind and where they can scent any danger from upwind. They feed on the lichens laid bare by the roaring wind. As their turn comes to give birth, each moves away from the others a few steps to a spot clear of snow. The fawn is born quickly; there is no time to waste on protracted labor. Only the musk ox and the emperor penguin enter the world in a more rigorous environment than the Barren Ground caribou.

The fawn totters to its feet after only a few minutes. Sometimes the wind bowls it over on the first attempt. It nuzzles along the doe's belly fur until it finds the udder; then it suckles the life-maintaining hot milk. After this effort the fawn collapses again. The doe also lies down, sheltering the fawn against the wind.

After an interval of an hour or less the doe arises, nuzzles the fawn and lowers her head toward it, down and then up. This action instinctively causes the fawn to get up and follow the doe. On rubbery legs it staggers after her, frequently falling but always getting up and struggling on. Some fawns do not get up; these are soon buried under the drifting snow. The stronger ones totter after the does, impelled to follow by that peculiar head-bobbing that pulls them on. The doe stops after a hundred yards or so, allows the fawn to suckle and again lies down with it to rest. The procedure of rest, suckle, and totter onward continues hour after hour. Because of this muscular activity the fawn digests the milk, generates heat, and thus lives. If it did not move and only remained huddled on the snow the roaring wind would soon suck the life-heat from its body and it would not survive.

Within a few hours such heroic treatment has not only separated the fit from the unfit but has strengthened the survivors to the point where they can bumble along after the does at a fast walk. By the next day the fawn can keep up with its mother even when she is running.

The doe-fawn pairs attract others, congregating to form nursery bands. The nursery bands drift farther north and always to higher ground where the thaw has not progressed as far as it has at lower elevations. The tundra snow is beaten by the wind into a hard, rocklike consistency over which the caribou can walk safely. When it starts to thaw, however, they break through the surface. The adult caribou have strength sufficient to fight their way free but the fawns are too weak to do this. When a fawn becomes mired in a bank of soft snow it is almost surely doomed, for the doe can do nothing to help, only stand and bob her head at it.

The does do not allow strange fawns to approach too close. Each doe has a defended area

which moves about with her. If a strange fawn should blunder too near it is met by the doe assuming a characteristic pose—head and neck outthrust, ears laid back, upper lip raised. Even a newborn fawn instinctively interprets this attitude as threat and totters away. If the fawn is not quick enough it may receive a series of vicious blows from the broad, sharp, front hoofs of the doe, or even a quick, puncturing thrust from the antlers.

By late June the vegetation has awakened from winter dormancy; new green growth transforms the whole aspect of the tundra. The fawns now receive almost all their nourishment from grazing and suckle only a few seconds at a time.

MASS HYPNOSIS

SUMMER arrives with a rush on the tundra. Great flocks of snow and white-fronted geese whistle down onto the melting ponds and lakes. Each tundra pond reverberates with the noise of myriad courting old-squaw ducks. The Arctic fox cubs tumble about the entrance to their den which is dug into the steep side of a sandy esker. The Arctic hares have shed their winter coats of silky white fur and are now a dull, inconspicuous brown.

One day the nursery band of caribou scatters in confusion before the loping gallop of a foraging Barren Ground grizzly and her two cubs. Although quick and agile, the great blond bear is no match for the swift caribou and their fawns. She continues her forage trip, sniffing for the scent that tells of a dead fawn on the tundra. Carrion is more her speed.

In July the sun rides high overhead, scarcely dipping below the northern horizon at midnight. The constant heat brings out the curse of the Arctic—the insects. Mosquitoes surround the caribou bands in huge clouds. Although annoying, the mosquitoes are no serious problem to the caribou. But when the warble flies and nose botflies emerge, then life becomes torment. The warble flies hit the caribou on their legs, darting in to deposit an egg on the hair. Later these eggs will hatch; the larvae will burrow beneath the skin and then migrate to the back where they will encapsulate and grow to maturity. The nose botflies hover around the caribou's head, darting into the nostrils to deposit, not an egg, but a living larva.

Evolution has provided the caribou with certain instinctive protective movements. They stamp their feet, twitch their hides, and place their heads close to the ground with the nostrils buried in a clump of sedge. Occasionally a band will instinctively congregate into a closely-packed mass, the "tandara" formation of the reindeer herders of northern Eurasia. In this tight circle only the outer rim of animals is exposed to fly attacks. The exposed animals constantly squirm their way into the protected center, leaving others to take their turn acting as a buffer.

Finally some individuals can stand the torment no longer. They start to trot across the tundra, attempting to evade a fly by fleeing. But this only presents them to other flies and the deluded animals trot faster and faster. Sometimes one or more will go berserk, fleeing in a labored gallop until exhausted.

The band eventually drifts to a high wind-swept hill where the flies are less active. More and more caribou congregate on these hills until they are closely packed. When caribou are in large aggregations they are susceptible to a sort of mass hypnosis called social facilitation. When one animal moves, all move. Sheep and humans are also afflicted with this tendency. The entire aggregation starts to move, picking up other bands and groups as it goes. Soon the entire caribou population of the region is congregated into several herds, each numbering thousands of individuals and all moving at a steady trot. This is *"La Foule"* or "The Throng" which played so great a role in the lives of the northern Indians. When La Foule swept out of the north, food became plentiful again. Not only food, but clothing, skin scrapers, needles, knife handles, and all the thousand-and-one things that were made from caribou. As La Foule passed by, a man could get a winter's supply of meat in one day. Contributing to the ease of hunting was the characteristic of the caribou to be less shy when gathered into large bands. They could be taken by arrows and even by spears, especially when swimming the narrows of a lake. If La Foule did not come, starvation stalked the land.

An aggregation of hoofed animals such as this has a marked effect on the countryside. After La Foule has passed, the marshes remain battered into a muddy pulp, the uplands look as if a spike-toothed harrow had been worked over them. Literally, no stone is left unturned. The

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Now a research associate in mammology at the University of Alaska, Dr. William O. Pruitt, Jr. was a Maryland boy who always "had a critter for a pet" and, after his Army service, got a Ph.D. in zoology at the University of Michigan. Since 1953 he has lived and traveled in the North.

lichens are chopped and trampled; bird nests destroyed; the burrows of lemmings caved in. Generations of caribou have worn deep trails into the tundra. Indeed, the principal migration routes or "deer passes" are identifiable from the air by the parallel trails worn deep into the ground.

WHEN A BUCK GOES ALONE

IN LATE August insect activity has diminished because of early frosts. The frenzied rush slows. The caribou fan out over the countryside, feeding avidly. This is the good time of the year for all. Vegetation has completed a summer's growth so it is plentiful and nutritious. Berries ripen. The caribou are now close enough to the tree line so that dwarf birch is plentiful. They feed extensively on it, stripping off the leaves with their mobile lips.

As the bearberry leaves cover the tundra hills with crimson, the bucks put on fat in preparation for the approaching rutting season when they will feed little. Bucks store fat mainly on the back and rump, where it forms a layer sometimes three inches thick and up to thirty pounds in weight. They complete their new winter coats, with impressive white mane and lateral line.

The migration stops entirely at the edge of the forest. Now in September the bucks' antlers are completely formed. In mature bucks the main beams are longer than the animal's height at the shoulders. As growth ceases, the blood supply to the velvet slackens. It starts to dry, itching fearfully. The bucks scratch it by rubbing the antlers on small trees. The velvet tears off in long strips, leaving the antlers bloody but hard. Mature antlers are zones of erotic sensation, and the cleaning process accompanies the maturing reproductive drive. By late September the adult bucks are in full breeding condition—polished antlers, dark winter coats with a white lateral line and heavy, swinging white mane—truly magnificent beasts.

The caribou drift back onto the tundra again as the animals instinctively seek open country where the bucks can display before the does and court them. The bucks leave the bands of does, fawns, and yearlings and become solitary. Soon they begin to run about and threaten each other. The rut is on. They rejoin the females. On sight of a doe a buck thrusts out his head and neck, raises his upper lip, and rushes at her. Since this is essentially the same as the threat attitude the does scatter before him. But when the proper sequence of hormones has acted and a doe is likewise ready for mating she ceases to interpret the rush as a threat and does not flee. Now the buck walks about her with a peculiar stiff-legged gait, turning his head from side to side as he displays his antlers and mane. All these postures form a definite sequence of events which are mutually exciting to the urge for mating. As in most hoofed animals, copulation is quick. A rush, a single swift thrust, and it is accomplished. As the hormonal level subsides the does again interpret the initial rush of the bucks as threat and keep out of their way. Slowly the rutting fervor subsides.

As November arrives, the winter storms sweep out of the north. The snow swirls in blinding curtains of white. It accumulates downwind of each rock and tussock, the forerunners of the massive drifts of winter. The wind works and reworks the snow, tossing and jumbling the flakes and grinding them into minute grains and crystals which fit together snugly, resulting in a hard, dense cover over the lichen food. The caribou move, seeking softer snow. They once more traverse timberline, "The Land of the Little Sticks," and enter the forest.

The northern coniferous forest or taiga is an association of plants and animals quite different from the tundra. Here the world gains a new dimension—height. The trees afford living space for different birds—Canada jays and spruce grouse instead of longspurs and ptarmigan. The red squirrel is a characteristic mammal of the taiga. The trees themselves act as windbreaks, protecting the snow from disturbance. Thus it lies thick and soft.

The caribou penetrate the taiga until they find snow of suitable conditions, not too thick, not too hard, not too dense. In former days, before the white man began his ruthless exploitation of the north, the caribou could move freely, wherever snow conditions herded them. Then the white man, with his constant companion fire, entered the scene. Year by year the spruce forest with its ground cover of thick lichens was burned. A few acres this year, a few square miles the next, each year a little more than the last, until today, 1960, three hundred years after he entered the North American scene, the white man can contemplate thousands of square miles of scorched and devastated land, covered with scrubby jackpine and popple, the life-giving humus gone, the lichens reduced to a thin crust over the bare bones of the tortured earth. As their food supply dwindled, the caribou population decreased concurrently. From a total of some one and three-quarters million in 1900 to

670,000 in 1954 to 200,000 in 1958, this is the story of the caribou decline. Today there are vast areas where a caribou can find scarcely enough lichen food to keep alive.

In the taiga from November to March the environmental conditions are remarkably stable, as far as caribou are concerned. Clothed in a dense coat of long, hollow hairs which are one of the best animal insulators known, the caribou are virtually unaffected by low temperature. Day after day their lives vary little from a set routine. They rest on the frozen lakes from mid-morning until mid-afternoon, sleeping and chewing their cud. Then as the winter sun slides along the southern horizon in a blaze of gold, salmon pink, and purple, they get up, stretch, and move single file toward the shore. Here the band spreads out, each animal sniffing the snow surface. When the strong scent of lichens is encountered, each animal swiftly digs through the snow, lowers its head into the crater thus formed, and pulls one or two mouthfuls of food. Another few steps, another crater is dug and another mouthful of lichens. Over and over this is repeated. If the forest is unburned and the lichen growth thick and lush the caribou can get the ten or twelve pounds of lichens it needs by digging only about fifty craters, but if, as is too often the case, the forest was burned fifteen, or twenty, or thirty years ago, the caribou may have to dig several hundred craters in order to get food.

THE DANGER POSE

THEIR hunger satisfied, the caribou drift back onto the lakes for more rest, sleep, and cud chewing. Being adapted to the tundra, they feel safer and more secure on the open lake away from the confining forest. The next feeding period they move to the same feeding ground. By now the snow may be hardened sufficiently so that they go a bit further into the forest before feeding. Eventually the band is over the ridge and in sight of the next lake. It is then used as a resting place.

One caribou, an aged doe, in this band limps. Her right front foot is infected with a fungus, Actinomyces. Being unable to dig well, she gleans a few scraps of lichen from abandoned feeding craters. Her coat is poor and rough, her body thin. She is not actually starving; there is still fat in her bone marrow, but she carries the infection about. With each step a few drops of pus, laden with fungus spores, oozes from the cracked hoof. Healthy caribou coming behind her step in her tracks and are infected.

Suddenly a doe throws up her head. She has caught a strange non-caribou movement on shore. As her eyes focus on it she recognizes a characteristic silhouette—the wolves are hunting. She thrusts out one hind leg in the pose that all caribou know means "Danger." The silhouette moves; it does not change shape. The wolf is heading for her. She rises on her hind legs, turns and flees in one or two bounds, then settles into the swinging trot that no wolf can match. The rest of the band flees around her, tightly bunched. The loose snow flies up in a cloud, steam rises in the frosty air. But wait, the aged doe, limping painfully, falls behind. When the wolves see this single animal, all their hunting instincts click into action and they pursue her. She cannot run fast and is soon overtaken and pulled down. Death is violent but quick. The fungus will infect no more caribou. The wolves feed. When the silhouette of the hunting wolves vanishes the band slows and stops. They walk a few hundred yards further, then bed down again and resume their cud chewing.

Several days pass uneventfully. Then, as the band comes down to a new lake they see some peculiar figures on the snow. Caribou, being curious animals, approach the scene. A short distance from shore two small spruce trees are projecting from the snow. Between the trees is a scene of carnage. Four wolves lie stiff and frozen, their backs arched in death agonies, their tongues lacerated and torn when they had writhed in pain from eating a strychnine-poisoned caribou carcass. Three red foxes are dead, too. One of the foxes has been fed on by ravens. Around this carcass there is a carpet of black feathers where the ravens have died and in turn have been fed on by other ravens. Tracks lead back onto shore where another fox lies dead. This fox carcass has been devoured by a wolverine, which lies dead nearby. The insidious effects of the strychnine spread out from the original bait, like ripples on a pond, carrying death through the taiga. One of the wolves killed here was the individual who made the final leap and pulled down the fungus-infected doe.

One evening the caribou are restless; they feel uneasy. The barometric pressure is dropping. The sky clouds over, a whisper of a breeze moves across the lake. The temperature rises. By morning the air is full of swirling snow. For two days the snow falls, the wind blows and the caribou restrict their feeding activities. As night falls on the second day the wind slackens and dies. The sky clears and the temperature drops swiftly. When the morning feeding period arrives the

caribou find themselves walking with difficulty through the now hardened snow cover. They again feel the restlessness; the migration urge is awakening. They move on past their feeding spot, walking single file. As one animal tires it drops behind and another fresher animal assumes the lead. For twenty miles they move in this fashion before the snow cover once more feels soft against their legs. Here they begin to feed. This is their new wintering grounds. They are now just outside the region where the storm reworked the snow and hardened it.

Thus their movements during the winter are not random or undirected but are governed by the thickness, hardness, and density of the snow cover through which they wade. Sometimes the softer snow is found only where the forest has been burned and lichens are scarce. Then the band has a difficult period, a time when the weaker adults and the fawns are unable to dig many feeding craters and so become progressively thinner and weaker.

One day the band is alerted by strange noises at the other end of the lake—barkings and howlings and strange shouts. A long black line moves onto the lake surface and rushes toward them. No evolutionary mechanism has been provided for this stimulus, no characteristic silhouette releases flight as in the case of the wolf. The Chipewyan hunter, riding in his toboggan bouncing along behind his straining dogs, approaches the caribou quite closely before the sled dogs assume the recognizable silhouette and the band flees. The Indian shoots from the bouncing toboggan, inaccurately of course. One caribou is hit and goes down, struggling. Another suddenly grunts as a bullet slams into the abdomen. This animal will run for half a mile before collapsing. The Chipewyan will never find it, for he turns to the animal lying on the lake in full sight. He has lost, through "acculturation," the ancestral law that said all wounded food animals must be pursued until captured. In those days of bows and spears a man had to hunt until successful in order to kill enough meat for himself and his family.

The Indian skins and cleans the carcass. As he rolls the heart and lungs from the thoracic cavity his knife slips and cuts one of the lungs. The blade slices through a baseball-sized cyst embedded in the lung tissue. A clear watery fluid spurts out, onto the Indian's hand. He does not notice it. After cutting up the caribou he feeds the lungs and intestines to the dogs.

The cyst was caused by a tapeworm infection known as Echinococcus. The fluid in the cyst was filled with reproductive forms of the tapeworm, each microscopic organism highly resistant to freezing and each highly infectious to man. The Chipewyan eventually will be hospitalized for a brain tumor caused by Echinococcus. Two of his dogs will become infected and, in turn, will pass the infection along to the Indian's baby son who sucks his thumb after crawling over a pile of dog harness which had feces smeared on them.

The caribou which harbored the Echinococcus infection had only recently joined the band. If she had been with them when they were pursued by the wolf she, too, would have fallen behind, for animals with Echinococcus cysts in the lungs cannot run far or fast. If the wolves had not been poisoned they probably would have followed the caribou migration to the new wintering area and would have culled the infected animal from the band.

MIGRANTS AGAIN

THE snow season passes. The caribou move back and forth through the snow cover, resting on lakes, digging for lichens, resting on lakes, digging for lichens. Occasionally a storm or warm spell causes the snow to harden and become compacted in the region where they are. Then the restlessness begins, followed by the migration until a more comfortable snow cover is encountered.

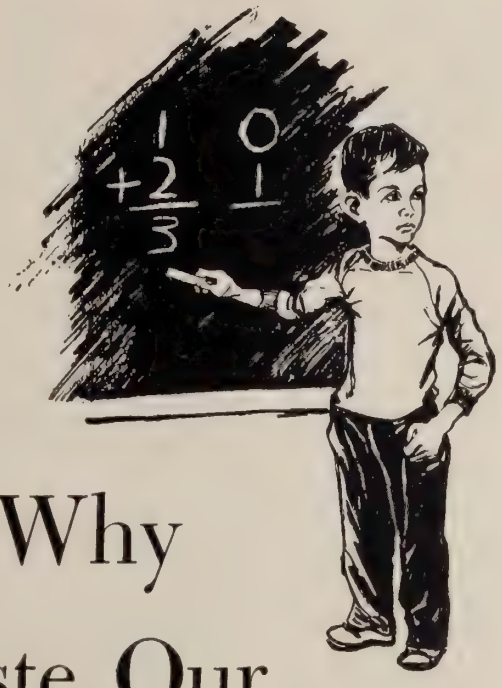
In late March the days lengthen appreciably. Each day the sun swings higher in the sky, and the caribou feel its warmth. The snow begins to fall from the trees; the snow cover crusts and settles. Once more restlessness begins and the caribou move to find better snow conditions. By April, settling, crusting, and melting sweep slowly but inexorably through the taiga, herding the caribou along toward the tree line. The migration picks up momentum. The caribou move through the dwindling forest, on past the tree line, "The Land of the Little Sticks," and onto the open tundra. The does lead the migration.

Onward the band moves, feeding as they go. Onward past the great lakes called Wholdaia and Dubawnt. They cross the frozen Thelon River in late May. They push on into the extensive upland of long, gravelly ridges beyond Beverly Lake, reaching the fawning grounds at precisely the proper time for the fawns to be born.

The caribou have now completed their annual migration of over a thousand miles. The wheel of life has turned a full cycle. Spring has come again to the Arctic.

By VIRGINIA C. SIMMONS

Drawings by Frances Burger



Why Waste Our Five-Year-Olds?

Most kids are eager and able to start reading long before their teachers will let them—and they are (thank heaven) bored with the infantile play-schooling they get in kindergarten.

AT FIVE, Polly abandoned all the fascinating kindergarten toys to sit at a table and spell out long lists of words with wooden alphabets—cat, sat, hat, house, mouse. I asked her why she did it. She said:

"I want to learn to read but nobody will teach me, so I guess I will just have to teach myself."

"But Polly, I'm teaching you to read. Remember those two books?" The books have pictures of animals—three cats in a row looking in one direction and one (to be circled) looking in the opposite direction. The words and letters don't appear until the last page. Polly looked at me thoughtfully and said:

"You're being awfully slow about it."

I am convinced that Polly is right. I believe that primary education in this country is a holding-back procedure—the first official imposing of the anti-intellectualism (to use Barzun's term) that is queering our children's chance to develop the kind of ability they need to cope with our complex world.

In most American communities the traditional program for children who are five by September fifteenth is kindergarten. The methods and aims of kindergarten have remained unchanged for over a hundred years in spite of the fact that the newer nursery schools have borrowed many of its features. Both have the same philosophy—"learning through play."

Inadequate though it is, a kindergarten experience is by no means assured for every five-year-old. Many schools, private and public, are so crowded that they refuse to accept responsibility for five-year-olds, saying that a child is not educable until he is six. His eyes must go through muscular adjustments before he can be taught to read; his ears cannot catch certain sounds; his attention span is too short; he is unable to reason. Nevertheless, many parents and teachers complain that in kindergarten "The children are bored."

Why? What is the matter with kindergarten?

In the first place, as I see it, the trouble is that kindergarten is a play school; today's fives are tired of play; they are eager and ready to begin the serious work of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

For eight years I have taught kindergarten at a private country school. Contrary to the opinions of experts, I find that fives *can* reason; their ears *can* hear phonics; their eyes *can* read; their muscular co-ordination *does* permit them to learn to write. (My pupil Jonathan observed: "Look at Z. It is a 7 with a bottom. And C is an O with a hole in its side.") They are enthusiastic, curious, keenly observant, open-minded, eager to learn, receptive, and imaginative. As sheer pupil stuff, they are a teacher's dream come true.

My five-year-olds learn to write, count, add, subtract, divide; they learn basic geometric forms and elementary algebra; they use rulers and compasses; they learn to spell and to read fifty to seventy-five words. They understand the concept of zero, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, that all radii of the same circle are equal, that ⅜ and ⅛ are also ½, that ⅓ is 1⅓, and that if 3 is divided by 2 it becomes 1½. This year, out of a class of twenty, six subtracted and added in the hundreds and three in the thousands.

In a rural setting, the children can observe birds, trees, wild flowers; at the pond's edge we watch frogs, tadpoles, and crayfish; a farm is within walking distance. Greek myths appeal to kindergarteners. Stories of Atlas, Pandora's box, Proserpina, nature myths of the clouds, stars, sun, moon, wind, and seasons lead to simple scientific explanations. The children love to use our small microscope to examine stones and small insects. In the school bus we journey to a fire house, jail, ranger station, art museum, natural history museum, and conservatory of flowers.

Besides the traditional kindergarten singing, rhythms, and band, we have lessons in playing the recorder. In the fall of 1960 the teaching of conversational French will become part of our kindergarten program. Fives love to imitate new sounds and easily execute intricacies that adolescents find difficult.

IS IT TEACHER'S FAULT?

THE second trouble with our kindergartens is the teachers. Many of them don't know how to keep up with the children. The head master of our school said to me: "I want someone teaching our five-year-olds who knows the curriculum that comes *after* kindergarten."

Most kindergarten teachers have had only kindergarten or nursery-school training. Many teachers of five- to eight-year-olds have had a teacher's college training heavily weighted in the "how," but very light in the "what," to teach. The teacher of five-year-olds should be able to tap just as deep sources of knowledge as the teacher of eighteen-year-olds.

I began teaching some years ago in college-preparatory classes in public high school. I became a social worker, married, reared a family, and returned to teaching, substituting for three years in all classes of twenty schools. This background may explain why my philosophical approach to five-year-olds differs from that of my more sheltered colleagues.

Of course I accept the premise of "learning through play," but I believe such learning is strictly limited. The five-year-old should be taught the difference between play and work and should be trained in good work habits. Self-discipline and concentration (in class we call it wearing our thinking-caps) are essential to learning.

Such book titles as "Fun of Arithmetic" and "Fun of Spelling" are misleading, untrue, and rhetorically bad. "Fun" is too weak a word to describe the elation, satisfaction, and inner peace that come from intellectual accomplishment. Eleventh- and twelfth-graders who have been nursed along on the sugary "fun" theory find out almost too late that they have never been taught to work.

I also find myself at odds with my colleagues in our concepts of time and readiness. Time, at kindergarten level, is generally considered unimportant. Instruction is indefinitely postponed because the child is not "ready." Nevertheless five-year-olds, like the rest of us, become ready when the emergency or the situation demands readiness.

This casual attitude toward time extends through all primary grades. Children spend hours at "busy work" (much of this in the name of art); the chief virtue of many routines is that they keep children quiet while Teacher conducts reading groups. Thus a child learns to waste time doing valueless work that keeps his fingers busy but leaves his mind untouched. No wonder that at secondary level many adolescents cannot distinguish between busy work and honest, self-disciplined, intellectual labor.

I do not mean that kindergarten should be a duplicate of the first grade. Fives are physically restive; class recitation should be a blend of physical with mental activity; in an orderly fashion many children must be participating simultaneously; no child should feel he is left out for long. For the teacher, this is comparable to driving a ten-horse team.

After observing my class, the primary supervisor of a nearby city school system said, "Your program works beautifully in a private school where your pupils are selected and privileged, but it would never work in public school classes."

I disagree. Any normal five-year-old of average intelligence from any social group is ready today for primary teaching. It is the public school, not the child, that is unprepared. The teacher assigned a class of thirty-five or forty children has an impossible task—especially kindergarten and primary classes. It is possible to give primary instruction to a kindergarten of twenty-six. A much better job, however, can be done with twenty, the limit set by my own school. The Buckley School of New York, with only ten pupils to each first

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Virginia C. Simmons teaches kindergarten at Cincinnati Country Day School on Indian Hill. She has developed her ideas there and in articles published in the "Independent School Bulletin." Before her marriage she taught college-preparatory classes in public school and did social work; her two sons are now in college.

grade class, sets an ideal goal. The most important part of an education is the beginning.

Today's five-year-olds are more advanced than children of that age used to be. For several reasons, their early experiences make them precocious.

First of all, their parents are younger (in 1958 the average age for first marriages in the United States was twenty-three for men and twenty for women) and take a more casual attitude toward their offspring. If the parents want to go camping, six-months-old Junior and his formula are added to the equipment. Our five-year-olds have traveled; this is true in all economic groups.

More mothers than ever before work outside the home (45 per cent for pay and many more as volunteers); as a result the small child must accustom himself to a baby-sitter or to a nursery group. Collective care of young children is a



world-wide trend. In Communist countries children are kept in day nurseries from infancy to school age.

In this country, many fives have had two years of nursery school; they have also been a member of Sunday school, vacation Bible school, summer day camps, and supervised play grounds. Museums offer art classes to three- and four-year-olds; public libraries conduct story-hours for them. They attend movies, listen to records and radios, and watch television. From watching TV many fives have learned to read certain words; in order to operate radios, record-players, and TV sets they have had to remember numbers and letters. All children have had experience with books, if only coloring and comic books.

Today's five-year-old is being reared by a new and tougher mothering pattern. The process by which little children are prepared to enter school may be compared to the treatment of some of the kittens which were recently the subject of a study in pediatrics for the Cincinnati Medical Society. Litter A was taken from the mother immediately at birth; Litter B was left with the mother until their eyes were open and they could walk and feed themselves; Litter C was left exclusively to their mother's care. Then one day all three litters were subjected to the same test. After a prolonged fast, food was placed before all the kittens, whereupon lights flashed, bells clanged, their cage rocked violently, and the kittens were given electric shocks.

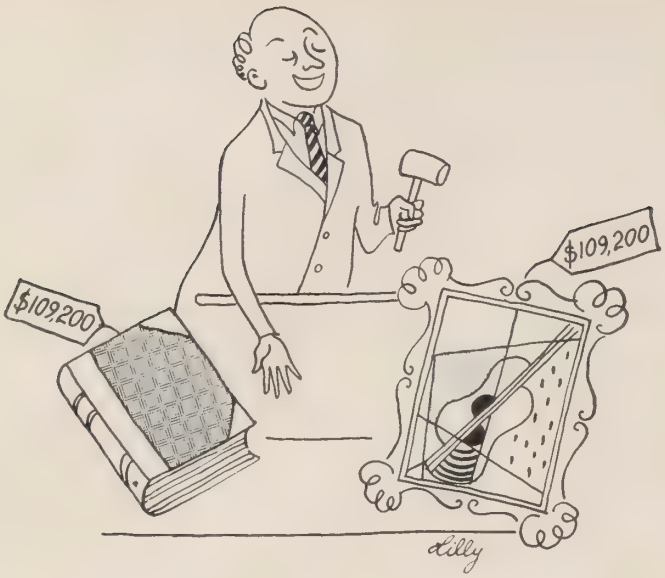
The A kittens flattened their ears and ate; the B kittens were very frightened but hunger overcame fear and they, too, ate; but the completely mother-reared C kittens were so terrified they went into a state of catalytic shock. For children belonging to this age of atomic energy, rockets, and outer space, the A or B treatment—early independence of Mama—may be none too tough. It is quite natural for such five-year-olds to be ready for work.

I am not alone in my conclusion that they are capable of more than play. George A. W. Boehm in *The New World of Math* reports:

> Many of the basic concepts of mathematics are inherently simple—so simple, indeed, that a child can understand them. The late Edward Kasner of Columbia University used to lecture on infinite sets to kindergarten classes. The children, he found, readily reconciled themselves to the notion of infinity and got the fundamental ideas of set theory faster than some of his undergraduate students. Children seem to be naturally attuned to mathematical abstraction, perhaps because it is not unlike pure fantasy.

Dr. P. E. Anderholter of St. Louis University has said: "We need to establish early high standards, good study habits, and a desire for accuracy. It has been proved that much more can be learned in the lower levels—kindergarten, first, and second."

There is no such thing as an unimportant or expendable year in any child's life. In kindergarten the five-year-old is just starting. The direction he is pointed and the momentum he gets may well determine the future of his intellectual growth.



By JOHN CARTER

Drawings by Lilly Hollander

Playing the Rare Book Market

Taxes have forced many of the most precious treasures out of the book market . . . but there is a new crop of "orchids in the hothouse of connoisseurship" that keeps the market lively and the bibliophiles happily on the prowl.

WHEN that great book collector Frederick Locker-Lampson complained to that great bookbinder Francis Bedford that one of his nobly-clothed volumes did not shut properly (note, shut, not open), Bedford exclaimed: "Why bless me, Sir, you've been reading it."

This was in 1880 or thereabouts. Yet as lately as 1952 the Librarian of my own college at Cambridge concluded a moving defense of bibliomania against the charge of scholarly utility with a memorable peroration. "Reading," he maintained, "is hardly necessary. Any don will agree that in some occult manner knowledge can be imbibed merely by sitting with half-closed eyes in a room lined with books. In fact I do read a few of mine and I constantly lend books to other people who I think would read them with greater profit than myself. For the most part, however, I just look at them or take them down and stroke them from time to time. Book collecting, I would have you to know, is a full-time occupation, and one wouldn't get far if one took time off for frivolities like reading."

Whether or not Mr. Munby, with his tongue not so much in his cheek as quite a long way out, was painting a true picture of the dedicated bibliophile, there is no question that book collecting is the orchid in the hothouse of connoisseurship. It is also the stepchild of the international art market. By comparison with pictures, jewelry, or furniture, the rare book business is very small potatoes indeed. The last set of the first four Folios of Shakespeare to appear in the auction room (and a nice set, too), was purchased for less than one-tenth of what Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman of New York paid three or four years ago for a small pedigree Vermeer. A fine painting by Guardi will cost you today $25,000; a fine copy of the first edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* perhaps $250. Mr. Arthur A. Houghton paid less than $200,000 for the Shuckburgh copy of the Gutenberg Bible, the only substantially complete example of the first and greatest of all printed books to come into the market in twenty years; but the Frick Gallery had to find nearly four times that amount for the recently acquired, exquisitely beautiful "Rothschild Triptych," of which a certain pundit has wickedly said: "The more they clean it, the less it is van Eyck."

Admittedly manuscripts, the elite of the bibliophile's quarry, sometimes run to figures which Fifty-seventh Street (and nowadays points north) would at least recognize. And that is because the illuminated ones are in fact collections of pictures. For example, the first selection from the Dyson Perrins collection of early illuminated manuscripts, sold at Sotheby's in London in

December 1958, broke practically every record in its class and rang up in forty-three minutes a total of $914,536 for an average of $18,290 per lot. Yet the most expensive item, the Helmarshausen Gospels of the twelfth century, at $109,200 would not have bought Mr. H. P. Kraus of New York, its purchaser, a major Picasso.

If we turn from works of art to works of imagination, we may remember that Poe's autograph manuscript of *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* (its author's masterpiece and I suppose the most famous detective story in the world) was sold a decade ago in New York and brought just $38,000—the price of a good but not exceptional Vuillard, a fine, small Constable, or a portrait painted tomorrow by Andrew Wyeth.

THE RANGE OF PRICES

YET those who cannot read further than the headlines, and therefore dismiss book collecting as a sand-lot, or at best a bush-league, operation make a sad mistake. Any fool with a checkbook can (and many fools do) buy a Renoir because the Joneses have a Renoir, because any other fool can recognize a Renoir, because a Renoir is now, as Alistair Cooke said, a girl's best friend. It is true that any fool with a checkbook can usually buy a First Folio of Shakespeare, too; there are, as I write, two quite good ones on the market. That is because the First Folio has been a much sought-after and an expensive book for a century or more; also, it was printed in a sizable edition, and anyway folios do not get thrown away as readily as octavos.

Most of the accepted landmarks before, say, 1700 are by now out of reach of the average collector. The real Everests and Matterhorns are out of reach even of the millionaires. And although a few determined spirits, like Dr. Martin Bodmer of Geneva, Mr. Arthur Houghton of New York, or Mr. Louis Silver of Chicago decline to lower their sights, they are fighting a rear-guard action in an ever-decreasing perimeter. In fact, neither they nor the thousand or two other serious collectors of literary first editions intend to be confined to that particular perimeter. Too much of it was ceded long ago to the institutional libraries; too much more of it is every year surrendered, under an armistice arranged by the tax collector, in the same direction.

But the beauty of book collecting is that it recognizes no perimeters. Even that minority of book collectors which is exclusively addicted to first editions of literature—a much smaller minority than outsiders suppose—has been, for a hundred years or so, not lowering its sights but setting them in many new directions.

It is always dangerous to apply the analogy of Wall Street to Bibliomania Boulevard. It introduces factors of investment, dividends, capital gains, speculation—all wholly foreign to that idealistic creature, the true book collector. Yet book collecting, when you get down to bedrock, means book buying; and those professionals on whom the idealists must ultimately depend are tempted from time to time to assume the mantle of Dow Jones or of Dun and Bradstreet. We fight shy of polls, since collectors, unlike voters, are almost totally unpredictable in their preferences. But we may take a leaf or two from Kinsey, since bibliomania proper is a form—a refined form—of lust.

With this in mind let me now take a few sighting shots at the swings and roundabouts of the rare book market during the past decade or so.

First of all, in view of all the talk about booms and inflation in the rare book market it is important to exorcise the specter of the 'twenties. Prices for rare books of all kinds have certainly been buoyant since about 1937, but they have not been crazy, as they often were between the early 'twenties and 1929. One has only to look at the price index in that traditionally volatile section of the market, "modern firsts." (A "modern" first edition is one by a living writer or else one published within, say, the past fifty years.) Aside from presentation copies, limited issues, and such, which are special cases, and excluding a few freakish rarities—like the two copies completed of Robert Frost's *Twilight,* 1894, of which he destroyed one, or Somerset Maugham's play, *A Man of Honour,* 1903, or James Joyce's *Gas from a Burner,* 1912—I doubt if there is a single straightforward "modern first," by however eminent, however popular an author, which sells today for as much as $200. In 1929 any bookish character could have rattled off a score of titles which regularly brought three times that figure. I will name a couple of them now, both fiction: *Jocelyn* and *From the Four Winds.* And I will bet that not one in a hundred of my readers can tell their authors. Yet in 1929 a dollar was worth a dollar, not—what is it? thirty-five cents?

No. Prices of important rare books are high today, certainly, much higher than they were twenty years ago, sometimes very much higher; and for several reasons. One of the reasons is that collectors make fewer mistakes than they used about degrees of rarity. And while "impor-

tance" is an arguable component in the equation which determines market price, I would say that fewer collectors, American collectors especially, are as conventional as they used to be in their judgment of it. They are less hidebound by shibboleths and pronunciamentos, less prone to kowtow to prescribed lists, less automatically genuflective before bibliographers and the other sacred cows of the bookish hierarchy. They are still sometimes, however, as flighty in their herd-like rush after new fashions—look at the craze for Western Americana, for example.



WHEN THE "GREAT BOOKS" ARE GONE

NOT only is the average collector's appraisal of the importance of a book apt to be more independent than it used to be, and his taste more disposed to the *à la carte* than the *table d'hôte* pages in the bibliomaniac's spacious menu; his conception of the limits of "importance" itself is more flexible and imaginative than his father's was. The classical categories of bibliophily—illuminated manuscripts, early printing, fine bindings, the great illustrated books, literary first editions, and so on—have had to make room for a number of often rather radical-looking newcomers. It was about time. The apprehension that all the great books were getting so scarce as to be unattainable has been a recurrent nightmare to collectors ever since the second collector was born. But it really is true today that many of the great books in certain categories have simply ceased to survive in private hands; that is, to be even potentially purchasable.

The gradual drying-up of supplies in the upper strata of the long-established departments of book collecting has been steadily offset by the continual widening of the bibliophile's horizon. Apart from the admission of contemporary writers to the club, collectors have every year discovered merits in overlooked or temporarily unfashionable authors of the past. For example, Michael Sadleir in London and Morris L. Parrish in Philadelphia shared a dedicated enthusiasm for Victorian fiction, which was in tune with, if in advance of, the tide of literary taste.

But the radical, the really revolutionary development in the book-collecting taste of the past quarter-century has been one of much wider range. It is, in a nutshell, the recognition by the general collector, not just the specialist, that Newton's *Principia Mathematica* or Descartes' *Discours de la Méthode* is not only as important, but as desirable in first edition as Milton's *Paradise Lost;* or *The Origin of Species* as *The Rubaiyat* or *Idylls of the King* or *Adam Bede* or *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,* all of which were published, as it happens, in the same year, exactly 101 years ago. Take a look through Seymour de Ricci's *The Book Collector's Guide,* 1921, the Baedeker of its decade for books in the English language. Except for a handful of sporting and illustrated books, its 650 pages list nothing but poetry, fiction, drama, and belles lettres, plus Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* to represent history, and the Kelmscott Press.

Today, by contrast, if you asked a rare book dealer in London or New York or Paris or Amsterdam to write down, off the cuff, the hundred first editions which he could most easily sell by a single cable or telephone call, the list would contain a heavy component of books like Vesalius' *De Corporis Humani Fabrica,* 1543, Harvey's *De Motu Cordis,* 1628, Boyle's *Sceptical Chymist,* 1661, Rousseau's *Du Contrat Social,* 1762, Schopenhauer's *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung,* 1819, Marx and Engels' *Manifest der Kommunistischen Partei,* 1848, or Einstein's *Die Grundlage der Allgemeinen Relativitätstheorie,* 1916. This is not to suggest that the dealer could not just as easily sell a first edition of Horace or Catullus, Petrarch's *Sonetti* or Villon's *Grand Testament,* Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* or Tottel's *Miscellany,* or a hundred other exalted rarities among works of the imagination. It is simply that the milestones of civilization, the decisive battles in science and medicine, if never to be ranked quite so high as

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John Carter has spent most of his life in the rare book business and is at present associate for American operations with Sotheby's, the famous Bond Street auction house in London. He is the author of "ABC for Book Collectors" (Knopf) and "Taste and Technique in Book Collecting" (Cambridge).



Sanromá at home, with violinist Kashiro Figueroa and piano student Cecilia Talavera. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

How far is Puerto Rico from Carnegie Hall?

SUGGEST a job more than fifty miles from a city such as New York, and many executives blanch.

They visualize some cultural desert where the brain withers like a prune.

Our photograph helps to refute any such fears about Puerto Rico. In the foreground you see the great Puerto Rican pianist, Jesús María Sanromá. He is preparing for one of twelve *free* concerts that he gives each year in his ebullient homeland.

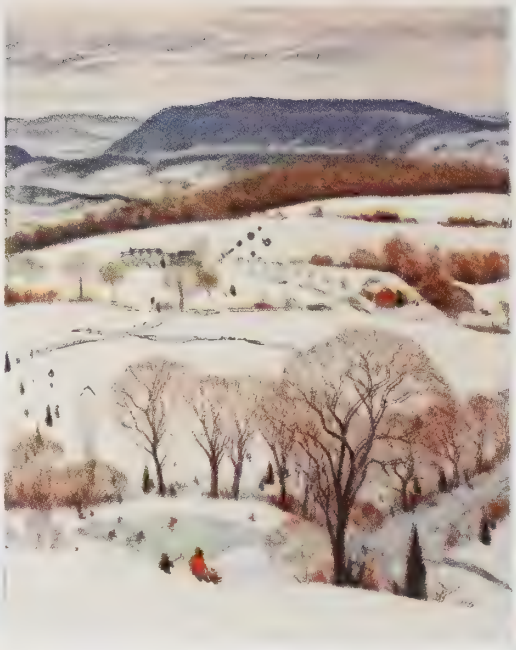
Puerto Rico's major cultural event is certainly the Festival Casals.* But did you know that San Juan puts on an annual Drama Festival too? It runs from the middle of January through early March. Last year, even Brooks Atkinson forsook New York to attend.

Puerto Rico also presents regular seasons of symphony, ballet, and opera. And when you live there, you get some delightful surprises.

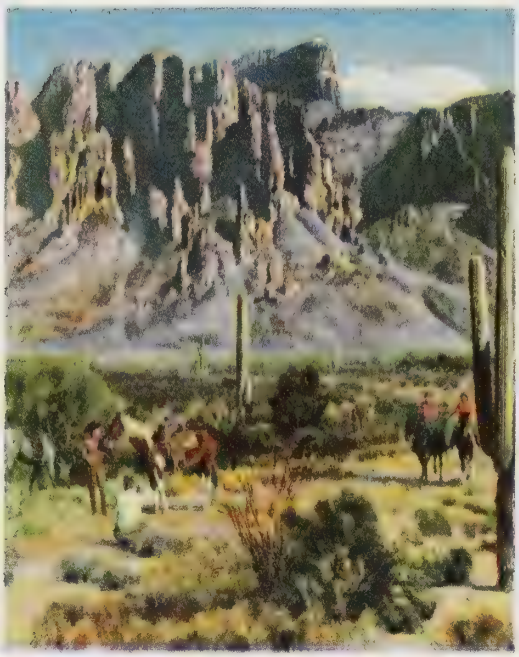
Where else do housing projects produce their own folk ballets?

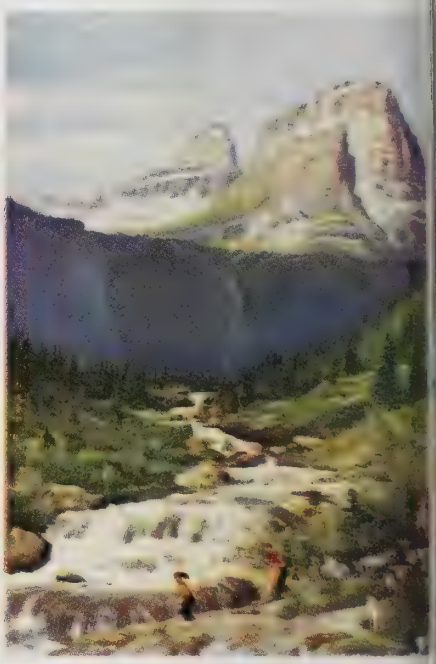
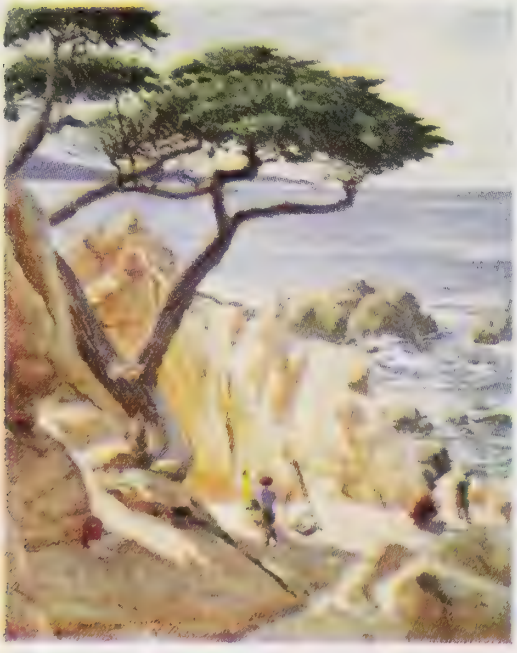
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**The 1960 Festival Casals in San Juan will consist of 12 concerts from June 3 through June 22. Pablo Casals will play and conduct.*


Across the nation, New England Life is helpi





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1960 marks our 125th year of progress. In April, 1835, we founded mutual life insurance in America. Today, we offer in the "Better Life" policy the finest combination of guaranteed benefits at any price.

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these, are nowadays members in good standing of the Parnassus Club.

It is not to suggest, either, that book collectors —least of all American book collectors, who have been in the forefront of this sweeping change— have all become highbrow polymaths overnight. Most of them can't read *Das Kapital* in the original or understand Faraday's equations any better than I can. But, equally, both of us can tell that Pike's Peak is high without necessarily being able to climb it.

These are the swings of taste and to a large extent they are international. But when we descend from the library into the market place, we find that what the economists call the terms of trade have also taken a swing in the past decade. It would be too much, much too much, to say that the westward course of empire has, after a hundred years of steady American acquisition from Europe, been reversed, or indeed has been appreciably slowed down. American buying in the upper reaches of the London rare book market is as resolute and aggressive as ever. Nevertheless, the French, the Germans, the Swiss, even the impoverished English, collectors and institutions and dealers alike, have been giving the Americans a much stiffer run for their money since the last war than they did for two decades before it.

The explanation for this phenomenon most popular in the United States is that Uncle Sam takes eighty cents of every well-heeled American's dollar, while the Europeans are all buying objects of one sort or another as a hedge against inflation or devaluation or revolution or something. It is true that the French have always preferred to own a Fragonard drawing or a Boulle cabinet or a copy of the Fermiers Généraux edition of La Fontaine in a Monnier binding rather than a bundle of taxable securities. It is true that the Germans and the Swiss seem to have money to burn. It is even true that many of the English have thrown overboard grandfather's maxim that whatever you do you must never spend capital.

WHO DOMINATES THE MARKET?

YET these factors do not wholly account for the present dominance of London as the great international center of the rare book (as well as the fine art) market. Why are prices, across the board, so consistently higher in London than in New York that visiting English booksellers buy more than they sell, and American owners have taken to consigning their collections for sale on Bond Street rather than on Madison Avenue? I wish I knew, though it would be hypocritical to pretend that I wish it otherwise. The hard figures spell out the story; and the latest chapter has been dramatically serialized in the 1958 volume of *American Book Prices Current*. This annual was getting to be such sad reading that the editor decided (for the first time in its sixty-four years and in defiance of his title) to include *London* auction prices for the 1957-58 season. They account for nearly half of the entries and most of the high figures.

My New Year's resolution when I went soberly to bed at 12:01 was "What you lose on the swings, you lose on the roundabouts." This pessimistic perversion of an old saying does not always apply to book collecting, as I hope I have made clear. But among the threats that hover over all collectors are the "export-license controls" operated by most of the European countries that are still rich in works of art.

These controls vary in method and character (and in sharpness) but they are all designed to defend "national treasures" and "irreplaceable masterpieces" (which include manuscripts and printed books) from the acquisitive grasp of foreigners. Americans are inclined to believe that these restrictions are aimed solely at them, forgetting that Europeans regard each other as foreigners too. But it is true that for every disappointed English or Swiss collector who wants to buy a precious object from Italy or France there are probably a dozen disappointed Americans. And there is an excellent reason for this. The United States has more empty shelves and more money than anyone else, and Americans have a healthy national dose of youthful acquisitive enthusiasm.

But the even more real enemies of the book collector are the institutional libraries, which swallow inexorably more and more rare books and manuscripts, more and more whole collections, every year. This is no place to canvass the arguments in the controversy about the respective merits of public and private ownership of artistic or literary treasures. But there is no doubt that the steadily increasing rate of institutional absorption threatens starvation to those private collectors who over the centuries have formed the humanizing link between rare-book libraries and the general public. And the remarkable thing is that so many collectors keep on feeding the brutes.

Fifty years ago Robert Hoe, one of the greatest of American bibliophiles, said: "If the great libraries of the past had not been sold, where

would I have found my books?" He would have spoken ten times louder today. Most of the great collections of Hoe's generation and the next were dispersed, to re-enrich the common stock of other book collectors' pursuit and enjoyment. Of how many of the foremost collections of our own time will this be said? In America they could be numbered on the fingers of one hand.



PUBLIC OR PRIVATE PLEASURE?

THE reason is threefold. First, honorably, the high example of James Lenox, John Carter Brown, Henry L. Huntington, Henry Clay Folger, J. Pierpont Morgan and other benefactors by bequest has been increasingly emulated by their countrymen. Secondly, to the polished machinations of the librarians of the Eastern Seaboard have been added the sweeping tactics characteristic of the newer universities of the Middle West, the Southwest, and the Pacific Coast. Yale captured Mr. Streeter's illustrious collection of Texiana; later Texas retaliated by raiding Western Pennsylvania in force and buying Mr. Hanley's entire library, swooped south on New Orleans for the "Bibliotheca Parsoniana," and picked up a couple of lesser collections *en bloc* for good measure on the way home to Austin. Indiana, enriched by the munificent gift of Mr. J. K. Lilly's superb library, and waist-deep in the fifty tons of the Upton Sinclair archives, takes Mr. George A. Poole's typographical collection away from under Chicago's nose. And so it goes.

This sort of purchasing is done with endowment funds or special grants. The average private collector feels like a man with a Colt .45 taking on the Seventh Armored Division.

Yet the third and most insidious lever of diversion from private to institutional ownership works not by frontal attack but by enfilade; it is ordnanced free of charge by the Internal Revenue Division of the U. S. Treasury. Any man in a reasonably high tax bracket can give his whole library (or, say, just his set of the elephant folio Audubon) to his alma mater, at a generously appraised price, and write it off his income tax as a charitable deduction. He saves himself the capital-gains tax he would have to pay if he sent it to Sotheby's and made a profit on what it cost him. He gets his name in gold letters in the university library, or at least lunch with the president. He has solved the problem of serving God and Mammon.

If you feel like concentrating strictly on Mammon, you can even, I am told, make a profit. You do it by buying something of subjective or debatable, rather than easily ascertainable, value—like a literary manuscript or a collection of books on some wildly exotic subject—for a thousand dollars; inducing some already obligated or constitutionally easy-going dealer to appraise it at two thousand; and—do you get it? Of course this simple process presupposes a library ready to accept your charitable gift. But unlike English libraries, which deplore gifts (they make work for librarians), the institutional libraries of America have not all learned to look a gift horse in the mouth. Who knows, he may turn out to be an angel.

Can you wonder that the less-than-millionaire private collector, especially the American collector, sometimes feels that he is on the wrong side of the barricade? Or do I paint too gloomy a picture? Of the hundred or two American collectors of my acquaintance, the majority, certainly, seem reasonably cheerful. Their complaints are mostly of the occupational kind; concerned with that coveted item that got away, or that so-and-so who got on the phone five minutes earlier and bagged a "sleeper," or that really monstrous piece of mis-cataloguing by an auctioneer, or the wrongheadedness of some pundit who has decided that the accepted first issue of *The Dunciad* is really the second.

What I do know, and for sure, is that if the national controls on exporting treasures and the growing rate of institutional absorption get the better of the collectors, the rare book *business* is going to be in trouble—serious enough trouble so that before long there won't be any more swings and roundabouts. For which, being in favor of free trade, private enterprise, and the gaiety of nations, I for one should be sorry.

ERSKINE B. CHILDERS

Where Democracy doesn't work . . . Yet

An Irish journalist examines the burgeoning dictatorships of Afro-Asia and argues that it is blind, foolish—and perhaps fatal—to expect the new nations to run themselves "democratically."

DIFFICULT though it may be, it is high time that we realized that democracy —as we understand it in the West—may simply be unworkable in Afro-Asia for many years.

The list of African and Asian countries which have scrapped ostensibly "democratic" systems for some kind of dictatorial rule since the war is already very long: Pakistan, Indonesia, Egypt, Sudan, and Iraq are obvious examples; and it is not unlikely that other young states like Ceylon may soon be added to it.

A stable military dictatorship—for which Kemal Ataturk developed a prototype in Turkey —may, in fact, be the best initial form of government in revolutionary Asian, African, and Latin American countries. It is safe to predict, however, that it will be extremely painful for many Americans and Europeans to confront this possibility. It would mean abandoning four of our most cherished assumptions about Afro-Asia:

(1) That the West's philosophy and constitutional forms of democracy can be transplanted.

(2) That Afro-Asians have a clear-cut choice of only two political systems: Western-style democracy or Communism.

(3) That the minority of educated Afro-Asians can "run" democracy as trustees for the huge illiterate majority until the latter—through example, education, economic advance, and the very experience of voting—gain understanding of citizenship. Thus, it has been hoped, a series of Afro-Asian replicas of Western democracy would rise.

(4) That the crucial problem is only "development," *i.e.,* rapid economic advance in competition with the Sino-Soviet example. *In brief, the political system has been presumed sound: the challenge, simply to nourish it.*

What has gone wrong with these assumptions in Africa and Asia? General Abboud, taking over the Sudan and suspending a British-style constitution, said his country had "perhaps not been ready for Western democracy when the British left" (1956). President Sukarno wants "guided democracy" for Indonesia. President-General Ayub of Pakistan, now ruling as a dictator backed by the army, asks, "What is the point of going back to the old parliamentary system?" In Ceylon—still, if shakily, a democracy—the late Premier Bandaranaike suggested the parliamentary-party system was getting "unworkable." President Nasser refers to Egypt's former "fake democracy" and calls the present rule a "transition period." Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, although educated in America, has been imposing tougher and tougher restrictions on the opposition. Kenya's Tom Mboya questions "the idea that Africa must import a blueprint of the British or North American system."

When this trend first appeared, the Western reaction was not to question the basic assumptions, but to suspect rampant personal ambition and meddling by the military. But it is increasingly difficult to explain so widespread a trend as simply a rash of power lust. Too many leaders are now involved who once defended Western-style democracy and who evince a basically democratic frame of mind.

The educated minority of Afro-Asians feel the problem most acutely. Their education has been basically Western. But the young Indonesian, Pakistani, Egyptian, or Ghanan lawyer or engineer who watched the Western system at work from a Western university campus, is now

faced with press censorship, banned or muzzled political parties, and a regime not ready to trust him fully with "politics." This was not his vision of the free future, nor of his role in it as a specially qualified citizen. Yet he has to admit to himself that his country needs stable, uncorrupt government to carry out basic reforms—like land redistribution—and development projects. A mild dictatorship doing these things has much to its credit if the alternative is partisan maneuver, graft, and tension. But it also creates a frustrating ideological vacuum.

RISK OF INSTABILITY

FOR many educated Afro-Asians, one of the most disturbing features of this vacuum is that the new dictators are unable to explain convincingly how and when they *will* improve on the old, suspended model of democratic government—if ever. For example, the Chief Justice of Pakistan, a man trained to believe in respect for law, was bound to feel that General Ayub's suspension of the constitution was in itself a fatal blow to democracy. When the suspension was followed by a decree under which anyone accused of "rumor-mongering" could be jailed for up to seven years, Ayub's promises of a new democratic approach sounded very hollow indeed (although the law has not been invoked to date).

Many of the new leaders, often army officers without university training, find it difficult to express their doubts to citizens who once sat under Harvard or Cambridge professors, and who do not easily take to a vague sermon on political theory from a blunt army colonel. The young officers involved, it must be said, are seldom imbued with the kind of proud militaristic caste outlook we associate with many Western officer corps. Many are cousins of illiterate peasants. Their armies are of recent origin, without any long martial tradition. They take action not as a caste, but because they have come to believe that the army is the only remaining force able to act effectively. In general, they do not realize what grave burdens they are assuming; and it is only when they find there is no reliable civilian political force to which they can "hand over" power that they question whether Western-style constitutions are workable at all.

But the doubts about democracy are not limited to officers; the "politicians" who are so often accused of "dithering and bickering" express them too.

Here is how an Egyptian administrator put the dilemma to me recently: "Western democracy works because the voter is able to read and write, and can choose between established parties that represent fairly clear economic and other issues . . . or, at least the parties represent political and economic traditions. The British businessman would not now oppose National Health but he tends to vote for the Tories.

"But what can *we* divide on into parties? We eliminated the power of the old landlords and the royal family. Can we divide on 'class'? Do you know what that would mean? One party for the 80 per cent who are illiterate and just about starving; another for the 20 per cent who can read and write and have a slightly higher income. Chaos. We have neither a 'middle class' *nor* a 'working class' in the Western sense.

"No Western 'democratic' constitution could work in our conditions."

The record of parties, alas, seems to bear out much of this. Two broad patterns can be discerned. Many brand-new independent Afro-Asian democracies automatically came to be governed by the established "party of freedom." But the pre-freedom unity of these great nationalist parties often concealed vested interests that have since increasingly blocked legislation and sapped party integrity.

The list is disturbing. Egypt's landlord-ridden Wafd party steadily ran downhill until the army revolt of 1952. Pakistan's first eleven years of independence (1947-58) were dominated by the Moslem League, which was less a party than a front of quite incompatible elements—big landowners opposing land reform, ultra-conservative Islamic religious leaders, merchants and peasants, aristocrats and Socialists. The climax came just before General Ayub's army coup in 1958, when the Opposition in the East Bengal legislature removed the Speaker; the Deputy Speaker was then attacked in the House by pro-Government deputies and died of his injuries.

In Burma, the symbolic Anti-Fascist Peoples Freedom League broke apart in 1958 after a decade of mounting graft and lethargy; the gentle U Nu accepted a friendly *coup* by General Ne Win. Despite new elections, the army will remain prominent. Ceylon's United Nationalists, dominant throughout the first eight years of independence, were swept from office in 1956.

Even in India Pandit Nehru's Congress party has suffered because its leaders on the state and local levels are by no means as Socialist or cooperative as the national program of the party—and Nehru's own aims—suggest. One sign of this internal decadence was the free election

of a Communist party majority in the densely populated, highly literate, and dangerously underemployed State of Kerala—followed now by direct "President's Rule" after increasing violence.

The latest example is the split in Morocco's Istiqlal (Independence) party, dominant in the struggle that brought freedom from France in 1956. Now, thirty-nine-year-old Mehdi ben Barka has broken with the landlord wing to form a new "National Union of Popular Forces," and demands urgent reforms.

The second pattern is that of intellectual splinter-groups which form unstable coalitions and appeal to the illiterate voter on dangerously inflammatory issues. The process is curious and complex. In Ceylon in 1956, the leaders of opposition parties shared a left-wing Socialist hostility to the more wealthy and aristocratic elements around Sir John Kotelawala's Government. But to win the election, the opposition had to appeal to issues which the average Ceylonese could understand, *e.g.*, the explosive dispute between the Singhalese majority and a fearful Tamil minority over an official language. This kind of controversy among communal and religious forces continued after the election and led to the hideous riots in 1958. Premier Bandaranaike's assassination has shocked Ceylon—but it has not healed her parliamentary instability. The outcome for Ceylonese democracy is very uncertain.

Similar experiences, repeated again and again, have forced more and more Afro-Asians to conclude that Western-style parties are unable to produce even broad alternatives of national policy; instead they tend to preserve those very forces—of land feudalism, language, tribe, caste, region—that can retard a fragile young nation or drag it hopelessly back into the past.

What do the new leaders insist will finally lead to "better" democracy? Ghana's Premier Kwame Nkrumah is, in effect, pushing through legislation that would reduce the parliamentary opposition to a well-ordered and somewhat fearful source of mild criticism. Morocco's King Mohammed V retains authority in himself, but is willing to allow elections to village and municipal councils; even a *consultative* elected assembly is something that must wait until later.

Pakistan's President-General Ayub, a mild but businesslike officer trained at Britain's Sandhurst and fond of shooting in Scotland, is reapproaching democracy from the base of the social pyramid—the illiterate village masses. Land reform has been decreed, threatening the power of the great landowners. Elections have been held for new "basic democracies," as Ayub calls them—village councils each representing 10,000 Pakistanis. Further tiers of representation will be added upwards to a new national assembly—which, however, will not be able to hamper or overthrow the executive.

Parties are banned. Ayub's views on their role have hardened in his year and a half of rule. The odds are now heavy that Pakistan's new constitution will forbid parties, that the new councils and assembly must reflect and argue out national issues without party labels or leaders. Ayub has said flatly that "parliamentary democracy cannot work here. This country cannot be a testing ground for political theories any more." He means, of course, Western theories and systems.

President Sukarno of Indonesia also aims at a strong chief executive. To date, his "guided democracy" plan allows for parties, but only under executive license. He envisages an Indonesian assembly only partly composed of elected party members; the rest are to be appointed from various national groups, and one such group, Sukarno demands, should be the army. Even in a purely consultative legislature, he wants the army to play a vigilante role against excessive party activity.

IN PLACE OF PARTIES

TAKING these Pakistani and Indonesian leaders—one military, the other civilian—as examples, one trend is clear. The British relationship of Cabinet to Parliament is to be abandoned: the least that can be predicted is a growing trend all over Afro-Asia toward the American Presidential system. But there are obvious dangers. If the unruliness of political parties continues, a Presidential system may only increase instability. Parties, prevented from changing an executive by elections for several years, may be less, not more, patient and may more readily resort to violence. The pessimists argue that the U. S.-style system will produce more and more executive reliance on the army for protection (precisely Sukarno's idea). Obvi-

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Erskine Childers, who now lives in London, is a journalist and broadcaster on international affairs. Of Irish birth and Irish-American heritage, he attended Trinity College in Dublin and Stanford University and has traveled throughout the world. Three books by him on Middle Eastern problems will be published this year in London.

ously the result will be very far indeed from U. S. democracy.

Behind such compromises with democracy, certainly, the doubt about parties *at all* remains, and there is much open discussion of "non-party democracy," strange though the very phrase may appear. Essentially it would replace party contest by a *"consensus of opinion"* among and on behalf of all citizens. It should be possible, the thesis argues, for a poor people whose future depends on collective sacrifice in any case, to reach a broad consensus on the needs and priorities of national development. If the educated and slightly better-off minority would restrain—or were *made* to restrain—their economic and political ambitions, a popularly elected executive could implement this consensus—with, ideally, the constructive criticism of representatives elected in a "national union" of citizens. The nation's assembly would thus reflect shades of opinion and special interests, but within a union where dissenting opinions could not assert themselves through party organization. To arrive at a consensus, there would be "circles of democracy" reflecting local, district, and then national conditions.

So vague, hopeful—and ancient—an idea is, obviously, liable to be interpreted in very different ways. (It is, after all, easy enough for Russians to claim that the Communist party, as defined in the Soviet Constitution of 1936, represents a consensus of Soviet opinion.) Its first major exponent in Asia was Mahatma Gandhi whose approach was characteristically spiritual. He asked for *ramaraj*—"sovereignty of the people based on pure moral authority." As Indian independence approached, he pleaded with the Congress party to transform itself into an organization for social action and constructive works in which all Indians could participate, regardless of wealth, education, creed, or caste. He was appealing to man's compassion and self-restraint beside his fellow man in misery. When independence came, Gandhi's appeal for a collective act of non-party faith lost out to the Western parliamentary system approved by Nehru and other Congress leaders, and bequeathed by Britain. But even today, Gandhi's disciple Vinoba Bhave—leader of the Bhoodan movement which encourages gifts of land to the Indian poor—would ask for the same spiritual approach to non-party democracy.

Gandhi wanted this political transformation to come about in a single collective decision. Among his followers in India today there are also those who seek non-party democracy via the present parliamentary system. The leading advocate of this second approach is Jayaprakash Narayan, one of the most respected Indian leaders, whose career reflects the weaknesses of the Congress party. A convinced Gandhian Socialist, Narayan early became disillusioned over the real make-up of the party and, just before India's first general election in 1951, broke away to form a separate Socialist party. But Congress swept the country. In the opposition wilderness, Narayan withdrew from active party life and threw himself into Vinoba Bhave's movement. Now very much back in politics, he emphasizes the dangers for Indian parliamentary democracy after the immense and unifying authority of Nehru is gone. (Nehru was long rumored to favor Narayan as his successor.)

NARAYAN AND NASSER

NARAYAN wants a non-party democracy based on village councils but fears the consequences if it should fail. Caught in this dilemma, he believes India must go on trying to make the present parliamentary system work, but hopes that his non-party ideas will find support at the polls. Recently Narayan circulated in England a new and systematic statement of his views which was summarized in the *Observer:*

> His key word is "communitarian" by which he means the decentralization of political power and decentralization of the national economy—the latter by the creation of crafts and industries, providing a measure of economic self-sufficiency for the villagers. The political and economic tyranny of nation-wide political parties is to be broken. At all levels government is to be by committee; there is to be no cult of personality. The ultimate committee will be the National Council but this will continue to confine itself to foreign relations, defense, and similar matters.

"Even the most Westernized Indians," the *Observer* commented, ". . . feel that only by a peaceful revolution somewhat on the lines advocated by Narayan will the nation recover the sanity and moral *élan* to meet the threat of Communist China."

For Narayan as for every observer of Indian politics, the critical deadline will probably be the next general elections in 1961. If Congress has not shown far more dynamism in local and state-level reforms by then, the consequences may be very grave.

A third kind of "non-party" democracy, the

most drastic and revolutionary approach so far, is being attempted by the United Arab Republic of Egypt and Syria. Operating by virtual decree, it is the antithesis of Gandhi's spiritual and self-restrained idea.

Immediately after the 1952 revolution, Gamal Abdel Nasser insisted strongly that parliamentary democracy should be restored as soon as the royal family and big landowners had been deprived of power; he resigned from the Army Command Council when its members opposed this view. When they finally agreed, Nasser offered Wafdist party leaders the chance to form a new government, on the condition that they inaugurate effective agrarian reform. They refused, and since then Nasser has become progressively disillusioned with Western-style parliaments.

For several years Nasser and his colleagues spoke vaguely of the "old, fake democracy" and of Egypt being in a "transitional stage," but they did not formulate any intelligible political doctrine. Meanwhile the noxious apparatus of a police state grew up, with censorship and suppression of all dissident political activity. The elections to the National Assembly in 1957 were officially described as "non-party," and there was open criticism of the administration in the new assembly, but the system earned the contempt of most intelligent Egyptians.

The new United Arab Republic plan, inaugurated this year, shows signs of more careful thought, and it was significant that Narayan spent hours discussing problems of government with Egyptian leaders during his 1958 visit. Under the new "National Union" system all party activity is banned. Any adult citizen can join the Union, but first he must forswear allegiance to any party—this with a particular eye on Communists. The fundamental principle is much the same as President Ayub's in Pakistan—to start building a democratic structure down in the swarming, illiterate, and abjectly poor villages where, in contrast to the West, there is a complete lack of any tradition of local self-government, and where the traditional village authorities—the landlords, elders and priests—must in general oppose modern democratic self-rule if they are to hold power.

Nasser's position is that all attempts to emulate Western political institutions are useless and fake until the vast peasant population is able to understand elementary workings of democracy on the local level. This year, therefore, the first phase of the National Union system was the election of village and district committees. In the near future, he intends to appoint new, purely consultative assemblies for the Egyptian and Syrian Regions of the U.A.R., the members to be drawn from the old, elected Egyptian assembly and the Syrian parliament. According to the plan, new deputies for these consultative assemblies will later be elected by full adult franchise from within the National Union; periodically the two assemblies will meet in one great U.A.R. Congress.

If the plan is followed, there will emerge a dual system of representation: on the one hand there will be the village and district committees, composed of village representatives who will carry on discussion of largely local issues and will progressively assume responsibility for such local affairs; on the other, there will be the assembly deputies elected in normal constituencies. But these deputies will also sit on the district and provincial organs, so that they will act as the psychological bridges between the village and the nation-state, attempting to link the concerns of the peasant with the larger problems of the region and state.

If the system works as it should, some sampling of popular opinion should filter up to the executive in the process—and on every level the representatives will be discussing issues and learning something about political expression. Thus, it is hoped that a consensus will develop intelligently. The executive—*i.e.,* Nasser and the U.A.R. Vice Presidents—will be popularly elected for fixed terms. Later—much later—the theory is that new and representative parties will develop inside the National Union.

BICKERING WITH THE INTELLECTUALS

THIS complex structure is ambitious in its announced intentions: it purports to "get democracy into the village" and at the same time draw the villages into the life of the nation. But what, in fact, will come of the National Union scheme is a very open question indeed: it is, after all, an attempt to achieve "non-party democracy" amongst largely illiterate peasants over a long "transition period" by executive fiat. There is no question that for some time to come, the country will continue to be run as a dictatorship. The outcome, finally, depends on the intentions and skill of the men who hold power, the economic development of the country, the progress of education on every level, and above all, on the development of a sizable group of responsible and capable Egyptian leaders and technical experts. But the same reservations could be made



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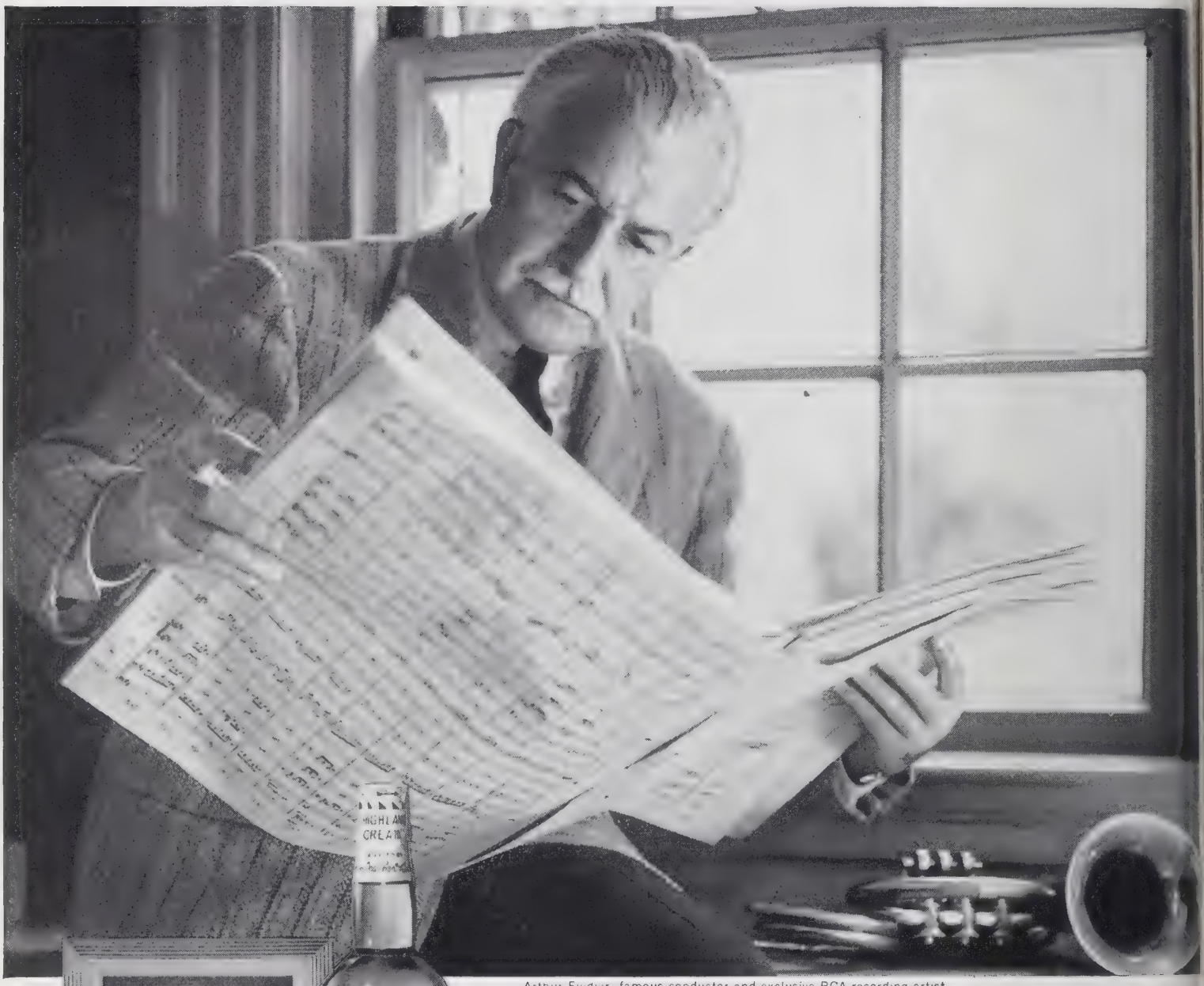
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about attempts to construct democracy in practically *any* of the Afro-Asian countries.

Schemes like the National Union plan pose a whole series of dilemmas which the new governments are far from having solved. In all the young states the enthusiasm of the educated minority is a priceless asset, on which the very administration of the country must depend; but under the new dictatorships this minority is in effect being told that to participate in the nation's political life it must accept a non-party system that offers no practical or early hope of changing the executives who hold real power. Among literate Afro-Asians, the youngest generation—those now in their late teens—are in fact strong supporters of such tough and puritan leaders as Ayub and Nasser. But many of the best older brains, however nationalist their sympathies, abhor restrictions on their civil and intellectual freedom. If they were frustrated by the narrow, corrupt bickering of previous party life, they feel quite as frustrated now.

The new leaders of the non-parliamentary governments need urgently to prove themselves to this invaluable minority. If they are to succeed, the officer-leaders will have to restrain army colleagues inclined to be impatient with "argument." They must reintroduce a *climate* of freedom, even if not its institutional guarantees, so that the intellectual vitality of this minority can be maintained.

But how this is to be done under such new systems is a great and perplexing question, aggravated by the fact that Communist parties in Afro-Asia seek power by exploiting freedom of party activity. Events in Iraq point this up. The Communists are the most insistent in demanding full party and press freedom, yet their use of it imperils the very future of the country. This internal Communist challenge will grow, posing the old question: What degree of freedom can be maintained if Communists dangerously threaten internal order? Some confident atmosphere of free debate will have to be maintained, but no one can say how it will be done.

It is not easy for officer-reformers to appreciate such delicacies. There is a psychological chasm between the new officer-reformers and the civilian intelligentsia, and it too must be bridged—for Afro-Asian armies certainly will dominate the public scene for a long time to come. In its widest ramifications, the problem was illustrated not long ago by a young Egyptian lecturer who said to me:

"I think Nasser is honest and sincere. But I don't get anything from his speeches—any help, any real information about what's going on in his mind. I'm supposed to teach my students political science. When they ask me what form of government we have or what philosophy it conforms to, I can't tell them. I don't know myself, Nasser doesn't explain it in terms acceptable in a university, and I'm not sure it's safe for me to try if I want to keep my job."

HOW MUCH SYMPATHY DO THEY NEED?

THE need for some kind of new ideology remains. So does the need to give educated youth a sense of participation in the progress of the country. This is even more than a problem of giving them jobs—in itself a monumental problem amidst the Afro-Asian white-collar unemployment which was a major source of Communist success in Kerala in India, for example. Some recognition of this need can be found in Nasser's National Service Corps of youth for constructive work—*e.g.*, campaigns to eradicate the scourge disease of bilharziasis from irrigation ditches; in the new Singapore government's construction teams; and in similar organizations in Ghana. With wise leadership and democratic internal organization, these youth bodies can play a tremendous role in national development, as they do in Israel. They can act as bridges of greater understanding between city and village; they could even undertake rural adult literacy campaigns ("each one teach one"). But if indifferently handled they could degenerate into grim, semi-military labor levies.

One crucial measure of the new village-level councils will be the extent to which the discussion and elections are tied to the things that touch the illiterate peasant most closely. Village councils should have budgets for their own simple projects like new wells, roads, schoolhouses. This has long been done in India's community development zones, but unfortunately the peasant gets no idea of money, development, and representation as they are related to the problems of the *national* government.

These, then, are the increasingly evident types of "new democracy" rising in Afro-Asia. The broad picture is still very fluid, and the future in many countries—like Iraq, for example—is highly uncertain. Under Nuri, 94 per cent of Iraqis owned no land. To the new regime's credit, redistribution is now under way. But to peasants just coming out of virtual serfdom, the difference between a new village council organized by Communists and one by non-Com-

munists is almost meaningless—*unless they are given firm ideological leadership at national levels.* Significantly, following the pattern of Mao Tse-tung's 1937-47 "united front" policy in the countryside, Iraqi Communists count on creating a popular peasant base for an eventual bid to power against the unstable and incoherent Kassim government. China's embassy is notably more influential in Baghdad than Russia's. Fortunately, few Afro-Asian countries are in such immediate internal danger. But the warning is constantly there for all of them.

For the West the trend of revisionism involves enormous challenges. As the home of the only established, working democracies, the West must retain its highly critical standards of judgment; wholesale sympathy will encourage megalomania in dictators. But on the other hand, there is a growing danger that we may indulge in sweeping, cynical rejection of the new Afro-Asian theories. Many young Afro-Asians, even those who are themselves doubtful and uncertain about their leaders' experiments, see in scornful Western comment an overweening cultural arrogance. This could yet prove to be the most dangerous and ironic legacy of the imperialist and white-supremacy era. These young people want sympathetic analysis from the West. Vinoba Bhave has put it bluntly: "When will the West tire of the perfection of its governments?"

THE FEAR OF "STRINGS"

THERE are other crucial ways, of course, in which the West must help this huge region while it searches for political formulas. It is now a familiar cry that enormous sums of external capital aid will be needed, and as soon as possible. Some 800 million people are acquiring, for the first time, an impatience with recurrent starvation and disease; if that impatience is not met by tangible progress, all discussion of their systems of government will be academic: chaos and/or Communist control will be a ready alternative.

Sooner or later the prosperous nations of the West will have to face up to the necessity of a combined aid program which may call for as much as 2 per cent of their national incomes —the figure recently proposed by the British Labor party. A boldly conceived program of foreign aid would, perhaps more than anything else, help stabilize the foreign policies and public attitudes of the nationalist leaders. Faced with mass misery, these men may, as Walter Lippmann recently wrote, "resort unhesitatingly to the slogans, the ideologies, the war cries, if they have to quiet the population." During his recent visit to Egypt, for instance, Lippmann became convinced that what can be done for the Arab refugees will depend "in the main not only on the money and the energy which the world is willing to invest, but also, primarily, on the internal condition of the Arab states, and particularly of Egypt." Lippmann reported that the willingness of the Egyptian government to engage in a refugee solution "will be greatly affected by the progress President Nasser makes in the development of the Egyptian economy."

But to render aid of the proportions required will take an extraordinary degree of tact and understanding. The young nationalist countries are extremely touchy about any implication of financial pressure on their policies; they can be expected to refuse assistance—and to look elsewhere—if it is offered with strings attached to it. Economic aid, in short, can seldom if ever assure international friendship; it can only help produce the economic and political conditions in which friendly relations can develop. In the last analysis the Western nations would gain rather than lose if they could channel their aid through the United Nations.

This fear of "external pressure"—real or imagined *or* used as an excuse—can twist and distort the policies of young states; it is in the nature of ex-colonial nationalism to see fire behind the smoke of grievances. Not only must the West try to reduce political frictions with Afro-Asian nations, but also it must avoid exacerbating their relations with the Sino-Soviet bloc. Today, for instance, it is hopeless to try to pressure Afro-Asian countries into giving a touring Khrushchev the cold shoulder.

The West, we must always remember, has most of the handicaps in this contest: race prejudice, colonial stigmas, the grave mistakes made since World War II. The Soviet Union, by contrast, has enormous advantages: its revolutionary experience; its multi-racial composition; its striking record of material progress; its willingness to aid and educate the Afro-Asians; its workable, if totalitarian, model of government. Undoubtedly the political liberty enjoyed in the West represents an asset in approaching these countries—but it is an asset which will need careful re-interpretation to be meaningful.

While the need for economic aid seems to be increasingly apparent, it is not so widely recognized that one of the most important kinds of help that the West can give to Afro-Asia is ideological. Far more academic and intel-

lectual energy should be concentrated on the problems of liberty and social development in Afro-Asia. (The kind of seminar of scholars from the West and Afro-Asia held at Rhodes in 1958 by the Congress for Cultural Freedom needs constant repetition.) Such studies must not perpetuate the assumptions listed at the beginning of this article, but must work on a new premise—that the West may *not* have the exclusive monopoly on all possible approaches to democracy for all possible societies. The evolution of some kind of working political consensus might well be more suitable for Afro-Asia than the party contests of the West.

Afro-Asian leaders may be able—if given a great deal of material aid—to rush their impatient and hungry peoples through economic transformations which the West took centuries to achieve, but it is very doubtful if they can move as quickly in politics. The Soviet Union understands this and is trying to make the most of it in Asia and Africa; it could be fatal if we cling to our Western illusions and fail to understand it too.

MAXINE W. KUMIN

ON THE CENTENARY OF THE CIVIL WAR

GOOD friend, from my province, what is there to say?
My great-grandfather left me here
rooted in grateful guilt
who came, an escaped conscript
blasted out of Europe in 1848;
came, mourned by all his kin
who put on praying hats
and sat a week on footstools there;
plowed forty days by schooner
and sailed in at Baltimore
a Jew, and poor;
strapped needles up and notions
and walked packaback across
the dwindling Alleghenies,
his red beard and nutmeg freckles
dusting as he sang.

There are no abolitionists in my past to point to.
The truth is that this man
my only link with that event
prospered in Virginia, begat
eight young and sewed eight years
on shirts to get them bread.
When those warm states stood up to fight,
the war made him a factory
in a pasture lot where he sat,
my part-time pacifist,
stitching uniforms for the Confederates.
The gray cloth made him rich;
they say he lived to lose it all.
I have only a buckle and a candlestick
left over, like old rhetoric,
from his days

to show how little I belong.
This is the way I remember it was told
but in a hundred years
all stories go wrong.

Harper's Magazine, April 1960


Rural Electrics...
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l managed by the local people who built them,
l use the electricity they provide.

Thirty years ago, rural electrification was at a
ndstill. Slightly less than ten per cent of our
ms had electricity in 1930. Five years later, the
ıre was still less than 11 per cent. People in the
ıntry were widely scattered—supposedly too
tly to reach.

Rural electrification was considered a foolhardy
am except by a few visionary pioneers, and the
n and women who were reading by kerosene
ıps and pumping water by hand. Then came
Rural Electrification Administration.

Rural people organized into groups, borrowed
ney from the REA, and built their own lines—
only way they could get electricity. Today,
r 1,000 of these locally-owned electric systems
ve 16 million people. More than 96 per cent of
farms are electrified.

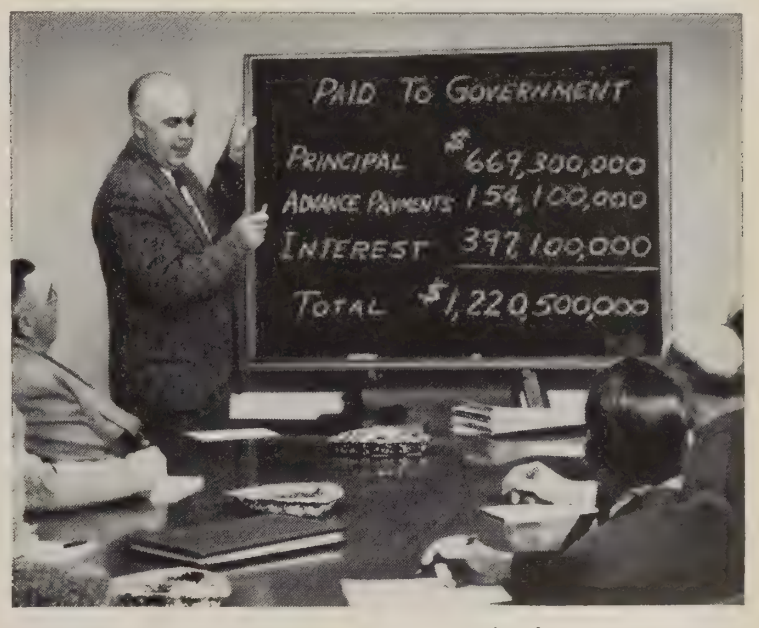
Despite high cost operation, these rural electric
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l electrification will enable our decreasing number of farmers roduce the vital food needed to feed our booming population.



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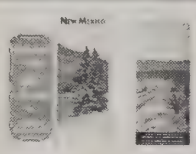


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WILLIAM S. WHITE

In Defense of Congressional Investigations

In spite of their bad reputation, the inquiring committees can prove very useful. The fifty now under way seem likely to produce the most constructive results of the present session—and maybe justice to boot.

WASHINGTON—It was a hissing and a byword only short years ago, and on the whole it was a rightly hated thing. But the Congressional investigation is quietly restoring itself to informed public favor and, so to speak, to the decent opinion of mankind.

The re-emergence to a useful respectability of a process so recently caught up in squalid witch- and headline-hunting is one of the most significant and least noted of current political developments. And that this has come about serves as a good reminder: When political mechanisms are perverted in wrong or hysterical or evil hands, it is wiser to try to reclaim them than simply to destroy them as the devil's implements. The corruption of juries has been occasional since Magna Carta. But only the overly excited have felt this to be reason to throw out the system.

Congressional investigations exist in part because, by inference, they are provided for in constitutional government. Congress is presumed to require information in order to legislate. But in the realities of life they exist because they must. And when they become bad rather than good instruments they do so because those momentarily in charge are themselves bad men or, more frequently, men unable to *contain* themselves and consequently lacking the instinct of justice, rough or otherwise. Neither the very "liberal" nor the very "conservative" can be trusted with *any* kind of justice. These are never contained men.

To relate a sense of justice to a Congressional investigation, or even to say that the two concepts can live at the same time in the same mind, is superficially difficult. And not long ago the attempt would have been treated as utter madness. This was in the days when Senator McCarthy was riding high and not handsome, in the days when Senators McCarran and Jenner were personally deciding who was American and loyal and who was not.

I yield to no man, as they say around the Senate, in still-remembered horror at what happened to the individual victims of those times. All excited my pity, if only some my respect. And I know that many sensible men were eager then to cast out the whole system of the Congressional investigation, and good riddance. But if its all-too-visible flaws were widely perceived, some important other facts were not. First of all, nothing absolutely unique was going on anyhow. Any police or criminal-court reporter knows that



Only a self educated man can be truly educated

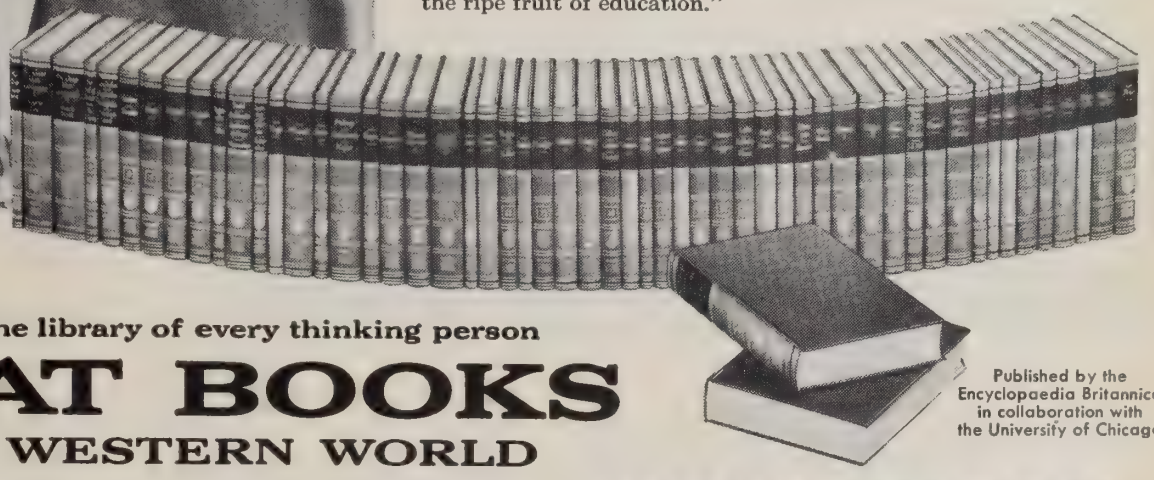
A thoughtful discussion by **William Benton**
former Asst. Secretary of State and U.S. Senator

"There are probably very few people who labor under the delusion that because they once satisfactorily completed a physics course in school their knowledge of science is complete. In fact, there is general recognition that a scientist's education is never complete.

"It is paradoxical indeed that in the equally profound areas of history, philosophy, theology, literature, all the important humanities, just the reverse is commonly held to be true. Once the required course of study is passed and a college degree earned, our education in these subjects is often assumed to be complete.

"This, of course, could not be further from the truth. A person who does not continue year after year to add to his knowledge and insight can never be a really educated man. In fact, just the opposite is likely to occur. Change is a law of life. Nothing remains static. Our interests either broaden or narrow. Our thoughts deepen or become ever more shallow. We grow in knowledge and perception or our minds shrink away to insignificance.

"The amount of formal schooling possible to us is usually limited, of course, by the necessity of earning a living. Only self-education can continue to give us the constant association with great minds and the contemplation of great thoughts which produce an educated man. The edition of the Great Books described below was compiled with this purpose in mind—to provide the nourishment the mind needs to grow in wisdom—the ripe fruit of education."



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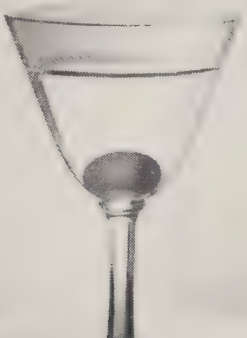
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in the courts—and most particularl in the federal courts—an equall savage unfairness from the bench i not only possible but often actuall happens.

The theory of equal justice eve in the courts is and always was ver far from absolute fact. Ask any ex perienced lawyer—whether he b that wretched type, the "crimina lawyer," who is of course, accordin to popular legend, always up to n good, or even the civil lawyer wh occasionally takes a criminal case ou of pity. You don't need to go to Great Mouthpiece. Just inquire o the fellow whose law-insurance offic is over the bank in a little town o the fellow whose cubicle stands i the great warren of a metropolita law firm—if you can find in such place a solitary man who ever *too* a criminal case.

And, in the second place, our re cent and understandable revulsio from Congressional investigation really missed the mark. No kind o inquisitorial body, including an grand jury, is in the end any better- law or no law, Bill of Rights or n Bill of Rights—than the man actuall running it. The "Blue Ribbon grand jury hurling indictments righ and left at the command of an ambi tious prosecutor is surely not an un known feature of our national life This prosecutor is, in fact, about a common as that other unpleasan character, the Congressional Com mittee Chairman with one hand ful of subpoenas and the other han waving citations for contempt o Congress and putting ideas and peo ple on trial rather than facts an issues.

ANY due and right power of in quiry is fatally compromised once i is twisted to the service either o howlingly righteous "crusades" or o punitive Congressmen seeking no actually to jail individual men bu only to destroy their characters an lives.

And what we have had in the bac old days of Congressional investiga tions was precisely this latter. Too many inquiries became pseudo grand-jury and trial-jury proceeding all in one. Too few took the prope road by leaving punishment to thos empowered to punish and by seek ing, instead, only facts or th

aking of propaganda. The evils operly hunted in Congressional investigations on the whole are essentially impersonal evils: flaws in reign policy which may imperil the tion; bureaucratic ham-handedss; vulgar though perhaps lawful eating in television; intolerable t entirely legal mark-ups in the ices of essential drugs; denials, in st groups such as labor, of the sic economic and political rights. d so on.

It simply comes to this: Congresnal inquiries are useful—and most the time even orderly—when they e directed only toward their proper jectives. And only when care is ken to avoid creating either kanroo courts or scenes reminiscent of tain hangings that went on some o centuries ago in places like lem, Massachusetts.

For five years now—that is, from e time the Democrats recaptured ngress in the 1954 elections—the ngressional investigation has on e whole been so directed. This is t accidental. For whenever Conss is in Republican control there a tendency for most of its inuments of inquiry to fall into the nds of the Republican far-rights. These men naturally gravitate the kind of committee work that ers opportunity (if perverted optrtunity) for Dick Tracy work on large scale. These rightist chaps lly believe in a kind of Balkan litics: People who disagree with u fundamentally are *bound* to be l. And what do you do with evil? hy, naturally, you crush it. You n't merely defeat your opponent; u fling his lifeless body into a lime . But when Congress is in Demotic control the structure of the rty forbids the Democratic far-left which also really believes in the me kind of Balkan politics—to ermaster the investigative funcn.

This should not be read to mean at the Republican party is the rty of injustice and the Democratic rty the party of justice. It only eans that the Republican far-right in the Congressional wing more werful in its party than is the mocratic far-left in *its* party. The se of justice in the whole run of th parties is not significantly difent, though perhaps the quotien

Is The Catholic Church A MENACE TO DEMOCRACY?



Every now and then a false rumor about the Catholic Church gets into circulation and—for a time—fools a lot of people.

Usually such rumors die out when fair-minded people learn the truth. But some of them pop up again like "ghosts" out of the distant past, to deceive people who have not heard them before.

The one most prevalent today is that American freedom is in danger from "the anti-democratic program of the Roman hierarchy." This, to some people, will sound new and alarming. Actually, there is nothing new about it.

Catholics of a century ago heard the same "alarm"... that the Church was hostile to our form of government—that she was anti-republican in spirit and influence—that she would disregard our free institutions and deprive us of self-government.

Even those who do not understand the teaching and practices of the Catholic Church will have to admit the falsity of this rumor . . . for the evidence of a hundred years contradicts it in every particular. The Catholic people always have stood shoulder-to-shoulder with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens in building and defending our liberty and free institutions.

The rumor of today . . . like the rumor of a hundred years ago . . . does not claim that the Catholic Church is harmful to men's souls. It does not claim that the Church endangers the salvation of mankind. Its entire objection is that the Church is hostile to our political and social institutions.

In this there is a remarkable resemblance to the "alarm" sounded against Jesus Christ Himself.

"If we let this man go," said the Savior's critics, "the Romans will come and take away our name and our nation."

Some think that Catholics should get their blood pressure up and reply angrily to these rumors. This is not necessary. We know that the American people of all faiths . . . with their traditional sense of justice . . . will boot this ugly ghost back into its closet without our help.

But if you would like to know the Catholic attitude toward democratic freedom, our form of self-government, and the rights of the State and the individual, write today for free pamphlet on the subject. Just ask for Pamphlet No. D-21.

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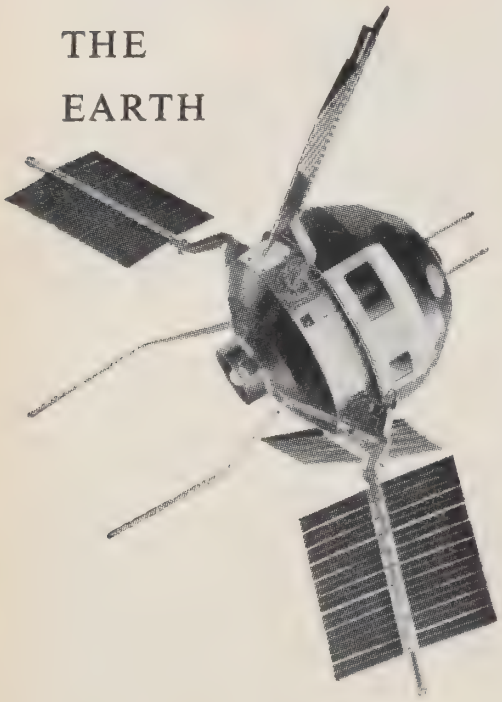
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of compassion is a bit higher among the Democrats.

The present Congress has on the docket, in motion or in hand, some fifty inquiries and investigations. Not all of them together—with the possible exception of investigation into our military posture—are likely to stir up the public clamor that McCarthy could easily produce within a week. The outlook, however, is for much constructive work, if you accept my own rather restrained definition of what is a good Congressional inquiry: the exposure of *situations* rather than the hot pursuit of private individuals through the usurpation of the functions of the grand jury; the making of propaganda, whether of "good" or "bad" propaganda, to enlighten or even merely to activate the public mind; the application of fire to the feet of obscurantist or stubbornly inept bureaucrats.

WHAT has already gone on of late strongly supports this happy forecast.

I would not take an oath that the Democratically-controlled McClellan Committee's long investigation of labor racketeering was absolutely even-handed. It is more than possible that the story of shocking abuses thus brought out in *some* labor unions did not deal fairly with the large body of unionism. And it is far more than merely possible that management, by indirection, was presented as more high-minded and deserving of the Republic than it is in fact. All the same I think one must conclude that on balance Senators John L. McClellan and John F. Kennedy did a good job of opening the way to needed labor-reform legislation. And I don't recall any instance of persecution of individuals. It is easy to say, when another fellow is sweating on the hot seat, that this thermal treatment is only for his own good. But in this case I do believe so much can be fairly said.

Again, there was the affair of Bernard Goldfine and Sherman Adams, the white marble pillar of New England rectitude. The disclosure of this wretched business by the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight surely was in aid of the public interest. I never did think it was a memorable villainy; but it

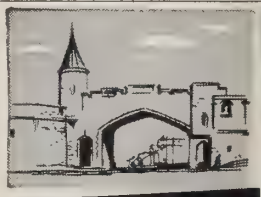
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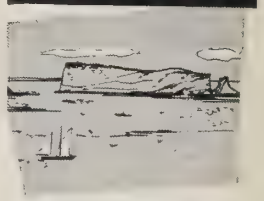
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PUBLIC & PERSONAL

d need to be ventilated. And this is no case of Congressional bloodhounds pitilessly running down some ared little private rabbit. Adams d all the immense power of the lministration behind him to the oint where his case became demonrably untenable.

But the work of the same committee, headed by Rep. Oren Harris Arkansas, in exposing the TV ındals has been even more useful d, as it seems to me, obviously fair well. What has already come out s brought not one but two windlls of the highest public value. The vestigation has forced a continug public—and industry—re-examinion of what the incalculable force television was doing to cheapen nerican culture and standards. nd the committee early turned up is extraordinary fact: The bureauatic guardians of the air spaces had st been happily asleep and then riously insistent not on exercising eir powers but on proving that ey really didn't have much power yhow.

Again, nobody here was put to the ke. It is true that the unfortunate harles Van Doren had an unhappy ne. But it is also true that he ought it most abundantly upon mself and that the accuser was not much an investigating body as it s Van Doren himself.

It can be said with certainty that t for the device of the Congresonal investigation this situation uld not have been properly ought to light, as the first step ward some effort at reform. To be re, the New York County Grand ry had already entered the field. t it will be recalled that the aurities decided—and quite rightly hat the publication of secret and Jury minutes was no proper y to put the wind up among the evision people and the bureaucrats the Federal Trade and Communitions Commissions. And in any se the use of the Grand Jury record uld only have had the quality of a neralized cry, "Oh, the wickedness it all!" It would not have acmplished much otherwise.

HEN, there has been the Kefauer Antitrust and Monopoly inuiries. (To the end, God help me, shall resist the word "probe.")



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by Dr. K. N. Satyendra

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PUBLIC & PERSONAL

Some time ago, in another place, I went after Senator Estes Kefauver for his "Crime Investigation" of 1950 and '51. This seemed to me then—and does still—to have amounted to a denial of the Bill of Rights to undoubtedly "bad" men in a nationally televised cops-and-robbers play. But I am happy now to pay the highest tribute to this same Senatorial investigator, Estes Kefauver. His disclosures of the fantastic mark-up in the prices of some needed medicines—it was declared to be about 7,000 per cent on one item—is a world away from chasing crap-shooters.

The result, among other things, has been to drive down some of these ridiculous prices. Less discernibly effective, but not much less useful, have been other Kefauver inquiries into steel, automobile, milk, and bread prices. It is not necessary to assume that Kefauver has exaggerated nothing in all these matters. Nor is it necessary to suppose that "the interests" have been so evil as his committee has sometimes suggested. The point is this: Nothing would have been done about these prices, in drugs especially, but for the Congressional power to investigate. For another illustration, Senator Thomas C. Hennings, Jr., who is quite liberal and also has read the Constitution, has done good work through the inquiries of his Constitutional Rights Subcommittee. For example, some pause has been given to the hordes of wiretappers, official and unofficial, who have been skulking about the country with their silly and ugly little tape-recorders. Who or what body, other than a Congressional investigating group, could or would have done as much as this?

AS to the future, there is reason to believe that two more or less running investigations in this Congress will have contributed materially to the nation before they are done. There is the inquiry into the missile and outer-space matter. And there is the series of unpartisan and objective studies of foreign policy being made by private and semi-private research groups under sanction of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Because the nation can have only one Commander in Chief at a



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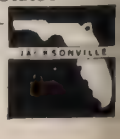
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UBLIC & PERSONAL

me, the President, there is abso-tely no way for any Congress to gage the Executive *head on* as to e wisdom or adequacy of his mili-ry preparations. In this field, any esident can, to put the matter ainly, simply tell Congress to go hell. Congress need not actually this; on the other hand it has no wer of effective and direct retort cept to deny to him *all* military propriations. This would cut off t only its own nose but a large ction of its head as well. But Con-ess *can* through the device of vestigation make a strong, and nceivably even a decisive, propa-nda through third-party testimony ainst Executive actions it believes be too late, too timid, too little, too sanguine.

About the same can be said of reign policy. I myself, in a column re only last month, joined the ny, lost company of the war-ongers by casting doubt upon the rrent Eisenhower foreign policy of good will." This, as I mentioned en, by every present sign is not bing really to be debated in the ming campaign. It is possible, owever, that some spirit of inquiry nd challenge, some urge to show-me inking, can be made to proceed utward to the public over the etallic microphones of the Con-ressional investigation.

True, this inquiry is not likely in ny event to have much to do with ne election itself. But it just might ave something to do with the sub-quent thinking of the nation. And t all events it may vindicate the stem.

Up the Congressional investiga-on—the good one, that is!

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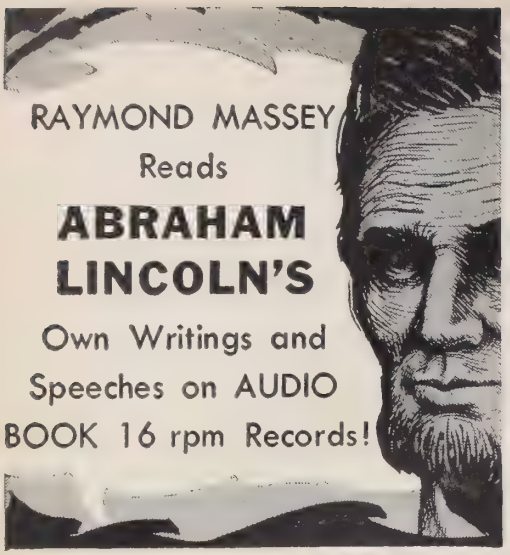
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Bizet's "Carmen" remains one of the half-dozen most popular operas ever written, and it is never absent from the repertoire of any opera house. But how seldom is it that one hears a great Carmen! Who was the last great Carmen at the Metropolitan Opera? Bruna Castagna, back in the late 1930s? There is something about the role that seems to throw even major singers for a loss; and it also exerts a fatal fascination on them. The creator of the role, Marie Galli-Marié, was a mezzo-soprano, but that has not prevented sopranos from singing the part. Farrar, for example; and now, on records, Victoria de los Angeles.

Many are called, few are chosen. Characterization as well as singing is necessary; it is not enough merely to make beautiful sounds. And, a commonly conceived these days, Ca men on the operatic stage is littl more than a slut, throwing hersel at every man. This is a basic mis conception. It is true that Carmen' morals are not of a sort calculated t endear her to a Methodist bishop but whatever her lapses from grac she is a one-man woman while she i in love, and she defiantly faces deat —and goes to it—because of principle In a way she is a female Don Gio vanni. Both look fate in the eye an go to their destiny because they ar what they are and refuse to be any thing else. And in that moment the achieve greatness.

Two recordings of **Carmen** hav simultaneously been issued. The on with de los Angeles is conducted b Sir Thomas Beecham and include in the cast Nicolai Gedda, Janine Micheau, and Ernst Blanc (Capito GCR 7207, monophonic; SGCR 7207, stereophonic; 3 discs). In the competitive album are Consuelo Rubio, Leopold Simoneau, Pierrette Alarie, and Heinz Rehfuss, with



USIC IN THE ROUND

Jerre-Michel Le Conte leading the orus and orchestra of Les Concerts Paris (Epic SC 6035, monophonic; C 106, stereophonic; 3 discs).

But there really is no competition. ıbio makes Carmen sound like a *dinette,* sexless and colorless. Hers a carefully, traditionally sung esentation, and in general it is ɔical of the work of Le Conte, who nducts in the small-scaled manner ɔresentative of the Opéra-Comique its least inspiring.

The Capitol set presents de los ngeles in a new light. In her many etropolitan Opera performances e has not been the most convinc- g of artists, mostly because of her ysical appearance (stout; rather msy; an awkward actress) and, ove all, the lack of real tempera- ent in her work. Where on the ncert stage she can use her melt- g voice to dissolve an audience, she ver has been able to get under the n of her operatic characterizations. l agree that as voices go, in this or y other generation, hers would te at the top. But de los Angeles s never been able to put her voice work effectively for her in the era house.

All the more reason for surprise at is "Carmen," then. She does not g it in a sultry manner, but she es seem to understand and feel the le. A decided picture comes rough the vinyl: the picture of a rmen who is perhaps a little more fined than most, but who has de- rmination, backbone, and even mperament. That de los Angeles ould handle the vocal problems so autifully is no cause for surprise. e always had a fine lower register he has sung the role of Rosina "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" in the iginal mezzo keys) and an unsur- ssed evenness of scale and, of urse, a haunting vocal quality. But at she can bring such a quality of mperament and personality to her rmen is a happy surprise to this e of her admirers.

The others in the cast are excel- nt. Gedda sings a fervent Don José is is the best record he has ever rticipated in) and Blanc is a reso- nt Escamillo. Weakest in the cast, ough capable, is Micheau, whose ice tends toward shrillness. Yet e knows the style admirably. echam conducts with his usual mbination of sensitivity and ca-



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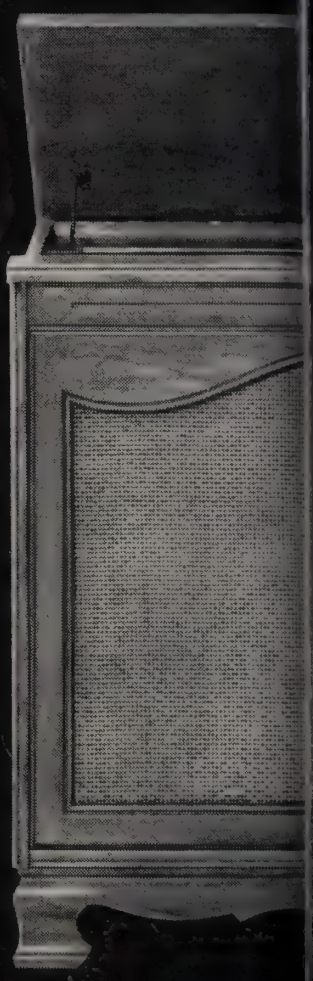
price. He, as always, has some original ideas, such as the slow pacing of Carmen's second-act *"Là-bas, là-bas, dans la montagne."* In this tempo the aria sounds almost like a reverie, very effective and tender, and it is as if one is hearing it for the first time. Other tempo selections, as in the choruses of the first act, sound less fortunate. All told, though, this is by far the best recorded version of "Carmen" in our time.

Remakes and Mistakes

Other recent recorded opera, with one exception, is along conventional lines. A new **Aïda,** with Tebaldi, Simionato, Bergonzi, and MacNeil, and with Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic (London A 4345, monophonic; OSA 1313, stereophonic; 3 discs), supersedes an older "Aïda" from London, also with Tebaldi in the title role. There are some significant differences. Tebaldi's singing has greater depth and maturity now. But there is an obverse side: she does not have the same kind of vocal control, and she tends to sing a fraction under the pitch. Bergonzi is a competent tenor whose voice does not have the weight for Radames, who does not convey much personality, and who does not make a very commanding general (joke). Simionato is wonderful, MacNeil equally so, and von Karajan conducts a spit-and-polish performance with every note exactly in place.

In Puccini's **Manon Lescaut,** with Maria Callas, Giuseppe di Stefano, and lesser-known singers (Angel 3564, monophonic; S3564, stereophonic; 3 discs), we have Italian opera singing at its worst. Di Stefano is a small-voiced tenor who *will* push his attractive organ into a scream; and not all of Callas' intelligence can compensate for the ugly sounds she makes more often than not. Tullio Serafin conducts this one. A new **Faust** (Capitol GDR 7154, monophonic; SGDR 7154, stereophonic; 4 discs) is a remake, with the same cast, of a previous "Faust." Heard here are de los Angeles, Gedda, and Boris Christoff. André Cluytens leads the Paris Opéra orchestra. As Marguerite, de los Angeles has none of the conviction she brings to Carmen, and her singing is singularly tensionless. Beautiful, but a sort of *tabula*

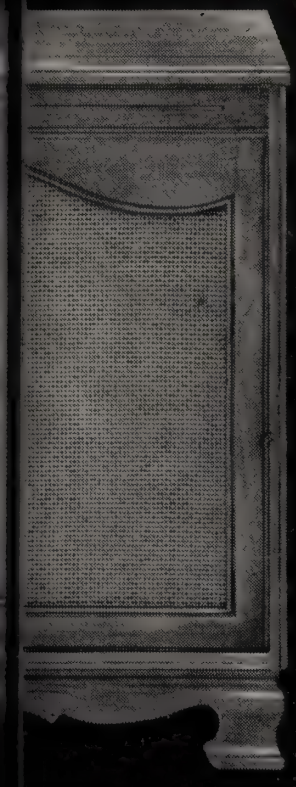
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F SOUND

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

rasa. Those who want the opera, however, will have to put up with this version, as there is no satisfactory alternate.

Long Live Arthur!

The one real novelty of recently recorded opera is Henry Purcell's **King Arthur.** It is called an opera by courtesy; in reality it is incidental music to a play by Dryden. Dryden called it "a Dramatick opera." In the dedication he writes about the art of "Mr. Purcel [*sic*]," who "has compos'd it with so great a Genius, that he has nothing to fear but an ignorant, ill-judging Audience." Then Dryden makes the eternal plaint of the word-man who has to work with the music-man: "But the Numbers of the Poetry and Vocal Musick, are sometimes so contrary, that in many places I have been oblig'd to cramp my Verses, and make them rugged to the Reader, that they may be harmonious to the Hearer."

Dryden may have suffer'd, but well he deserved to. A worse play, and a worse opera libretto, for that matter, is hard to imagine. Purcell, a much more original mind than Dryden, did what he could. There is a delicious chorus—"Hither this way"—on Side 2 of the recording; it is almost as good as the famous Sailor's Chorus from "Dido and Aeneas." And another chorus—"Shepherd, shepherd"—is sheer enchantment. Occasionally Purcell is delightfully naïve. The aria, "What Power art thou?" which the unfortunate singer has to sing in a sustained tremolo, must have wowed 'em back in 1691.

The participants in this album (London Oiseau-Lyre 50176/7, monophonic; SOL 60008/9, stereophonic; 2 discs) are Elsie Morison, Heather Harper, John Whitforth, John Cameron, and several others. Anthony Lewis leads the St. Anthony Singers and the orchestra of the Philomusica of London. All are excellent, or at least so it appears to one who has not seen the opera in score.

Like Poltergeists

Want to show off your new stereophonic equipment? Get the new album of Archibald MacLeish's **J.B.** (Victor LDS 6075, stereophonic, 2 discs). The play itself,



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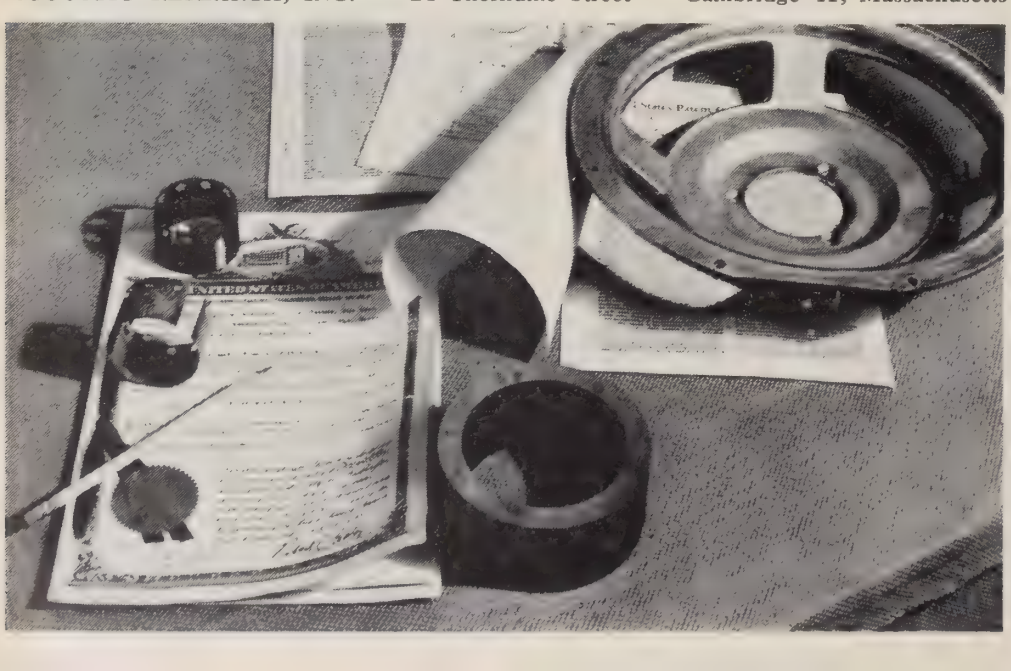
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MUSIC IN THE ROUN

here done by Raymond Mass Christopher Plummer, and the oth in the Broadway production, may may not make an appeal to you. didn't to me. After all the heavir and catastrophes are over, the or conclusion that MacLeish (being modern, not a Biblical, man) c come up with is that "We never c know. We *are* and that is all o answer." Which is no answer at a And the figure of the wife, who h cursed God, comes back at the e resembling the all-wise, all-comp sionate mother in a TV family sh or a short story in a women's mag zine. There are vague murmu about love and the necessity of suffe ing in order to love. It's what t late James Agate used to refer to highbrow tosh.

But the "J.B." recording do have one thing: gimmickry. Th Victor engineers have thrown ever thing in the book into the albun Zuss and Nickles hurl words at eac other from opposite speakers. Foo steps cross the wall like poltergeis in a haunted house. When J.I sharpens the knives for the Thank giving turkey, the listener is apt t drool, so realistic is the sound. nothing else, this recording is lexicon of what stereophonic r production is capable of doing. Thi is what they mean when they tal about a new dimension in listening

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A reissue on a stereophonic disc of an earlier monophonic recording. This i one of Bach's most ingenious scores—a sort of baby *Kunst der Fuge*—and be longs in all record libraries.

A Z Z *notes*

ic Larrabee

JUKEBOX

hat jazz and popular music are intimately connected is among the st obvious and least understood of ts. Why is so much jazz unpopular? y is so much pop music so hopelessly elated to pure jazz? One convention ds that jazz is the wellspring of ginality which juke-box favorites and parade orchestras then exploit and re is something to this. But there are stions it still leaves unanswered.

Popular music too has its dignities l internal dynamics. They are not, at s moment, fashionable to investigate anything like the awe and pedantry ished on the canon of accredited jazz.

otherwise sophisticated magazine e *High Fidelity* still patronizes jazz though it were a subdivision of pop sic, while jazz writers still retaliate in d—snubbing pop music the way jazz lf has been snubbed since the days of disreputable youth.

Yet, for every American under the age forty who cares one way or another ut "proper" jazz, there are a dozen o came of age in the cradling arms of jukebox, the teen-age nursery of the dside restaurant and corner drugre. How many hours have we all spent ile the sleepless mechanism in the ner glowed and sang?

The Decca company has currently reued a six-volume anthology of its hit ords from the 'thirties to the 'fifties, m Clyde McCoy's "Sugar Blues" to hake, Rattle, and Roll." The result is ndensed, retrospective exposure to the l blast of pop music, all across the rrow range of its sentiment and sonic shness, from Bing Crosby's open roatiness to the close, head-cold harnies of the Andrews Sisters. If, somev, someone were to try to figure out at distinguishes hit recordings, here uld be much of his basic data.

The early volumes seem to me the st, either because time has sifted out ssics, or because Decca then was in ser touch with popular taste, or beuse that was my generation. The liner py is more than usually repulsive and informative, as though the company elf had little respect for the admirable ing it has done.

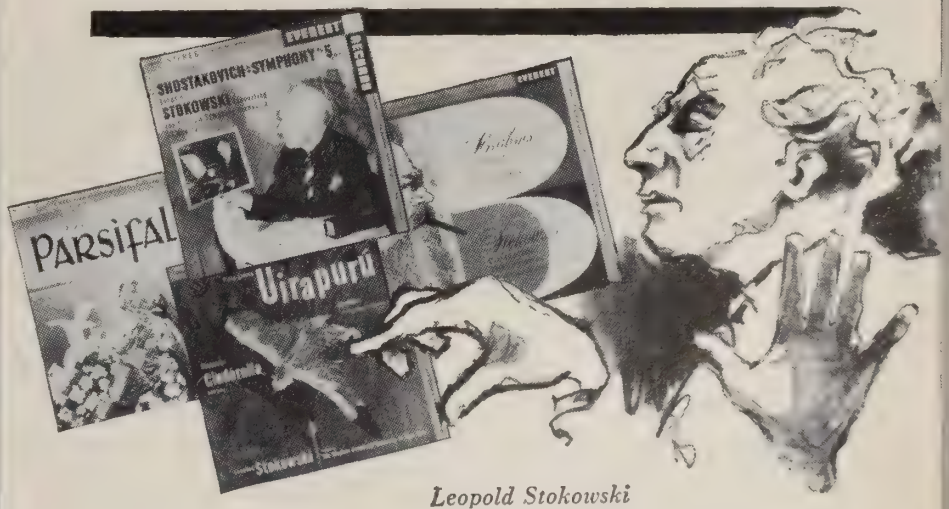
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PAUL PICKREL

Varieties of Commitment

HISTORIANS of French literature sometimes like to divide writers into two categories: those who, like Pascal, bet their lives on a commitment to a faith or a program of reform or a set of ideas, and those who, like Montaigne, remain more noncommittal, skeptically examining the faiths or programs or ideas that engage the loyalties of their fellow men. Doubtless it is too simple a scheme of classification to be very useful, but it serves to point out the most salient difference between two recent autobiographies of American writers—**Name and Address** by T. S. Matthews (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) and **Lament for a Generation** by Ralph de Toledano (Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy, $3.95).

Matthews is by far the more uncommitted man of the two. His working life has been devoted to journalism—for a decade he was on the staff of the *New Republic,* starting as general editorial handyman and gradually rising to more responsible tasks; then for nearly a quarter-century he was on the staff of *Time*, at first as book reviewer but later achieving respectability as managing editor and editor. Now in his late fifties and living in London, he is apparently more or less retired.

But the interest in Matthews' book lies less in the account of his oddly assorted journalistic career than in its revelation of a certain kind of American, a kind of American who has been written about a good deal in fiction but has rarely chosen to reveal himself in autobiography: a man who has had just about the best of everything America has to offer in the way of wealth and position, family and education, jobs and opportunities, and who has found nothing in all of it that finally satisfies his spirit.

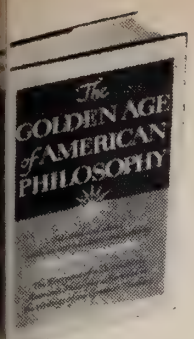
When Matthews was a boy his father was dean of the Episcopal cathedral in Cincinnati (later he became bishop of New Jersey); his mother was an heiress, a Procter of Procter and Gamble. He was educated at home by governesses, then at various private schools, passing on to St. Paul's, Princeton, and Oxford. He lived in a world of big families, big houses, big meals, and big incomes, with staffs of servants and European travel and all the rest of the paraphernalia of early twentieth-century American wealth taken for granted.

Yet this life had its stern side. As a little boy Matthews knew that he must not be like dirty rowdy little boys who were not so favored as he was. His parents had high expectations of him, as he had of himself. He feared that he might be less brave than he ought to be; even today, he says, he often begins a sentence with the words, "I'm afraid . . ."

The central problem of Matthews' life seems to have been the problem of believing in something, either religious or secular. He grew up, of course, in an officially religious household, but Episcopalianism as he knew it was too much mixed up with the domination of his father to survive into manhood. For a time, as a young man, he followed a cult of displaced Russian mysticism, and later he was a practicing Anglo-Catholic. None of it stuck.

In his career Matthews faced much the same problem. In his years on the *New Republic* he felt some enthusiasm for the policies of the magazine, but he never believed in *Time*, never agreed with its stalwart Republicanism, always doubted that it served the best interests of the nation or its readers. Once he thought he could change the magazine; now he doubts that he did. At the end of *Name and Address* he hardly believes in his own autobiography.

Perhaps Matthews did not have the gifts to become a great writer, the only thing he ever wanted to be, but he is obviously a man with a good deal of talent at his disposal. He worked hard; often his week at *Time* ran to seventy hours. It is a little sad to think that such energy and ability did not lead to something more permanently satisfactory, and one wonders how typical of the well-born intellectual this self-portrait is, how many gifted people with unusual opportunities to realize their capabilities and serve their country spend their lives in enterprises that strike no response in their deepest natures. If they are numerous, and they probably are, the question arises whether there is some failure of nerve in those groups that should provide a substantial part of leadership, or if



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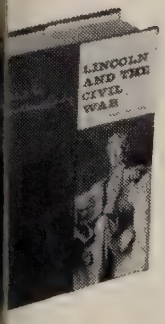
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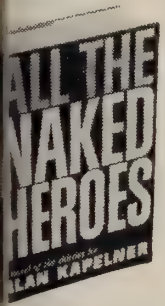


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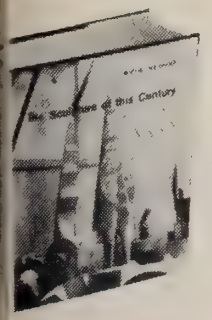


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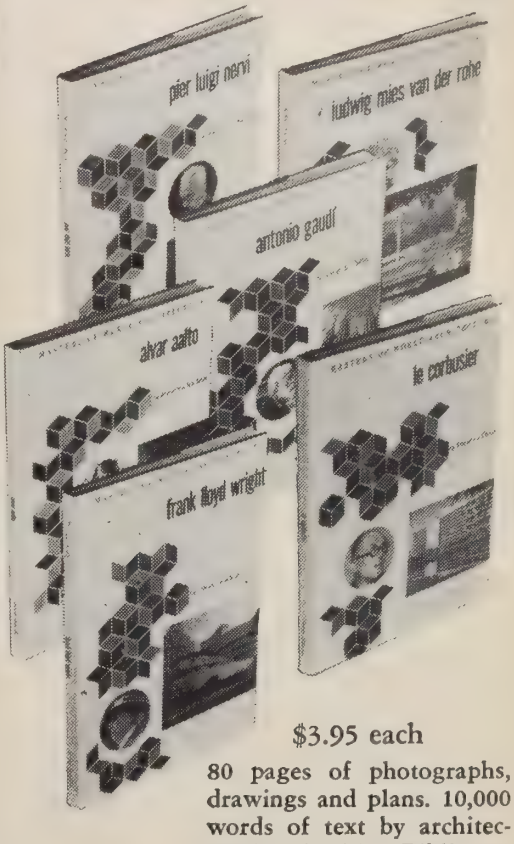
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American society is so committed to success at any price that only the heroic man can withstand being swept along toward goals not of his own choosing.

Perhaps all this is to pay too much attention to *Name and Address* as a symptom and too little to it as a book; certainly it takes a more symptomatic view of Matthews' career than he does himself. As writing, the best parts of the book deal with the author's parents—his mother, overprotective but deeply affectionate and brave; the father, an ecclesiastic like a character out of Trollope or even Samuel Butler, demanding, self-centered, bad-tempered. There is also an incisive portrait of Edmund Wilson as a young man and a less incisive sketch of Henry Luce.

THE OTHER SIDE

RALPH DE TOLEDANO, who calls his autobiography *Lament for a Generation,* has also been a journalist most of his working life; at present he is an associate editor of *Newsweek.* He is fifteen years younger than Matthews and in almost every way his antithesis. A member of a Sephardic Jewish family, he spent his earliest years in Tangiers, and was brought to this country at the age of six because his parents wanted their children to grow up in America. His father was a gentle, undoctrinaire agnostic and Socialist; religion was represented in the family only by a devout grandmother.

De Toledano went to Columbia in the 1930s when the university numbered among its undergraduates an extraordinary group of young men, of whom Thomas Merton and James Wechsler are so far perhaps the best known. The atmosphere of the place was intensely political and ideological (a far cry from the Princeton of Matthews' day), and de Toledano occupied a position to the far left. Since then he has moved through various intermediate stages, including some years in the Ethical Culture Society, to a neo-conservative position in politics and religion, and his book spends a good deal less time lamenting a generation than it does explaining how and why he has moved.

The heart of de Toledano's book is an analysis and indictment of liberalism, which he sees in something like the same light as the late Irving Babbitt saw it; and he runs through the now familiar list of questionable liberal positions from the 'thirties to the Hiss case. A good many readers who can agree with him that far will find it harder to follow him in his defense of McCarthy, although the pages in which de Toledano discusses how he felt when he was identified as a "leading McCarthyite intellectual" are the most absorbing in the book. He does not take pride in the label; he never had any illusions about McCarthy's intellectual abilities, but he continues to believe in the man and his mission.

De Toledano's political heroes are Disraeli and Nixon, and the latter provides a foreword to the book. The foreword is such a very careful effort to say nothing that it tends to refute de Toledano's own picture of Nixon as a bold, let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may political thinker.

De Toledano has a curiously compressed, metaphoric way of writing that sometimes mars his book. When he writes, for instance, "Heraclitus says that souls smell in Hades, but when the alternatives are life or death, ideology is odorless," it is hard to guess what meaning the words are supposed to convey. Or when he says of McCarthy that his "anti-Communism was robust and sincere, but his political methods in approach and energy derived from those of Samuel Adams," it is difficult to know what the word *derived* means; if it has the usual meaning—that McCarthy studied and copied the political techniques of Sam Adams—then the accuracy of the remark seems doubtful, for nobody has suggested that McCarthy was a close student of the Revolutionary period in American history, and the sentence looks like a rather shabby way of pinning the faults of a man you want to defend on the opposition.

In so far as de Toledano's new conservatism is an attack on the totalitarian temperament under whatever guise it appears—fascist, Communist, or liberal—it commands respectful attention. But his conviction that liberalism is always totalitarian ("compulsion . . . was the core of American liberalism from the very start") leaves him with a distorted picture of American political thought, in which Thomas Paine seems to be a more significant figure than Thomas Jefferson. And when he descends from the higher ground of political thought to find in McCarthy a happy example of freedom from the totalitarian temperament of American liberalism, the reader may feel as if he had missed some steps in the dark.

OTHER AUTOBIOGRAPHERS

Edge of Day (William Morrow, $4) is a memoir by an English poet, Laurie Lee, a man of about de Toledano's age, who was born and grew up in the Cotswold country during and after the first world war.

It was the end of an era. The kind of life Lee knew as a boy is now, he says, gone forever, but he came at the end of a thousand years of English village life that had gone on largely unchanged. New schools, new means of transportation, the radio and movies, and profound changes in English social structure have swept away the world he remembers, and so he has set down what he could of the way it was.

The village got such structure as it had, and obviously it was a very enduring one, from four institutions. First there was the squire, the great

n in the big house who sent sup-
es to the needy and gave the vil-
ers some sense of grandeur; the
ticular squire Lee remembers was
gentle, sentimental old man who
en burst into tears on public oc-
ions. Then there was the church,
regular a part of the villagers'
es as eating and sleeping; its calen-
, in Lee's phrase, "followed the
ugh" through the turning seasons,
ling with the triumphant display
the fruits of the earth at harvest
e. But pervasive as the church
, and universal as church attend-
ce was, Lee thinks that there
re many survivals of an earlier
ganism in the attitudes of the
lagers, especially toward death.

Besides the squire and the church
re was the school, and Lee's de-
iption of the curriculum and
ching (it would be hard to say
ich was the more limited) should
e heart to those who think modern
ools are poor. Then there was the
nily. In Lee's case the family was
culiar, because the father had de-
ted the mother and a large brood
children, some of them actually
products of his first marriage.
sent a little money for their care
m time to time, but they grew up
th almost no money in the house,
rent often six months in arrears
d food in short supply.

Nothing in Lee's book is finer
an the portrait of his mother. As
girl she had gone out as a servant
large estates; then for a time she
rked as a barmaid. She met her
sband when she answered his ad-
rtisement for a housekeeper, and
e remained steadfast in her love for
m through all the years he stayed
ay. She had the wonderful femi-
ne gift of making life possible by
ing impractical; at the price of
smanagement she filled the house
th life and love and a sense of
citement, and she made of the
ortest jaunt an expedition. Only
nen her husband died and she real-
d at last that he was never coming
ck to her did she lose her energy
d grow old.

Lee is a fine writer who uses lan-
age with a beautiful lyric direct-
ss and a singing rhythm. His book
full of joy; he delights in the rich-
ss of village character, the tradi-
nal pastimes and celebrations, and
e remembered landscape. And the

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Lloyd Lewis's SHERMAN: *Fighting Prophet,* which Carl Sandburg has termed "one of the supreme American biographies." Bruce Catton's new appraisal of this modern classic (reissued last year in a handsome new edition, illustrated, $6.95) hails it as "one of the lasting contributions to Civil War literature."

Carl Sandburg's superb **ABRAHAM LINCOLN:** *The Prairie Years* and *The War Years,* now available in a one-volume edition (illustrated, $7.50), prepared by the author from his monumental six-volume work on Lincoln and his times.

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The Macmillan Company
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book is singularly free from sentimentality; the life Lee describes had many privations and limitations, and he does not neglect them. Except for one passage where he praises the old village way of dealing with the errors of young people (the modern city, he says, is a police trap for children), he does not compare past and present; the past he knew is gone beyond the power of lament or scolding to restore it. *Edge of Day* is that rare kind of book that seems to have been written out of pure love. It is not exciting or challenging, and some of it may seem trivial or dull to readers accustomed to a faster pace; but it has the restorative power of anything simple and true and delightful. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

A L S O from England comes another piece of autobiography that stands at the opposite end of the scale, the anonymous account of her own life by a London prostitute, **Streetwalker** (Viking, $3.50). This is an amazing book, and perhaps the most amazing thing about it is that it could have been written at all.

One's first reaction is that the book must be a joke, for the author reveals a sensitivity that seems impossible to reconcile with her occupation. But as her account unfolds it brings with it the horrible conviction of a Dostoevski novel, and one ends up believing every word of it.

The most terrible thing about the author's life is not the way she makes a living but the absolute loneliness that has driven her to prostitution and that prostitution in turn intensifies. She came from a respectable, conventional family who could not understand her chaotic rebelliousness, and in her teens she married a man as psychologically confused as herself. When the marriage blew up she went to London and drifted into prostitution to stay alive. Economic necessity was the immediate cause of her taking up a streetwalker's life, but the more fundamental reason was psychological.

The author is entirely without any of the qualities of the courtesan; though there is kindness in her, she is far from being the whore with a heart of gold who has figured in so much modern fiction. Rather, she is a totally isolated human being, fighting to stay alive in a cruel and predatory society. Finally, after a dreadful encounter with an insane customer, her fear and alienation drive her to take up with a "ponce" (English slang for pimp) who treats her cruelly and exploits her criminally. At the end of the book she has left the hospital where she has been recovering from a brutal beating her ponce had given her and leaves London, determined to make a better life for herself but still completely uncertain about how to go about it.

Streetwalker implicitly challenges most of the easy sociological generalizations about prostitution. It would be comforting to think that some change in the laws or institutions of society would eliminate such suffering as the book recreates, but it is hard to think of what the changes would be. But the book is not a sociological treatise; it is the anguished confession of a tormented woman. It has more intensity than most fiction, and reading it is both a painful and an illuminating experience.

TWO FRENCH NOVELS

The Dinner Party (George Braziller, $3.75) is a first novel by Claude Mauriac, son of the distinguished French Catholic novelist François Mauriac. Like all French novels it has won a prize, and unlike some of them it deserves one.

Mauriac's subject is simple: he takes a fashionable Parisian dinner party for eight and records the conversation and thoughts of the guests from the time they enter the dining-room until they leave it.

The book makes fine use of the obvious possibilities of the technique —the contrast between the appearance we present to society and the reality within, between the solidity and substance we have in the eyes of other people and the fragmentariness and uncertainty and often panic that lie behind the prepared public image. There is nothing very new about the contrast, but Mauriac develops it with a rich variety of perception.

Most of the characters in *The Dinner Party* are committed to nothing but themselves, and they are miser-

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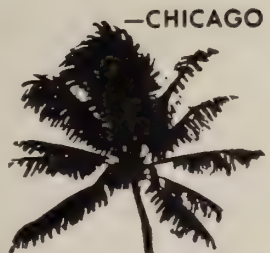
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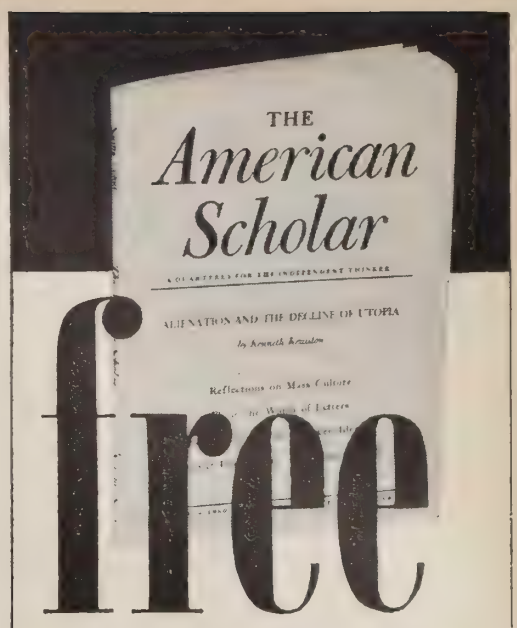
able. One is an old woman, once a great beauty famous for her lovers, now a tiresomely learned and determined conversationalist preoccupied with her losses. Another is a silly woman who thinks of nothing but her suntan, her lover, her dog, her health, and the television program she is missing. A third is a tough and ambitious little French-Canadian beauty who is determined to become a movie star, though in the course of the dinner she discovers a latent tenderness in herself. Only the hostess comes somewhere near to being happy; she sustains herself through the meal by thinking of her young children asleep in another room.

The men are similarly various and similarly discontented. The young man regards himself as too young and the older men regard themselves as too old. Though they are distinguished for wealth or accomplishment, they have not had the successes they expected. The one man who is happy in his marriage feels a little ashamed of his devotion.

Perhaps this makes *The Dinner Party* sound like a drab book, but it is not. It is a novel that acknowledges how much people are concerned with themselves, with their looks and money and charms, with the possibility of sickness and the approach of death, but it is also a brilliant, poetic book, full of wit and shrewd observation.

FRANÇOISE SAGAN'S new book, **Aimez-Vous Brahms** (Dutton, $2.95), rings one change on the usual Sagan situation: this time, instead of a young girl who is torn between an older man and a boy her own age, we have an older woman torn between a boy and a man her own age. Otherwise we have the standard product and, within its own rather narrow limits, a perfect story, a kind of basic little black book without a false line or an unnecessary detail.

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breaks away. Lovers are always losers seems to be Mlle. Sagan's message, at least if they are women. A very skillful performance.

OTHER NOVELS

THE main character in Flannery O'Connor's new novel, **The Violent Bear It Away** (Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy, $3.75), is a boy named Francis Marion Tarwater. He has been brought up by his great-uncle, a backwoods Tennessee religious prophet, with the idea that the boy would continue and fulfill the old man's career of prophecy. The boy powerfully resents the destiny or commitment that the old man has seemed to force upon him, and so, on the day the old man dies, he sets fire to the house and runs off to an uncle in the city. This uncle denies everything the old man stood for; he has replaced religion with psychology and sociology. But young Tarwater cannot abide his city uncle; in the end he returns to the old man's burned out house and assumes the mantle of prophecy.

Miss O'Connor is one of the most talented of our younger writers, but in *The Violent Bear It Away* she has made her story a little too schematic for my taste. Every incident neatly advances the scheme, every character illustrates it, and every symbol is exactly in place. But if the hand of the manipulator is too evident in the book, it must be confessed that it is a very gifted hand. Few American writers of her age have Miss O'Connor's command of language, either in description or dialogue, her serious wit, or her intense vision.

IN his second novel, **From the Hand of the Hunter** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), the young English writer John Braine has written a book that is unlikely to have the success of his first, *Room at the Top*, though the two books are closely and interestingly related.

Room at the Top is essentially a story of the consequences of aggression; Joe Lampton, the main character, is a young man who consciously undertakes to gouge out of the world what he thinks he wants by any means at his disposal. Along the way he discovers that his desires and needs are not so simple as he had supposed they were, but by that time he is caught in the results of his own enterprise.

From the Hand of the Hunter is the story of a young man of exactly the opposite disposition; Dick Corvey is too passive to force his will on anybody. As an adolescent boy he and a friend invented an elaborate mythology, according to which the world is menaced by a group of obscene little creatures called the Vodi, whose sole object is to spoil whatever is good or pure or noble. The Vodi in turn are under the command of a snag-toothed old hag named Nelly, who similarly desires the worst for everybody.

By the time the novel opens Dick Corvey is no longer an adolescent; he is a young man and a patient in a tuberculosis sanitarium, but he still lives in the atmosphere of the Vodi fantasy. In a world dominated by evil forces, obviously it is foolish to be aggressive, to espouse any cause, even one's own; to make an effort is simply to make oneself a more conspicuous object for malign spoliation. Dick's tuberculosis has been at least in part brought on by his systematic self-neglect, as if he wanted to be sick. But he also wants to rise out of the fantasy that makes him a victim; he wants to assert himself, to be a man in charge of himself. His chief effort, and the center of the novel, is a love affair with a nurse, who is powerfully attracted to him but in the end rejects him for a more dominating man.

It is very difficult to write a novel about a character as passive as Dick Corvey. Aggressiveness like Joe Lampton's not only defines character but leads to consequences, and the consequences make a story. But for a man like Dick Corvey the only consequences are suffering, occasionally interrupted by false starts.

The best parts of *From the Hand of the Hunter* are much like some sections of *Room at the Top*—the observation of life in the grimier English provinces, the small-town snobbery, the desperation of young men from mean streets.

THE SPHERE OF LIFE

The Forest and the Sea by Marston Bates (Random House, $3.95) is a popular introduction to the science

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of ecology (the study of how different forms of life live together). Bates writes an admirably lucid style, and his wide-ranging interests, his gift for speculation, and his love of his subject make the book a delight to read.

As the title he has chosen suggests, Bates takes as his point of departure a comparison between the complex of living things in the tropical rain forest and the complex in the sea, in an effort to show the similarities that mark biological communities wherever they occur. But the comparison is not labored, and the author goes on to many other kinds of biological communities.

One thing is clear: of all the incredibly numerous forms of life that swarm over this increasingly crowded planet, most are committed to nothing but life itself—to getting enough food and to reproducing themselves. Only man has the leisure or consciousness or whatever it is to seek a meaning or belief beyond existence.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Between Then and Now, by Alba de Cespedes.

Italy looms large in some notable books this year. We've had Marcia Davenport's *The Constant Image,* with its vivid Milan background. We've had *A Time in Rome,* by Elizabeth Bowen, part of which, "The Virgins and the Empress," appeared in *Harper's.* Irwin Shaw's *Two Weeks in Another Town* is set in Rome. And now we have Miss de Cespedes' novel of Italians who survived the war and the Resistance and are trying to find in postwar Rome the selflessness and happiness they knew during the fighting days when all personal desires and hopes had been abandoned. Irene, brilliant and beautiful newspaper woman, is the narrator of the story, and her distress and unease in the postwar world (she believes—in opposition to family and upbringing—in an egali-

The Swivel Chair



Marching with the blues and the grays are the buffs of the Civil War — that army loyal to the last word of every good book on the subject so deeply cherished in the literary imagination of America. (For easy reference, see the contents page of this issue).

As a salute to the buffs we offer **Pickett's Charge** by George Stewart. "The most thorough study ever undertaken. He writes with balance, authority, and flashes of astringent humor along with a mature scholar's ability to reach into history for striking comparisons that is reminiscent of the late Kenneth Williams . . . This painstaking scrutiny of an hour's combat, bolstered by long research and careful examination of the battleground, could in less skilled hands have become a dissertation of interest chiefly to specialists. It emerges instead as a whale of a story for anybody." *New York Times*

The New Yorker said, "An almost minute-by-minute reconstruction. Mr. Stewart tells this only too familiar story as if it had never been told before, and he tells it with so admirable an objectivity, so easy a command of its enormous literature, so exact a feeling for explosive detail, so firm a sense of narrative that, in spite of ourselves, we sit breathless to the end. A splendid and stirring book."



Away from the battlefield, publishing and reviewing still go on, in bittersweet relationship.

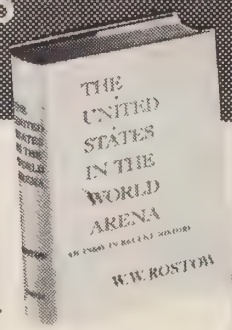
An Occupation for Gentlemen by **Fredric Warburg** "A book by a publisher that will command the admiration and affection even of authors, and that surely is a kind of miracle." *Angus Wilson.* **The Law and The Profits** by **Prof. C. Northcote Parkinson** "A lively, engaging book on a side of the argument that has not had its share of wit and style." *Harper's.* **Ritual in the Dark** by **Colin Wilson** "Not since Dickens has a British fiction-writer dealt with murder in a book of such size and seriousness." *London Sunday Express.* **From the Hand of the Hunter** by **John Braine** "Once again Mr. Braine shows his great capacity for a tearaway narrative, for crisp dialogue and stark emotion." *The (London) Times*

Coming soon, **To Bedlam and Part Way Back** by *Harper's*-contributor **Anne Sexton.** And too recent for reviews a book that is one of the most important political and diplomatic memoirs of our time, **Full Circle** by **Anthony Eden.**



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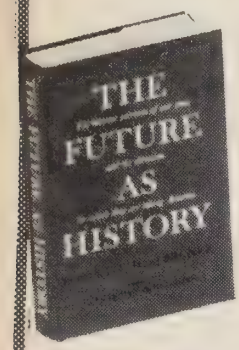
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tarian society), her loneliness as a human being set apart by her beliefs are expertly and movingly exemplified in her relationship with her young servant girl who can't make head or tail of Irene's lofty ideas. It is in a sense the central conflict of the book. Her lover, Pietro, also a journalist, veteran of the war, is in despair because the younger generation doesn't feel as he does. "I realized," he said after a meeting, "that I was the only one among them who had known a time in which it was forbidden to take stock of oneself. A time when thought was action and served to conquer freedom day by day."

Yet this is anything but a despairing book. It is a novel of ideas all right, but the characters are vital, the situation absorbing, and the resolution includes both hope and reason. The translation by Isabel Quigly seems to me brilliant in the sense of direct contact it imparts.

Houghton Mifflin, $3

American Son, by Francis MacManus.

This paperback "original" is an exotic tale of hide-and-seek against backgrounds that are both exotic and sordid. A young Irishman, a casual visitor to Santa Fé, is invited by a middle-aged couple to be their guest. It turns out that they have a son about his age who is "lost" in Ireland. After some weird experiences with the parents in New Mexico, the Irishman undertakes, on his return to Dublin, to find the boy. The story of the search and what he finds are for the reader to discover. It is a little too built-up for me, but the spirit of the chase and the mysterious *ambiance* lead one on.

Knopf (paper), $1.75

Glass Slippers Always Pinch, by Nina Bawden.

Lucy, the orphan "heroine" of this new novel by the author of *Devil by the Sea,* is brought up by her strictly lower-middle-class aunt and uncle in a very seedy part of London. She is bright, wins a scholarship to Oxford, and is determined to "better" herself. "She had honestly believed that well-off and educated people lived better, richer, and more useful lives. She had thought they must have a finer and more generous moral out-

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

ok than her aunt. . . ." Well, she und out, shall we say (hence the tle), and the story of her self-dis- very is sharply witty and very ever—indeed sometimes too witty r its own good. The characters are edible as caricatures rather than flesh-and-blood people with whom e identifies oneself. Her husband, rthur, whom she marries only to cape her background, becomes lost his poses, amusing though they metimes are. The final scenes, owever, are satisfying, funny, and nvincing, and involve the only ally likable person in the book, ving it human significance thereby d saving it from being merely a illiant tour de force.

Lippincott, $3.95

NON-FICTION

ul Elmer More, by Arthur Hazard akin.

This meticulous and scholarly bi- graphy of the distinguished author, itic, humanist, Platonist, and hristian philosopher does full jus- e to the progression of his ideas t is at the same time a most vivid d personal portrait of the man and s era. Here is the story of his neteenth-century Presbyterian up- inging in St. Louis; his lifelong votion to his older sister, Alice; s anguish—at an early age—at eaking with his family's faith; his lucation; his first lonely trip to urope; his first teaching jobs at arvard and Bryn Mawr; his mar- age to the most lovable Henrietta eck; his editorship of the *Nation* d other journalistic endeavors; his ppy relationships with his daugh- rs Darrah and Alice; his quiet yet tense life of work and friends in rinceton, where he lived and taught d wrote for twenty-three years.

The author discusses, of course, his ng association with Irving Babbitt d their advocacy of the New Hu- anism, but the greatest accomplish- ent of the book is that though Mr. akin does often describe the evolu- on of Mr. More's ideas in his own ords, he does it much more often hrough direct quotations so that e has a sense not only of the power d scope of More's thought, but lso of his personal torment and in- llectual loneliness. The author uotes from Mr. More's essays, from

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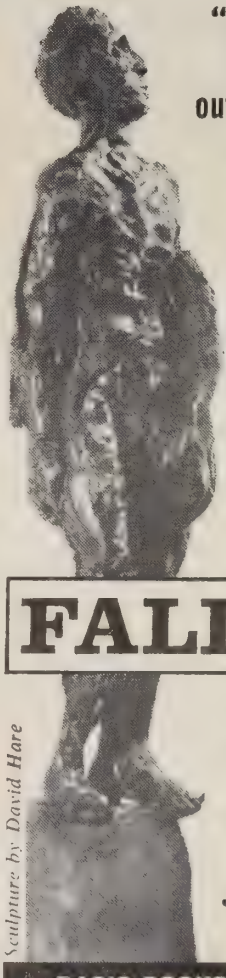
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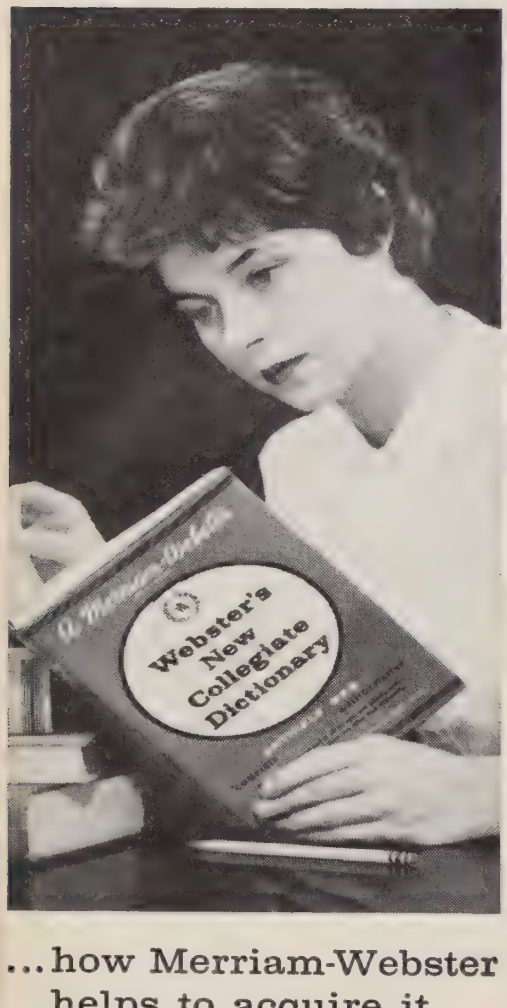
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exchanges of letters with many other brilliant and articulate people (T. S. Eliot, for instance) so that whether one agrees with him or not, reading the book is a most exciting exercise. The author quotes too, from letters to his sister, his wife, his daughters, with the result that one goes often from grandeur to mischief and affectionate teasing. A stimulating and somehow very touching book of personal striving; of the greatest intellectual strength, and of endearing human frailty.

Princeton, $7.50

The Future As History, by Robert L. Heilbroner.

Mr. Heilbroner, whose work is well known to *Harper's* readers, here examines what he calls the "dynamics" of history, from the beginning when in his view men—in a relatively static society—for centuries looked backward for their inspiration; through the last few centuries of scientific and political development when men began to count on "progress" not only for themselves but for mankind; to the present when at least some men of the Western World are beginning to feel lost in the "ambiguity of events." His discussion of this ambiguity, of why and how each solution of man's problems seems to lead inevitably to more and greater problems (the development of modern medicine, for instance) is one of the most interesting passages of the book. Mr. Heilbroner doesn't see cause for despair in this, even though as he points out: "There is no reason to believe that the successive problems of 'progress' pose easier challenges; indeed it is probable that the overcoming of the 'simpler' problems of poverty and disease opens the doors on progressively more profound, elusive, and insoluble human dilemmas." He sees it instead as a challenge to try to understand the "grand dynamic of history's forces in preparing the way for eventual progress," however painful the process for our moment in it. He decries any instinct to retreat into personal worlds and says: "We cannot help living in history. We can only fail to be aware of it." His book is a lucid contribution to the understanding he urges.

Harper, $4.

Literature and Modern Man, by J. B. Priestley.

The author of many novels (*The Good Companions* among them), of innumerable plays and essays, is concerned, like Robert Heilbroner, that modern man should understand and reassess his world. He writes because of his "conviction that ours is an age of supreme crisis, when the most desperate decisions have to be made, and that some account of Western Man, in terms of the literature he has created and enjoyed, might help us to understand ourselves . . . and to realize where we are and how we arrived here." In lively and highly readable fashion, in about 450 pages, he takes us from the time of the invention of the printing press to our own day as the eras are reflected through the writers of Italy, France, Germany, Russia, England, and our own country—poets, dramatists, novelists, philosophers, and essayists. As he says, he has, of course, made a personal choice of those writers who best seem to him to exemplify the torments and triumphs, the despairs and aspirations of Western Man through his literate history. Included in the back of the book is a useful collection of short biographical essays on many of the writers he discusses.

An invaluable book for pleasure, information, and ultimate reference. Book-of-the-Month selection for March.

Harper, $6.95

Full Circle, by Anthony Eden.

In a quiet but moving preface Sir Anthony gives his reasons for writing the last half of his political memoirs first.

"This book will expose wounds," he says; "by so doing it could help to heal them."

And so from notes and diaries written at the time, he discusses the problems he dealt with from '51 to '57, as British Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister. Many of them, or their scars, are with us still, from the Indochina crisis to the climactic point of the book, the intervention over Suez. This is a basic document, simply and undramatically written, by the man who represented England in some of the most crucial decisions of our era.

Houghton Mifflin, $6.95

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The Judges:

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Author of
Henderson the Rain King, The Adventures of Augie March, etc.

JOHN K. HUTCHENS
Daily Book Critic for the
New York *Herald Tribune*

EUDORA WELTY
Author of
The Ponder Heart, Delta Wedding, etc.

Send manuscripts or write to:
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HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

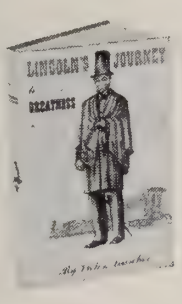
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by VICTOR SEARCHER

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

FORECAST

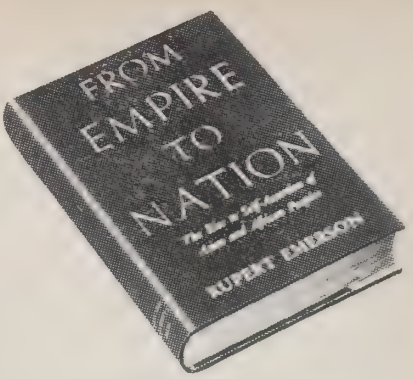
Novels from Abroad

A skimming of the 1960 publishers' catalogues shows some lively imports in the fiction field. For April Lippincott has scheduled an historical novel (2 B.C.) with present-day overtones, by an Australian author, Norbert Coulehan. The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen for May a posthumous book, a first and last novel by Giuseppe Tomasi, Duke of Palma and Prince of Lampedusa, who died at the age of sixty in 1957. When it was published in Italy about a year ago it caused a sensation and won the Strega Award. Pantheon will publish it here under the title *The Leopard*. In May, too, Morrow will publish *Through Streets Broad and Narrow* by Gabriel Fielding, whose *In the Time of Greenbloom* many readers will remember with pleasure; and Harcourt has an amusing story of satire and suspense in *The Gentle Fraud* by a Canadian, Katherine Roy.

For much later in the year Putnam has scheduled Mika Waltari's new novel, the first since *The Etruscan, The Secret of the Kingdom,* and Simon & Schuster announces for fall *A Visit Down There* by Christopher Isherwood.

And at Home

A new novel by Jessamyn West is always good news and Harcourt Brace announces for April *South of the Angels,* a story of the setting up of a community south of Los Angeles some forty years ago. McDowell, Obolensky present a new novelist in *The Keener Love,* by Sally Thompson; and Grove, too, has a first novelist (though she is one of the outstanding poets of the century) in H. D.'s (Hilda Doolittle) *Bid Me Live.* In May Sloane will publish Theodore H. White's *The View from the Fortieth Floor,* which the Literary Guild has chosen as its June selection and for the movie version of which Gary Cooper is to play the lead. Henry Morton Robinson's first novel since the best-selling *The Cardinal,* comes from Simon & Schuster in late May—*Water of Life.* And from Houghton Mifflin in June comes *The House of Five Talents* by Louis Auchincloss. Foreign or domestic, the prospects please.

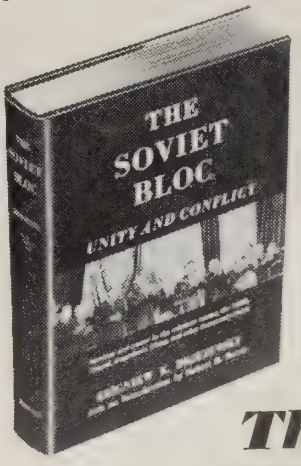


From Empire to Nation

THE RISE TO SELF-ASSERTION OF ASIAN AND AFRICAN PEOPLES

by Rupert Emerson

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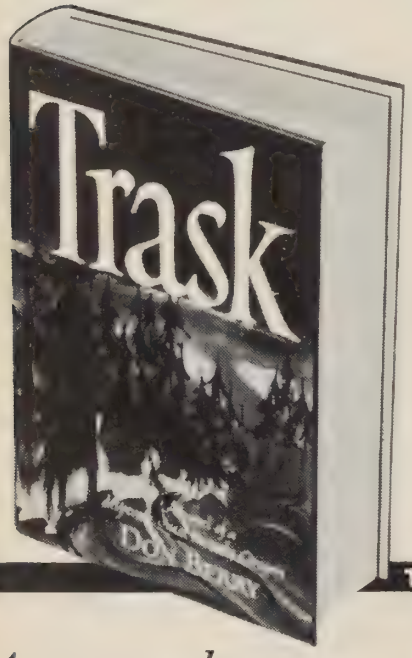


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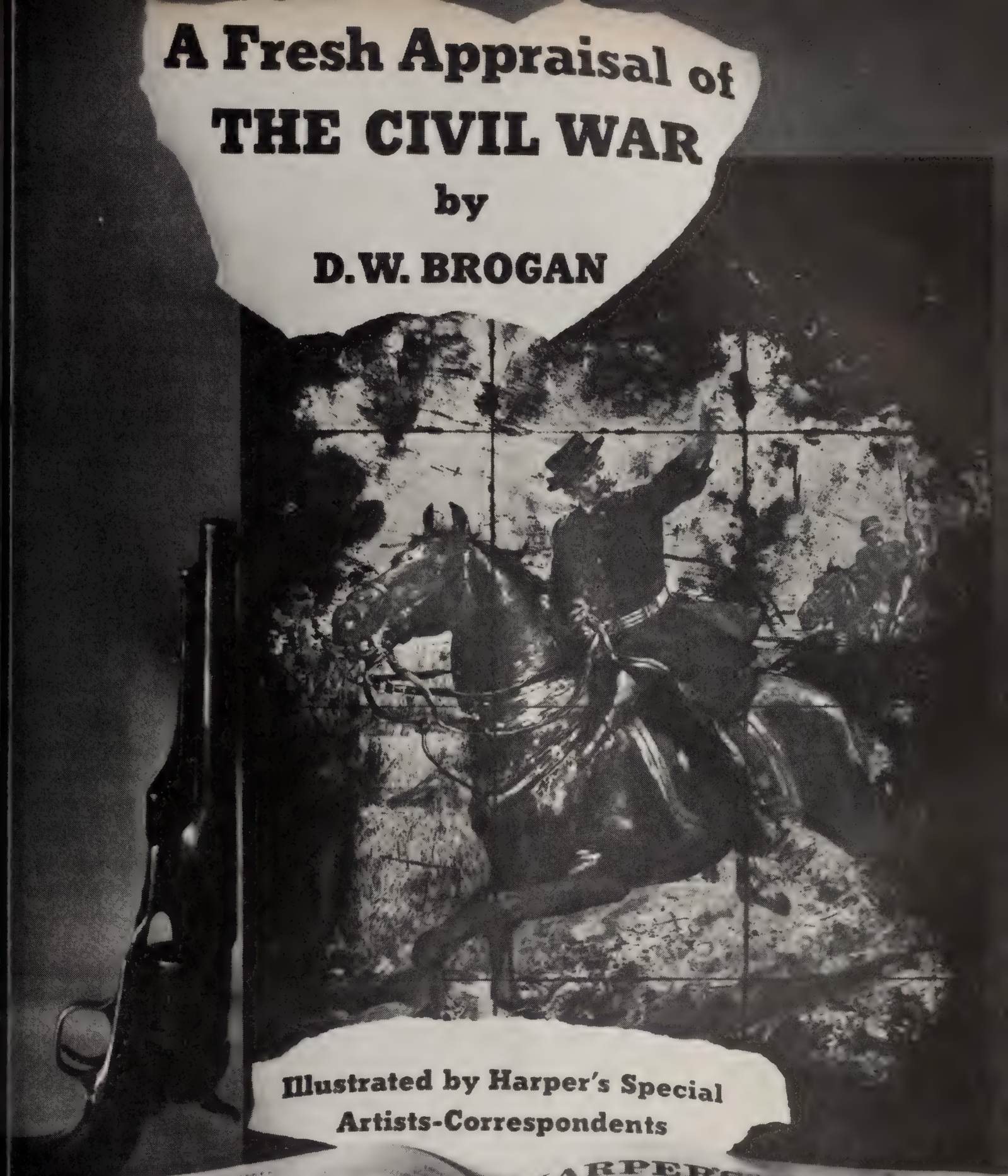
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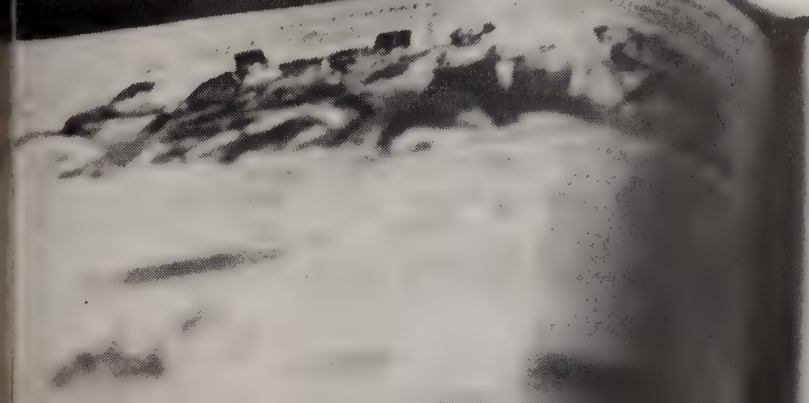
A Fresh Appraisal of THE CIVIL WAR

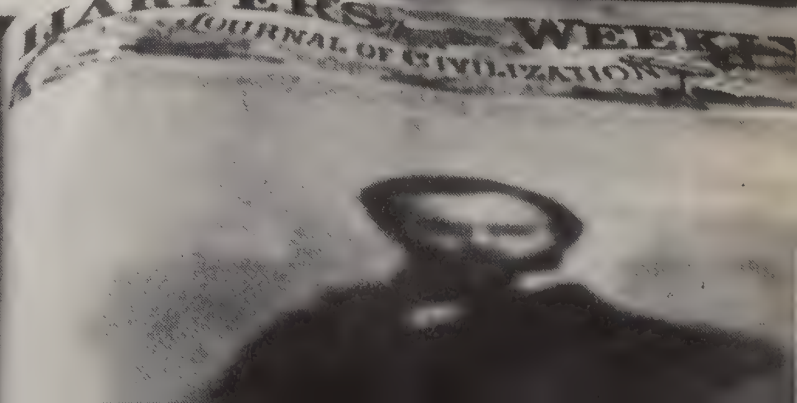
by

D.W. BROGAN



Illustrated by Harper's Special Artists-Correspondents







A NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

In 1860 "Harper's Weekly," when armed conflict between the North and South seemed imminent, organized the first corps of artist-correspondents ever to cover a war. The illustrations that accompany Professor Brogan's article were made by "our special correspondents" of whom there were, in all, more than fifty. Some of the illustrations, like Winslow Homer's "A Sharpshooter on Picket Duty" (above, November 15, 1862), have been reproduced from the pages of the "Weekly"; others are taken from drawings sent back to the magazine from the artists in the field. When a drawing was received at Harper's, it was redrawn in reverse on a wood block which, for the sake of speed, was often cut into as many as twelve sections (as in the case of the picture of General Sheridan on the page preceding this one) and worked on by twelve wood engravers. The block was then bolted back together and from it a plate was made for printing.

We should like to acknowledge the generous assistance of Mr. Marshall Davidson of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in assembling the pictures and of Mr. Roy Meredith, who has recently completed a series of television films on the Civil War for Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, in supplying information about the artist-correspondents and their methods of work. The original drawings by A. R. Waud and Edwin Forbes which we reproduce are from the Prints and Photographs Division of the Library of Congress.—THE EDITORS

A FRESH APPRAISAL OF THE CIVIL WAR

D. W. BROGAN

"I will be arriving in New York in the spring," Professor Brogan wrote from England to "Harper's," "just in time for the firing on Fort Brogan." In this sweeping and unabashed essay on the war that "made American history quite respectable," the author of "The American Character" writes a brilliant analysis of our great conflict, its causes and its continuously echoing effects on our culture.

"Happy the country that has no history."

This famous expression of a sardonic view of human destiny may be no more than a generalized version of the old Chinese curse: "May you live in interesting times." But I think it is more than that. For the country that has a "history," dramatic, moving, tragic, has to live with it—with the problems it raised but did not solve, with the emotions that it leaves as a damaging legacy, with the defective vision that preoccupation with the heroic, with the disastrous, with the expensive past fosters.

But there is more to be said than this; the inheritance of a past rich in suffering, in vicissitudes, in heroism adds something to the national assets, even though the price is always high and often grossly excessive. It would be too much to say that the nations that have known no such catastrophes *envy* their less fortunate but more interesting neighbors, but they do feel something lacking. Like the man or woman who has never been in love, they feel that they *have* missed something, including, no doubt, a great deal of trouble and expense.

And perhaps the first thing to say about the American Civil War is that it put the American people, decisively, once and for all, among the peoples who have lived in interesting times and who have paid an extravagantly high price for this experience. It may well be a sign of savagery, but the world picture of America, the American picture of America is deeply different, more impressive, more *attractive* than if it had been just one long success story. I do not for a moment suggest that the American Civil War was a good thing—merely that it was and is felt by the unregenerate (a majority of the Western races now and for as long as we can inspect the past) to be the most moving, interesting, dignified thing that has ever occurred in America.*

What is most important in the American preoccupation with their Civil War is not to be exhausted by a politico-economic balance sheet. What is important is the preoccupation, the living memory, the curiosity, the nostalgia. The Civil War is not only refought in an incessant flow of books, articles, and speeches; it is refought hypothetically. If Paris had not run away with Helen, how different the history of the Greeks and Trojans would have been! To want to remake history is to show how much that history means.

But is my emphasis on the American preoccupation with their Civil War justified? Suppose there is going to be a flood of books about the Civil War in the next few years, so what? The publishers know when they are in on a good thing. I am sure they do, but it is naïve to suggest that they have simply invented the good thing. The flood—though varying in volume—has never ceased since the War itself ended. I will go so far as to assert that quite soon the flag that was lowered and raised over Fort Sumter will mean more than the flag that was raised over Iwo Jima. Appomattox will soon mean

* Matthew Arnold, in his high aesthetic fashion, thought that the War, and especially the assassination of Lincoln to the tune of a Latin motto, *Sic semper tyrannis*, made American history quite respectable.

more, again, than Rheims or the USS *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay. What songs of other wars (with the exception of "The Star-spangled Banner") compare with "John Brown's Body" and "Dixie" to name only two? Perhaps it was because of the shots fired on Sumter, as much as because of the shots fired on Fort McHenry, that the United States chose its anthem. And if it is only in the South that people still talk simply of "The War," all over the restored Union I believe that it is still *the* war.

There are, it seems to me, in the experience of nations, ordeals so novel, so disastrous, physically or morally, so dramatic a destruction of hope, the prelude to some long period of humiliation or despair, that they are watersheds in the nation's history. It may be the case of a single disastrous battle, Mohács for the Hungarians, Kossovo for the Serbs, Flodden for the Scots. The history of a nation may be so rich in disasters that it is difficult to make a choice. Thus Ireland has an *embarras de richesses* in this type of experience. It is, however, my conviction that the great famine of 1846-47 was the shock from which Ireland has not yet recovered (and may not be recovering). For the French until very recent years and perhaps still (I hope not) it was that great *déception d'amour*, "The Revolution." For the Germans it was, until this century, the first Thirty Years War; now it may be (nobody knows, least of all the Germans) the Second Thirty Years War. For Britain it was (I believe) not the loss of Empire in the Second World War but the bloodletting and faithletting of the First. For the Americans it was the Civil War.

This will be readily admitted by most people if we confine the notion to the South. "I was born a child of Appomattox," said Lyndon Johnson, revealingly and rightly. The whole South is a child of Appomattox and of the years just before and the decades after. It is so in fact; it is more deeply so in folk legend and folk memory. Appomattox is the Southern Flodden Field; the Reconstruction is the Southern folk legend and memory equivalent to the Irish memory summed up in: "The curse of Cromwell on ye."

That would be enough to account for the careful cultivation of Confederate memories. (I once half-formed the impression that the only books sold in some Southern towns were religious, Confederate, or sexy.) But what of the North? The North won, didn't it? The Northern monuments are not tributes to "the Lost Cause" but to the saving of "the last, best hope of earth." Even the monuments to Lincoln are monuments to one "who hath outsoared the shadow of our night," to one who now "belongs to the ages"—as Stanton, for once rivaling Shelley, put it. I think that is too simple a description and analysis of the "myths after Lincoln," but it can be let stand for the moment.

WHY WAS IT NECESSARY?

But we have to ask ourselves why was "the last, best hope of earth" endangered? We have to ask what led to the first great political crime in American history—a President assassinated like a tyrant in corrupt and king-ridden Europe? We have to ask why it was necessary for so many hundreds of thousands of men to "give the last full measure of devotion"? We have to ask the question of what happened to the American dream of manifest destiny, of easy immunity at home, of easy moral, political, and social superiority abroad? For that dream was deeply cherished. True, from 1850 on it was an uneasy dream. Now many, perhaps most, had heard Jefferson's "firebell in the night." But it is evident that up till the moment that Beauregard's guns opened on Sumter, the majority of Americans, North and South, did not believe that it would come to ordeal by battle.

The breed of John Brown and Edmund Ruffin was a minority in every state and section, even in Massachusetts, even in South Carolina. Without saying that there was a general pacific temper (Mexicans and Indians might have demurred), there was a horror of *fraternal* war. There was naturally, also, the simple refusal of the average man and woman to believe that things can really be about to get as bad as they are going to be. In most times and countries, the mass of the people don't believe the man who cries "wolf" even the first time.

So it was in 1860-61. That is the psychological weight behind Lincoln's words in the Second Inaugural, "and the war came." True, Seward had talked of an "irrepressible conflict" but

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D. W. Brogan, Glasgow-born, trained at Glasgow, Oxford, and Harvard, is now Professor of Political Science at Cambridge and a Fellow of Peterhouse. His books include "The Price of Revolution," "Politics in America," and "The French Nation." He started reading about the American Civil War when he was twelve and he has kept it up ever since, reviewing much of the Civil War literature every year.

Winslow Homer, who made the drawings for both of these engravings, was twenty-five when he became an artist-correspondent. He had been trained in a lithographer's shop—which may explain why his drawings, better than those by any of the other artist-correspondents, survived the high-speed treatment of Harper engravers.



Making Havelocks for the Volunteers, June 29, 1861



Thanksgiving in Camp, November 29, 1862

when the crisis was really upon the country, no one was more fertile in plans and dodges to avert the conflict. Lincoln had talked of a "house divided," but it is evident from his actions that he did not believe that the division would have to be ended by the sword. (Again the Second Inaugural which puts the burden of explanation and justification on the inscrutable God of Lincoln's political Calvinism is revealing.) Despite the fiery words and the outrages that we now see as the preliminaries to the dread and dreaded conflict, despite Bleeding Kansas and John Brown and the assault on Senator Sumner, people didn't see the war as coming, inevitably, with only the date uncertain, as most saw it by 1939 in Europe and many saw it in 1914. What if all the evidence pointed one way? It was too bad to be true. I doubt if Jefferson Davis wanted war, or even wanted secession. It is certain that many Southern leaders, who held out to the end, including the greatest of all, Lee, wanted neither.

"And the war came." The American people, the rightly favored children of God, were suddenly reminded of their humanity and mortality. (They were reminded again at Pearl Harbor and didn't like it then either.) "You can't do this to me" is a slightly irreverent shorthand account of an attitude that was human and general. If the French Revolution was a *déception d'amour*, this was a *déception d'espoir*.

THE ROOTS OF A LEGEND

One thing all foreign visitors to the U.S. before the Civil War noted was the nearly universal self-approbation and the desire to have that self-approbation not so much confirmed, as applauded. The American asked the visitor—Tocqueville, Dickens, who have you—"Don't you think we are wonderful?" but it was a question put in the form of the Latin "nonne" which expects the answer, "Yes—and how." In the Land of the Free few troubling questions were asked—or, if asked, listened to or even tolerated, as Tocqueville noted.

Especially the one black question mark of slavery was not allowed to be put after the rodomontade of the daily Fourth of July oration. Even in the darkening years of the 'fifties, the paean of self-praise was heard round the world. The South was beginning to say "yes, but." But my business, at the moment, is with the North that "won" and yet found the fruits of victory bitter and, in some cases, actually poisonous.

Maybe the traumatic shock would not have been so great or lasted so long if the optimists on either side had been right, if the war, when it came had been *"courte, fraiche, et joyeuse."* But the war lasted four years and was the most deadly war between Waterloo and the Marne. The most deadly, not the most bloody, because of more than half a million deaths, most took place not on the battlefields but in the hospitals. (It has been calculated that more Union soldiers died of diarrhea than died in combat.) But that made the loss less, not more, endurable. *"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"* is possibly comforting when the loved son or husband or father dies in actual battle. But it is less becoming to die of the camp-bred diseases, of the aftermath of measles, of typhoid, of pneumonia, of barbarous surgery or witch-doctor medicine. And hundreds of thousands died that way. If the first shock to American complacency was the manifest failure of the sacred Constitution to prevent the conflict, the second shock and, we may be certain, even more wounding, was the human misery caused not only to the sufferers in the fields, ditches, trains. wagons, ambulances, hospitals, but to their kin and friends. John Bright had condemned the recent Crimean War in a famous image:

"The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land."

A far more terrible angel of death was abroad between 1861 and 1865. It chilled the hopes of millions. How many hearts it broke we shall never know. I can remember how the news of the landing on Gallipoli and then of Loos and the Somme came to my small home town in Scotland. So must it have been with the news of Shiloh and Cold Harbor.

So I would suggest as the first reason for the hold of "the War" on the American memory and the American heart, is just this human tragedy on a scale never equaled in American history before or since. (Even *absolutely* the United States lost more lives in the Civil War than in the Second World War and proportionately far more. It lost more proportionately than Britain did in the First World War.)

But, it will be objected, the American people today still devote as much time, thought, and money to the legend of "The Winning of the West" as to the saving of the Union. They do, but they devote even more time and money to tobacco. There is a great difference between a legend that diverts and a legend that touches and can cause distress as well as joy. I would be the last to denigrate the *"matière d'Amérique,"* or to forget that the United States is the only country since the Middle Ages that has created a legend

to set beside the story of Achilles, Robin Hood, Roland, and Arthur. But even the most devoted TV fan is aware that "the West" is a remote ideal world, not differing very much from science-fiction worlds. Even the sophisticated westerns, with their neurotic heroes and floozies with hearts of stone, are in the Never Never World of fiction. There are many good books on the West, but the representative Western work of art, book, play, TV script, comic strip is fiction; the representative Civil War book is or professes to be fact.

Then there is the mass of devoted amateurs, the Civil War buffs. Is it not significant that the most distinguished living military historian of the War, Kenneth P. Williams, is a Professor of Mathematics? That Carl Sandburg should have devoted so much time and effort to Lincoln? We have *John Brown's Body;* why didn't Benét write on the War of the Revolution? At all levels, here is the great purging experience of the American people, their shame and their pride.

Scale is one reason for the domination of the American historical memory by the War. Americans like things big and this one was big, all right. Compared with it, the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War were petty affairs. And as for the Spanish-American War, a good Labor Day weekend kills nearly as many people on the roads. The First and Second World Wars and the Korean War are more impressive affairs, but not only did they not kill as many men relatively or absolutely (unless you count the influenza casualties of 1918), they were fought outside the United States. And that is deeply important.

It is not only that the battlefields of the Civil War are more accessible than the Argonne or the Ardennes—not to speak of Iwo Jima or Inchon—but being fought on American soil, they are especially sacred. There is no *less* American sentiment than the one expressed by Rupert Brooke, "that there's some corner of a foreign field that is forever England." American boys, if they have to die in war, should die on American soil. (One of the oddest aspects of the Civil War to Europeans was the traveling undertakers who followed the armies and sent the bodies back home.) This was *the* American War, since the soldiers on each side were Americans; and both sides, today at any rate, can take pride in the heroism of the other side. Robert E. Lee is one of the top heroes of the national pantheon, honored by a memorial in Washington as well as in Richmond. At West Point he is regarded as the *beau idéal* as cadet, officer, and Superintendent. There are millions of synthetic Southerners who, as O. Henry put it, have never been south of Hoboken, and we have recently seen a Congress, controlled by the South, honoring the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Lincoln.

We can be sure that for the overwhelming majority of Americans, the flood of centennial celebrations will bring little bitterness. (That doesn't mean that there was no irony or humor in the recent Virginian suggestion that there ought to be a re-enactment of the First Battle of Bull Run, in uniform, to start the ball rolling.) But we should remember that this "era of good feeling" dates from this century, that the War left plenty of bitterness at the time, that many things that Americans now share in common pride, were then grounds of fierce difference. Then the captured Confederate flags were trophies (that great but not magnanimous soldier, Sheridan, used to ride with a team of orderlies carrying them behind him). When Sumner in one of the few magnanimous actions of his life proposed that they should be given back, he was not listened to and when President Grover Cleveland actually decided to give them back, he had to retreat before the wrath of the Grand Army of the Republic.

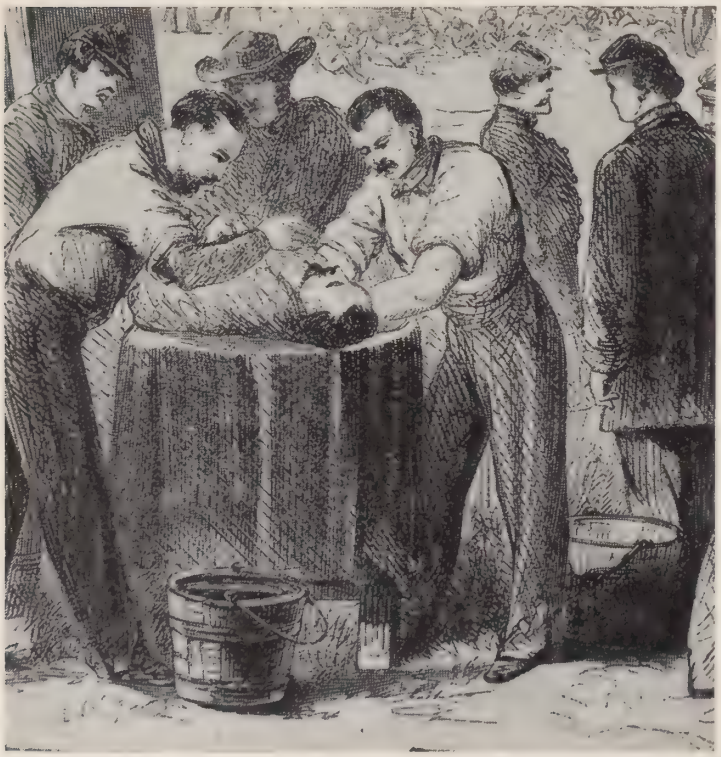
It was a long time before Lee became a national hero for everyone, for we must remember that many in the North resented more hostilely the "treason" of the regular officers who "went with their states" than they did the treason of the politicians. The West Point officers were a privileged and unpopular class, fed, clothed, and paid from their youth by the Union, the only servants of the Union (apart from Federal judges and of course Navy officers) who had secure tenure. The officers who went South were biting the hand that had fed them. On the other hand, some West Pointers who had left the Army rushed to rejoin it because they felt a special duty to serve a government that had trained them for the service in arms that they could now give. Among them was ex-Captain Grant.

THE WAR OF THE BROTHERS-IN-LAW

But was it a civil war? There has been more than one protest against the title. The "War of the Rebellion" and the "War Between the States" are terms of art, each expressing the political and legal view of the conflict that the sides held or professed to hold. It has become common, in this generation, to talk of the "War for Southern Independence" and that is a just



Citizen Volunteers Assisting the Wounded on the Field of Battle, by A. R. Waud, October 11, 1862



The drawing above was made by A. R. Waud, the most prolific and most dashing of "Harper's" artist-correspondents. Editors were not averse to sparing their readers' feelings. The leg amputation shown in the lower left corner of the drawing became a far less gruesome operation (as you can see in the detail reproduced here) when the drawing was engraved for publication.

title as far as it goes. But it doesn't go far enough, for this really was a war between citizens of a hitherto united body politic designed, on each side, to establish one view of the character of that body politic. The Confederate States did not merely set up a new government for a new "country" (I avoid the word nation). They claimed to be the legitimate heirs of the old government in the area they sought to control.

The War was a civil war because it set brother against brother, father against son. Thousands of Northerners (like George Cary Eggleston) served in the ranks of the Confederate Army. Thousands of Southerners served in the ranks of the Union Army. It is hardly necessary to mention the more famous cases, of Thomas, Farragut, Scott serving the Union; Cooper, Pemberton, Gorgas serving the Confederacy. Mrs. Lincoln's brothers fought for the South and two Crittenden brothers became generals in opposing armies. The son of the commander of the Confederate Navy served in the Union Navy. Then, as now, West Pointers tended to marry each other's sisters and the War might be called the war of the brothers-in-law. (After Appomattox, even the unsentimental Sheridan went off at once to see his friends from "the old Army.")

And it was not only a matter of soldiers. Slidell, one of the few competent diplomatic agents the Confederacy had, was a New Yorker by origin. Wayne of Georgia stayed on the bench of the Supreme Court and there may be some reason to believe that Campbell of Georgia regretted having to leave it. It is these ambiguous loyalties and confused duties that mark a civil war. Lee is probably the only soldier who has ever been offered the command of both armies in a war—and when he made his choice, he entered the conflict in a far more ambivalent frame of mind than that of Robert the Bruce or Patrick Sarsfield or Charles de Gaulle.

I have always thought that this side of the War is best illustrated by a story about a personally quite unimportant boy who yet being the son of Governor Wise of Virginia was in the thick of things. As a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute, he fought at New Market and as General Wise's son he was sent on bold and risky rides across country as the Confederacy collapsed. So he saw Lee on the eve of Appomattox and Jefferson Davis at Danville just before Davis's last flight. When the collapse did come, young Wise was sent North to Philadelphia, but despite his experiences he was deemed too young to attend a dinner party given by his uncle and had to eat in the nursery with the other children. His uncle was George Gordon Meade, Commander of the Army of the Potomac.

Then in the border states, there was civil war of the classical kind. There were many thousands of men from Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri in each army. Regiments in the opposing armies bore the same names and in one disastrous instance wore nearly the same uniform. Men from the same village met in battle. And in Missouri (and Kansas) the Civil War was truly civil—that is savage, with murder and rapine rampant. Quantrill, the Confederate partisan, might have served with the Black and Tans or the Nazi SS and it was in this semi-private war that the James Boys learned their trade. And when we read that Mr. Truman's grandmother would not let him enter her house in United States uniform, we should remember what crimes that uniform had covered in Missouri.

Even the geographical distribution of the combatants was not as simple as it often is made to seem. There were bitter Union partisans in nearly every Confederate state. Even if the legend of a county "seceding" from the Confederacy *is* legend, it is revealing legend and there was an attempt to vote for Lincoln in North Carolina in 1864. There is an Illinois legend that it was only the influence of Stephen Douglas that kept "Black Jack" Logan from joining the Confederate Army and sent him off to the Union Army instead. There were Confederate partisans and passionate defenders of slavery as far north as Vermont, and the Chief Justice of the United States, Roger Taney, had no sympathy with the cause of the government of which he was the judicial head.

THE GUILT OF CAIN

In any civil war, the question of war guilt is of the deepest importance. The origins of the English Civil War were debated heatedly for two centuries. How great was the guilt (so the Popular party thought) of P. Scipio Nasica who slew Tiberius Gracchus and opened the century of Roman civil wars! In the Second Inaugural Lincoln was to rise above this battle: "Let us judge not that we be not judged." But he was outside the usual range of human possibility.

So the American concern with the origins of the War differed greatly from that of a European nation obsessed with the success or failure of its government's policy. There was, to return to a basic theme, the sense that there must be some great guilt somewhere, to account for the ending of the Union (it *was* ended for a time). Each

side, in a deeply Christian country, was anxious to throw the guilt of Cain on the other. The leaders of the South were anxious, after the War was over, to explain that they had been right but unfortunate, to refute the charge of treason leveled against them and their region.

The North and its leaders were equally anxious to pin the guilt on the other side, for this was one way—perhaps the only way—to secure the triumph of the Republican party and the great mass of economic interests now clustered round the quondam "party of moral ideas." And both sides were composed of Americans, one of the most legally-minded peoples the world has seen.

THE CASE FOR THE SOUTH

Nowhere is the American passion for legality better displayed than in Jefferson Davis's long, often tedious apologia, *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.* Davis had much to tell and a case to plead. By the time he wrote his book, he had moved from being the scapegoat of 1865 to being a hero (if not a warmly loved one) in the South and a highly respectable old gentleman in the eyes of nearly everybody in the North who had not a political or financial interest in "waving the bloody shirt." The inside story of the Confederate government, of the President's relations with his Cabinet, with the Confederate Congress, with the generals, with the people, would have been fascinating. The great debates over his policies, over his relationship with Benjamin, his unintelligible devotion to Braxton Bragg, his difficulties with Beauregard, his removal of Joe Johnston, his choice of Hood—themes bitterly debated even before the Confederacy fell—do get some treatment, but there is no revelation of what made Davis tick (and some of the accounts of military disasters are comic in their inadequacy). But there is one theme on which Davis is tireless, the constitutionality of secession and the illegality of the conduct of Abraham Lincoln. The French courtiers who listened to the exiled James II explaining the wickedness of the traitors who had driven him into exile had no need to go further to discover why James II was bound to have been driven into exile. And one feels that the failure of the Confederacy is at least partly explained by this legalistic obsession of Davis.

The real answer to Davis was given by Daniel Webster in 1850 when he asserted that to talk of peaceable and constitutional secession was nonsense, but that for the South talk and practice of revolution was not necessarily nonsense. Yet the South was committed by its leaders (not only by Davis; Alexander Stephens was worse if possible) to a revolution on legal grounds; and even when the Confederacy was doomed, Davis reports how he was shocked at the impudence of Lincoln talking of his loyalty to the Federal Constitution when he notoriously refused to enforce the Fugitive Slave clauses of that document. The same legalistic nonsense afflicted his foreign policy. Palmerston and Napoleon III were given lectures on the nature of the old Constitution which they obviously misunderstood. There was, of course, some political advantage in trying to deprive the government of the United States of the prestige of legitimacy, of refuting the charge of rebellion, but the South was prohibited by its legalistic obsession from issuing an effective declaration of independence.

This is not to say that the South had no case. It did, but many a litigant who has a good case is ill advised to go to law about it. No one knows what the intentions of the framers of the Constitution were in the matter of secession.

Just as even very loving American couples who get married can't quite ignore the fact that divorce is easy and common, the "People" and the leaders who made up "We the People of the United States" who entered the "more perfect union" were willing to give it a try. If they had been told they could never repent of their bargain, they might not have made it.

But this is very different from having a built-in right of secession to be used at any moment one of the high contracting parties thought fit. No government could run for long under this perpetual threat of peaceful dissolution. Nor is this all. Apart from Texas (the only state with a really plausible theory of secession) what right of secession had the new states? They were mostly formed from territory bought by the United States from France or Spain. What sovereignty was Louisiana "resuming"—Louisiana, a fragment of a territory sold just like a prime field hand? Why should the United States—*i.e.,* the states that didn't repent of their bargain—give up their rights in this great common asset? I think on examination that the case for secession was in practice a case for *dissolution* of the Union. On strict State Rights theory, each state "resumed" its sovereignty, but why should that have dissolved the United States even if the government of the United States permitted or recognized the secession? What claim on the Indian Territory (Oklahoma to you) had the states that left the United States? What the South was claiming was that when enough states decided to leave the

partnership (or agency, for that was a way they liked to refer to the government of the United States), all the assets were to be divided among the partners.*

Of course, the South was right in resisting and resenting the imputation of special moral turpitude, in seceding. Talk of secession or of resistance to Federal tyranny had been common form. It was right to recall to supercilious New Englanders their attitude to "Mr. Madison's War," to recall the Hartford Convention. Since the Republicans claimed to be the true heirs of Thomas Jefferson, it was good tactics to recall the Kentucky Resolutions. It was effective debate to stress the disloyalty of the Abolitionists and their allies. But it was no more than that. States hadn't seceded over the Alien and Sedition Acts, over the War of 1812, over the Tariff of Abominations, over the Mexican War. They seceded over one thing and fought over one thing, slavery.

DID SLAVERY REALLY START IT?

That this was so, nobody, I suspect, doubted when the War was on. That pathological constitutionalist Alexander Stephens, who was against secession before it happened and not enthusiastic about it even when he was Vice President of the Confederacy, let the cat out of the bag when he said: "Our new government is founded on the exactly opposite idea [to the equality of races]; its cornerstone rests upon the great truth that the Negro is not equal to the white man." This natural and incurable inequality had as its most suitable and—in Southern circumstances—essential embodiment, the "peculiar institution" of slavery. These were the new "Laws of Nature and of Nature's God."

It was about this conception and its institutional embodiment and the passions, fears, interests linked with the Institution, that the war was fought. As Lincoln put it in the Second Inaugural, the "slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war."

This judgment, which I think few doubted in 1865, has been often challenged since—not only by legalists, but also by naïve realists like Charles Beard. (His limitations as historian and thinker were seldom more manifestly revealed than in his attempt to find an explanation for the War that could be reduced to his naïve doctrine of self-interest.) There has only been one institution in American history that had the necessary emotional as well as (and more important than) the necessary material weight to make so great a war possible. I do not say that the abolition of slavery was the cause of the War, or that the simple defense of slavery was the cause. But the War was about slavery. True, the North fought to save the Union; but the Union was menaced only by the slavery question. The South fought for the Southern way of life, using State Rights as a weapon; but the mark, as Catholic theologicians put it, of the Southern way of life was slavery—or so the South thought.

In doing this it raised an issue that would not die. If the South could only exist on the basis of slavery, did it have a right to exist at all? It has long been fashionable to play down the moral content of the slavery issue. But the moral content was there. It did make a lot of difference whether, like Lincoln, you thought it mattered whether slavery was voted up or down or like Douglas professed not to care. (It made a difference to their styles.) The most famous of all American novels is and was *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Lincoln had some justice on his side when he greeted Mrs. Stowe with, "So you're the little woman who made this big war." No doubt *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a fantastic picture of the normal working of slavery. But it is not an impossible picture. (The one impossible character is not Simon Legree but Uncle Tom.) Slavery did insult human nature and make possible horrible crimes (one especially horrible occurred in Jefferson's family). And the issue was put in the greatest of American novels when Huck Finn, the American version of Antigone, decides to commit the crime of helping Nigger Jim to steal himself.

It has become customary to argue that only agitators kept the issue alive, that wise men had more urgent things to talk about—tariffs and land sales and railroads and the like. This was the argument of a more serious historian than Charles Beard, J. G. Randall. But to tell the past what it *should* have talked about is not the work of the historian. To write off, as Randall does, the men who insisted on talking about slavery

* A curious and otherwise unimportant obiter dictum of Davis is yet revealing. He suggests that instead of taking their ships into Union ports, Southern officers in the Navy of the United States should have taken them into Southern ports so that when the division of assets took place, the South would have its hands on them. But this is not a political doctrine of secession. Apart from involving Southern officers and gentlemen in despicable conduct, this course of action recalls a nervous and not too scrupulous director or partner who wants to get his hands on some of the firm's property before the liquidator does.



as mere mischief-makers is to ignore the role of morals and moralists, ideas and ideologues in history. What we should notice is that every effort to keep slavery out of politics failed—compromises, deals, agreements among sensible men, all failed. Again and again, the American people were summoned to a harmony banquet and each time the Banquo's ghost of slavery insisted on turning up. (I am here reducing to a crude simplification the acute argument of my friend, Professor Pieter Geyl of Utrecht, in the *New England Quarterly,* June 1951.)

Slavery was a ghost that walked and could not be laid by silence or by a national policy of "togetherness." This was perhaps a pity but it was also a fact. Because I believe this to be so, I cannot take much interest in the careful, ingenious, almost convincing explanations of how the War could have been avoided. Suppose Dr. Otto Eisenschiml is right in his ingenious guess that it was an accident that Fort Sumter was not evacuated, what of it? The clash would have come somewhere else. True, it might have come in circumstances less disadvantageous to the South, and that has led to ingenious speculation that Lincoln provoked Jefferson Davis, that Major Anderson was left, like the lamb tethered under the tree, to excite the tiger. (The same theory has been used to impute high treason to Roosevelt for provoking Pearl Harbor.) Unless Lincoln had been willing to abandon his conception of his duties as legally elected President of the United States, the war would have come. As far as Lincoln is guilty it is because, as Professor David Potter has shown, he refused in the period between his election and inauguration to surrender any of his fundamental principles (or dogmas) to reassure the South. Seward might believe that all could be settled by what the Italians call a *combinazione* but Lincoln did not. He did not foresee what kind of war was beginning or, if you like, he was beginning. Maybe if he had, he would have held his hand; I doubt it. He was the toughest of war leaders, inflexible about few things but inflexible about them.

What does it mean to contrast the torpor (or panic) of the last months of the Buchanan Administration or the first month of the Lincoln Administration with the explosion that followed the firing on Sumter? The gunpowder was there; Beauregard applied the match. If Lincoln grievously underestimated the strength of sectional feeling in the South, the South did not understand the forces that moved the North. There was the Union, the flag, the great past, and the great promise of what the vast majority north of the Mason-Dixon line thought of as their country and thought of as a nation. They agreed with Captain Philip Sheridan, USA, "This government is too great and good to be destroyed."

There is no need to believe in the legend of an "aggressive slavocracy" to see in slavery the cause of the War. Whether the North was painting the South into a corner or the South was doing it to her own doom does not really matter. The crisis was there. The South was demanding of the North what it was less and less willing to give—theoretical and, as far as possible, practical equality for the "peculiar institution." To get that the South was willing to break up the last unifying force, the Democratic party. If you want the date when the war became inevitable, it was when the Charleston Convention broke up over the nomination of Stephen Douglas. The South wanted more than any possible Northern candidate could now give. As Senator Pugh said:

"Gentlemen of the South, you mistake us—we will not do it."

That, not the firing on Sumter, was the signal for war.

The Great Russian Ball at the Academy of Music, November 5, 1863 (detail)

The lavish Russian Ball left New Yorkers with a bad hang-over and a worse conscience. With this Winslow Homer drawing, "Harper's Weekly" editorialized: ". . . when our brothers and our sons are dying on the battlefields and thousands of brave Union soldiers, prisoners at Richmond, are being starved to death by the Southern chivalry, it is hardly decent for us here to be dancing, and making merry, and throwing away fortunes on diamonds."

THE LAST CHANCE FOR THE SOUTH

What drove the South to this extremity? Was it the nature of the slave system that it had to expand or die? That is very doubtful. Was slavery economically doomed unless fresh soil could be secured for it to exploit and exhaust? This too is very doubtful. No doubt many in the South wanted to expand, wanted to revive the slave trade (openly not covertly). But the real cause of the increasing desperation of the South was the pressure of the modern world on an archaic economic and social system. Slavery was both more profitable and more threatened than it had been in the days when Washington and Jefferson thought it an evil doomed—and rightly doomed—to disappear.

But more was involved than that. The South felt the hostility of the world and resented it. It wanted to be approved as well as tolerated (and it wondered how long its social system would be tolerated). There was natural resentment of the moral smugness of New England (and of Old England). Their virtue, it was rightly felt, was due more to geography than to sanctity. The North, if it increasingly tolerated Abolitionist attacks on slavery, showed no signs of offering to share the burden and risks of emancipation. (It would have made no practical difference if the North had offered, but the moral case would have been clearer.) The risks seemed real, especially after the Nat Turner rebellion in Virginia. True, the Abolitionists did not preach servile war. They wanted to convert the masters, not rouse the slaves; but to cast doubt on the rightness of slavery was to threaten the whole Southern system. For the echoes of the controversy were heard in the slave quarters.

Then there was John Brown. It was not so much the attempt of this crazy and murderous fanatic to raise servile war as the way his execution was received in the North that rightly alarmed the South. "Gallows glorious" indeed! The complacent comments of sedentary literary gentlemen in Concord were ground enough, if not for secession, at any rate for a strong dose of counter-righteousness. If the new Republican party dug itself in, if the Federal administration was to pass into hostile hands, how could the system survive? The new President thought slavery wrong; he would tolerate it as his oath bound him to, but that was all. And the North, in each decade, was getting stronger and more hostile. It was now or never. And indeed if the South had to fight for its life, 1860 was perhaps the last time she could do it with any chance of success. So "the war came."

CONFEDERATE ILLUSIONS

In the Southern decision there was a strong and deadly element of self-deception. Less and less had the South permitted reflection on or objective assessment of its position. It had constructed an iron lung outside which it could not breathe. Inside it lived on illusions. It underestimated the political handicap of slavery. So it sent as diplomatic agent to England, to be the Franklin of the new revolution, James M. Mason—known, if he was known at all, as the chief defender of the Fugitive Slave Act. And everybody Mason met in England, including his friends and the friends of the South, had read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and was on the side of Eliza, not of her hunters. Not until the Confederacy was doomed and slavery visibly perishing, did the leaders of the South think of throwing slavery overboard and even then the egregious Mason in his last and necessarily fruitless interview with Palmerston could not bring himself to utter the fatal words!

There were other illusions. (The North had them too but could afford them.) There was the illusion of "King Cotton," the revival of the old Jeffersonian agrarian illusion that you could coerce Europe by cutting off supplies. The Federal blockade and the Confederate embargo caused immense distress in Britain and France, but they did not drive Palmerston into intervention and Napoleon III would not move alone. What the South did do was lose the advantage of her greatest asset and cut off her nose to spite herself.

Less commonly remembered is another Southern illusion and a most revealing one. If the North was amazed that the South should fight so hard for State Rights (or slavery), the South was astonished that the notoriously mean-spirited Yankees would fight for anything. The South saw itself as "The Chivalry." It was Ivanhoe—and the North was at best Isaac of York, at worst Shylock. Since the North could only be fighting to make money, the War was a plundering expedition. Since obviously it couldn't pay as that, you had only to show this arithmetical fact to the Yankees and they would give up. Alternatively you could promise them a favorable commercial treaty and they could have no object in fighting. This theme is repeated again and again and you can find echoes of it in the last proclamation Jefferson Davis issued to his people. Davis had been answered, four years before, by a retired army officer, U. S. Grant, who wrote to his Southern father-in-law, "It is all a mistake about the Northern pocket being so sensitive." It was the old illusion about the "nation of shopkeepers"; it was dearly paid for.

After the war was over, the pugnacious journalist and contemporary historian of the Confederacy, Edward A. Pollard, in computing the assets left to the South, more than once emphasized their old superiority in the art of politics. Yet all of Pollard's journalism and historical writing was imbued by a contempt for Jefferson Davis which was only exceeded by his contempt for the Confederate Congress. It was as much as anything the political incompetence of the South that ruined her cause. If Fort Sumter was a trap, Jefferson Davis fell into it. If "cotton was

King," the royal weapon was most incompetently used. If British intervention was necessary for Southern success, how badly the South played its cards! Benjamin was as clever a man as Seward but he was a very inferior Secretary of State. Chase was an Alexander Hamilton compared with Memminger. Welles and Stanton, St. Vincent and Carnot compared with the Confederate Secretaries of the Navy and of War (though something can be said for Mallory). What were those Confederate Governors who were not actually Federal assets like Joe Brown and Zeb Vance compared with Andrew and Curtin and the ruthless and unscrupulous and highly useful Oliver Morton? Who cared then, and who cares now, about the eloquence of Senator Wigfall or knows what the Confederate Congress did or left undone? And the comparison between Lincoln and Davis is almost comically unequal. Yet Davis, for all his faults, was probably the best President the Confederacy could have got. How long would it have lasted under a self-satisfied pedant like Alexander Stephens?

THE SOUTH'S STRENGTH

The Confederacy labored under the fatal disadvantage of its origins. "In my end is my beginning"—the motto of Mary, Queen of Scots—serves the Confederacy well. Faced with the fact that the War could not be won on the theory of State Rights that justified secession, people like Stephens acted as if they preferred to lose the War rather than their theory (as Jefferson Davis was provoked to remark long after Appomattox). Governors tried to run private wars for Georgia and North Carolina, and the correspondence of Governor Vance with the Confederate authorities is a lesson in political folly. The weak and shrinking authority of the Confederate government was continually threatened by the activities of politicians and lawyers who rightly saw that Jefferson Davis was, in many ways, like the tyrant Lincoln, but refused to see that this tyranny was necessary for the salvation of the South. Congress refused to set up a Supreme Court (as the Confederate Constitution demanded) partly because it might be too "national" and the immense difficulties of mobilizing men and resources in a backward economy were made almost insuperable by constitutional jurists.

Yet within these limits, the South did raise armies, make a fleet, and, more remarkable, create a war industry and keep it going until the last doomed months. True, this was done wastefully. The fiscal policy of the South *was* bad, both federally and in the states. (Only South Carolina had a good record.) It could have been better but possibly not much better, once the cotton crop was not shipped out. The South was immensely handicapped by its rural character, which in 1861 was innocently seen as an advantage. It was handicapped by its "colonial" economic position, by its poor transportation system, by its miserably inadequate industrial equipment.

Yet if its handicaps are allowed for, it worked wonders. The South showed, all things considered, more Yankee ingenuity than the North. That it was able to keep armies and a fleet in being should be remembered. And it was in a dilemma. Nothing did Southern morale more harm than the so-called "twenty nigger" law, which exempted overseers of twenty slaves or more from the Army. Yet it was perhaps the best way of organizing the turnover from cotton production to food production that was absolutely essential. But it fed the feeling that this was "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight" that finally broke down Southern morale and justified the desertions that destroyed Lee's last hopes.

Were those hopes ever justified? It was the opinion of many sensible people like General Joe Johnston that the South had a good chance of winning that was thrown away. There were two ways in which the War might have been won; by military triumphs so complete that Britain and France would have felt it safe—and so right—to recognize the Confederacy even at the risk of war with the United States. That chance went at Antietam not at Gettysburg. By July 1863, with Vicksburg doomed, no possible victory in the East would have altered the policy of the British government—which was to wait and be quite sure that Jefferson Davis had, as Gladstone had rashly put it a year before, "made a nation."*

A victory at Antietam might have brought British recognition and might have led to the victory of the Democrats in the Congressional elections of 1862. (They were after all won by Lincoln only after a great deal of very sharp practice.)

* It has not, as far as I know, been noted that this was the one thing that, on Confederate theory, Jefferson Davis could *not* do. The Confederate States were no more a nation than, in their theory, the United States had been. Yet all Southerners kept on talking of "the country," "my country." What did they mean? It is possible that a Virginian or a South Carolinian exhausted all the meaning of the word when he contemplated his own state. But a citizen of Arkansas or Florida? There was a nation struggling to birth, the "South." It did not survive and it could not have passed adolescence if it had lived up to the baptismal promises made for it in 1861.

But even after Vicksburg and Gettysburg, the South, cut in two, steadily shrinking in the West, could have won by playing on the war weariness of the North. They almost brought it off (we have Lincoln's testimony for that). But the removal of Joe Johnston and Davis's still more fatal decision to replace him by Hood doomed the South.

Many Southerners must have read Macaulay on Frederick the Great and noted the parallel. Frederick was saved by the death of his enemy, the Tsarina Elizabeth. The equivalent opportunity for the South was the Presidential election of 1864. Had the South still held Atlanta in November 1864, the Northern will to war might have snapped, the summary of the Democratic platform, "The War is a failure," might have been accepted. The demonstration by Sherman that the Confederate government could no longer protect the heart of the Confederacy began the process of demoralization which made Appomattox merely the QED of the proposition.

Then all the grievances—inflation, semi-starvation in the towns, the inequalities of conscription, the ill-gotten gains of the Snopes family rapidly climbing in the dying planter society—these had added to them the loss of faith in the future of the Confederacy. There were more deserters than men under arms and the eloquence of Davis nerved only the civilians of Richmond. It was touch and go but Lincoln, who supported the long ordeal of Grant's bloody failures, saved the Union as the neurotic Davis lost the Confederacy its last and only chance.

GRANT AND LEE

Grant's failures? I know how much I am running against the tide of current historical opinion when I use such terms. Yet what other name can we give to the campaign of 1864? Where Grant was, was at worst humiliating defeat, at best a bloody stalemate. It was Sherman and Sheridan who kept alive the Northern faith in victory. That Grant was the best Union Commander who had directed the Army of the Potomac is true. That he was a good organizer is true; that he had resolution and clarity of mind is true; that he had an admirable literary style is true and important. He was no Haig or Nivelle or Cadorna. But he was not the equal of Robert E. Lee. Mathematicians, I am told, distinguish between solutions that are adequate and solutions that are elegant. Except possibly at Chattanooga, Grant's solutions were never elegant. Lee's often were.

They may even have been too elegant at times. He demanded and did not get from his raw troops in the early summer of 1862 a perfection of march and battle discipline that Napoleon got from the Grande Armée in 1805 and 1806, Marlborough from his troops in 1704, Frederick from his at Rossbach and Leuthen. But there is the boldness (so unusual in an engineer) before Second Manassas, at Chancellorsville, in the Wilderness, worthy of the greatest captains. And where he failed (as he did fail at Gettysburg) he failed in a curious parallel with Napoleon. Just as Stuart was absent when most needed, so D'Erlon fought neither at Quatre Bras nor Ligny. Just as Lee left too much to the too cautious Longstreet, Napoleon left too much to the foolish aggressive Ney.

Of course, Grant deserves credit for the overall strategy of the Union Armies in 1864-65, for backing Sherman and choosing Sheridan. Had he taken Sherman's advice and remained in the West, his reputation might have gained. It was Grant's opinion that the best of the Union generals (himself presumably excepted) was Sheridan. He was, at any rate, the most modern in his attitude to war. The contrast between Stuart and Sheridan illustrates much in the history of the War. Jeb Stuart was the flower of chivalry. He was consciously the heir of Murat. But he was dead a week after Sheridan took the field as commander of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac. Sheridan was no Murat; he was the ancestor of Patton and Rommel. The brilliant cavalry officer, Charles Lowell, who served under him in the Valley, paid him the highest compliment he could think of: "He works like a mill owner or an ironmaster, not like a soldier." Sheridan, who had been a bookkeeper, inspected his army like a businessman taking over a bankrupt firm, and his ruthlessness, while less flamboyant than Sherman's, was more deliberate.

In our modern savage age with memories of Belsen and Hiroshima, Lidice and Oradour-sur-Glane, it is hard to take seriously the repeated Southern comparisons of Sherman and Sheridan to Attila or the march through Georgia to the worst horrors of the Thirty Years War.

Thomas Nast was less a reporter than a propagandist, as he so spectacularly demonstrated some years after the War when his political cartoons "did in" the notorious Boss Tweed. This highly-charged drawing of the atrocities of Morgan's Raiders was based on "extracts from recent papers."



A Guerrilla Raid in the West, by Thomas Nast, September 27, 1862

But there was plundering and outrage (though few murders and few rapes). "You can't expect all the cardinal virtues for thirteen dollars a month," as the soldier said to Sherman. And by his trail of destruction, Sherman not only made the South "howl," he broke its will to resist. As he said, "War is hell"; wherever he went, he made it so. If in the degree of destruction caused, the War was only in a minor degree "hell" by modern standards, it was nevertheless the prefiguration of modern war. "Unconditional surrender" is another inheritance (if a misunderstood one) of the War.

But it is from the technical point of view that the War is the first modern war. It was modern in the use of railroads, of the telegraph, of field works. (Some of the photographs of Confederate trenches round Atlanta or Petersburg could, with a little touching up, be passed off for photographs of the First World War.) Both sides showed astonishing technical enterprise and ingenuity and gave the world the first examples of that American genius for beating plowshares into weapons that has twice altered the history of this century. (And that would not have done it if the Union had been defeated and dissolved.) The South, as has been suggested, was even more ingenious than the North; it had land mines and sea mines (Farragut's "torpedoes"); it had submarines; and we forget too easily that the *Merrimac* was only the most famous of the ironclads that the South created out of its meager resources. The North, with far greater resources, was almost equally fertile in invention, and infant American industry was immensely expanded by the War and met all the demands on it. Or almost all. For the ideas were often in advance of the technical resources to execute them, as the vicissitudes of Federal naval architecture showed.

BLUNDERS OF THE NORTH

And there were curious failures to utilize the technical superiority of the North. The Federal cavalry was equipped toward the end of the War with repeating carbines which worked havoc among the Confederates. But there was no general attempt to equip the Union Army with breechloaders. Maybe there was no weapon then available as effective as the Remingtons with which the Turks were to mow down the Russians at Plevna in 1877, but even an inferior breechloader, a *chassepot* or a "needle gun," would have given the North an immense advantage.

It is less surprising that the Union did not produce a breechloading field gun. The problem was really one of metallurgy and there was no Krupp steel in America. (Many of the failures of the new Federal warships were due to poor metallurgy.) But it is odder that so much smoothbore artillery was continued in use since the French had already demonstrated, in the Italian War of 1859, the great superiority of rifled artillery. There was a lack of enterprise here. It is true that Sheridan, in 1870, professed not to think much of the Krupp guns, but Sheridan was not a gunner.

In another way, too, the War was modern. Many of the complaints made against McClellan, Meade, Grant, and even against Lee, for not fully exploiting their victories reflected the belief that all battles should be and could be like Jena and Waterloo, what the Germans called "battles without a morrow." But modern war has not been rich in Waterloos or Jenas. It took the unlimited imbecility of Bazaine and MacMahon to give Moltke his deceptively easy triumphs in 1870. (The two French generals were as incompetent as Pope or Hood, nay, as that unending ass, Ambrose E. Burnside.) The Russo-Japanese War and World War I were to be wars like the Civil War in which the complete, quick, and final victory was rare. Old General Scott complained that only Sheridan had what he called "finish," but Sheridan was lucky.

The War was modern in another way. It marked the end of cavalry in the old sense. There were few or no cavalry charges, foolish and heroic like the Charge of the Light Brigade or the charge of the French Cuirassiers at Reichshofen—or even desperate but not foolish like Von Bredow's "death ride" at Mars-la-Tour. Jeb Stuart was the last knight, but perhaps the great Southern cavalry chief was the less romantic Forrest. As for Sheridan, he used horses to get his men to the battle, not as missiles in themselves. Few swords and not many bayonets were effectively used in the War and no European army in 1914 had assimilated these lessons of the "armed mobs," as Moltke called them, who learned so much more of real war between 1861 and 1865 than the Prussians did in their too easy campaigns in 1870. Europe had to learn the hard way in 1914 many lessons learned in Virginia and Tennessee two generations before.

And the War showed the overwhelming importance of industrial power. It was not merely a matter of weapons but of locomotives and wagons, of clothing and tinned food, of hospital trains—and of that ancestor of the world-girdling "PX," the Sanitary Commission. It may be that



THE REBEL CHIVALRY

As the Fancy of "My Maryland" painted them.

As "My Maryland" found them.

Southern "chivalry" was a constant butt of Northern jibes, but there was no branch of the service that stirred the imagination as did the cavalry. The drawing below by Edwin Forbes, like many of excellent quality that were submitted, was never published in the "Weekly."



Cavalry Charge Near Rappahannock Station, by Edwin Forbes, 1864

the War did actually increase Northern wealth; certainly the North increased its capital equipment all during the War. It may have been only a catalyst but the War precipitated the entry of the United States into the modern industrial world, made "the takeoff" (to use Professor W. W. Rostow's brilliant metaphor) come sooner. And by providing such emotional talking points as the crimes of Andersonville, the War made the political job of inducing the American farmer to pay, through the tariff, for the forced-draft development of American industry much easier than it might otherwise have been. The ex-Confederates who began to come back to Washington by 1870 were in a new world, one from which the South was still excluded, except as a colonial tributary.

Before the War, during the War, and after, the North was baffled by the readiness of the non-slaveholding population of the South—that is the great majority of the free Southern population—to fight for "Southern independence" which, in fact, meant fighting for a slavery system that, many outsiders thought with plausibility, was the curse of most whites as well as blacks.

That there was something in the Northern attitude is suggested by the rage provoked by Helper's *Impending Crisis of the South* in 1857, the only book that got under Southern skins as successfully as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had done. No abolitionist tract, no bale of *Liberators* was as dangerous as Helper, for the slaves were unlikely to see or read the tracts; but the poor whites might read *The Impending Crisis*. Its message was simple. Helper was no "nigger lover." He was basically against slavery because of the harm it did to his own people, the non-slaveholding whites.

Helper and his admirers (who were numerous in the North where his book was a best seller) could point to the indisputable fact that most Southerners had no direct profit from slavery. In 1860, there were "385,000 owners of slaves distributed among 1,516,000 free families. Nearly three-fourths of all free Southerners had no connection with slavery through either family ties or direct ownership."* And if we take as the rulers and leaders of slave society the owners of more than one hundred slaves (and the owners of less than one hundred slaves were hardly the "planters" of Southern tradition or the whiskey advertisements) there were only three thousand of them.

* Kenneth M. Stampp, *The Peculiar Institution*, New York, Knopf, 1956.

This, the really privileged class, was less numerous, relatively and absolutely, than the privileged orders in France in 1789. Why was there no rising against a system based on such an inverted pyramid of power and wealth? Why was the contrast between the economic and political status of the free farmers in the North and his brethren in the South not politically more effective? Why without accepting Helper's exact bill to be sent to the "introducers, aiders, and abettors of slavery" (it was exactly $7,544,148,825) did not the majority of the free population of the South let the slavocracy fight for the system?

THE MYSTERY OF THE SOUTHERN MIND

For one thing, the kind of political arithmetic that Helper and more serious economists practiced exaggerated the rational, calculating elements in the political reactions of *any* people at *any* time. Wars are not made on either side by totally rational peoples. As the Germans used to say, a reasonable army would run away. But the Northern illusion was made illusory by more than the power of human folly. It was easier to say that the non-slaveholding whites were the true victims of the slavery system than to get the whites themselves to understand that. If emancipation of the slaves was the only way to the true freedom of whites, the whites—especially the poor whites—did not know it.

For one thing, the only rag of dignity that a poor white had was his status as a white man. As long as he was above all niggers, even prosperous free niggers, the poor white had a way of laying the flattering unction of superiority to his soul. The numerous class of free farmers who were not in the derogatory sense "poor whites" (though they were not rich) had even more reason to welcome the boost to their ego that the slave system gave every white from Wade Hampton down to the most miserable "cracker." It is possible too that the whites who did think slavery an obstacle to the rise of themselves and their families (like the presumably smaller group who thought it intrinsically wrong) did emigrate from the slave states. For if it is difficult to think of Tom Lincoln moving from Kentucky into Indiana under the pressure of conscience or ambition, his son Abraham might have done so had he come to his majority in a slave state. Perhaps there was a steady sifting of the white population; perhaps the majority

of skeptics and trouble-makers simply got out. (The history of the border counties of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio suggests that a good many migrated North with a fine stock of Southern principles and prejudices.)

There is no doubt still a mystery for us in this attitude. The rank-and-file of the Confederate Armies did not write books, did not keep diaries, did not write newspapers, were seldom represented by their own kind in the high command, political or military. So we have to guess why they disappointed their well-wishers in the North. No doubt, if the Southern politician had advocated on the hustings the aristocratic doctrines that justified slavery on grounds that would apply to the poor white as well as to the Negro, there might have been a glimmering of doubt in even the thickest skulls. But the politicians, as apart from the ideologues, were too wise for that. They flattered the Southern masses and not so much imposed on them as "sold" them the romantic idea of Southern superiority—not only over all Negroes but over all Yankees. "Farmer and cracker admired and shared more than vicariously in this ideal—shall we call it?—created by the impact of the aristocratic idea on the romantic pattern."*

And when all is said and done, how was the non-slaveholding white—already jealous of the competition not only of free Negroes but of Negro craftsmen hired out by their masters—to know that the emancipated Negro would not be a more formidable competitor? How was he to see that the common interests of the poor ought to unite him with those whom he despised and feared? How was he to see a common class interest, when some labor unions still restrict their membership to "Caucasians" a century later?

The War, of course, educated a good many. First of all, the natural leaders led and lost. The hostility to Jefferson Davis that was gleefully reported to the North after the end of the War may have been widespread and deep. The exemptions given to slaveholders, to jobholders, to the people who got into "the bombproofs" as safe jobs were called, bred natural resentment. The suffering inflicted on the families of soldiers by inflation and by the breakdown of Confederate organization shook the faith of others. Yet the South (and the North), if they had only known it, shamed their Revolutionary ancestors and showed more tenacity and courage in the face of Grant and Sherman (or Lee and Johnston) than had been shown in face of Cornwallis.



And this devotion was of long-term political importance. For it meant that the North could not separate the classes of the South so as to win a political as well as a military victory. There was not even possible a Southern version of the Weimar Republic. Even had there been no Reconstruction, the memories of the South would have been "disloyal."

WHAT THE SOUTH LOST

If the North was disillusioned by the Southern loyality of the poor whites, the South was disillusioned by the limited loyalty of the slaves. Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar told Henry Adams that he ceased to believe in slavery when he realized that it could not stand a war. It didn't. Everywhere that the Union Armies came, the system collapsed. The Christian slaves had no scruples about stealing themselves by the hundreds of thousands. The many authentic stories of fidelity to the Master refer, for the most part, to the house slaves. The field hands had no such feudal spirit. Even the house servants were not totally reliable. The intelligent Mrs. Chesnut keeps on speculating about what was really going on behind the smooth, smiling, servile faces. Sometimes the secret came out. Both Jefferson Davis and Governor Wise suffered the shock of the desertion of trusted servants and, by the last year of the War, the not very intelligent J. B. Jones, the "Rebel War Clerk," began to suspect the loyalty of the slaves. And the revelation of the fragility of the slave system, of the true sentiments of its four million "beneficiaries," was an added drop of gall in the full cup of the defeated South.

The ambiguity of the Southern attitude was reflected in calculations of war losses. The "loss" of the slaves was estimated at from two billion to five billion dollars. But of course this was a loss only for the owners, not for the South; the vast majority of the former slaves were in the South still and were the basis of the Southern economy. They and the soil remained.

* W. J. Cash *The Mind of the South*, New York, Knopf, 1941. I am aware that Cash was not a scientific historian or sociologist but he was what is in this context better, a poet who saw through the poetry of the Southern vision but felt its power.



Convalescent Soldiers Passing Through Washington to Join Their Regiments, by A. Oertel, November 15, 1862



Fruitless Attempt of the Army of the Potomac to Move Toward the Rappahannock on 20th January, 1863, by A. R. Waud

What had the South lost? Here we must distinguish carefully and kindly between fact and legend. Just as France is full of families who lost "their all" in the Revolution (including families that in fact did well out of it), the South has its share of mythical heirs of great plantations wrecked by Sherman's raiders. Whether Sherman did or did not set fire to Columbia or Atlanta, they did burn. (Charleston suffered as much from the accidental fire of 1861 as by Federal gunfire, and central Richmond was fired by Ewell's retreating garrison, again perhaps by accident.) More serious was the destruction of the South's already inadequate transport system. And the meager industrial equipment, mostly turned over to the war effort, was mainly wrecked by one side or the other.

Yet at first hearing or at second, it is irritating to find present Southern weaknesses explained in terms of the crimes of Sherman or Sheridan. Was Columbia in 1865 any worse off than Berlin in 1945 or for that matter than London? Is not the cultivation of such memories an obstacle to clear thinking about what the South needs? It is nearly a century since these crimes were committed. Isn't it time they were forgotten?

THE DEFEATED

Third thoughts suggest a difference. If Berlin and London and Rotterdam have largely recovered and perhaps have largely forgotten their dreadful recent history, this is in part due to the generosity of the victorious United States. The United States was not so generous in 1865. What the South needed was Marshall Plan aid. Just as the North refused, before the War, to accept its share in the sin or burden of slavery, it refused (apart from the issue of rations and a little aid given to the Freedman's Bureau) to make any sacrifices to get the stricken South onto its feet. No doubt, it would have been asking a great deal to ask the North to pay more taxes to "help the Rebels." "Reconstruction," however it was organized politically, was bound to be a bitter ordeal for the South since the bills were coming in and the South had to pay them out of her meager and diminished resources. She needed capital, but what businessman with the immense possibilities of the North and West open to him was going to risk his dollars in the former Confederacy?

It is not a creditable story; yet it is hard to see what, given the conditions of the age, could have been done better. There was first of all the disaster of the assassination of Lincoln. Even he could not have wrought miracles, but his prestige, his resolution, his preternatural political sagacity were such that some of the worst mistakes or neglects might have been avoided. (As Mrs. Brodie has pointed out in her recent admirable life of Thaddeus Stevens, the common belief that President Johnson simply applied Lincoln's policies ignores important differences between Lincoln and his successor.) But even if that honest, stubborn, violent, limited man, Andrew Johnson, had been a wiser man and a better politician, the problem might have been insoluble for that generation.

For Southern illusions did not die at Appomattox. It is an illusion of the conquered that they can determine the use made by the victors of their power. It was useless to demand of the North in 1865 the Constitution or the temper of 1861. Yet the South tried to minimize the Northern victory, notably by making the emancipation of the slaves as nearly meaningless as possible. The "black codes" are enough to explain if not to justify the worst errors of Radical reconstruction. As Mr. Ralph McGill has recently reminded us (and as we should have expected *a priori*), it was Mississippi that led the South down this path of folly. To expect the North to accept this nullification of victory was a vain thing.

We must not exaggerate the extent of the disaster. Is there much reason to believe that South Carolina was more corruptly governed than New York or Philadelphia? It could afford the graft less, that is all. There was nowhere in the United States the kind of governmental organization, the kind of civil service, the kind of sociological knowledge (if I may risk using that dirty word) that was needed. But as Reconstruction made the "Solid South" even more solid, so Southern intransigence made "waving the bloody shirt" profitable and this poisoned the political life of the United States for more than a generation. And as far as the memory of Reconstruction was successfully used (long after Reconstruction was over) to justify such parodies of democracy and world scandals as the present political state of Mississippi, it was one of the most disastrous results of the War.

Perhaps we exaggerate the impact of the War. Perhaps the "Gilded Age" would have been as base, perhaps a President as incompetent as Grant would have reached the White House anyway. Perhaps in no other way could the American experiment have been purged of the poisonous infection of slavery in the country "dedicated to the proposition that all men are

created equal." For we must not forget that slavery *was* abolished, the Union *was* saved, "the last best hope of earth" not debased and destroyed. The price was high and is still being paid. Like the chief captain, the American people can say that "with a great sum obtained I this freedom." That is why the War lies so close to the American heart.

To think that on the whole and on nearly all the great issues the North was right is possibly an unfashionable doctrine; it is at any rate an unromantic doctrine. But it is mine. I agree with Augustine Birrell that for once "the great twin brethren, Might and Right" fought on the same side.

MY OWN SIDE

As a boy, like all boys I hope, I was for the South as I was a Jacobite. Boys are all for Hector against Achilles (and still more against Agamemnon), for Hannibal against Scipio (and still more against Fabius Cunctator). That is right and proper. But "when I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." The issue of the War was fortunate in the sense that it was the least unfortunate issue that was possible. Of this civil war one is inclined to say with Andrew Marvell, "The cause *was* too good to have been fought for." But it was fought for and the right side won.

But there is another side to the War and one that it would be wrong to ignore or minimize—the side of glory. There was glory enough for each side. The North has its legends (true legends) as well as the South. There is the desperate and fruitless courage of Fredericksburg; there is the rush up Missionary Ridge; there are the heroic stories of units like the 20th Maine at Gettysburg; there is Sheridan riding on to the field at Cedar Creek and turning the tide of battle like Desaix at Marengo. There is most impressive of all, the disciplined and despairing advance at Cold Harbor. Here is glory. But whether the South has more glory than the North or not (I think it has), it needs it more and, as is right, cherishes it more. It cherishes the fame of the most Plutarchian (and greatest) American soldier, "Marse Robert." It cherishes the memory of Jackson "standing like a stone wall" at Bull Run and striking Hooker's flank at Chancellorsville. It cherishes or should cherish, with Pickett's attack, the memory of Hood's men advancing to their doom at Franklin. And for the individual heroic actions, their name is legion. It should remember with pride, not that there were so few under arms to surrender with Lee or Johnston, but that there were still so many.

It was the bad luck of the South that the only great poet who commemorated the "strange sad war" was Walt Whitman of Manhattan. But Timrod's lines on the Confederate dead in Magnolia Cemetery at Charleston may serve as a final text:

> In seeds of laurel in the earth
> The blossom of your fame is blown.
> And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
> The shaft is in the stone.

The laurels have grown; the shafts are all around us. They cannot be too numerous or too high.



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LETTERS

Guilt and Torture

To the Editors:

All who have read *La Gangrène* in the original French can but welcome the decision of editors and publishers in America to make it available to the English-reading public. But Joseph Kraft's introduction and the excerpt from the book which appeared in your March issue ["Torture in Paris"] would seem to require comment.

Mr. Kraft refers to M. Boumaza and the other Algerian Moslems who endured excruciating torture as "partisans of a violent cause, guilty, not innocent victims. . . ." The cause is that of liberty and these Moslem students have not yet been found guilty in any court of law.

It is regrettable that Mr. Kraft omitted the brief, itemized list of documents which the French security police had in its possession concerning M. Boumaza's "activities." [Thus] American readers are left to draw their own conclusions as to the nature of these "activities." The French text lists eight documents: one, "an appeal for a collection of winter clothing for the children of the imprisoned"; another, "a plan for a brochure on the torture with detailed testimony and medical certificates." The other six documents were no more damning than these.

Mr. Kraft rightly refers to "the most extravagant efforts" that were made to conceal the torturings, and he notes that an attorney for the prisoners was shot dead, "presumably by a counter-terrorist organization." This young lawyer was Ould Aoudia, a Catholic Berber, and those close to the case in Paris believe he was disposed of by the French police.

If we could conceive of these Moslem students as violent, unbalanced men, would it make the story of their anguish any less harrowing? In the French text, the sound of M. Boumaza's quiet, gentle courage—deleted from the translation—is strong enough to sustain the flinching reader as well. "My torture is nothing compared to that of my brothers and sisters in Algeria, burned alive, mutilated, humiliated, violated, impaled, and cut into pieces," are the closing words of his deposition. "But the voice of my brothers no longer reaches France, and the only reason that I testify is that I hope my voice, less strong, no doubt, but closer, may have a better chance of reaching it."

Kay Boyle
Rowayton, Conn.

The Author Comments:

I cannot agree with Miss Boyle that the cause is that of liberty. It is that of independence, a far different thing, alas, and one, as Bismarck pointed out, that is gained by "blood and iron." In that sense, the Algerian nationalists are partisans of a violent cause. The prisoners who claim in *La Gangrène* to have been tortured were quite clearly the political allies of the nationalists—a fact acknowledged publicly by the National Liberation Front in its publication, *El Moujahid*. In that sense they are not innocent victims. Which is not to say that their cause is not just, and will not prevail. It is, and it probably will.

Joseph Kraft
New York, N. Y.

To M. . . or Ph. . . D

To the Editors:

Perhaps I am oversensitive, but I was not exactly taken by the statement of Dr. Fredrick C. Redlich and May Pines ["How to Choose a Psychiatrist," March] that "non-medical or lay therapists are frequently Ph.D.'s thus acquiring the title of 'doctor'." The Ph.D. is a doctor, not a "doctor." This is the highest earned degree granted by American universities. It is an ancient and honorable one which had its present high stature in a period when medical practitioners were still doubling as village barbers. The closed ranks of the American Psychoanalytic Association typify the M.D.'s greatest problem—the "God" syndrome.

Dr. Ronald C. Johnson
(or)
Ronald C. Johnson, Ph.D.
San Jose, Calif.

This—and several similar comments—appear to be based on a misreading of the article. In fact it pointed out that "some of the most famous analysts are lay analysts." It criticized lax licensing procedures which, in many states, allow anyone to call himself a "psychologist" whether or not he is trained or holds a degree. The Editors

Dr. Redlich points out that at the top of the A-P [analytic-psychological] ladder stand the classical Freudian analysts who belong to the American Psychoanalytic Association. How did they get there? Have they been oversold? No comparative follow-up study has shown that classical psychoanalysis is better than no psychiatric treatment at all or . . .

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LETTERS

treatment by general practitioners. . . .

In order to discover the facts, the American Psychoanalytic Association surveyed the treatment results of its own members. Two years later it still keeps this report "confidential." . . .

D-O [directive-organic] psychiatrists, Dr. Redlich tells us, "think of the A-Ps as unmedical doctrinaires and sometimes even quacks." The Psychoanalytic Association is violating its elementary medical and scientific responsibility to reveal the facts. Perhaps the scientific synthesis which Dr. Redlich seeks might be achieved with less difficulty if this treatment survey report were released.

NATHANIEL S. LEHRMAN, M.D.
Visiting Lecturer
Post-Graduate Center for Psychotherapy
New York, N. Y.

Browder and the C. P.

TO THE EDITORS:

Now that we know "How Stalin Ruined the American Communist Party" [Earl Browder, March], it might be in order for someone with the inside facts to tell how Lovestone, Browder, and Foster ganged up on the IWW [Industrial Workers of the World], the only friends the Russian Revolution had in the U. S. from 1917 to 1920.

An IWW delegate attended the first meeting of the Red Trade International in Moscow and recommended against affiliation with it because it was completely dominated by the Third International, a political body. The Communists then formed the Trade Union Educational League. It—and its successor, the Trade Union Unity League—carried on a punitive struggle against the IWW, which was further weakened by its refusal to sign contracts with employers, its democratic internal processes which prevented fast action, and the hatred of AFL leaders including Samuel Gompers and William Green. The American Communists' war against the IWW hastened its demise as an important factor in the American labor movement.

Browder admits that the American Communist party was doomed as unfitted to American life. On the other hand the IWW pioneered industrial unionism which—judging by the course of the AFL-CIO—is the unionism of the future.

How the Communists pronounced the death sentence on the IWW would bear disclosure. Browder could be the chap to do it.

JOHN LIND
Two Harbors, Minn.

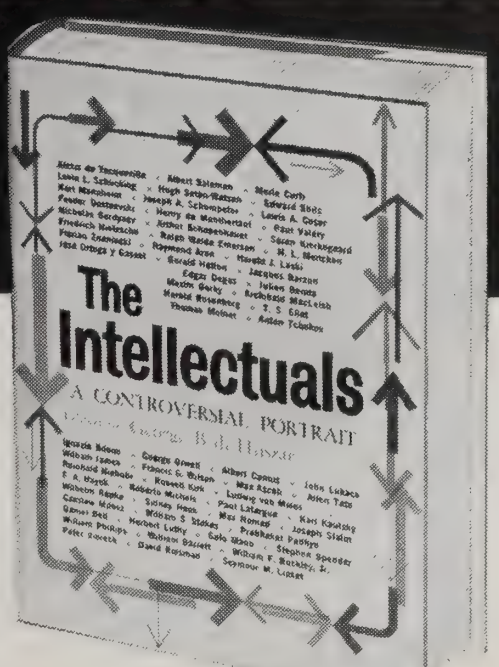
Earl Browder's overweening egotism has led him to rewrite history, apparently to satisfy an all-consuming need

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"No one has ever called me an intellectual in my presence."—*Bertrand Russell*

Why do American intellectuals complain on the one hand of being "alienated" and on the other hand of being "forced to conform" (and could they be wrong on both counts)?...Why are the avant-garde magazines no longer avant garde?...Have the benefits of the welfare state turned intellectuals (like juvenile delinquents) into rebels without a cause?...Why are the intellectuals of Asia so proficient at liberating their countries and such failures at solving their problems afterwards?

Are American intellectuals underpaid (and if so, what are European intellectuals so envious about)?...Is the Age of Specialization transforming the intellectual into a learned Ignoramus? These are just a few of the intellectual phenomena studied, diagnosed and dissected with delightful erudition, and with utterly fascinating frankness that leaves the 600 pages of THE INTELLECTUALS strewn with the broken bits of fallen idols and the bleached bones of sacred cows.

"To be too conscious is an illness."
—*Dostoevsky*

It took some of the world's most famous intellectuals to write this book (who else would have dared?). Albert Camus, T. S. Eliot, Raymond Aron, Harold J. Laski, Sidney Hook, Stephen Spender, and Reinhold Niebuhr are just a few of them. Together they do for the intelligentsia something akin to what Audubon did for ornithology and Gibbon did for the Roman Empire.

It will be seen that these scholarly dignitaries often end up in a rowdy disagreement among themselves. They let loose the kind of critical crossfire that makes intellectual history—and makes THE INTELLECTUALS one of the most quotable and controversial books of 1960.

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DR. ARTHUR DEHON LITTLE
1863-1935

LETTERS

to vindicate himself. Especially fantastic is his thesis that Joseph Stalin started the Cold War, supposedly "to keep up the sharp international tensions by which alone he could maintain such a regime [of terrorism]."

The roots of the Cold War, we believe, lie in policies of atomic diplomacy, containment, and positions of strength—policies originating in this country, not abroad. That there was a sharp change in American foreign policy at the war's end is widely acknowledged. Thus, Sumner Welles wrote *(Where Are We Heading,* p. 375): "The fruits of the Roosevelt policy became apparent at Teheran and Yalta. Then suddenly, the direction of American policy passed to other hands. The dire change this brought in Soviet-American relations was apparent to every objective observer present at the meeting at Potsdam."

This is a far cry from Mr. Browder's cloak-and-dagger fancies.

A corollary of this invention is his implication that the American Communist party was converted into an agent of the Soviet Union, propagating the so-called Stalin Cold War line. This is completely false. Whatever its views on the source of the Cold War, the record will show that the Communist party has at all times advocated ending it through negotiation such as is now in prospect at the approaching summit meeting—a policy motivated by a concern for the best interests of the United States.

HYMAN LUMER
National Educational Secretary
Communist Party, U. S. A.
New York, N. Y.

Browder reached a peak of absurdity in depicting the Communist Political Association of his own hey-day as a burgeoning throng of American patriots. America's Communists, like all others, were until 1940 members of the Comintern. They were therefore pledged irrevocably to the support of the Soviet Union in the event of war. The *Daily Worker* on November 17, 1940, openly declared that the American Communist party left the Comintern "for the specific purpose of removing itself from the terms of the Voorhis Act."

CHARLES S. PROVOST
Atlanta, Ga.

The Faubus Story

TO THE EDITORS:

Regardless of the choice of sides in the Faubus controversy your readers are entitled to expect more accurate reporting than the article by Louis E. Lomax ["Two Millionaires, Two Senators, and a Faubus," March].

The most obvious error is the attempt

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LETTERS

to relieve former governor Sid McMath of a large share of the blame or credit, depending on viewpoint, of Faubus' presence in the office of governor. . . . When Faubus ran against Cherry he was supported enthusiastically by McMath and in view of the small margin of Faubus' victory it may be safely concluded that McMath's support represented the difference. . . .

Mr. Lomax professes to see as the brighter side of the situation a strong possibility that the system of awarding Senate committee chairmanships will undergo change. It is noteworthy that Senators McClellan and Fulbright are condemned . . . solely on the basis of their constituents' convictions on race relations, while the same system meets with tacit approval when it results in the probable elevation of Congressman Adam Clayton Powell to chairmanship of the House Committee on Labor and Education.

GRIFFIN SMITH
Little Rock, Ark.

THE AUTHOR COMMENTS:

I did not attempt to relieve McMath of either blame or credit for Faubus. All I reported was the widely known fact that the two are no longer close. As to the change in the system of awarding committee chairmanships in Congress, Mr. Powell would suffer along with Senators McClellan and Fulbright. At least I hope so.

LOUIS E. LOMAX
New York, N. Y.

NATO Rules the Waves?

TO THE EDITORS:

As an American naval officer associated for the past eighteen months with the Supreme Allied Command Atlantic, I should like to offer some personal and entirely unofficial comments on John Fischer's provocative essay, "The Corpse on Horseback" [Editor's Easy Chair, March]. . . .

Except for the brief mention of the Polaris missile and submarine he does not admit the existence of the Atlantic Ocean. [Yet] all the fifteen members of NATO except Luxembourg border on the sea. All are supplied and sustained by the sea. All can be defended, in very large measure, from the sea—without dependence upon fixed bases grown increasingly vulnerable to nuclear missile attack.

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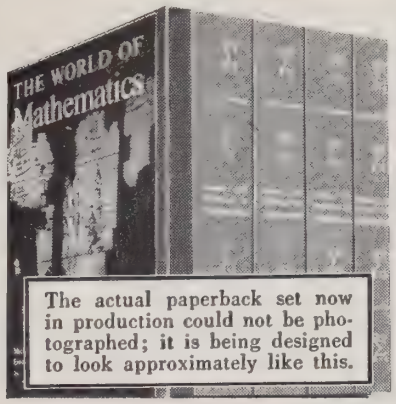
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LETTERS

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The countries bordering upon the Atlantic cannot survive without Atlantic trade; they cannot defend themselves without a common Atlantic defense structure.

The Atlantic was once a barrier and a rampart. That time is long gone, but the commercial health of all Atlantic peoples depends on who uses the shipping lanes most and best, and success in military operations depends entirely on control of the sea.

The swiftness of jet travel has debased geography and its once formidable distances; it frightens some men, and lulls others into a sense of false security. Until some day not now foreseeable, fuel for jet aircraft, raw materials for industry and defense plants, nuts and bolts, spare parts, and food for beleaguered people will still have to be carried in the bottoms of rusty-hulled, unromantic cargo ships. These ships will have to be protected from predatory submarines, by convoy and other systems. Add all this up, and you come to one ancient sum: control of the sea.

The officers and men of the Allied Command Atlantic believe in NATO. There is nothing here to support the idea that it is a "corpse on horseback." The man in the bow of an ACLANT ship is alert and very alive indeed.

ALLAN R. BOSWORTH
Captain USN, Staff SACLANT
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Old School Days

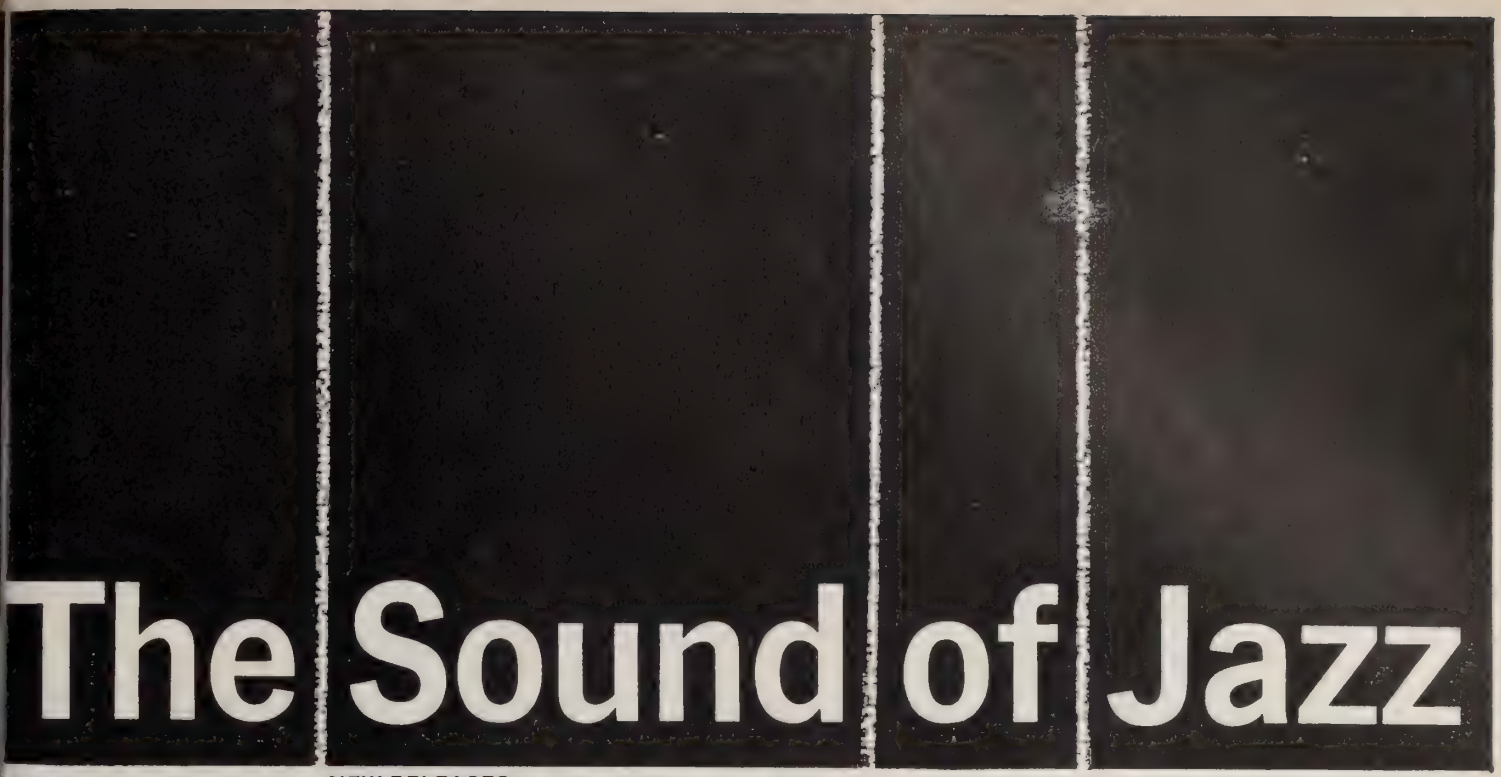
TO THE EDITORS:

Arthur W. Hoppe's article, "The Nonconformist and the Gorillas" [March] brought back vividly my own experience of ideological warfare in a New York progressive school. . . . A substantial portion of our student body came to school in chauffeur-driven automobiles. But before the 1940 Presidential election, only the moderates among us were supporting Roosevelt. The rest were for Norman Thomas or some other radical fringe candidate.

A girl named Roslyn, however, shocked us all by admitting she was for Willkie. Although she carried little weight in the painting and sculpture studios, she somehow held her own in political argument. Driven to the wall one day, I said coldly and conclusively, "Your father is a *capitalist*."

Roslyn flushed a deep red and slapped me as hard as she could. "Nobody can say *that* to me and get away with it," she said and stalked off.

RACHELLE MARSHALL
Portola Valley, Calif.



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RALPH LEE SMITH

THE EASY CHAIR

But Is It Deductible?

The guest in the Easy Chair this month was formerly publications editor of the National Better Business Bureau. He turned to free-lance writing last year, has had articles in many magazines, and is finishing a book about drug advertising to be published by Crowell in the fall.

NO advertising slogan yet invented has a greater fiscal magic than the modest sentence: "Contributions are deductible for income-tax purposes."

To look for it is a reflex for any upper-bracket philanthropist and its absence almost automatically insures that an appeal for funds will land in the wastebasket. Few organizations, indeed, would waste time approaching large potential contributors or foundations without tax-exempt status. For most non-profit organizations it is indispensable to survival.

This is a matter of simple arithmetic. It can cost a wealthy donor as little as nine cents to give a dollar to a tax-exempt charity. (Ninety-one cents of the dollar would otherwise be paid as income tax.) On the other hand, he figures he is out $1.91 if the organization is not tax-exempt. (He has given them a dollar he might have spent on a golf ball and has to pay his ninety-one-cent income tax to boot.)

Non-profit organizations, in general, are excused from paying federal income taxes themselves, simply because they earn no profits. But to qualify for "contributors' exemption" a group's purpose and methods must meet the criteria set forth in the Internal Revenue Code of 1954, Section 501 (c3). The law is explicit about what kinds of organizations may *not* enjoy this privilege—they cannot be in business for profit or chiefly engaged in propaganda or lobbying. On the other hand, organizations for the prevention of cruelty to animals or children or for testing for public safety are specifically mentioned as qualified for "contributors' exemption." Beyond this, the statute sets up broad categories of "religious, charitable, scientific, literary, or educational purposes."

Interpretation is in the hands of the Internal Revenue Service, which is a bureau of the Treasury Department. For practical purposes IRS is both the initial arbiter and the court of last resort, and admittedly the assignment is a tough one. It involves weeding out propaganda machines masquerading as educational projects and sorting out worthy charities from the phonies. Many good causes do a modest amount of lobbying and it calls for nice judgment to rule on the proportion of their effort which goes into influencing lawmakers. Often only a hairline divides public education from political pressure.

No one claims that the problems confronting IRS are simple or clear-cut. Some organizations which deal with IRS, however, charge that its policies have been even foggier than the original statute. They claim that its more obscure rulings have sometimes appeared to cover an effort to suppress activities in the touchy zone known as "controversial." Widespread as is the discontent, critics of IRS are seldom willing to be publicly identified. You just don't talk out loud about your tax-exempt status. If you have it, you know it can be revoked any time. And if you are seeking it, you are not inclined to ruffle the judge's temper. Similarly, the individual taxpayer who has had what he thought was a charitable deduction disallowed usually finds it more prudent to pay up than to invite the Internal Revenue men to sniff around his income-tax returns.

Consequently I had to give stringent pledges of non-attribution of sources in order to assemble the facts presented in this report, and some of the most aggrieved groups have chosen to remain silent rather than risk antagonizing the omnipotent bureau on which their fate rests.

From the standpoint of an organization, the powers of IRS are virtually absolute. It can appeal an unfavorable ruling but only to a higher echelon of the same bureau. It has no practical recourse to the courts. An individual contributor who has had a tax deduction disallowed may go to court but this is a long and costly business. (For example, it took the U. S. Court of Appeals eleven years to reverse a 1948 IRS decision involving a large bequest to bar associations in New York.) Such judicial decisions, in any case, apply only to the particular tax question at issue and have no binding effect on the status of the organizations involved. They may be ignored by IRS in future rulings. So when IRS frowns, large contributors—particularly foundations—shy away from "sensitive areas." Instead they pour their dollars into "safe"

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charities such as hospitals, universities, or research projects on major diseases.

For example, a staff member recently conceded that the Ford Foundation was being "extra careful" in the light of "tax considerations"—a grant which might have gone to a civic planning organization went to a university. There is, of course, nothing reprehensible about helping colleges. What is alarming is the drying up of support for new, lively projects. IRS has contributed to this trend by limiting the term "educational" in a number of rulings to formal classroom instruction or running a museum or zoo. Thus, for instance, it turned down a reciprocal-exchange program for the children of university professors here and abroad.

TOO HOT FOR TAX EXEMPTION

THE boundaries of "charity" have also steadily shrunk to exclude all but specific benefits to individuals. Community programs for older people and similar welfare services have been called "too general" for tax exemption. A university scholarship program for workers was rammed through only after the Secretary of Labor appealed personally to the Secretary of the Treasury. The whole problem of race relations also has been viewed skeptically in recent IRS rulings.

For example, contributors' exemption has been denied to Jewish Community Welfare Councils in Minneapolis and St. Louis, despite the fact that they do the same job as tax-exempt councils in other cities. Similar non-sectarian groups have fared no better. For example, IRS said "No" to the California Federation for Civic Unity and to Florida's Dade County Council on Community Relations. In a letter to the latter organization, Harold T. Swartz, Director of the Tax Rulings Division (who has since moved up to the post of Assistant Commissioner) explained that ". . . the community may derive some educational benefit from your various activities . . . but education is merely one means to achieve your ultimate objective of solving the problems arising from matters involving racial, religious, or ethnic prejudice and discrimination."

IRS took equally stringent action against the National Civil Liberties Clearing House. This group was formed by a number of others which already have contributors' exemption, as a way of swapping information and co-ordinating their work. The Clearing House was turned down, with a warning that if its constituent groups kept on co-operating their individual exemptions would be jeopardized. The Urban League, a long-exempt Negro group, is currently having its status "reviewed" by IRS, as is the Legal and Educational Defense Fund of the NAACP. The latter check-up was undertaken at the behest of Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia by Commissioner of Internal Revenue Dana Latham.

Without any prodding, however, the Revenue Service has turned down the National Committee on Discrimination in Housing (organized for research and education by a group of prominent scholars and civic planners) and the National Committee on Fraternities in Education (on the ground that its program included study of racial exclusion in fraternities). When the latter group appealed, IRS not only confirmed this ruling, but further found that, since the group had furnished data for a book written by its president, it was not a non-profit activity and would henceforth have to pay income tax itself.

Such dicta are particularly galling to these organizations in the light of President Eisenhower's repeated press-conference statements that the government cannot improve race relations without the help of private citizens in changing the hearts and minds of men.



THE SLOW DEATH

EQUALLY thwarted have been earnest attempts to increase public understanding of foreign affairs. Such programs have been known to languish months—and even years—in a limbo of indecision before the ax fell.

Still alive, but just barely, is a veteran of a four-year stalemate—the American Friends of Vietnam. The group was formed early in 1956 to sponsor scholarly studies of Vietnam, to publish and disseminate informational and educational material, and to channel private aid and emergency relief. All this was, of course, in direct support of American foreign policy. The committee was headed by Lieut. Gen. John W. O'Daniel, former chief of the U. S. Military Aid Mission to Vietnam, and by a former U. S. Ambassador, Angier Biddle Duke. It was sponsored by a galaxy of Congressmen, scholars, and top industrialists. A generous few got the organization started without benefit of tax exemption. Large donations were promised as soon as IRS

(Continued on page 21)

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◀ Pottery vase: Chimu culture, Peru*

*Reproduced by the courtesy of the British Museum



Vase in the form of Pecten Purpuratus: Mochica culture, Peru, c. A.D. 600



Vase with spondylus motif: Peru, c. A.D. 600



This conventionalized Chimu vase is in the form of a large spondylus shell*



Conventionalized shell motif in this Chimu vase gives slight overemphasis to scalloped edge*



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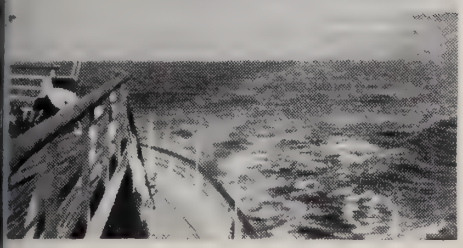
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approved. Application was made on May 23, 1956. After a routine acknowledgement, nine months of blank silence followed. Finally on February 28, 1957, IRS wrote to ask for further information.

Voluminous new exhibits and briefs were prepared. General O'Daniel visited IRS, and was assured of prompt action. But more months rolled by and nothing happened until November, when another audience was granted. IRS, it turned out, doubted that the AFV's purpose was "educational" because Vietnam's economy was to be studied. Informally, the IRS recommended some changed wording in the charter.

After a spate of special meetings, attorneys revised the charter and sent it to Washington. Another year rolled by. Then on January 21, 1959, IRS said "No." The turndown letter clung to the belief that economic research is not educational and also found fault with some of the changes which IRS men had themselves suggested at the informal conference.

American Friends of Vietnam still has a few wealthy patrons who are keeping it afloat. But its skeleton program is a far cry from the effort needed.

Another victim of the IRS slow torture is the American Committee on Africa, of which John Gunther is honorary chairman. After a two-year wait, IRS decided that the committee was outside the pale because its objective—mutual understanding—might conceivably be promoted by other than educational means. IRS also ruled that *Africa Today*, a scholarly publication the committee sponsors, is "more journalistic than educational," and that helping visiting foreign scholars is neither educational nor charitable. The last ruling, if applied to existing programs, would largely wipe out the privately supported international exchange programs which are essential to the State Department's work in this field.

A case in point is the Committee for International Economic Growth, which evolved from a White House conference called by the President. This committee distributes educational materials on the world's economy from such sources as Congressional committees, foundations, and universities. Treasury Department officials informally told the committee that it had no chance at all of securing exemption, so it has never even applied.

Sometimes Senators and high-ranking State Department officials have put in a good word for private activities useful to American foreign policy. But to no avail. Nor has any expert succeeded in mapping a sure course for a deserving group to reach the promised land of contributors' exemption. For IRS rulings form a maze that is both devious and contradictory. Attorneys for some groups suggest that the IRS has played each case by ear, inventing as well as administering the rules as it went along. This keeps not only new applicants but also the less conventional exempt organizations in a continuous state of well-justified jitters. The limb can be sawed off any time IRS chooses to do so.

QUICKSANDS OF POLICY

A SERIOUS cause of concern was a recent IRS definition of "education" as "the cultivation, development, or improvement of the capabilities of the individual through instruction or training." Rigorously applied, this means classroom instruction and little else. Another body blow was delivered in August 1958, when IRS turned down a mental-health organization with the opinion that ". . . working for the conservation of mental health; helping prevent nervous and mental disorders and mental defects; securing and disseminating information on these subjects . . . all fall within the category of promoting social action. Helping to raise the standards of care for those suffering from mental disorders and defects is a purpose which may be attained only by legislative action. Co-operating with federal, state, and local agencies is . . . a broad and indefinite purpose not restricting your activities to those purposes contemplated in [the Internal Revenue Code]; and encouraging research into causes of mental disease falls within the same category . . ."

"This," commented an old hand in the welfare field, "is really a humdinger."

Its impact, to be sure, was somewhat softened when, in June 1959, IRS reversed its stand and granted

exemption after all. Such switches are not uncommon. For instance, the Highlander Folk School, in Monteagle, Tennessee, an interracial college on the Scandinavian pattern, has had contributors' exemption since its founding in 1937. Twenty years later IRS reviewed its program and revoked the school's exemption, on the ground that much of its curriculum dealt with labor and labor unions, which was not an educational activity. Highlander promptly appealed, and in due course IRS reversed its decision again. Currently, a local district attorney has once more challenged the school's status.

Apart from the cost, IRS troubles can have unpleasant side effects. For example, the Fund for the Republic after its first year was subjected to a "routine audit," and IRS has had the Fund "under review" ever since.

Pressure from Representative Francis E. Walter, chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, was said by the Washington *Post* to be the source of the Fund's tax troubles. No similar action, the *Post* pointed out, has been taken against the DAR, although it has campaigned for American withdrawal from the UN, severance of all diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, cessation of all foreign aid, and repeal of the federal income tax. To the layman, this looks very much like lobbying—which is supposed to be prohibited to tax-exempt groups—and lobbying against U. S. policy at that.

"It could be fairly argued," the *Post* noted, "that such a program would be 'a hindrance in the battle against Communism' [Representative Walter's charge against the Fund].

"But it could not be fairly argued," the *Post* continued, "that it would warrant revocation of the DAR's tax-exempt status. . . . The provision of the Internal Revenue Code affording tax exemption to educational organizations on certain specified terms was meant to shelter a great variety of interests and aims, some of them conflicting. Official approval of these interests and aims is no part of the standard for granting exemption. . . ."

In certain areas, Treasury officials seem to share this view of their duties. Toward the non-intellectual forms of benevolence their attitude has been, on the whole, relaxed and indulgent. Their extreme permissiveness has, indeed, at times startled and even shocked experts in philanthropy and local law-enforcement officials.

For example, a California outfit known as National Kid's Day Foundation waxed in tax-exempt opulence until a public disclosure that 90 cents out of every dollar it collected was spent for fund-raising. It quietly closed up shop, bequeathing its functions to a successor group called the American Foundation for Underprivileged Children, which petitioned IRS for contributors' exemption. In due course, it was granted. Some months earlier, however, the California Attorney General had declared the foundation fraudulent and put it out of business.

Among the beneficiaries of IRS' softer mood has been the Kauth family of New York. According to Better Business Bureau bulletins, Donald Z. Kauth has been the salaried executive director of Guiding Eyes for the Blind, a tax-exempt philanthropy. He has been president of Noddra, Inc., a commercial letter shop, one of whose customers has also been Guiding Eyes. Donald's father, Willard, received $26,000 a year as executive director of the tax-exempt Boys Athletic League. Mrs. Willard Kauth has been treasurer of another tax-exempt body, the Girls Vacation Fund of New York. Although she served without salary, Mrs. Kauth retained her husband as a fund-raiser for Girls Vacation Fund at $16,000 a year.

A number of other IRS vagaries came to light in New York in 1954 when a state law was passed regulating charitable fund-raising. Agents from the State Bureau of Charities visited regional offices of IRS to get the addresses of exempt groups based in New York State. The files were found to be chaotic; addresses were often incorrect, and nonexistent organizations were listed.

Such shortcomings may, of course, be due simply to personnel or budget cuts. But these cannot explain the capricious way in which contributors' exemptions have been sometimes denied or granted. The performance of IRS is, in fact, a prime example of the arbitrary nature of bureaucratic power when it is not properly limited and directed by Congress.

In fairness to the Treasury, it must be pointed out that it has repeatedly appealed to Congress for clear, specific legislation to guide the Revenue Service in its rulings. For instance, as long ago as November 15, 1956, the Secretary of the Treasury wrote to the chairman of the House Subcommittee on Internal Revenue Taxation, pointing out that the present laws "place insuperable interpretative and administrative burdens" on IRS and "create formidable problems for taxpayers and the tens of thousands of organizations involved."

TWO HOPES FOR REFORM

SO far Congress has paid no attention to these pleas. Until it does act, the situation is bound to remain unsatisfactory for everybody concerned.

Meanwhile, however, the Treasury itself has taken a step which may provide some help. On June 27, 1959, it announced a new set of regulations which set forth the yardsticks it proposes to use in interpreting the existing laws, and in ruling on requests for tax exemption. These rules are the product of much prayerful thought and effort. They do seem to provide a broader definition of charity, and to move away from some of the restrictive approaches which have appeared in many recent IRS turndowns.

For example, the definition of "educational organizations" has been expanded to include those which present "public-discussion groups, forums, panels, lectures, or other similar programs." Moreover, they may advocate "a particular position or viewpoint," so long as they give the facts fully and fairly enough to permit the public to reach its own independent conclusions. But tax exemption cannot be claimed for "the mere presentation of unsupported opinion."

As a result, some experts in the field believe that a better day is about to dawn. Others remain pessimistic. ("Nothing can be done," said one Senator – a Democrat – "until Eisenhower leaves the White House.") Most non-profit groups, however, are adopting a wait-and-see

itude. For much will depend on e way in which IRS administers own new rules. If they are ap- ied intelligently and with con- tency, they might go a long way ward revitalizing important areas private group activity which have en restricted by IRS policy.

HE need remains, nevertheless, Congress to provide a clearer and ore workable law. So long as it irks this plain duty, both the reaucrats and the public will be agued by uncertainties.

When it does tackle this neglected ore, Congress might well follow e lead of the courts which, in estate ses, have held that an organiza- on's methods rather than the po- ntially or actually controversial ture of its work should determine educational status. Certainly the blic interest will be served by in- rpreting education broadly and opaganda narrowly.

Congress may also want to grant xempt status to social-welfare agen- es which do not easily fit into the aditional categories of education nd charity. Many such organiza- ons do not qualify under the pres- t law, and others are among the difficult cases" which cause so much uibbling and argument. Such roadening of the law would end uch unfairness, and would cost the reasury nothing. For when the list tax-exempt groups is cramped, ost donors do not cut down on eir total giving; they merely give the fewer and more privileged roups.

The new law also should require e IRS to make its rulings romptly, and encourage it to issue mporary favorable decisions to roups organized in good faith under sponsible leadership for generally cognized educational and chari- able goals. After a year of operation, he group's activities could be re- iewed in detail and a permanent xemption granted or withheld

And, of course, the law should pro- ide for judicial review for those rganizations which believe their ctivity is properly exempt, but can't et the Internal Revenue Service to gree with them. Such review by he courts of administrative decisions s one of the strongest of our tradi- ional bulwarks of freedom.



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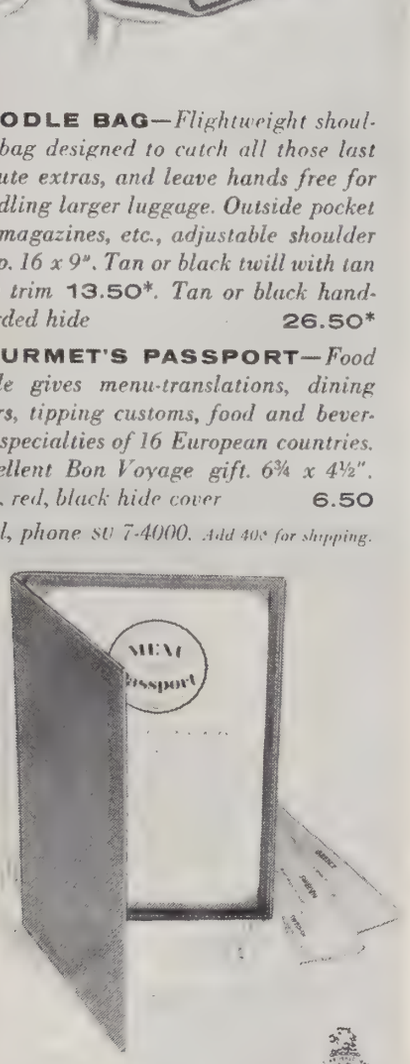
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AFTER HOURS



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Most significantly for the purposes of the plot he puts a portrait of Florindo which he had once given to Beatrice back in Florindo's pocket. The discovery of this convinces him that Beatrice is dead. Simultaneously, she finds Florindo's diary, into which several of her own letters have been folded, in her trunk. This discovery convinces her that her beloved is dead.

THIS exercise in the art of obfuscation is not from the libretto of an opera but of a play called in English "The Servant of Two Masters," which is now being performed in this country in Italian by the Piccolo Teatro di Milano. I cannot begin to tell you what the play was about; indeed, I don't believe that its author, Carlo Goldoni, who died in the late eighteenth century, could have told you, because it really doesn't matter in the least.

When I saw it in New York at the City Center, the audience must have been at least half Italian, and apparently they didn't understand all of it either. Not only is the play in Italian but it is in a Venetian dialect and spoken *fortissimo* and *molto vivace*. The play's charm, and it has great charm, is in its pantomime, its combination of elegance and slapstick humor (indeed a real slapstick is in evidence almost continuously), and above all in its eighteenth-century Venetian sets and costumes and tableaux. There is very occasional music, just enough to make you wish there were a great deal more, and the movement of the actors on the stage has a ballet-like momentum and pattern.

By the end of the first act I was not at all sure that I wanted to squirm in my seat through the second act. It had seemed endless, and though the stage was pretty to look upon (like a detail of a painting by Guardi), the action was not only mysterious but monotonous; obviously it takes a great many words to lay the groundwork of a plot so complicated and so senseless. But perseverance seemed called for, and by the end of the second act my virtue was rewarded. I found myself laughing uproariously, just as though I knew what was going on. Happily the language of pantomime is almost universal, even when bubbled over by a cascade of words. The acting was in the key of C Sharp Major—every gesture sweeping, every speech delivered with mock-heroic bombast or the comic gusto of burlesque.

Like burlesque, the Piccolo Teatro is folk theatre, and "The Servant of Two Masters" is in the tradition somewhat cleaned up and formalized, of the *commedia dell' arte*. By the time Carlo Goldoni gave up the legal profession to write plays in the 1740s, the *commedia* had come upon hard times. It was apparently a vulgar and obscene shadow of what had once been inspired improvisa

AFTER HOURS

n by actors who were also obats. They had worked with l-established plots but without tten scripts, and they set up ir stages in village after village erever an audience might gather. Goldoni attempted to revive the rit of the old *commedia* with ro- t social satire and buffoonery, asionally bawdy but not obscene. ldoni's characters are all, or rly all, the stock figures of the *mmedia*—a Harlequin, a Panta- n, a Dr. Lombardi, a thieving vant, and of course a girl mas- erading as a young man, a wisp a heroine, and a bawd of a serv- girl. All of these are in "The vant of Two Masters" and Harle- in (or *Arlecchino* in Italian) is hero . . . or so, anyway, he seems me. He was the center of attrac- n, the most accomplished of the ors, a remarkable pantomimist l an acrobatic clown of convincing owess. His name is Marcello retti and he is billed as "The rld's Greatest Harlequin Today." ce one doesn't see many Harle- ins these days, one is inclined to e the epithet at its face value. He a very good clown, but not a great e . . . not yet, anyway.

My reaction, and I think that of ny others who saw the Italian upe, was very like that of an glish friend of mine who saw a evision show of an American upe that used to tour Missouri h "The Toby and Suzie Show." at tent show, which gave a dif- ent play each night for a week in all towns and packed in a thou- d people for each performance, d as its language the hillbilly kansas dialect.

"I found it fascinating," my friend m London said. "Of course I uldn't understand a word they re saying."

But the analogy between the ex- rt Italian troupe and the back- untry tent show is closer than just t of language. The plays, the ges- res, the kind of slapstick, even the sic characters of "The Toby and zie Show" were much the same. by was Harlequin and played for e same kind of laughs. The satire "Toby" was about Boston aristo- ats instead of Venetian aristo- ats; both were *commedia dell' arte.* hey could not have been more es-

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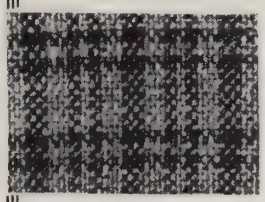
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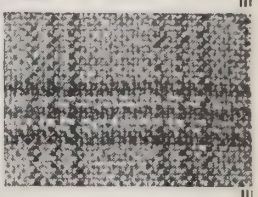
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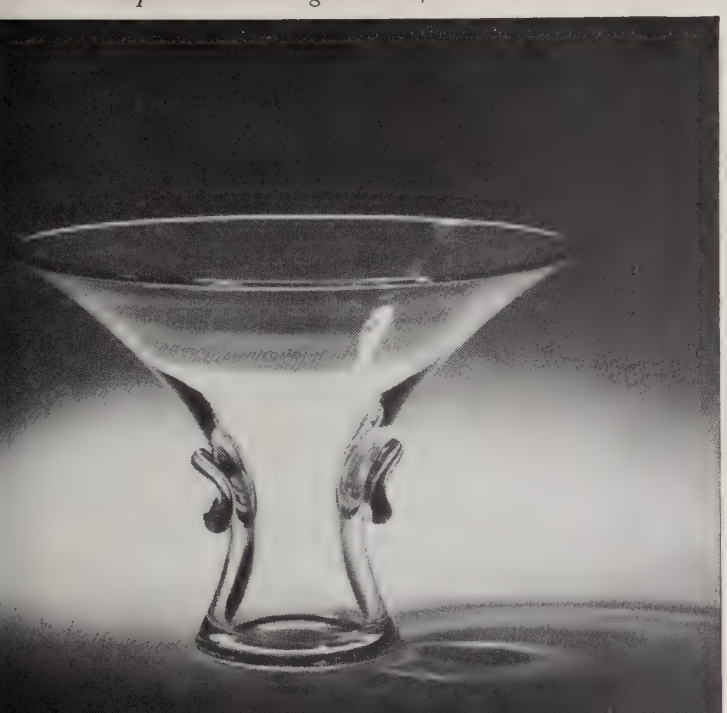
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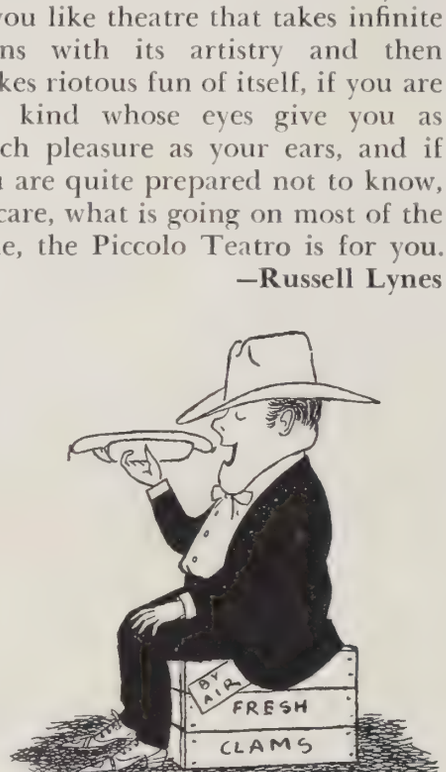
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sentially alike or more artistically different—an excellent demonstration of the distinction between good corn and bad corn.

The Piccolo Teatro, which was founded in 1947, is touring America this spring for the first time, though it has played almost every other nation of the Western world. It will arrive in San Francisco late in April and in Los Angeles in early May. Though you may have missed it on this tour, my guess is that you will have another chance another year. If you like theatre that takes infinite pains with its artistry and then makes riotous fun of itself, if you are the kind whose eyes give you as much pleasure as your ears, and if you are quite prepared not to know, or care, what is going on most of the time, the Piccolo Teatro is for you.

—Russell Lynes



EATING TOWNS

LATE one fairly recent afternoon, we got a call from a breathless friend who said that a local grocer here in Phoenix, Arizona, was selling cherry stone clams flown in that morning from the East. I hustled down there, went a little bit out of my mind financially to buy seven dozen at 95 cents a dozen, and took them home for a real party.

The awesome thing to me was not the miracle of air transport which can bring such delicacies to the desert, but the fact that after being on sale all day there were still bushels left when I got there.

There is a sobering conclusion to be drawn from this: Air travel may be drawing the world together, but the eating habits, customs, and reputations of its cities will stay the same. They can start shooting clams ou of a cannon and Phoenix will sti be Phoenix.

The good eating towns in thi country have more in common tha good food. They are also the town with the art museums, the symphon orchestras, the legitimate theatre the great libraries, the famous hosp tals, the opera, and the outstandin universities. They have characte and character must start with th preparation and the serving of foo Any other conclusion would depen too much upon coincidence.

Another note: The eating town in this country are, almost withou exception, not only located on th ocean but important seaports i their own right. I give you, for fiv great eating towns—Boston, Ne York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Sa Francisco. What are you going t beat this with? Detroit? Indiana olis? Chicago admittedly has som good restaurants, but it has n specialty—not even steak—that is no served as well if not better at mo eating houses in the seaport cities.

I am not mentioning any one dis or restaurant or town here—asid from the marinated herring at Mik Manuche's in New York—but the r ference to specialties above ha strong bearing on my choice towns. You know that in Boston yo are going to get a mighty lobster; i New Orleans those fantastic gu shrimp; in San Francisco cracke crab; in Baltimore those oysters tha can make nectar out of the cracke ice they're set into.

But is sea food the whole story? think not. It is human traditio back to the time of Aaron to tak your meat with you but to eat you fish where you find it. A steak i New York is no phenomenon—Ne York's specialty, by the way, is steak it has the three or four finest mea wholesalers in the country, an scores of New York restaurants d their own additional aging of th meat. On the other hand, if you sa a live lobster aged in Des Moine with your name written on it, yo might get violently ill.

It might be logical to suppose tha the cities with the largest interna tional flavorings of population (would be logical too that thes would be seaports) are the eatin towns, but this is a little too narro

view, I think. There is nothing ke Armenian cooking, yet our nota- e Armenian settlements are all in- nd. The fact is that it takes the isines of at least several countries go into the make-up of a great ting town. Incidentally, the great- t seafaring nation in history, Eng- nd, never learned how to eat.

There is an undoubted relation- ip between the cultural eminence a city and its food. One has only compare California's two great ties to demonstrate this. San Fran- sco is unquestionably and over- helmingly better than Los Angeles an eating town. Also, with not uite one-third of Los Angeles' popu- tion, San Francisco is ahead on very other cultural count, from gitimate theatre to universities.

This proves it isn't just the ocean r that makes a good eating city, r Los Angeles is on the water, and Vashington, which has no reputa- on for food at all, is hard by the a; so is Houston, Texas, whose ort handles something like the ird- or fourth-highest total of ean tonnage in the country.

Can it be the way the food is rved? I think not. There is no ore elegant service than in some the old cities of the South. In- eed, the age of cities is only a ildly contributory factor by itself; is true that all the great eating wns are old cities, but not all old ties are great eating towns.

For the size of our country, our od eating towns are remarkably w in number. You have never eard of a European visiting America r the food. Conversely, do Ameri- ns go abroad to eat? Of course ey do. As a matter of fact, they n't even wait till they get there. Vhat's the first and biggest item in ne out of ten steamship advertise- ents? The food. What was the big gument among the overseas air- nes a year or so ago? How sumptu- s they could make a sandwich, nder the law.

Whatever it is, it is unchanging. ll this nonsense about having live bsters and fresh oranges delivered your doorstep by airplane is rictly for the birds, if not the anes themselves. Eating towns re- ain eating towns. All the airplane es is make them easier to get to.

—Charles Einstein



Dear Charlie Brown:

Thanks for your kind letter on our new Falcon Station Wagon. We can't blame you for being so concerned about the price. It *is* low! In fact, it's America's lowest priced 6-passenger wagon . . . *up to $154 less than other compact wagons**. You might also be interested in knowing that the new Falcon Station Wagon saves substantially on gasoline, oil, service and insurance, too. Sincerely, FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

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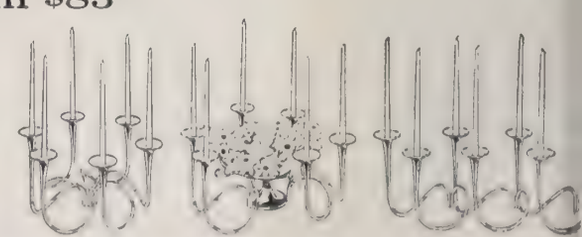
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Harper's MAGAZINE

EISENHOWER AND THE NEW PRESIDENT

RICHARD H. ROVERE

To the astonishment of Washington, Ike has belatedly become a "strong" executive—but he has used his powers in a way which has changed the very nature of his office . . . and which will make his successor's job much tougher.

EACH President teaches or reveals something about the nature of the office, and the Eisenhower years, whether or not they have been constructive, have been instructive in the extreme. Some of their lessons seem relevant to this year's political chores; others do not. We may, for example, file for reference in 1964 or later the valuable and—to many authorities, led by Mr. Eisenhower himself—surprising knowledge that the Twenty-second Amendment to the Constitution, which prevents a third term in the White House, does not necessarily hinder a second-term President in the exercise of his powers.

The theory, it will be recalled, was that a statesman denied a future could not have much of a present; unable to pledge rewards or threaten reprisals, he would labor under the terrible handicap of having to win assent to any proposition he put forward purely on the merits of the case he made. The experience of the last year or two, in which Mr. Eisenhower has displayed far greater executive energy than he ever did in the earlier phases of his Administration, has shown that a President can assert his authority with considerable force under this handicap and even, indeed, discover some liberating features. The future can be anyone's prison, and if a second-term President cannot trade on the things it may hold, he is himself freed from any anxieties over political status in it.

Mr. Eisenhower has been bold enough in this closing phase of his Administration, and his audacity has demonstrated a truth that had not, I think, been properly appreciated by students of the Presidency—that, at least under certain conditions, vigorous executive leadership may be exerted in behalf of flaccid, static policies. Historically, audacity in the White House has been associated either with social innovation or the mobilization of the national will. Up to now, the lions have all been appropriately leonine. Essaying no reforms, trumpeting no marches, Mr. Eisenhower has nevertheless been a strong executive for the past couple of years. He and he alone, or at least he with the encouragement of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Budget, has determined American defense policy. Since the death of John Foster Dulles,

he has been his own Secretary of State. Christian Herter has been the most inconspicuous holder of the office since Edward Stettinius. Since the retreat of Sherman Adams to the granite hills from whence he came, Mr. Eisenhower has been pretty much his own President. Considered merely as an instance of Presidential initiative, Mr. Eisenhower's sponsorship of the exchange of visits with Chairman Khrushchev was no less impressive than Franklin Roosevelt's sponsorship of lend-lease or the destroyers-for-bases agreement twenty years ago. Few Presidents have tested their strength against Congress more self-reliantly than has Mr. Eisenhower since the Eighty-sixth Congress convened in January 1959.

THE USES OF MASTERY

HE HAS shown mastery all right, but he has put mastery in the service of drift. He has provided the spectacle, novel in the history of the Presidency, of a man strenuously in motion yet doing essentially nothing—traveling all the time yet going nowhere. Of course, some of the circumstances have been as novel as the spectacle. In diplomacy, he has had to aim not for victory or change of any sort but for the maintenance of *détente*. It is all very well for critics to say that we should offer "imaginative" leadership, that we should promote "positive" policies, that we should eschew mere "stalemate" and so on, but the better part of this is the cant of our times.

The crisis that forced the President to overcome his lassitude was not one that offered much scope for imaginative leadership or positive thinking. Stalemate in Berlin is, for the short run anyway, about the most we can hope for, and a good deal of activity of the treadmill variety is required to achieve even this. In domestic affairs, too, his choice has been between stalemate and defeat. With a powerful Democratic majority in Congress, he had to attempt containment. He is not, after all, a liberal but a Republican convinced that the Democrats would spend us into disaster. "Positive" policies, even if he had had any to offer, wouldn't have had a prayer in Congress. He could fulfill what he conceived to be his mandate only by attempting to divide and thus restrain the surging opposition. By frequent use of the veto and by reasonably skillful appeals to public opinion, he succeeded.

Still, Mr. Eisenhower's case does show that limp and halting strategies can be pursued with a fine display of Presidential hustle and bustle. Senator Kennedy is missing a large part of the point when he says that the quest in 1960 must be for a man who will not shrink from "firm, decisive action." Mr. Eisenhower has been showing plenty of firmness and decisiveness while Senator Kennedy has been out lecturing. Against the unconcealed disapproval of nearly all his professional advisers he has boldly asserted his will and his authority (greater, he says, than that of "almost anyone") on questions of American preparedness and strength. As his best informed critics see it, he has been maddeningly firm in defense of flabbiness. If there is cause for complaint, it is not with his decisiveness but with his decisions.

Senator Kennedy makes a big point of the need for a President who will use "not only the specified but the unspecified" powers of the office. Fair enough, but if there is anything to be learned from recent experience, it is that the powers used must be adequate and appropriate to the purpose and that the purpose must be appropriate to the largest of national interests. Mr. Eisenhower is certainly using an unspecified power when he adapts American campaign methods to the creation of good will among the masses in the underdeveloped nations in Asia, Africa, and South America. The question is not whether he is doing something with his powers—for he most certainly is—but whether he is after anything worthwhile and whether he is getting what he is after. On at least the latter count, grave doubts may be raised. A large and unspecified power was used when, last autumn, Mr. Eisenhower visited Pakistan and India with the hope that he might not only promote some kindly feelings toward the United States but that he might also help make Pakistan and India friendlier, more understanding neighbors. He got nowhere and in Pakistan incurred a slight net loss for the United States. What Karachi wanted was not a friendlier India but one that recognized Pakistan's territorial claims, and Mr. Eisenhower was compelled to say that he could not properly press these in New Delhi but would

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In every Presidential campaign since FDR's contest with "Dewey: The Man in the Blue Serge Suit." Richard Rovere has contributed brilliant profiles of the main candidates to "Harper's." In the current May and June issues, he surveys the field for 1960. Mr. Rovere is the author of "Senator Joe McCarthy" and other books on political affairs and the American scene. He was "Harper's" book critic in 1949-50 and has been a staff writer for "The New Yorker" since 1944.

instead speak enthusiastically to Mr. Nehru of the need for peace and solidarity. This brought on such grouchiness in Karachi that some American Embassy officials arrived at the conclusion that it would have been better if the President had not come at all. The Indians were glad to see him but not much interested in his views on Pakistan-India relationships.

There are other such instances, and before the year is out there may be more. In appointing himself a roving ambassador and in arranging interventions in affairs to which the United States is not even an invited third party, Mr. Eisenhower has used his office boldly and, perhaps it can be said, imaginatively. Taking one consideration with another, the effect on the office's prestige has been to diminish it. Presidential powers may atrophy from disuse; they may also be dissipated by use. To maintain that their mere employment is desirable is rather like saying that a justified end is the product of the busy application of any good means.

The Eisenhower years have also shown that the Presidency does not invariably multiply the talents, elevate the spirits, and broaden the outlook of those to whom it is given. In recent years, it has been commonplace for political scientists and political journalists to say that, particularly in times of crisis, the White House, like Yale, builds sturdy, manly characters, that after matriculation the weak grow strong and the strong grow stronger.

The view was supported with the striking modern instances of Franklin Roosevelt, who looked no better than a second-rater before he took office, and Harry Truman, a third-rater in the view of early handicappers. In office, each improved his standing—Roosevelt by one, Truman perhaps by two. Each changed markedly in personal and political outlook. Roosevelt's almost irresponsible experimentalism and eclecticism gave way to a determined liberalism that is now embedded in what some like to call "the American consensus." His expedient isolationism was put aside, and he became a dedicated, if not always farsighted, internationalist. On racial matters, Harry Truman, though never a bigot, had held and voiced, right up to the eve of his succession, the views that were characteristic of the period and the environment that had produced him. He was no more an integrationist than his friend, James F. Byrnes. Civil rights had not been among his enthusiasms as a Senator. Upon becoming President of all the people, however, it was somehow borne in upon him that the parochialism of his view was insupportable in his grand role; by some process that managed to escape the taint of mere opportunism, he changed his view. He displayed, too, a firmness of purpose and will that may have been part of his character all along but that had surely found little expression and must, upon its early appearance, have taken him as unawares as it did those who looked on.

With these examples, the doctrine took hold that the Presidency possesses a great transforming power. Obviously it does, but it doesn't work every time and can fail even when the age is a demanding one. One need pass no judgment on either the promise of Mr. Eisenhower in 1952, or his performance in the years that followed, to say that the White House has done little to him or for him. In the minds of a good number of Americans, of course, he was a paragon to begin with. Still, the great can grow greater—or less great. But except for his burst of energy in the last two years, no one has noticed change of any sort, and even the burst of energy may be attributed to the workings of the military staff system he instituted in 1953. (The loyal and competent staff officers to whom he had entrusted certain field operations fell in combat; lacking qualified replacements, he took to the field himself.) He took office professing a neo-Hooverian conservatism, and although this doctrine may have been violated by certain acts of his Administration, it has not been modified or amplified, refined or restated, by him. Under Mr. Dulles's influence, he took somewhat harder positions in the Cold War than he now takes, but his present reliance on good will, good humor, and good intentions is more reminiscent of his pre-Presidential way than was his rhetorical militancy when Mr. Dulles was around. Nothing essential in his political style has altered.

WHAT HE HAS DONE TO THE OFFICE

THE President has not been changed by the office, but the office has been changed by the President. Never in this century, I think, has the institution been so identified with the man. This is not because Mr. Eisenhower has been self-aggrandizing; on the contrary, he was a most retiring President for many years, and even now he passes up all kinds of opportunities for leadership.

Nevertheless, he has overshadowed the office. In his personal diplomacy, there is more weight in the fact that he is President Eisenhower than in the fact that he is President of the United

States. When he travels abroad, he wears the title lightly and pleads for understanding, sympathy, co-operation, or whatever he is after as a great American, currently holding the Presidency, whose reputation for probity and whose personal attractiveness entitle him to confidence. And this has become accepted. A New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, writing from Buenos Aires, found these words for explaining why the reception "exceeded the expectations of both the visitor and his hosts":

> It was Gen. Eisenhower's personality that brought out the often concealed admiration which the Latin American has for the North American. His warm and easy smile, his round and beaming face, his informal, simple, and unpretentious manner—all these in a figure of world proportions, one of the great heroes of World War II, made an extraordinary impact upon the public mind.

Not a word about "Pres." Eisenhower. The office that sought the man has almost lost itself to him. When the "Gen." seeks to justify a policy, he does it, as a rule, on the basis of his own expertise or his own insights on moral matters. "I think this," he says, and goes on to explain policy or the lack thereof as though everything were a matter of creed, judgment, perspective. When Harry Truman ordered troops into action in Korea and when he later recalled General MacArthur, he did not enjoy the advantage of being able to say that he, Mr. Truman, had always believed in the sort of thing he was doing and was sure it would all work out well in the end. He had to rely on the powers of the Presidency—to insist that as President of the United States he was authorized and, indeed, obliged to act in defense of the national interest as he saw it.

"The buck stops here," Mr. Truman had to say, and this is in line with tradition and the Constitution.

"Take it up with Mr. Benson," Mr. Eisenhower says if the issue is one that hasn't engaged his attention, and, "I will say this," if he feels duty-bound to pronounce policy.

The people accept it this way; indeed, they like it this way, and it has had extraordinary political results. He has been able to transfer to the Republican party much of the esteem in which he himself is held. Although it seemed fairly clear in 1952 and 1956 that he was elected not because of his party affiliation but in spite of it, today, according to the polls, seven Americans in every twelve believe that the Republican party can more safely be trusted on issues of war and peace than the Democrats. When the cult of the personality produces this sort of triumph, a man can hardly be blamed for drawing what strength he can from it. But it does mean that his successor, whether a Republican or a Democrat, will inherit a very different office from the one Mr. Eisenhower was elected to fill in 1952. He will be Dwight Eisenhower's successor in the Presidency—a different thing from being the Thirty-sixth President. His principal duty will be to restore the meaning of the title, as distinct from the title-holder.

A HARD TIME FOR SOMEONE

NOT a single one of the men now seeking the Presidency has in his own person the strength to support decisions on his personal authority. Senator Kennedy's earnest charm is perhaps the largest factor in the appeal he makes, but Senator Kennedy could not possibly get away with saying that he knows all about missiles and can assure the country that X billion dollars is precisely the right amount to spend for them. Senator Symington does happen to know a bit about this subject, and he says what he knows almost every day, but one cannot imagine him carrying the country with him if he were to stand firm, as the President has so often done, against the preponderance of professional opinion.

Mr. Eisenhower was able to have the country accept, and even be pleased with, the prospect of having Nikita Khrushchev tour the country making propaganda speeches; hardly a voice was raised in disapproval when for two days he closeted himself with Khrushchev at Camp David. It takes little imagination to foretell the anxieties that would be created if a President Kennedy spent such a weekend or a President Johnson or even a President Nixon, representing the party to whom peace can be entrusted. For the better part of a year, the foreign policy of the United States has been based on an assurance the President said he was given by Chairman Khrushchev at Camp David. Only recently has there been any serious question as to its meaning or validity. Had it been given, however, to a mere President—say to Hubert Humphrey or Adlai Stevenson—rather than to Dwight Eisenhower, the history of this period might have been very different indeed. The Yalta agreements, which, after all, were made in a rather formal setting, at an international conference run more or less on nineteenth-century principles and held in the presence of a large number of observers from three countries, were but a few weeks old when they were met with a storm of criticism,

abuse, and threatened repudiation. The American delegate was a man of quite some standing with the people, but he could not possibly, in his time, have put the Presidency to the use to which Mr. Eisenhower put it at Camp David.

Not that it was a bad use. Time will tell. It may well turn out that the world will benefit far more from the *détente* which Mr. Eisenhower, in his role as President, has played so large a part in contriving than from all the personal diplomacy of Franklin Roosevelt. The point is that Mr. Eisenhower has, by his conduct, created a situation which will make life extraordinarily difficult for any successor.

On the one hand, he has projected an image of an American President which no other man can come close to duplicating. He has drawn not on the soundness of his policies, not on the prestige of the office, not on the morale of the nation but on the touching confidence of the masses who believe that Eisenhower knows best because—well, because he is Eisenhower. On the other hand, he has, by seeking *détente* not only in the Cold War but in all the great social and political conflicts of the period, passed to the next political generation the solution of the problems that he has faced but not faced up to. His guiding principle has been to avoid burdening the future with the costs, in dollars and cents, of the present. But he has eschewed pay-as-you-go in terms of politics and policies. In foreign and domestic affairs, he has borrowed time and piled up a debt that will be called in the next Administration and in several after that. He has gone about the world promising American "cooperation" to almost everyone. Not he but his successors will have to put up or shut up. He has acknowledged that there are many, many things the United States needs and does not have, but he has explained that it would unbalance the budget to start providing them now. They can go on someone else's budget, in someone else's Administration.

The problem of finding a President in 1960 is complicated by the problem of finding a successor to Mr. Eisenhower.

[*Next month Mr. Rovere will examine the front-running Presidential candidates in the light of the Eisenhower legacy.*]

AFTER I WAKE UP

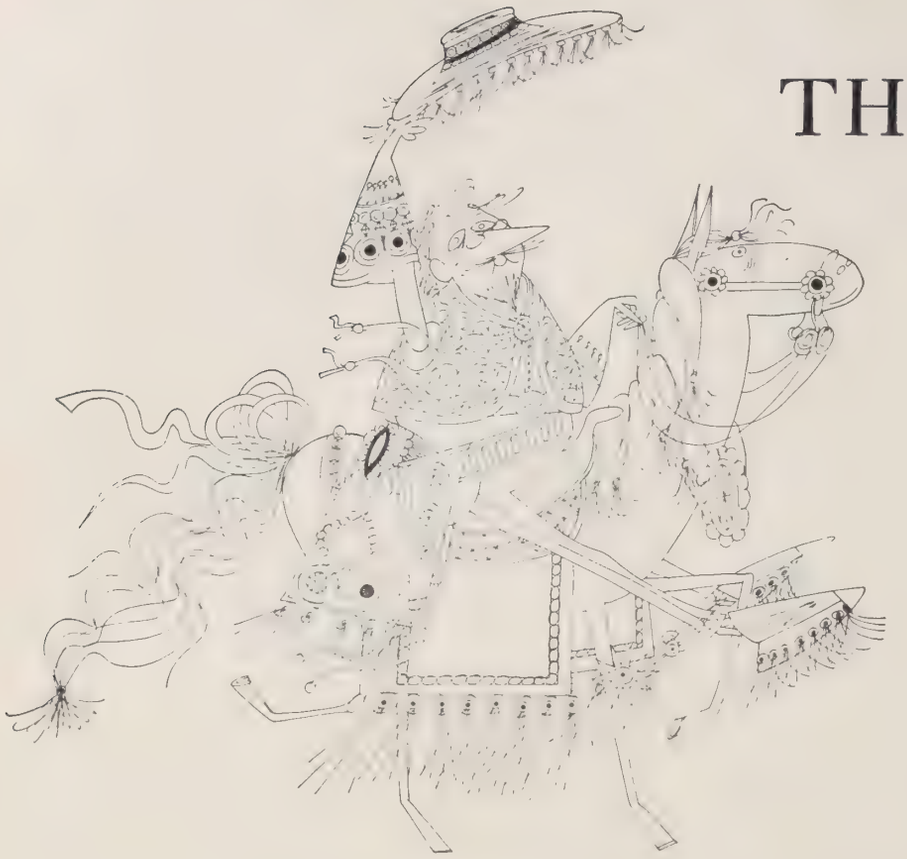
HILARY CORKE

AFTER *I wake up and before I get up*
I lie in bed each day and think: Supposing,
Only supposing, the leader of some country,
Some party, union, faction, should stand up,
Rise on his hind legs in a public manner,
Get out his sheaf of notes, adjust his glasses,
Sip at his tumbler, hem and haw a little,
Then address his opposition:

Gentlemen,
Gentlemen, we were wrong, we have much wronged you,
The quarrel was of our seeking and our cause,
We owed you thanks and paid you with resentment,
Some truths we hid and others we perverted,
The abstract words we used were always empty.
Gentlemen,
Gentlemen, we were wrong and with full knowledge
And have no right to count upon forgiveness:
Yet we are human, yet we are both human—
Though you were right, our quarrel grew from difference
And in that difference lies the birth of richness
As well as of dispute. Let us exchange then,
And build together what we broke together,
Gentlemen,
And live in peace before the eternal darkness.

I dream of that awhile, then sick at heart
Go down to find the newspaper on the mat.

THE PROCAL:



A report on the most fanatic of local patriots: the Southern Californian . . . his dogs, green-haired babies, falling mountains . . . his wheel-borne culture . . . and his unequaled talent for creating a mess.

TO THE Procal there is no place in the world like Southern California. He is in fact so *for* it that rarely can he see past it.

Technically, the region runs from the Mexican border at Tijuana in the south to the Pacific Ocean on the west, the Tehachapi mountain range on the north, and the San Bernardino and San Jacinto mountains on the east.

But the Procal's Southern California is the Los Angeles basin where he lives. He may go occasionally to "Vegas." But seldom, or never, to Santa Barbara. Unless he lives in Pasadena he thinks Santa Barbara is inhabited by "Northeners" and Pasadena by little old ladies. He rarely goes to San Francisco, which he refers to as "Frisco." San Franciscans do not refer to Los Angeles at all.

Ethnologically, his important cultural heritages derive from Spain and Iowa. But he is first and foremost a Procal. He stands firmly on his sandaled feet, his Hawaiian shirt blowing in the breeze, his eyes looking proudly toward the flag with the California bear. But he can't see it because the top of the flagpole is lost in the smog.

He may be an oil riveter, television producer, hairdresser. He may be rich, poor, intelligent or ignorant, radical or reactionary, but primarily he is an immigrant. His antecedents arrived too late from too far for him to possess that inborn sense of "this is my home, my father's and grandfather's home." And he cannot share with others even the memory of the other homes, because the chances are he won't know anyone from the same places, unless he belongs to a community where a people of similar background have intentionally established a citadel of inherited customs, language, and religion. Paramount, a dairy town, is mainly Dutch; Solvang, Scandinavian, even to architecture and clothing; Long Beach, settled in the majority by people from that state, is frequently referred to as the "Seacoast of Iowa."

There are numerous "first families" of Southern California whose names are etched across the land on signposts and townships and who must have the feel of "home" in their bones, but they seldom take part in civic affairs except to attend opening night of the opera and fiestas for charities and debuts, or to leap into a silver-decorated saddle in a parade. The first families still consider the average Procal a *"turista,"* and the average Procal continues to act like one except that he doesn't look at his surroundings with as much interest.

His needs are not great: his car, his barbecue, his sport-shirt—the Procal can't stand getting

© 1960 by Cynthia Lindsay

HIS HABITS AND HABITAT

By CYNTHIA LINDSAY

Drawings by Harry O. Diamond

essed. The best restaurants keep a supply of eckties on hand for the tieless patron and stern restaurateurs frequently have to force the issue.

The Procal, although he rushes back and forth across his state, loves the land on which he settles, even if he settles on it as momentarily as a hummingbird in flight. Whether it is thousands of acres of reclaimed desert in the Imperial Valley, a backyard with geraniums and a barbecue, or a cactus garden in a trailer court, it is his land and he loves it. Unless, that is, he can "make a deal" on his home, which he frequently builds as speculation—in which case he will move on to a better spot, where he will love that piece of land too, and plant it, because anything will grow, and does.

Until today's great western movement, the chief influx of people into Southern California was between 1887 and 1889 when sixty towns sprang up around Los Angeles, some to vanish, some to remain as its surburbs today. During this period sidewalks stretched into nowhere, lone buildings reached into the sky, communities started and stopped. By the end of 1889, the boom had burst, leaving a scarred populace and countryside. Since then there have been other booms—brought on by the discovery of oil, by the gigantic "Sell California" campaigns, by the motion picture industry, by World War II, and the establishment of the aircraft industry. They have all left their ugly mark on the face of the beautiful state. The shells of "periods" in buildings are scattered like bones across the land.

In general, the Procal—like his forebears—came across to California because he was tired of something—in the majority of cases, cold weather.

Today he is probably the most leisure- and hobby-conscious citizen in the United States. He is dedicated to his barbecue, his swimming pool, his beaches, his deserts, what's left of his mountains, and, above all, his television set. There is little to do at night except look at television, so it is his favorite form of entertainment with the possible exception of the Drive-In Theatre. Many of the theatres have bottle-warming facilities, play pens, and such for youth care, and the young children, clad in pajamas, play or sleep peacefully as their parents enjoy a night out. The older or teen-age children also have their own form of amusement while viewing the films, but ushers march sternly up and down the aisles, flashing lights into cars and wagging fingers at the occupants.

The Procal, being a dog-lover, may take his pet to the show as well as his children. In an area where the poodle is fast becoming king, this is a valuable asset, as poodles are notably neurotic and noisy when left alone.

Elderly Procals—who are numerous indeed—are as concerned with how they are going to die as how they are going to live, as preoccupied with their lower colon as their higher immortality, but even more preoccupied with their neighbor's morality.

Born in Great Neck, New York, Cynthia Lindsay lives in Beverly Hills, California. This article on the Procals stems from life and from her book, "The Natives Are Restless," to be published by Lippincott this month. She is also the author of "I Love Her, That's Why," with George Burns, and "Mother Climbed Trees." She has two children.

Los Angeles, The City of the Angels, expects its citizens to live up to the name. She outdoes Boston in citizen-discipline. Anyone out after midnight is suspect; she likes her people to go to bed and get some sleep. Those dawdling in restaurants will find the waiters piling the chairs on the tables as they sip their coffee; any unmarried man and woman alone together in an apartment are subject to arrest; but, primarily, the Procal, who daily indulges in semi-nudity, marketing in shorts and bras, driving shirtless in open cars, and sunning in Bikinis, cannot abide the truly nude human form. He simply can't stand it, or to be exact, *she* can't stand it. The middle-aged Procal clubwoman is probably the world's number one purchaser of fig leaves.

It was such a group of lady Procals who approached with horror the replica of Michelangelo's sculpture of David in Forest Lawn Memorial Park. (Forest Lawn, which buries the dead, also vastly entertains the living, and numbers itself among Southern California's finest tourist attractions.) The ladies saw to it that David, who for centuries had offended no one, should not start by offending the citizenry of Los Angeles. Pressures were brought to bear, and David now submissively sports a cement fig leaf, symbol of Procal morality.

Only on the fringes of the film colony does one encounter what might be termed a Procal Beatnik. He hangs out in front of Schwab's Drug Store on the corner of Crescent Heights and Sunset Boulevard and should perhaps be called a Schwabnik. The group is uniformly clad in leather jackets, blue jeans, sweat shirts, with unshorn hair down to their collars, in imitation of their master, the late James Dean.

But generally speaking, the younger generation is simply too healthy to engage in the type of self-pity leading to Beatnikism. If a boy has a surfboard, swim fins, a diving mask, and an automobile (the primary requisite) he does not have to be concerned with: "Where are we heading? What does this all mean?" He isn't heading anywhere except to the beach, and what it all means has never entered his head. He may sit up half the night in one of the espresso parlors and talk about the latest way in which he has "nosed off" or "chopped down" his car, or how Hal has a new finish on his surfboard which has made all the difference in the speed he can get, or who is going with whom, or in some brackets how many cashmere sweaters someone has. But the world is not with him—who needs it?

For the baby Procal, swimming is the first law of nature, before ABCs and frequently before walking. With a pool in almost every yard in some areas, this is a matter of self-preservation. This necessity has created more swim schools than anywhere else in the world. All are run by different methods. Some throw the babies in and let them struggle; some try gentle coercion, some sheer terrorism. For the most part the results are marvelous and the baby Procal runs around looking like a brown elf, its hair green from constant submersion in chlorine-treated water.

California children are noticeably taller than the rest of their fellow young Americans, undoubtedly from constant use of their magnificent bodies, stretching, like sunflowers, toward the sun. They have no time to think of their health which is superlative, or their souls which they search little. Politics bores them, death never occurs to them, even when they are driving over a hundred miles an hour, and their morals they consider their own business.

In a community which gives the impression to newcomers of being peopled entirely by the very young and the very old, even the young seem old. Boys and girls "go steady" at thirteen, frequently marry the same "steady" at seventeen.

The following conversation was overheard between two newly married Procals, aged eighteen, whose brides were seventeen: The first said, "Guess what? My wife is going to have a baby!"

"That's great," said the second. "Congratulations! Come to think of it, I guess we should line up an obstetrician ourselves. Where did you get yours?"

"Through my pediatrician," said the first.

The young Procal is a very settled human being except when he is in his automobile; then he becomes subhuman.

MANNERS ON THE FREEWAY

IN HIS mobile state the Procal can best be observed on the freeways. These go through anything standing in their way except churches and golf courses. Last year, a middle-aged lady, whose house was in the path of a new freeway,



Detectives carried the lady, kicking and screaming, off to jail.

was offered a sum for its sale by the state of California. She flatly refused. Aided by her son, she resisted eviction for weeks, standing on her front porch, and drawing a bead with a shotgun on law enforcers while smiling for the benefit of photographers. Finally detectives slipped through a rear window and carried the lady, kicking and screaming, off to jail. The son went quietly. In due course the house was torn down. A little later the son was employed by the same authorities who had evicted his mother to help in the removal of other persons and properties.

Anything can happen on a freeway. Trucks carrying cotton and oranges turn over, leaving that section fluffy or slippery; airplanes run out of gas, land in the middle, and must be dismantled for removal; and recently a gentleman swerved onto a divider to avoid hitting a car that cut in front of him. His car stuck. Nobody stopped to help. Traffic moving too fast. He flagged motorcycle policeman and said, "How do you get off here?" Answer: "Get off the way you got on." Motorcycle policeman rode away. Man tried to flag others. Nobody stopped. Gave up, took beach towel out of car, placed it on top of car, climbed up and took sun bath. Procals are philosophical.

Come with me for a ride on a Southern California freeway: Fasten your safety belt. We're off. No need to open your eyes yet. We're only approaching it. Now, one quick turn, and Swoosh! You're on the freeway. Keep your eyes closed—we're trying for the middle lane. I agree with you—cars can't *really* be passing that fast. Let's turn the radio on—they have special programs for freeway drivers.

"Beep-beep-beep, this is your radioactive weather report. . . . Yesterday's rainfall was radioactive. Today—clean. The smog has reached red alert proportions—heavy eye and throat irritation."

Turn the dial. "There is a two-mile back-up on the Santa Ana Freeway due to a four-car smash-up. The Pasadena Freeway inbound is blocked all the way back for seven miles due to the Moving Mountain."

Yes, it really moves, after heavy rains.

Let's try another station. KABC has a helicopter patrol. It broadcasts the news of a smash-up while it is still smashing, seeing it before anybody else except the participants and possibly the police helicopter. (I went up one day in the KABC plane. "Hello, below," said our pilot. "If you hear us, blink your lights." It was gratifying to see over half the cars on the freeways blinking away like fireflies. Somebody down there likes you.)

In the back window of the car in front of us

are two furry toy tigers. Next one has a pair of angora dice. Sign on another window reads, "Made in Africa by Apes." ZOOM! That one's going so fast it's hard to see what those things are—could be a pair of miniature argyle socks. There go some more tigers—cute ones, their eyes light up. Sign on that black car says, "Made in Pasadena by little old ladies."

Yes, people *do* drive outrageously. It's really better if you just don't think about it.

The huge green cement puppy dog over there? It's a hot-dog stand. That crash? It was nothing —just a sonic boom—we get them daily. Caused by the jets overhead breaking the sound barrier. And sometimes a few windows, too. Yes, that sign did read, "Caution. Peacocks crossing road." Lots of them around here. The blue and gold building with the minarets? No, it's not a motion-picture set. It's a church. No, that's not a church, it's a drive-in movie. Yes, people here do eat something besides pizza, ice cream, and hamburgers. No, that's not the City Hall, it's a sandwich stand. Now that IS the City Hall—the tall one, just to the right of that big electric sign that says, "Jesus Saves." No—to the left of the one reading, "Male Hormones—Free Parking."

There is nothing the matter with you—you are simply approaching, by the most hazardous possible route, downtown Los Angeles, referred to by its loving populace simply as "L. A."

FORTY-ONE MOUNTAINS

WITH the present population increase of 16,024 people monthly, Los Angeles—like her surroundings—is changing her appearance so rapidly that even from day to day recognition is difficult. Having overcome her fear of earthquakes, which previously limited her skyscrapers to thirteen stories, she is getting taller all the time. Her pastel flatness of feature and pasteboard building are giving way to more enduring stainless steel and glass rectangles, and the chalk-white buildings of her Civic Center rise like rigid phoenixes from the rubble of the wrecking companies around them.

Everything is astir—buildings are being torn down, buildings are being put up—mountains are being hacked apart, and mountains are getting tired of being hacked apart, and just fall down by themselves.

Unlike cosmopolitan San Francisco, Los Angeles was taken over by the Middle West and the middle class, which gave it a flat flavor, culturally as well as architecturally. Los Angeles is surrounded by forty-one mountain peaks, each over 10,000 feet high, but the Procal has been determined to pare them down to his size. He started out some years ago by cutting a road at the base of the coastal palisades, leaving them a raw, dirt-colored eyesore, with palm trees planted on their summit like a tuft of feathers on a bald head.

The people of Santa Monica call this section "Palisades Park" and carefully water its green surfaces. The water seeps down through the grass, aided by the rains in season, softens what the geologists call "fatigued soil masses," and more of the palisades slide toward the sea, carrying along anything and anybody on them or under them. One year, it was two elderly ladies who were picnicking on the summit; the following year, sixty thousand tons of earth rumbled down, and cascaded across the highway carrying off a tiny sports car which it dumped into the ocean. The car was completely demolished, but its occupants crawled out with only minor injuries. The picnicking ladies also recovered, and have been ineffectually suing the city of Santa Monica ever since. The last big palisades slide was so big that the Coast Highway, which was buried under it, had to be rerouted. The engineers simply cut a new road through the giant mound of earth which jutted into the ocean, landscaped over the old road, and made a little park of the remaining dirt. California poppies and ice plant (a native succulent) now make a colorful carpet to the sea.

Everywhere the mountains' silent magnitude is scarred by unhealed surgery and covered by hundreds of little housing tracts plastered like ineffectual Band-Aids over their wounds. In the Valley areas the tracts beckon with huge signs, "Vets No Down"; some developments even let non-vets move in with "No Down." Most of the developments are miles of many-colored boxes, row on row. Here live the lowest-income Procals. A slightly higher income bracket will buy what is advertised as a "beautiful ranch home—knotty pine den, garbage disposal, free decorating advice." It may also sport a wishing well and a pigeon house on the roof of the garage.

Top-echelon Procals live in Beverly Hills or Bel-Air. For the most part these are communities of distinguished houses and handsome landscaping. But a stranger might think himself in some fairy-tale town if it is the day when palm trees are being groomed and prefabricated swimming pools installed. You drive down a street lined with houses constructed of open-work cement blocks lace-like; their front lawns covered with white gravel looking like whipped cream.

Coming at you from the other direction, a swimming pool, turned on its side, rides on a truck driven unconcernedly by a driver who waves up at some men on hundred-foot-high crane-ladders. The men, calmly trimming the lower branches of the giant feather-duster trees with electric saws, wave back.

Some upper-middle-class Procals live in the tracts built on the slashes of naked earth which now bisect every range in the vicinity of Los Angeles. Houses pop up on them overnight like toadstools. Trucks with "Free Dirt" written on them careen over the mountain roads, and many properties sport signs reading "Fill Wanted." The Sunday shoveler is as much a menace to the terrain as the Sunday driver is to the roads.

Recently one of the more creative subdividers was enchanted when the bulldozers leveled off the top of his mountain, leaving huge piles of dirt on each side. He doubled his investment by subdividing the dirt. He built some houses on the level top, and more houses in tiers down the side of the mountain. The "hillside" houses were sold, owners moved in, grew ice plant over the dirt, built swimming pools. Then the rains came and poured into the pools on the mountainside. Instead of overflowing, they simply tipped over on the houses beneath them.

Portuguese Bend, a rugged, rocky stretch of coastline topped by rich green fields, between San Pedro and Palos Verdes, is the saddest example of a "fatigued soil mass." The inhabitants of the area put up well-designed modern houses which—like their landmark, the exquisite little Wayfarers Chapel built almost entirely of glass—blended the beauty of the outdoors and the indoors. After the last hard rain many of the handsome houses were carried away and destroyed by the moving masses of dirt, and many of the remaining ones were condemned as dangerous. The heartbroken owners now have neither homes *nor* land, and in most cases no compensation, because the insurance companies have engaged in a battle of semantics over "slippage or subsidence." The insured owners, it develops, are covered for subsidence; if their houses just plain sink they are remunerated. If, however, there has been a forward movement of earth—nothing. That is slippage.

Elsewhere, mountains are covered with Martian-like oil refineries, wells, and storage tanks. So are valleys and beaches. Wells also spring up in back yards, in the middle of streets, and in fields of growing crops. Those not sharing in their wealth sometimes take a dim view of their appearance, and a movement is now afoot to make the derricks at least less ugly. Twentieth Century-Fox studio has sunk a well on its lot, and being in Beverly Hills, which is strict about how things look, has encased the derrick in an outside cover of baby blue.

Change is the order of the day, too, on the magnificent beaches, so much a part of Procal life. So many Procals love them that there is no longer enough space to park their cars on the ocean front. To alleviate the situation, part of the beaches have been covered in asphalt. Now there is enough room for Procal cars on the asphalt, but not enough room for Procals on the beaches.

Parking space in all areas has become such an acute problem that the Procal not only covers beaches but tears down buildings, including, at one time, the Los Angeles City Hall. More recently, he simply lifted up Pershing Square, a park in the middle of downtown Los Angeles, burrowed under it, built subterranean parking areas, and then put the top back on. Except for a few new flowers, no one noticed the difference. The park has always been the refuge of the lost and lonely. Now the vagrant steeped in wine is back sleeping it off on his bench; the speech makers are still crying out for their listeners to repent; and the pigeons still scrabble for crumbs, oblivious to the hum of motors below.

The Procal is adaptable. At times he may stir restlessly as his buildings tiptoe away, his oil wells are discovered, and covered, and his properties picked up and put down. But on the whole he is unconcerned and undisturbed. He hardly notices his moving mountains and sliding palisades.

Beginning in the June Harper's . . .

POLITICS FOR A NEW GENERATION

a series of three articles by

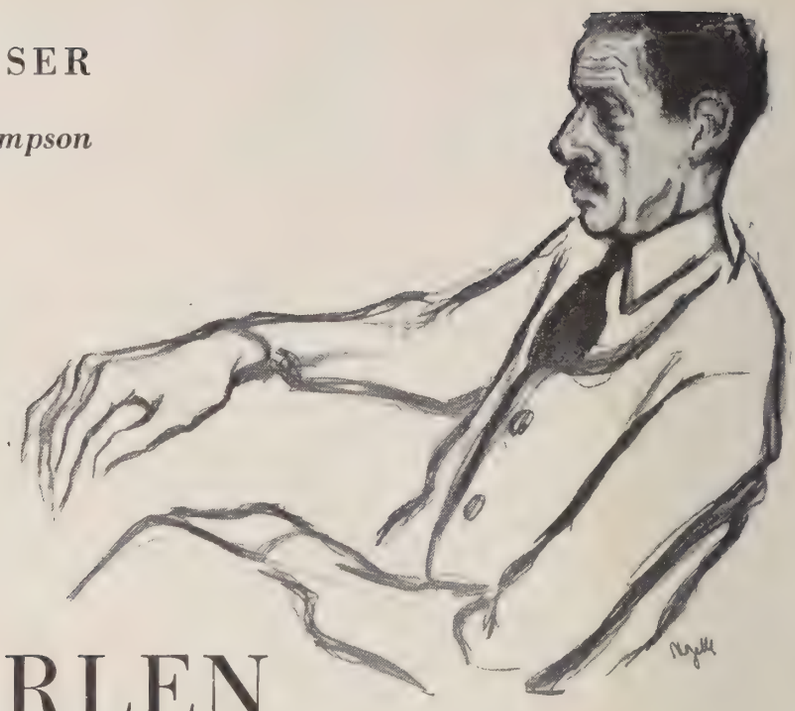
PETER F. DRUCKER

When the next President steps into the White House, he (and the country) will cross a watershed in history. They will face an entirely new political situation—the first in twenty-eight years.

Mr. Drucker, whose talent for far-sighted analysis has won him an international reputation, will examine the unexpected conflicts, the new men, the novel issues, and the probable changes in political structure which we may expect in the decade ahead.

By WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

Drawings by Mozelle Thompson



HAROLD ARLEN

the secret music maker

WHEN the touring "Porgy and Bess" company visited Cairo five years ago, some of its members went one afternoon to a symphony concert. Most of the program was devoted to Mozart, Beethoven, and other classical composers, and it ended with a section called "American Folk Music." This turned out to be a suite built around "Stormy Weather" and incorporating four other songs: "Blues in the Night," "I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues," "Accentuate the Positive," and "Ill Wind."

The American listeners were astonished, not only because the songs were all modern, but because they were all by the same man—Harold Arlen. After the concert Robert Breen, director of "Porgy and Bess," asked the conductor if he knew who wrote the songs.

"But sir," the conductor said, "nobody wrote them. They are just old American ballads that we made into a folk medley."

Breen looked at the printed music and saw a tiny pencil scrawl on one page that said H. ARLENE. "When I told the conductor that 'H. Arlene' was still alive," Breen recalls, "he just couldn't believe it."

The story confirms a feeling about Harold Arlen's music that is held in many parts of the world. In Europe his songs are heard everywhere, and quite a few are regarded as indigenous ballads dating from Stephen Foster's day. Yet nobody in Europe knows Arlen's name, and hardly anybody does in America, though addicts of his music here are legion. I have been one of these addicts since the early 1930s, when I first heard "Stormy Weather" and "Ill Wind."

Like the Egyptian folklorist many years later, I was moved by something mysterious in these songs. Both of them had a plaintive melody and an insinuating rhythm that seemed peculiarly American and very old, as if they were Negro laments that originated in the South many generations ago. I was surprised to learn instead that they were newly written by Mr. Arlen (whom I had never heard of) for "The Cotton Club Revue," a semi-annual Harlem revue that invoked the talents of Bill Robinson, Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington, Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, and many other Negro stars, some already risen high, some barely ascendant.

Obviously Arlen had an uncanny instinct for the Negro idiom, in which sadness of melody co-exists with jauntiness of beat. I sensed this not only in his music but in his voice, for several records were issued at the time on which Arlen sang "Stormy Weather" and some other Cotton Club songs. I remember the voice because it was so unusual—high as a schoolboy's, but emotional far beyond a schoolboy's years, and it had a pervading melancholy. I learned that he was not a

Negro, but a Buffalo cantor's son in his late twenties. He was still in them when he moved in 1934 to Hollywood, where he settled down for a long spell of writing movie songs so superior that they took on a life of their own.

"Blues in the Night," for instance, is hummed the world over; the film of the same title was forgotten before its customers got out of the theatre, and some couldn't get out fast enough. "That Old Black Magic" is a song of amazing durability. So are "Let's Fall in Love," "It's Only a Paper Moon," "One for My Baby and One More for the Road," "Accentuate the Positive," "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," "My Shining Hour," and "The Man That Got Away," though the movies that they embellished—like "Star-Spangled Rhythm" and "Here Come the Waves"—were no great shakes, if any shakes at all.

Only "The Wizard of Oz" matched as a film the standard of Arlen and his lyricist, E. Y. Harburg, whose score included one of the most popular of all American songs, "Over the Rainbow." It was the song, of course, that launched the very young Judy Garland, and ever since that wistful start Miss Garland has sung a high proportion of Arlen songs in her shows and on her records.

In 1944, Arlen began writing for the theatre again and composed such scores as "Bloomer Girl," "St. Louis Woman," "House of Flowers," "Jamaica," "Saratoga," and "Blues Opera," the last scheduled to open in California this fall. Through each of these scores there ran certain songs so original in melody and distinctive in harmonic structure that, while no two were alike, the stamp of their composer—a deep loneliness—was on them all. "Come Rain or Come Shine," "I Wonder What Became of Me," and "Sleepin' Bee," three of Arlen's finest ballads, are examples.

As most of these late numbers were written for Negroes, they seemed an extension, now far more mature, of the idiom that Arlen had caught so intuitively in his Cotton Club days. They also seemed an extension of the idiom that George Gershwin captured in his Negro folk opera, "Porgy and Bess." Arlen is Gershwin's closest heir in his blue melodic and harmonic line. Sometimes, in fact, Gershwin came close to Arlen, as in "Bess, You Is My Woman Now," whose opening curve is akin to that of "Ill Wind." Gershwin didn't have to borrow from anybody, nor does Arlen, but the two men admired each other's work and had kindred backgrounds, so it is no accident that their songs have the same American restlessness, while most of our other great theatre composers—notably Jerome Kern, Richard Rodgers, and Kurt Weill—are nearer in their lilting airs to the traditions of European light opera.

It is this Americanism that makes Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" so contagious. It has smitten audiences equally in Yugoslavia and Japan, Germany and Brazil. In its score people everywhere seem to find the traits that give America her personality—not only brittle rhythms and captivating melodies, but excitement and humor and truth. These qualities are also in Arlen's songs. Where did they come from? Why should these two men write music so congenial to Negroes?

THE BUFFALODIANS

HAROLD ARLEN, who is now fifty-five and lives in New York, is a slender man with short black hair and limpid eyes of cobalt blue, whose face would be his fortune if his songs were not. At least it is the kind that painters and photographers prize, for it has much in common with that favorite subject of theirs, the tragic clown. It is a vertical face, properly belonging to a blues writer, and in repose it has a lonely look that appears to have been fashioned by decades of sorrow, if not generations. Much of this is inborn; much has been imprinted by real travails in Arlen's life, including an illness six years ago that he narrowly survived, and the rest is simply the emotional residue left on the composer by the act of composing, for in this process he is a man totally engaged.

But the most arresting quality about Arlen is one of gentleness. He is shy about discussing his music and uneasy with praise. Though his features relax naturally into dolor, they brighten quickly—if unexpectedly—whenever something funny is said, and often he is the one who says it. Any fan would guess this about Arlen, for there is a current of humor that runs through many of his songs and gives them vitality. In "We're Off to See the Wizard," "A Woman's Prerogative," and "Let's Take a Walk Around the Block"—to choose three at random from different phases of his career—a genial lyrical idea is set to a tune that bubbles with enjoyment, or, as in "Accentuate the Positive," to a delayed syncopation that gives the words an extra antic value.

For thirteen years William K. Zinsser was on the staff of the New York "Herald Tribune"—as drama editor, movie critic, and editorial writer. He has written two books, "Any Old Place with You" and "Seen Any Good Movies Lately?"

Arlen has no trouble tracing his musical gift. "My father was the best of the cantors," he says, his voice rustier now than the one I had heard on records long ago, but still a rare instrument. "All the cantors came to my father's synagogue in Buffalo while I was growing up, but he was the best. He improvised wonderful melodies to fit the texts that had no music, and that's undoubtedly where my sense of melody comes from.

"I learned to play the piano and sing. My big interest was in the jazz instrumentalists of the day. I even ran away from home once to hear the Memphis Five, a Dixieland group. They were my heroes. At fifteen I quit school and formed 'The Snappy Trio.' We played in night clubs around town and eventually grew into a quintet called 'The Southbound Shufflers,' working mostly on the lake steamers out of Buffalo. In time we grew into an eleven-man band called 'The Buffalodians'." He smiled at the remote and corny names, so redolent of the Prohibition era in American jazz. "I was the singer, pianist, and arranger. I could always improvise, and I loved to invent unconventional turns for the men in the band who couldn't do anything but follow the written melody. I wanted them to get off it and sound like somebody from New York."

Even better than to be in Buffalo and sound like somebody in New York, of course, was to be in the big city itself, and Arlen migrated there at twenty-two. He served in his triple capacity for various bands, the most famous being that of Arnold Johnson, and still considered himself a vocalist above all. He had never thought of writing songs.

His change of direction came about by accident in 1929 during rehearsals of Vincent Youmans' "Great Day," for which he had been hired as a singer. When the rehearsal pianist became ill, Arlen filled in briefly, and in improvising a "vamp" for the dancers he came up with something so catchy that it caught everyone within earshot. Admirers of the tune introduced Arlen to Ted Koehler, who set a lyric to it, and the resulting number was sung by Ruth Etting as the finale of the "9:15 Revue" the following season. It was his first hit: "Get Happy."

Thus Koehler became the earliest of the gifted lyricists who have worked with Arlen, and the boy from Buffalo was lucky to find him at this pivotal moment. Koehler had rhythm and an ear for the colloquial, judging not only by "Stormy Weather," whose lyric is as much a classic as its melody, but by the many other infectious songs that he and Arlen wrote between 1930 and 1934 for eight Cotton Club revues, such as "I've Got the World on a String" and "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea."

To what extent Arlen was consciously writing for Negroes in these shows is something that even he can't remember, though he does recall that he wrote "Stormy Weather" for Cab Calloway, the first three notes being conceived as a springboard for one of Calloway's "shouts." But Cab never got to sing it. Arlen himself made a recording of the song that swept the country before the Cotton Club revue of 1933 opened, and the producers, realizing they had a torch song of considerable value on their hands, brought Ethel Waters out of retirement for the occasion. People flocked to the show mainly to hear the song, and Miss Waters was identified with it for many years.

MORE THAN THE RULES ALLOW

"BLUES in the Night" was born in a somewhat similar manner. Arlen and Johnny Mercer were commissioned in 1941 to write the score for a movie that was to be a serious study of an American jazz band, and to include in it one hit song of a blues nature.

"I went home and just thought about it for two days," Arlen recalls. "After all, anybody can write a blues song. The hard thing is to write one that doesn't sound like every other blues song. Finally I decided to cast it in the traditional form of the early American blues—that is, three sections of twelve bars each, rather than in the conventional Tin Pan Alley shape," which is, of course, thirty-two bars of a-a-b-a or a-b-a-b. He met his own challenge by writing three memorable themes, rounding off the song with a repeat of the first twelve bars and a four-bar coda, so that the total number came to fifty-two, or twenty more than the rules allow.

Mercer remembers that it was a hard lyric to write because of its meandering length, but he resisted official attempts to eliminate the song's third section, thereby saving one of Arlen's most haunting melodies. And Arlen remembers plucking the words, "My mama done tole me," from the bottom of the lyric to the top, where "From Natchez to Mobile" had originally stood, thereby giving world currency to that newly-minted idiom. The whole lyric, in fact, is so right, catching the loneliness of the music in images like that of the echoing train whistle and the responsive mockingbird ("take my word, the mockingbird will sing the saddest kind of song, he knows things are wrong"), that it stirs fresh admiration still.

When "Blues in the Night" was completed,

Arlen went over to Jerome Kern's house and played it for him. Kern listened and then, Arlen says, "went away and came back with Offenbach's ivory-handled cane, which Alexander Woollcott had given him, and presented it to me." Arlen, while he regarded the gift as a sign that he had written a good song, nevertheless found it enigmatic, seeing no lineal descent between "Tales of Hoffmann" and his own forlorn ballad. But Kern had his reasons, and they can be found in the Encyclopedia, which says that "Jacques Levy Offenbach, 1819-80, French composer, was the son of a Jewish cantor." Obviously the cane has found its proper owner in the twentieth century. Where Woollcott got it Arlen can't imagine, and who could?

The first recordings were such an overnight hit that Warner Bros. hurriedly changed their movie's title to "Blues in the Night," hoping to salvage with fifty-two bars of music the atrocity which they had by then committed in two hours of film. But honor was beyond saving, except possibly for Elia Kazan, who played the clarinet in a small role, and of course for Arlen and Mercer, whose score also contained the lovely ballad, "This Time the Dream's on Me."

Mercer, who is from Savannah, sees Arlen's work as a fusion of classical Jewish music with early Negro jazz—a combination that keeps the lyricist alert for anything. "Harold's melodies are way out because Jewish melodies are way out —they take unexpected twists and turns," Mercer says, thus defining the term "way out" as well as Arlen's songs. Mercer might have been thinking of the fact that "Come Rain or Come Shine" begins in one key and ends in another, or of the odd pattern of "That Old Black Magic," which runs to seventy-two bars, never exactly repeating what has gone before but always developing the earlier material logically.

To Mercer there is a strong affinity between Gershwin and Arlen, especially in their grasp of Negro idioms, and he thinks that this stems largely from the kind of music that they listened to in their youth. "When George and Harold were little boys, growing up within about five years of each other," he points out, "they were hearing records of Negro spirituals like 'Swing Low' and 'Motherless Chile,' and they were also hearing the very early jazz recordings of men like King Oliver. They couldn't help being influenced, just as Irving Berlin, for instance, was influenced in 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' by the still earlier minstrel shows and street parades.

"Arlen is more inventive than Gershwin in trying to find new forms for his songs. The rhythm of both men is wonderful, but George's often strikes me as mathematical—listen to the precision of 'Sweet and Low Down' or 'Fascinatin' Rhythm'—while Harold's comes from the bottom of his feet."

Ira Gershwin, who has collaborated with Arlen on such old Broadway scores as "Life Begins at 8:40" and such recent movie scores as "A Star Is Born," agrees that Arlen in his blue vein is an extension of George Gershwin in his. "But Harold is no imitator," he says. "He is always original, always himself. His songs are, well, *peculiarly* constructed, so that I never know what to expect. I remember thinking that 'The Man That Got Away' was too long and unorthodox to be a hit, but it grew on people. Harold's songs always do.

"To me the Hebraic influence is the big one in his music, and it's something that my brother George didn't have. Our parents, like Harold's, came from Eastern Russia, but there was no Jewish religious music in our family—in fact, no music at all until one day, when George was about eleven, we got a piano and he sat down and played some songs with all the right chords."

If Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," with its nervous rhythms and searching melodies, seems to contain Negro folk elements, as Arlen's "Blues Opera" does, that may be because of a subtle emotional tie between the two races. Certainly a Jewish composer, conscious of the uprooted history of his people, would be attuned to the similar plight of the American Negro. Arlen, who believes in such mystical forces in music, has a mystical hunch that this is so.

WHAT TRUMAN CAPOTE SAID

ARLEN has worked with only one lyricist who was a stranger to the musical theatre, Truman Capote. The show that they wrote together, "House of Flowers," though imperfect, was touched with freshness and beauty. With Capote, Arlen achieved certain effects more sensitive than anything he had done before, such as the superb song, "I Never Has Seen Snow." Yet their collaboration began under conditions that were hardly ideal.

"We worked together the first three months without personal contact," Capote recalls. "During this time I was living in Rome, while his base was California. I would send him scenes and scraps of lyrics, and back came homemade phonograph records: Arlen playing melodies that the tentative lyrics had tentatively suggested, singing and talking to me. We had never met, I knew

very little about him. It was quite odd, listening to this disembodied voice and trying to derive from it some notion of what sort of man he might be, my collaborator. Obviously he was a gentle man, a modest one, but someone capable of immense intensity; and, had I not known differently, I would have thought he was a Negro. His voice, especially his singing voice, had a warm, plaintive, muddy-colored tone, and the diction also had a certain very pleasant Negro quality.

"Eventually, when I did meet Arlen and we began to work together, I found all my long-distance impressions confirmed. The sadness, the echo of loneliness that wails through much of Arlen's music, seemed to me the foundation of his sensibility, for he is a man obsessed by the tragic view of life. At the same time, amid the sighs, the long sad looks, laughter was always ready to run rampant. He has one of the most distinctive laughs I've ever heard—a wild high-pitched chuckling that reddens his face and fills his eyes with tears.



"I had no true understanding of song writing (and Lord knows, still do not). But Arlen, who I suppose had never worked with an amateur before, was tolerant and infinitely encouraging and, well, just a gent about the whole thing. A brave gent, too. Twice he spent long and seriously ill spells in the hospital where, against doctors' orders, against all the laws of human fortitude as well, he continued composing. It was one rainy winter afternoon, while he was hospitalized, that we made up 'Two Ladies in De Shade of De Banana Tree'—Arlen, weak and ghost-pale, tapping out the rhythm with a pencil and humming at, very literally, death's door.

"For him, music is the entire story. There, inside a world of sound, he is always courageous, intelligent, incapable of cliché. His songs almost invariably contain some melodic surprise, some *difficulty*—which is one of the reasons he has not had the recognition he deserves. He is too versatile and inventive to have created a large single image, an Arlen *sound,* in the sense that Porter and Gershwin have a sound. Of course, for those who really know his music, Arlen has a sound, a style, that is immediately recognizable, one more haunting and original than any of his contemporaries: a real blues in the night."

If Arlen's various lyric writers have been one cause of his anonymity, they have also stretched him in new directions. To each man's lyrics he responds differently, which is an index of his fertile imagination.

His most frequent lyricist, over twenty-five years, has been E. Y. ("Yip") Harburg. Harburg, who has written with other composers such fine songs as "April in Paris" and such scores as "Finian's Rainbow," strives for the poetic image in his lyrics. Consequently he touches off in Arlen a quality that is almost stately, as in "Last Night When We Were Young" (Arlen's own favorite) or "Right as the Rain." Though these songs are a different facet of their composer, they are as typical of him as the humorous melodies that he often writes for Mercer, such as "Hit the Road to Dreamland." They are the results of a dogged effort not to be typed.

"But," Arlen says with a wan smile, as if doing obeisance to the joke that fate has played him, "I'm typed as a blues writer and there's nothing I can do about it. What's blue about 'My Shining Hour,' or 'Let's Take the Long Way Home,' or—well, I could name many." He could, too, and that's what makes the joke so wry. "My Shining Hour," for instance, is such a pure and soaring tune that you might think Jerome Kern had written it.

If Arlen started to name his gay songs, he could include the entire score of "Bloomer Girl." This Broadway hit of 1944 was a singularly sunny piece of work. To Harburg's lyrics Arlen wrote fourteen blithe and graceful numbers, including three waltzes, that have an attractive unity and seem true to their Civil War period. Only in one other case did Arlen create such a joyful unit, and that was in "The Wizard of Oz." There he and Harburg succeeded remarkably in

entering the world of children. Though there are few surer ways of making enemies than to dramatize a childhood classic, only the most churlish devotee of Frank Baum's fantasy land would deny that this film caught the spirit of, as one of the songs was titled, "the merry old land of Oz."

Of course the actors, especially Ray Bolger as the scarecrow and Bert Lahr as the faint-hearted lion, were accountable for much of the movie's spell, but it was the score that set and sustained the mood. Even so, M-G-M had its worries. "This score is above the heads of children," one executive told Harburg. He was wrong, needless to say, though it is true that the music and lyrics are more sophisticated than they seem. "If I Only Had a Heart," for example, is no simple nursery rhyme.

At any rate, Arlen and Harburg had the satisfaction of appealing to children without talking down to them. Ironically, they met the stiffest studio resistance in the case of "Over the Rainbow," which M-G-M removed three times during the picture's production. Finally saved from the cutting-room floor, the song won the Academy Award and began a career that will be hard to match for longevity.

Longevity is, in Harburg's opinion, one of the three keys to Arlen's genius. "His songs get better with time," he says. "You don't tire of them, as you do with most pop tunes. Often they're not easy to get at first—the public has to grow up to understand them. But if you have faith in what you're doing, as Harold has, you don't worry about that." (The chances of Arlen's not worrying are small, but he frets less than he once did over the fact that his songs frequently are slow starters. Quite a few, like "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," didn't catch on literally for years.)

The second attribute of Arlen's music, Harburg feels, is its universal appeal. "A lot of people can write songs," he says, "but only an artist can make other people feel the music deeply. Harold touches something in all of us that responds. But what he has above all is individuality. He and George Gershwin are the two men in our field who uniquely have this gift —they make a contribution, break ground, do something that hasn't been done before."

Like Mercer, Ira Gershwin, and Capote—in fact, in almost the same words—Harburg cited the knotty problems that Arlen hands his lyric writers. "He leads you into situations that are unanticipated," Harburg says. "I often have to wait a day or two to let the melody work on me, to see what Harold is really doing. And he's so afraid of being banal that he revises over and over." All of Arlen's collaborators, incidentally, share an affection for the man that matches their admiration for his music.

"BLUES OPERA"

TO HIS fans Arlen's masterpiece is a Negro musical of 1946 called "St. Louis Woman," whose lyrics are also Mercer's masterpiece. In this show, based on a book by the Negro writers, Arna Bontemps and Countee Cullen, Arlen's instincts for Negro folk opera blossomed luxuriantly. The score was all that an old fan could have hoped for. It had humorous songs and rhythm songs, blues to break the heart, such as "I Had Myself a True Love," and cakewalks and chorales and lullabies. It was all of a piece, and it was exciting and good.

Despite my repeated attendance in the second balcony, the show folded after 131 performances, and one of Broadway's finest scores seemed lost forever. But in 1954 Robert Breen commissioned Arlen to write an opera around "St. Louis Woman," and so "Blues Opera" was born. Using as a foundation the original twelve songs and several of his older laments like "Blues in the Night," Arlen spent the next few years composing a full-length score.

The new material is even more exhilarating than what was already there. It consists of dialogue set to music, but instead of emerging as recitative, it has spilled out in a variety of forms that are unfailingly melodic and often breathtaking in rhythm, even if they are nothing more than fragments, or exhortations at the racetrack and gambling table, or street hawkers' calls. Sometimes they fall, perhaps only subconsciously, into traditional Negro forms—into spirituals, for instance, that sound plantation-born.

I listened to the score on a makeshift tape recording. Arlen himself was playing the piano and singing most of the parts. A generation had passed since I first heard that sensuous voice and the grieving strains of "Stormy Weather," both of which augured so much. Now the voice was unburdening itself of some of the richest "Negro" music—and richest Arlen music—that I had ever heard. This, needless to say, was Nirvana. For though across the years I had also been collecting Gershwin, Rodgers, Porter, Kern and other great "show tune" composers, Arlen was my secret vice —secret, among other reasons, because Arlen himself is one of our national secrets, a man as unsung as his music is not.

Harper's Magazine, May 1960

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

THE NEW AFRICA

a guide and a proposal

IN THE spring of 1955 I traveled across the Belgian Congo from the lovely lakes and the Mountains of the Moon in the center of the Continent to the humid forests and hot savannas of the lower reaches of the wide, winding Congo. The country was full of the hustle and preparations for a visit from the beloved young King Baudouin, and his triumphal progress across his vast colony was attended by a frenzied, noisy welcome from his 100,000 white and twelve million black subjects.

Two years later, in 1957, I was there again. Something was different. People were uneasy. There was a minor race riot in Leopoldville over "nothing"—a referee's decision in a soccer match. And when King Baudouin returned after the bloody riots in 1959, prosperity still reigned in Africa's richest land, but the King's path was lined with armed soldiers and the people were shouting not *"Vive le Roi!"* but "Independence!" —as they are all over Africa, whether ready for self-government or not.

As the decade of the 'fifties ended there were ten independent nations in Africa—six of them born in the last four years—embracing one-third of the continent's population. And in 1960 alone, six or more will become independent, including Nigeria, numbering forty million and Britain's last large colonial possession.

It is the end of an era in Africa; the pace of change is quickening and the "wave of the future" is independence, either in fruitful partnership with the West or in greater isolation. Actually the meaning of "independence" for these new states is limited. The attributes of independence are diplomatic, military, and monetary sovereignty. But these new-born nations must look to the great powers for weapons and for currency stability. So about the only real independence nowadays is the power to change sides or to threaten to adopt a pro-Communist policy. And this is a diplomatic trump card which some of the new leaders don't overlook.

With change so rapid in this tumultuous continent, American policy must, first of all, be flexible and avoid fixed attitudes and rigid positions. Yet this does not mean that there can be no settled aim behind American statesmanship. Africa still looks almost wholly to the West for capital, trade, contact, and education. If this orientation were changed and patterns of politics hostile to the Atlantic Powers established, the area of the free world would be sharply reduced. More than that, a continent almost entirely opened up and developed by Westerners in the last century would confirm the Communist claim that free institutions and free enterprise, whatever their fate around the North Atlantic, are irrelevant to man's destiny anywhere else.

In short, the United States has a profound security interest in strengthening the links between Africa and the free world and, for Africa's sake, in helping to secure the continuance of one profoundly beneficial consequence of the Western connection—a century of almost complete absence of inter-African warfare. Such internal peace may be taken for granted by Africans today but any return to the perpetual tribal turbulence of the pre-colonial past would extinguish all hopes of further development among Africa's emergent peoples.

When I speak of maintaining Africa's present Western orientation, I do not have in mind a specific African commitment to support the West in the power conflict. On the contrary, the happiest outcome for both Africa and the West would be if Cold War pressures could be excluded from the African continent altogether. If non-involvement or neutrality is to be the aim of the New Africa—coupled with a determination to keep itself free from any external domination, whether from the dying colonialism of Europe or the rising imperialism of Russia and China—that aim is certainly compatible with America's hopes and interests. We are not trying

to create clients. We only seek to leave people's destinies in their own hands. This is incompatible with Communist control—as Eastern Europe has discovered. But it is perfectly compatible with neutrality. For this we need look no further than Switzerland or Sweden—or our own sentiments before 1939.

THE LIMITS OF SELF-DETERMINATION

TEN years ago most of Africa was under European colonial control and there seemed every chance that American alliance with Western Europe and America's traditional anti-colonialism would cancel each other out and reduce American policy to impotence. As late as 1957, Senator Theodore Green could still say of American policy in Africa that "we have sought to ride two horses, championing independence while simultaneously seeking to maintain a close alliance with the mother countries. To perform this feat requires a kind of wizardry few governments possess."

But over much of Africa, a deliberate abandonment of colonialism has taken place. The British led the way, bringing Ghana through rapid stages of self-government to complete independence in 1957, preparing Nigeria for independence in 1960, and accepting independence—inside and outside the Commonwealth—as the ultimate objective of most of their African territories. In 1958, the French gave most of their French African territories the option between free association within a French community or independence—which was chosen only by Guinea. The Belgian government is now preparing a timetable for self-rule for the peoples of the Congo in a few years.

In most of Africa, self-determination is the accepted policy and American policy-makers can freely consider how best the links between Africa and the West are to be developed in the new setting. But wherever European settlers have made their home in Africa—in Algeria, in Kenya, in the Rhodesias, in the Union of South Africa—no such easy coincidence of aims exists. (The problems in these societies dwarf America's difficulties with old attitudes in its Southern states!) Education, wealth, technical capacity, and the good land are mainly in the hands of white men. The African masses are impoverished and illiterate. And the problems are exacerbated by the fact that the "European" is everywhere a small minority in these settler societies. To advance toward political equality and full voting rights would mean not—as in the Deep South—an acquisition of strength by a minority group. It would mean the total transfer of power to the non-white majority.

So "self-determination" appears to the white settler to face him with extinction, and the economy he has built with ruin. At the same time discrimination and political power pressures stir African nationalism and the rising demand for the opportunities of civilized men. In this deadlock, fear and tension are the natural consequence. And fear breeds extremism and extremism violence—which has broken out in several parts of "black Africa," and in Algeria has already exploded into a cruel civil war.

What American policy can accomplish in the troubled area of settler societies by political means is certainly small. We have no direct responsibility, and our record as settlers—vis-à-vis the American Indians and then as partners in a developing racial relationship with American Negroes—gives us no right to preach, moralize, or proclaim. But, while admitting our own mistakes and shortcomings, we also reaffirm our own profoundest aspiration—which is to create a society of equal citizens in which no barriers of race or creed bar a man from the opportunities his talents ought to command. And we are making progress in that direction in the United States. So our diplomatic influence should be used to encourage every liberal initiative in multiracial Africa—whether it is General de Gaulle's guarantee of genuine self-determination for Algeria or the affirmation by leaders in Rhodesia and Kenya that "partnership" is their aim. And we must not be associated with racial policies such as those pursued by the present government of South Africa which offer no hope to the African majority.

This clear line need not imply any underestimate of the special problems faced by modernized white minorities surrounded by an overwhelming majority of Africans still at a tribal level of life. But we should show our understanding not by advocating an indefinite delay in African advancement but by giving vigorous assistance in educating and developing the African for his coming responsibilities.

After two trips through sub-Sahara Africa I

Since his second Presidential campaign in 1956 (during which he traveled some 55,000 miles in the U.S.A.) Governor Adlai E. Stevenson has covered many times that distance in journeys to Africa, Asia, the Soviet Union, and Latin America.

concluded that there was no solution for settler societies except to educate Africans for the future. Cecil Rhodes' ideal: "Equal rights to all civilized men" remains a constructive goal only if the means of civilization are increasingly open to all the people. Where individual Americans or American companies can further this aim, I believe they should try to do so. I have in mind the admirable efforts of American mining interests to break down industrial discrimination in the Northern Rhodesian copper belt. At no time should it be supposed that Americans support entrenched policies of racial segregation. There can and must be most sympathetic understanding of the difficulties faced by white minorities in these countries, but not condoning of racialist policies which must ultimately make the difficulties insurmountable peacefully. For the question is no longer *whether* the Africans are going to at least share the authority in lands where they are the overwhelming majority, the question is *when*.

Equally our influence—such as it is—should be used to discourage African racialism in reverse. Without full white collaboration, the African majorities in Kenya and the Rhodesian Federation are not ready to carry major responsibility for the increasingly elaborate economies upon which their survival now depends. Likewise Algeria, divorced from France, would face starvation, ruin, or dependence elsewhere. Moreover, racialism is hateful, whether it is black or white. America, however, can use its influence to advocate African patience and restraint only if there is a clear prospect ahead for African advance. Where this is lacking—as in the Union of South Africa—the extremists will gain increasing influence.

NEW TIES, RENEWED BARRIERS

THE ending of colonialism makes possible a new relationship between Africa and the West. On the basis of what has occurred in the last decade, one can, ideally, forecast a very useful framework for future relations. The former colonial territories of Britain, France, and Belgium—and possibly of Portugal at some later date—could remain linked to the metropolitan continent by the new ties of Commonwealth and Community. A free association would replace the old dependence. Familiar channels of friendship, education, and trade would remain open. France would continue its large annual investment in French Africa. The British government would find some way to resume its former annual colonial investment. Belgium would continue its large contribution to the Congo Plan. At the same time, the new fund of the Common Market would bring into Africa an extra $500 million over a period of years, in part contributed by Germany. And the United States might consider putting economic assistance to Africa on a systematic basis. Thus the lot of the new African nations in their first unsettled years of independence might resemble the good fortune of Puerto Rico with its assured entry to a large consumer market. They would not, like Haiti or the Central American Republics, pass from colonial status to the risk of anarchy and stagnation.

But there are, as I see it, at least two grave obstacles to this hopeful possibility. The first is external—the division between Britain and the Community of the six Common Market countries. This I regard in any case as being of great potential danger to the stability of Europe. In the context of Africa, it seems wholly disruptive.

The frontiers of colonial Africa form a patchwork of states drawn up some sixty years ago in London, Paris, and Berlin without regard to local, tribal, or physical unities. The passing of the colonial era must and should lead to many modifications in the old boundaries. But today it seems that some of the colonial divisions are to persist under a new form. While French-Belgian territory is associated with one trading area, the ex-British territories will look to another. Each group may be excluded by rising tariffs from former European markets, while immediate neighbors enter them on a privileged basis. This in turn will lead to arbitrary trade barriers rising up inside Africa and adding to the isolation and difficulty in smaller states such as Sierra Leone or Ghana.

I believe a first aim in American diplomacy, for the sake of our Atlantic community as well as Africa, should be to persuade the British and their group of seven "outer states" and the six Common Market members to fuse their economic experiments in a wider unity. This in turn will enable the ex-colonial territories of Africa equal access to a much enlarged market in the West and encourage the metropolitan powers to concert their policies for trade and aid in Africa.

The other obstacle is internal to Africa and one about which it is impossible to write with any certainty. What is clear is that Africa's frontiers are no longer fixed. Minimal states such as Togoland can hardly survive without free association with a wider group. But what form should or can the association take? African opinion is intensely divided. In the



New African nations emerge month by month. Malagasy (on Madagascar) and the Mali Federation should be added as gaining independence this summer.

French territories, some leaders—M. Houphouet-Boigny, for instance—wish the wider association to be primarily with France. He does not exclude ultimate local association between neighboring African states. In the Mali Federation of Senegal and French Sudan, on the contrary, many leaders wish to make the link with France as loose as the indefinable yet sturdy ties which hold the British Commonwealth together, and they look more and more to a local federal grouping. Dahomey, the Ivory Coast, Niger, and the Voltaic Republic have formed the Entente Sahel-Benin and adopted a "wait and see" attitude toward independence. But in Guinea the choice for complete freedom from France has been made and a first step made toward federation with Ghana, an ex-British territory.

The leaders in the British territories are equally at odds. Dr. Nkrumah wishes ultimately to establish a United States of Africa and has, besides his union with Guinea, won President Tubman of Liberia to the idea of a confederal association. But Nigeria, the largest African state of all and itself a federation, looks firmly inwards. In East Africa where something of a federal framework exists between Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, Africans in the past have denounced closer association as a device to insure the predominance of the Kenya white settlers. Now, however, it seems that the African nationalists favor an East African federation which would in addition detach Nyasaland from its present unwilling association with Northern and Southern Rhodesia in the Central African Federation. Some Africans even talk of adding Northern Rhodesia with its rich copper belt to the Eastern grouping, leaving the white settlers of Southern Rhodesia to join with South Africa.

Last of all, no one can be sure whether the tribal groupings of the vast Congo area will hold together. There is, for instance, talk of a revived Abako Kingdom, drawing in French, Belgian, and Portuguese territory. Since, however, local politics were nonexistent in the Congo

only five years ago, when I first went there, Congolese reactions are still guesswork.

In short, there is as yet no clear African opinion about future frontiers and associations. Pan-Africanism with its ideal of a United States of Africa is a force making for independence from external colonial control and internal white-settler government. It is not in any way a solvent of inter-African differences. There are rivalries for leadership. In many areas, tribal frictions remain. The problem of the Ewe tribe divides Ghana and Togoland. The last elections in French Congo became a bloody tribal fight. Bitter tribal issues divide the regions in Nigeria. In beautiful Ruanda-Urundi the Watutsi and the Bahutu tribes have renewed an old conflict. Regional differences are delaying British efforts to prepare Uganda for self-government. And so it goes. The risk that tribal fighting may revive cannot be dismissed. And once revived, it could extinguish for decades any hope of advance.

In short, as we have seen elsewhere in this age of revolution, freedom sometimes spawns as many troubles as it solves and the new African states have some hard lessons to learn. What should American policy be in this confused and uncertain period? Our direct influence can only be small. But at least it could be directed toward a consistent aim and, on the basis of our own experience, I do not see that we can do anything but support a federal or confederal solution. One cannot be precise about its shape. Conditions vary greatly from area to area. For instance, West Africa is far ahead of the East in development and organization. It may be that the first stage should be a series of regional associations—in West Africa, in East Africa, and along the Congo River—based upon common markets, currencies, and fiscal policies; joint development plans; transportation and power grids; and joint centers of higher learning. The Africans may find the federal constitution of America too formal. But Europe is evolving patterns of economic association of a looser kind. The chief concern of American policy should not be to define the structure but to support local movements making for association and unity and, in the field of economic and educational assistance, to give aid most generously where it can be done on a joint or regional basis.

Two further points should be noted. Support for local unity may be resented by those French authorities who still think in terms of an exclusive Empire. But it seems to me clear that there is greater security for French influence, capital, and trade in a free Eurafrican association than within any framework still suggesting a colonial link. The movement in Africa is inescapably toward complete freedom. But it can still be freedom in unity with the West.

The second point concerns local American influence. To make any political impact whatever locally, it will be necessary not only to send able envoys to the new African centers but also to leave them at their posts long enough to make strong local friendships. The present practice of diplomatic musical chairs in Africa on a two-year basis means that virtually no American official stays long enough to have much influence.

A BILLION A YEAR?

WE COME now to the area where the impact of American policies can be more direct—the field of economic and educational assistance to the new African states to fulfill the first ideal after independence—which is the modernization of their economies.

The obstacles are formidable, for Africa is on the whole not a very well endowed continent. A great belt lies wholly in the tropics with extremes of climate and disease. Its soils are very poor. While much good work is in progress, especially in the Belgian Congo, basic research in tropical agriculture is in its early stages. Mineral wealth is largely concentrated in the Rhodesia-Congo copper belt and in the Union, and there the bulk of the capital has been invested in the past. Africa is moreover more dependent than any other area on outside skill and support. Most of the continent is still in—or within sight of—tribal society which, whatever its values, hardly trains men and women for the possibilities of energetic modern life.

On the other hand, the furies of overpopulation and dwindling food supplies do not beset political leaders as they do in Asia. Africans have a little time, provided they use it with purpose, vision, and restraint.

The first fact to stress is that the Atlantic Powers have not so far made any systematic approach to the problem of aiding African development. At the NATO meeting in 1957 they declared their joint interest in African advance and asked Africans to co-operate with them in pursuit of "stability and economic well-being." Then, like so many of our political and economic declarations, nothing happened. Today the bulk of governmental assistance to black Africa still comes from the colonial or ex-colonial powers—some $700 million a year, all told. Private investment goes overwhelmingly to southern Africa

Books for Africans

Books in English are desperately needed in reading rooms and schools in the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. You can mail fiction or non-fiction—to be used for study, not entertainment—to the following addresses supplied by the Institute for International Education:

African Affairs Department
The Municipal Council of Ndola
P. O. Box 388, Ndola, Northern Rhodesia

Umtali Teacher Training School
P. O. Box 3001, Sakubva, Southern Rhodesia

Sakubva African Secondary School
P. O. Box 3059, Umtali, Southern Rhodesia

Kitwe Teacher Training College
Kitwe, Northern Rhodesia

Dedza Secondary School
Dedza, Nyasaland

and a large part of the international loans made in the last decade have gone there, too. American government aid was mainly to North Africa and reached $77 million in 1958.

There are two points to be made about these figures. No African economy—apart from the southerly states—is within sight of self-sustaining growth. More basic capital investment is needed. It might be reasonable to raise the figure for governmental aid up to a billion dollars a year, which would require increasing the American and German contribution.

But here is the difficulty. British government aid ceases when independence is reached. Ghana, to be sure, has not fared too badly since it commands large resources earned by cocoa exports. Nigeria's future is much more uncertain, after independence this year; East Africa's possibly worse. The French equally cease all aid when independence is chosen. The break in Guinea was shattering—and has accelerated the pace with which the new government has looked for aid elsewhere, including the Communist bloc. And if other French territories pursue their present advance toward looser and looser ties with France, it is possible that France's contribution will fall off in the same measure. The present prospect may therefore be not more aid on achieving independence but considerably less.

There is thus urgent need for the Western powers to define their policy in this field, to coordinate their plans, and to underwrite an adequate program of investment for the next five years, with the aim of consolidating a Eurafrican economic bloc. The Soviet incursion in Guinea—not to speak of the Soviet penetration of Egypt—is a reminder of how quickly other forces could fill any strategic economic vacuum in Africa.

The content of a Western development program would need to be worked out—on the analogy of the Marshall Plan—with the African states themselves, and could incidentally be an indirect method of drawing them closer together. But even before any detailed examination is made, it is possible to define certain areas where aid will be urgently required. The very first field for investment is almost certainly agriculture. That distinguished expert, Dr. Arthur Lewis, now of the University of the West Indies, has estimated that a fivefold increase in spending on agriculture would hardly be sufficient stimulation at the base of the African economy. Agricultural research, education, and extension—these are all expensive necessities.

Tropical Africa's soils are leached and poor, and next in urgent need is fertilizer on a massive scale. Water power is lavishly available all down Africa's west coast, and will doubtless be partially developed with Western capital for making aluminum from the bauxite which is also plentiful. Harnessing cheap hydro-electricity to fertilizer production might be another sound investment the Western powers could make, with revolutionary consequences to agriculture.

Education is another field of obvious advance. If today 20 per cent of the children of an African state are in primary school, the proportion is high. In white-settler societies, the low figure is a chief reason for African discontent. The percentage must be raised, say, to 50 per cent in the next ten years. Such a proportion should allow a 4 per cent entry into secondary education and a steady increase in the numbers able to enter universities. Until black Africa has at least 4 per cent of its children in secondary education, there is no hope of ending its desperately expensive dependence upon foreigners to staff businesses and public administration at all levels. Until the white-settler societies have a sustained policy for achieving literacy, talk of partnership with the Africans seems a mockery. And in the black ex-colonial areas successful self-government will depend on an educated elite to govern and a massive base of literacy to see that they govern properly. Until both exist, government by an oligarchy of the educated and politically conscious few rather than a genuine people's democracy seems certain.

So far, no estimate has been made of the help in capital and trained manpower that such a program of educational advance would involve. In Kenya, for instance, to give primary education to all would require three-quarters of the total

present budget. So a general program for Africa would certainly be expensive. Yet it should be a first priority.

Other possibilities include the whole field of "infrastructure"—ports, housing, transport, power. Africa's needs are virtually limitless. Roads in particular are indispensable if tribal isolation is to be broken down and productive farming introduced. It is also in these essential services that Africa's Western friends could use their influence to encourage moves toward greater unity. Roads which stop at frontiers, railways which operate as closed circuits, rivers which are developed in separate and sometimes self-defeating projects—these are the symbols of political division, whereas the drawing up of plans on a regional basis could have the opposite effect of reconciling differences and building up the common life.

And in the train of better farming, wider education, and the growth of essential services, local industry would stand a better chance of developing, and foreign private investment would find Africa more attractive—assuming, of course, that foreign capital is not scared off by expropriation, corruption, and capricious government.

THREE GOALS FOR THE U.S.

THE three main aims of American policy are, I suggest, (1) to support the free association of autonomous African states with a wider European or Atlantic Community, (2) to encourage local moves toward interdependence and federation, and (3) to undertake on a serious and sustained basis the task of assisting Africa across the barrier of modernization.

I regard these various policies as complementary, indeed, essential to each other. Frustrated in their hopes for independence, African states will turn from the West in sterile anti-colonialism. Cut off from the West, they will lack capital. Trade will be wrenched from traditional and profitable channels. A vital educational link will be severed. Nor can one suppose by any stretch of fancy that the Soviet bloc in the short run would put capital and trained manpower at Africa's disposal on the scale it could enjoy through a continuing Western link.

In Africa, as in Asia and everywhere, Communism will challenge us to provide the means and show the way to a sustained growth in these new states which keeps open the possibility of democratic developments to follow. Failure could lead to disillusionment and disintegration. And in settler societies, the only hope of reconciliation and partnership lies in widening by every means the opportunities open to Africans—and doing so in such a way that even the most dubious cannot doubt the energy and sincerity of Western intentions.

It is a big program. The capital costs to the West are high—probably not less than a billion dollars a year. The scale of effort calls for the assignment of still more able men, devoted public servants, and enterprising businessmen to service in Africa. In fact, some people may argue that the load is out of all proportion to the likely results in terms of world power or world stability.

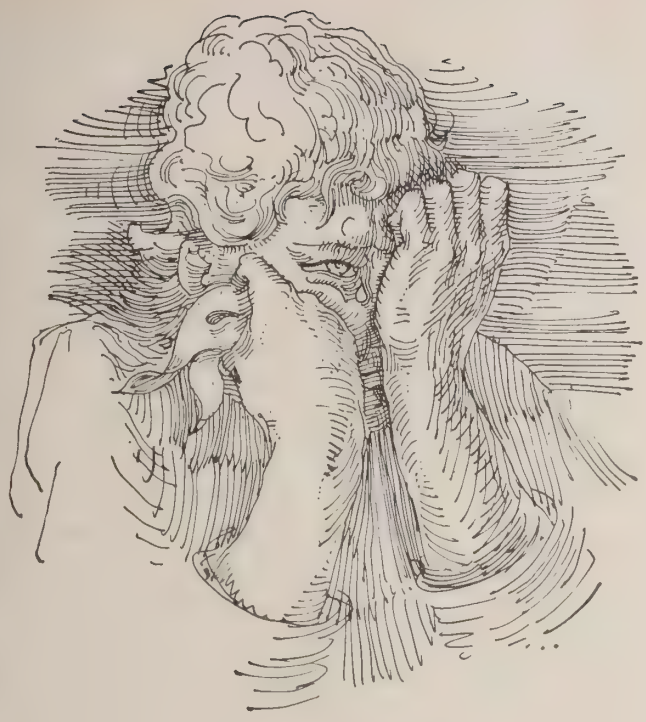
But I doubt if this is so. At the level of most direct economic interest, African metals, tropical products, and markets are of rising value to the West. In terms of politics, to keep a whole continent stable, at peace, and outside the pressures of the great contest between the free and Communist systems is a stake worth many of the billions that could be so easily squandered countering subversion, winning lost ground, or fighting wars. But above all Africa presents to the West a potent moral challenge—possibly the clearest and most arresting in the world today.

Everything that Africa is or hopes for has been created under the impact of the West. Western slavers took the African to America. European settlers came into Africa to take the richest resources and the temperate lands. Virtually the whole continent has been wakened from the dream of tribal life by the insistent demands of Western traders and investors or the precept and example of our Christian missionaries and teachers. All is Western, good and evil together. But the story is not finished. A future of hope and stability can lie ahead. Equally division, disintegration, and distrust can create what has been called in a striking phrase "a delinquent continent."

To finish the work well which the West has begun demands more effort and more help and generosity than have yet been given. But to finish it badly would mean that Western man, coming to the most innocent of all the continents, would have achieved nothing there but the destruction of the old gods and the frustration of the new.

Such an indictment of the efficacy of our civilization would imperil any confident claim on our part to be the way of the future. And so we must see that more than economic interests, more than social influence, more than the political balance are at stake in Africa. What is being tested is, in the last analysis, the moral capacities of our society.

Harper's Magazine, May 1960



A Story by HAZEL HECKMAN

Drawings by G. Hunter Jones

WOMEN MUST WEEP

WHEN the phone rang, Arnold took up the receiver quickly, because his wife Emily, who had slept as lightly as a butterfly since their son Toog's death, was snatching a nap on the portico chaise.

"Dr. Adams speaking," Arnold said softly. He drew a couple of quick concentric rings on the phone pad and waited. It was Price Benson, the young man from the sheriff's office at Albion.

"Dr. Adams?" Benson said. He sounded excited and triumphant. "We've got the boy here. Marsh picked him up in Phoenix."

"Boy?" Arnold said. "Boy?" He stared at Emily's canary, that was swinging like mad on its perch, its yellow feathers flashing in and out of a sun patch.

"We've got Chessie Jenkins," Benson said, so loudly that Arnold jumped.

Arnold watched Emily's head raise up outside the window, as though she had heard. Arnold turned in his swivel chair so that he faced away from the window, and spoke.

"I see," he said. He tried to sound clinical.

Benson asked, "How soon could you come over, Dr. Adams?"

"I?" Arnold said. "Well, I don't see that anything would be gained especially."

The thing he did see was that Emily stood in the doorway, her pale hair awry, the mark of the chaise cushion on her left cheek. He said to Benson, "If you think it's necessary, I suppose."

Benson sounded hurt. "He was wearing your son's watch," he said. "We've got to keep it, naturally. For the time being. But we'd like you to identify it." He paused as though waiting for Arnold to speak, but Arnold said nothing. "Marsh picked the kid up. In a filling station where he was washing cars. All the way here, Marsh said, the kid's not talked, except to ask for rest stops. I'd say he'd got a nervous kidney. I would have, myself. If you don't *mind* coming, Dr. Adams. It's just routine."

"All right," Arnold said. He hung up with a dry taste.

Emily faced him, her eyes as blue as Jacob's ladder. The mark on her face was like a scar.

"Who was that, Arnold?"

Arnold hesitated. "Price Benson," he said, tearing the sheet from the phone pad and stuffing it into his pocket.

The name didn't register, or else she hadn't listened. "Whenever the phone rings," she said, "I think it's someone calling to say it's all a mistake, that it didn't really happen. The way I wake up and think I've had a bad dream, until I remember. It's like something falls on me, then." She turned away and began to straighten the magazines on the table. "Do you think I'm losing my mind, Arnold?"

"No, Emily," Arnold said. He arose and

opened the closet door and took out his hat and coat. "Have a nap?" he asked cheerfully.

"I may have dropped off. . . . Are you going out, Arnold?"

"The call," he said. He nodded toward the phone. "I'll be back shortly."

"Arnold!" Emily said, remembering. "Price Benson's that man from the sheriff's office!"

"Yes, Emily."

"You're hiding something."

"They've got Chessie Jenkins, Emily." No need to tell her, now, about Toog's watch. Arnold knew a sudden revulsion accompanied by a sense of loss so profound that he felt drained and empty. Arnold and Emily had given Toog the watch six months ago, for his eighteenth birthday. Six months!

EMILY clenched her small square hands into fists. "I'm glad," she said. "I'm glad. I hope . . ." She didn't finish.

"Benson asked me to come to Albion," Arnold said.

"Why, Arnold?"

"I guess it's routine," Arnold said. "Will you be all right, Emily?"

She faced him, her blue eyes as hard as marbles. "Don't you start going soft, Arnold," she said. She began to cry, as children cry, her mouth open and her face exposed.

Arnold moved toward her, but she moved away, around the table, and he let her go. She picked up a pair of gloves and smoothed the fingers. She said harshly, "Sometimes I've thought you didn't want them to find him. Sometimes I've thought . . ." She stopped. "I'm sorry, Arnold. It won't do any good I guess. It won't bring Toog back. Nothing can do that."

Arnold thought of Chessie Jenkins hauled back in handcuffs, speaking only to ask for rest stops. Chessie had always had bad kidneys. He had wet the bed constantly, Luke had told Arnold. Arnold had sent a prescription, but it hadn't helped.

Arnold wondered, suddenly, whether they had notified Luke. There wasn't any phone up at Luke's place. . . . Arnold kissed Emily lightly, and tasted salt.

Seeing the worn place in the lawn as he backed out along the curving drive, where Toog and Toog's friends had turned too quickly, "squirreled" their cars, Arnold thought mechanically: I'd better seed or sod before the spring rains stop and put up some kind of barricade. But, then, it occurred to Arnold that there would be no real need for a barricade. Emily didn't squirrel the car, certainly, and Toog's friends never came now.

As Arnold nosed down the hill, avoiding the washed gullies in the dirt road, he saw that Emily's sister Maude was making her way along the path up the hill to Arnold's house. Arnold thought, nettled: Maude's not good for Emily. Maude sighed, and cried, "Poor Toog!" Emily didn't need someone to cry *with*.

Arnold waved at Maude and stopped for the stop sign that marked the arterial, and drove onto the asphalt, and turned toward Albion, the county seat, keeping his foot easy. As he drove, with the windows down, he could smell the April fragrance of the wild plum blossoms that marched in drifts, interspersed with an occasional redbud, along the meandering line of the draw. A meadow lark whistled as sharp as a razor from a fence post, Arnold caught the yellow flicker as the lark flew. Striped spring beauties, as pink and white as peppermint, and Johnny-jump-ups as blue as babies' eyes bloomed among the grass.

A tractor appeared in the road ahead and Arnold slowed. Arnold recognized Manning Alford, one of his patients. Manning oughtn't be riding that iron seat, with *his* hemorrhoids, Arnold reflected. But that was Manning's work. Manning looked around and saw Arnold and pulled off onto the shoulder quickly. Arnold raised his hand and passed and leveled out.

Luke Jenkins, Arnold thought with a sudden surge of helpless anger, what had Luke Jenkins ever done wrong? Married Essie Summers, after he had got her pregnant. Was that wrong?

Luke and Arnold had gone to school together here in Picket Rock, all through the grades. Luke hadn't gone beyond the eighth, of course. He could have, he was bright enough. But his father, honest Ezra Jenkins, died, struck by lightning and knocked off his hayrack, his team killed, too, and Luke was left to look out for his mother on the run-down Jenkins place. Luke was fourteen. That was Luke Jenkins' inheritance, his work cut out at fourteen, an ailing old woman and a stony run-down farm with taxes already two years delinquent.

In high school, then, and away at college, Arnold remembered Luke, if indeed he thought of Luke at all, as the tallest boy in the grammar

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room, and the most conscientious, already a little bent from being too tall for the eighth-grade desks. Or Arnold thought of Luke out on the ball diamond, winding up for the pitch. Luke was good at baseball.

When Arnold finished his internship and came back to practice with his father, he began to see Luke again. Luke hadn't changed essentially. He looked older. Luke's face, at twenty-six, had commenced to line some. He was a little more stooped, maybe. His teeth were getting bad. He clasped Arnold's hand. "I'm glad you're back, Arnold." Luke farmed the Jenkins place and looked after his mother, who was bedfast by then, and cooked and kept the house and did the washing and the ironing.

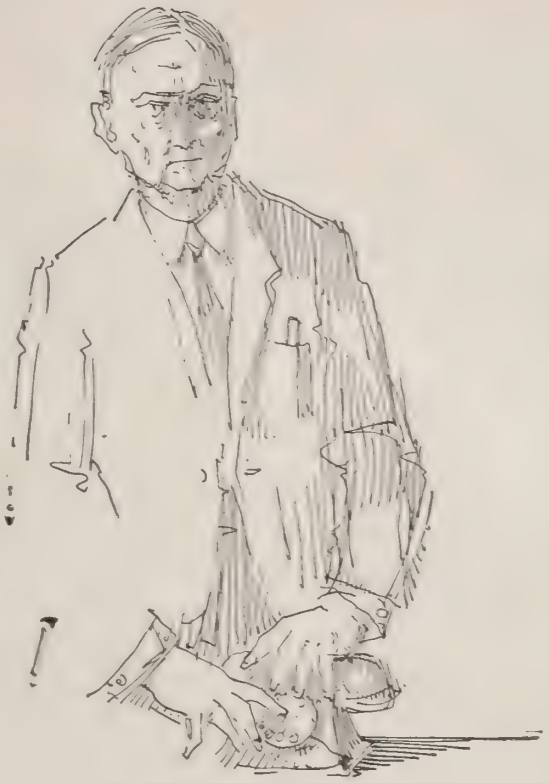
When it got too much, when Luke could no longer leave old Sara Jenkins to go to the field, he brought in Essie Summers, a little plain ignorant thing. God knew how or what Luke paid her. Maybe Essie came because it was a home, something she had never had. Essie had come from farther south, cotton country. For all people might be poor in Mahaffey County, they didn't live in tents.

Well, there they were, cooped up all winter, Luke and Essie, with a sick old woman, in that back-road place. Luke couldn't get away of evenings, Sara was afraid of her shadow without Luke there, and so was Essie. They both leaned on Luke.

Essie was kind to Sara, though. Essie tended Sara like a baby. Sara was a baby. "Essie's been a Godsend," Sara told callers. There were those coarse enough to say after a while that apparently Essie had been a Godsend to Luke, too. Well, Luke married Essie. It was doubtful if he minded much. Luke was used to Essie's cooking, he'd taught her all she knew. If he had minded, he wasn't the kind to say. Luke did what he had to do. He always had. . . . Sara died meanwhile.

THE night Chessie was born Luke came for Arnold on his old tractor. No one could have taken a car up the Jenkins road, rutted deep in snow, with drifts piling and shifting between the hedgerows. It was the worst blizzard of the winter.

When the knocker sounded that night, Arnold roused himself out of a warm sleep and went downstairs grumbling. There stood Luke on the snowy step, his ear loppers turned down and his collar turned up, and his lean face red with cold. "I hate like hell to roust you out, Arnold," Luke said. "It's Essie." He appeared embarrassed.



"Come in," Arnold told him.

But Luke declined to come any farther than the hall mat. He stood on the mat with his run-over boots dripping and dragged off his cap. "I hate to fetch you out on a night like this, Arnold."

Arnold said, "That's why I have my shingle out," and set the coffee pot to warm.

Dressing, Arnold worried. Arnold hadn't examined Essie, Luke hadn't called him in. Prenatal care wasn't such a common thing then. Arnold was young and not so very experienced at going it alone, and Essie Jenkins was a little narrow-looking thing.

Luke and Arnold talked some on the way, bent to the stinging, wind-driven sleet. It had been a hard winter on the stock, Luke said.

"Hard on old folks, too," Arnold told him.

Luke agreed, "Their sap goes down," he said. "Take Mama now. Each winter she'd relapse. This was the worst one. She couldn't make it."

Arnold guessed that it had been a bad summer for Luke, too. He had seen Luke hauling water. The corn had burned up, Luke said, what little the grasshoppers left. "I tried *broom* corn last spring," Luke said. He laughed. "All I had left when the hoppers finished was the handles."

They turned off the old road in through the Jenkins gate. The tractor lights struck the small unpainted house, where a kerosene lamp burned feebly in a window.

"Look, Arnold," Luke said, embarrassed, as the two men scraped their feet, "about the pay.

I've not got it now. But I've got a hog to sell next month."

"Next month will be fine," Arnold said. "Or any month."

"I'm sure much obliged to you for coming, Arnold."

Essie Jenkins arose awkwardly from a chair beside the cookstove and came to take Arnold's things. She bobbed her head at Arnold. She had the coffee on. You would have thought he had come to make a social call.

THAT was Arnold's first really close call, that night. He had to use forceps. And the baby didn't make a sound, nor look as though he'd ever breathe. The sweat came out on Arnold. He held the baby up and spanked him. He blew his own breath in the baby's mouth. He massaged and worked that lump of dough, aware of seconds passing. Arnold wasn't by and large a devout man, but he said a prayer to himself that night.

When the baby gasped and yelled, finally, Arnold yelled himself, and Luke yelled, "By God, you've got him, Arnold!"

When the baby was squalling good, Arnold handed him to Luke and went to see to Essie.

When it was all over, Essie asleep and the baby bathed and dressed by the two men and put to bed in Essie's clothes basket in front of the oven door, Luke and Arnold sat down and drank a bottle of Luke's elderberry wine, while the wind howled and the snow piled up outside. They reminisced about ball games won and ball games lost back in the grades, and about Halloween pranks played, Old Man Mingus' wagon taken apart and assembled again on the schoolhouse roof.

"It took all night. Remember, Luke? Why, if I'd had to work that hard at home I'd have felt put upon."

Luke laughed and looked past Arnold at the basket in front of the oven door and filled Arnold's glass. "Maybe I'll name him Chester," he said. "I've always kind of liked the name."

Luke and Arnold rode the tractor home at daybreak in a fine warm glow. The snow had stopped by then and the earth was like a fantasy, the roads and fences glistening white, the first sunrays lighting diamonds on the shrubs and trees.

"I'm sure much obliged to you for coming, Arnold," Luke said again at Arnold's gate. "Until you're better paid, and after."

Arnold slowed the car and then stopped for a herd of cows in the road. The lead cow, a muley, turned broadside, the way cows will, and looked back and bawled at her white-faced calf. The bell around her neck jangled as the boy who was driving the herd prodded her with a stick. One of John Gillespie's boys, Arnold recognized, the one with a missing finger. He couldn't recall the boy's name, Jack or Jesse. He had caught his hand in a corn cutter. Now he looked at Arnold apologetically and waved him on. Arnold proceeded slowly until he had cleared the herd.

Essie Jenkins didn't have any more children after Chessie, as they called him. Essie wasn't built for child-bearing. Arnold was only called in rarely. The boy had whooping cough and then measles. Arnold saw Luke often, on his tractor in the field or hauling water from the town well or hauling straw or hay. The boy was always with him.



Chessie hadn't a strong face. His chin receded, and his blue eyes, even as a child, had a vague and shifty look. But he was pretty enough, fair-skinned and with blond curls. To be sure, Luke worshiped him. Arnold met Luke in Alden's store once. Luke was buying dress goods for Essie, who rarely came to town, and shoes and stockings for the boy. Luke shook hands warmly.

"How's it going, Luke?"

"I can't complain."

Chessie clung to Luke's coat and peered out at Arnold. "I want some gum dropth, Papa."

Luke laid a nickel on the counter.

"It beats me how they eat," Nate said to Arnold after Luke had gone. "All he buys is

flour and coffee. I'd gladly give him credit, but he never asks."

When the relief office opened in Picket Rock in the early 'thirties, Luke didn't apply, though he could have qualified, certainly. He hunted and trapped and fished. People said, "The Jenkinses eat like Indians. Possums and blackbirds and coons. Even snipes." Luke did road work when he could get it. Arnold doubted Luke made the taxes. But the Jenkins farm wasn't the only one delinquent.

When the boy drank Essie's washing lye, one Sunday afternoon, Luke wrapped him in a quilt and brought him to Arnold. Arnold opened the door, and there stood Luke holding Chessie, his face as white as chalk. If Luke had been ten minutes later . . . Arnold veered away from thinking that, seeing in that instant Chessie Jenkins dead at six, a stone, moss-grown, in the cemetery to mark his memory, Luke kneeling to tend the grave.

That day Luke watched and waited, quiet, filled with trust in Arnold. When Arnold tried to refuse pay, Luke's eyes shot fire. Arnold was obliged, finally, to accept two dollars. Luke began to bring Arnold gifts, a catfish he had "noodled" from underneath a ledge in muddy Bighorn, a young dressed squirrel, a half-dozen bobwhite, a brace of fat mallards. Chessie hunted with Luke. Once in the dead of winter Luke and Chessie brought a bucket of wild honey and, toward spring, a basket of pink-ribbed field mushrooms.

Luke had a way of proffering a gift that made it impossible to refuse. "I had extra," he would say. "Thought maybe you could use it."

"How's it going, Luke?"

"I can't complain."

IN EARLY adolescence Chessie began to take things. The news, brought home by Toog, who was Chessie's age, troubled Arnold. Dinner pails were rifled. A jackknife disappeared from a school desk. A teacher's pen and pencil vanished. Chessie was found hiding in a broom-closet eating a piece of cake filched from a lunch pail. The cash box of the Santa Fe gum machine was broken open, and Chessie purchased sweets and a cap pistol.

"When that kid comes into the store I don't turn my back," Nate Alden said to Arnold.

"Have you told Luke?"

Nate shook his head. "I just can't bring myself to do it. Anyhow, I doubt Luke would believe it. The boy's as clever as a rat, and Luke wears big blinders where the kid's concerned."

A long train of cars blocked the road, and Arnold stopped again, his engine idling. His memory, painfully sharp, dwelt on that day, two summers ago, when, but for the accident of Arnold's having decided suddenly to show up at the annual Sunday school picnic, Toog might have been alive. Emily had mentioned that fact once, in the raw shock of first grief. She had apologized to Arnold later. As though she needed.

Arnold had taken the boys and Emily to the picnic early in the day and had gone his rounds. There was an epidemic of stomach flu that summer. The oldsters called it summer complaint, or cholera morbus, and Arnold had said to Emily that morning that it might be as well not to hold the picnic. But Emily had replied that the picnic was an institution and that the women took no end of precautionary measures with the food.

Finding himself, then, in late afternoon, in the vicinity of the picnic grounds, Arnold decided to stop off. He was feeling cheerful, his patients were all improving. Mrs. Maury Reynolds had delivered twins. Maury was as grateful as though Arnold had been directly responsible. . . . Arnold enjoyed, who was to say he did not, the certain small prestige that being the only doctor brought him. He was always sure of welcome.

There was a ball game on, the men against the boys, and Luke was pitching for the men's side. Arnold's son Toog was playing for the boys, his cap on backward, his trousers rolled, his hair crew-cut. Arnold was able, suddenly, as he was not often able now, to see Toog's face clearly. Lying awake beside Emily, awake, Arnold would try to call up Toog's face and fail. Even looking at a photograph didn't help. That was looking at a photograph. Emily, thank God, had put all the photographs away, finally. Emily experienced the same difficulty. Only last week, lying beside Arnold, Emily had asked, "Are you awake, Arnold?"

"Yes," Arnold said.

"Tell me how Toog looked."

But now, recalling the picnic, Arnold saw Toog and saw the others, as plainly as though a lantern slide had been thrown on a blank wall, saw and heard: the crack of a bat, the smack of the ball on leather, the slow liquid murmur of the river on the riffle.

Luke was the star player for the men that day. Luke was one who had kept lean. Well, times had kept Luke lean. Luke took up the bat and cracked a fast grounder. Luke caught three flies in a row to retire the side, and came in modest and sober.

"How are you, Arnold," Luke said, coming straight to Arnold, shaking Arnold's hand.

"How's it going, Luke?"

Luke grinned. "I can't complain."

Emily came with a plate of food for Arnold, and Arnold sat down to enjoy the game. Essie Jenkins was there, too. She sat apart, her hands wrapped in her apron, as though she thought, so, to escape notice. Her hair, which had grayed since Arnold had seen her last, was combed into a tight bun at the back. Her nose looked pinched, her skin glistened. She bobbed her head at Arnold.

Arnold didn't see Chessie, nor think about him, until the cry went up that Chessie Jenkins had gone down for the third time in the deep hole and Sylvain Bettis had pulled him out.

Chessie lay on the bank, his white fat exposed where his trunks had slipped, his blonde hair streaked with muck. Arnold found, or thought he found, a feeble thread of pulse.

Luke asked, white, "Is he dead, Arnold?"

"I don't know, Luke."

Arnold began respiration, aware of Luke watching, trusting. Essie, surrounded by sympathetic women, patted, soothed, whimpered now and then. The crowd stood silent. The river murmured past, indifferent. Ten minutes passed. Twenty.

"He's coming round, Doc!"

Chessie gasped like a fish and belched green water. He began to cry. "Papa!"

"Here," Luke said.

Arnold stood up and called for a blanket. Luke wrung Arnold's hand. "I'm much obliged to you, Arnold. I reckon I'll never get through saying that."

IT WAS the girl with Toog who identified Chessie, the Evans girl. Toog and the girl were parked down by the Jenkins place. "Just talking," the girl said. Arnold was obliged to give her a hypodermic, finally, to quiet her, to get a straight story. Chessie had appeared with Luke's shotgun, a handkerchief tied around his face. He demanded Toog's watch and wallet.

"Toog laughed at him," she sobbed. "I guess he thought it was some kind of game Chessie was playing. Cops and robbers. I thought that myself. Toog laughed and jerked the mask off Chessie's face and grabbed the gun. That's when it went off."

Toog lived until the next day. Luke came to the hospital, but Arnold refused to see him. "Tell him *anything*," Arnold instructed the nurse. "But get rid of him." Arnold couldn't face Luke.

It was assumed that Chessie Jenkins caught a freight out, or hitched a ride. Arnold had not seen Luke since.

Arnold ran through a stop light and heard the squall of brakes, the horn, the angry shout. "Sorry," Arnold murmured, but went, of course, unheard.

He was approaching the city limits now. The scattered small homes of the cement-plant workers lined the kolichi-coated streets. Arnold slowed for a group of white and Negro boys who were playing football on the roadway. They stood to one side and waited for him to pass and then closed in behind him and resumed their game. On the sidewalk a group of girls sat cross-legged at a game of jacks. No blade of grass grew in the bleak yards of the almost identical houses, and the few stunted trees were sparsely leafed. A woman with her back to Arnold was hanging clothes.

Arnold turned into a quiet tree-lined street and drew up in front of the courthouse, an ancient brick building, domed and turreted, with the jail in back.

Leaving the car, he knew again the strong revulsion that had plagued him earlier. Why had he come? He could have easily refused. A

DONALD HALL

DR. FATT, INSTRUCTOR

AND why does *Fatt* teach English? Why, because
A law school felt he could not learn the laws.
He waddles brilliantly from class to class,
Smiling at everyone, and at the grass.
"Hamlet," he tells his students, "you will find,
Concerns a man who can't make up his mind.
The Tempest? . . . It's the one with Ariel.
Are there more questions now?" But one can
tell
That all his will, brains, and imagination
Are concentrated on a higher station:
He wants to be in the Administration.
Sometimes at parties he observes the Dean;
He giggles, coughs, and turns aquamarine.
Yet some day we will hear of "Dr. *Fatt,*
Vice-President in Charge of This or That."
I heard the Dean observe, at tea and cakes,
Face stuffed and sneering, *"Fatt* has what it
takes."

doctor always had excuses—a patient, a sudden call. He thought with heavy dread of a preliminary hearing, a trial dragging on interminably, at which Arnold must appear. What end could possibly be served by sending Chessie Jenkins to the grim state penitentiary for life, or all of life that counted? Arnold deplored the brittle exchange, the battle of verbal thrusts between defense and prosecution lawyers, two men whose lives the outcome would not essentially affect; the emotional appeals to the jury overshadowing the tragedy, making of it a contest between two paid contenders.

He wished strongly, suddenly, that they had not caught up with Chessie Jenkins, or that Chessie had been killed resisting capture. Arnold had no desire, certainly, to see Toog's death avenged.

The wide sandstone steps up which Arnold walked were hand-hewn and old, each step a platter worn by the tread of feet. In the yard an old colored man was at work, pushing his broom ahead of him as a child would push a hoop. Arnold glanced briefly up at the statue of blind Justice with her balance, and stepped into the revolving door which turned heavily with a lumbering sound and ejected him into a corridor that smelled of sweeping compound and ancient books.

A sign on the wall read SHERIFF'S OFFICE, a hand with an index finger pointing upward. Arnold climbed slowly.

INSIDE the sheriff's office, he saw too late to turn back, Luke and Essie Jenkins sat side by side on a wall bench.

Essie wore the same coat she had worn for as long as Arnold could remember; he recognized it at once, a black coat, rusty, with a dab of brown fur on the collar, like a mangy kitten clasped about her neck.

Luke, it occurred to Arnold, must have come directly from the field; he wore over-alls and a frayed gray suit-coat, buttoned closely. Luke held his ancient black felt in his hands against his chest, like a shield. Seeing Arnold, he arose, bent, an old man, and stood waiting, his eyes on Arnold's face.

What have I ever done for Luke, Arnold asked himself—thinking in that moment that Luke's sorrow (of course it was) was greater than his own—except to keep his son alive to bring him sorrow finally? Arnold heard his own father saying, "There comes a time when it's better not to try to play God, Arnold, but to just desist." Arnold's father had had a theory, for example, many men of medicine had, that there came a point in delayed infant respiration beyond which there was real danger of cerebral damage. But how, Arnold asked himself in anguish, was a man to know? You did what you had to do when you had to do it.

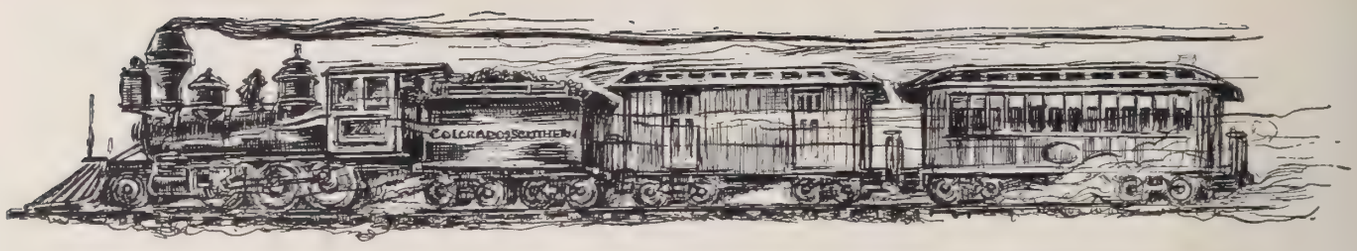
What if Arnold were to say that in his opinion Chessie Jenkins was incapable of choosing right from wrong? Did he believe that? And would it profit Luke any to give him back his son once more, if that lay in Arnold's power?

The two men faced each other. There was no trust now in Luke's eyes, no faith in Arnold. There was only a haggard fear, the stamp of grief too deep for time's erasure.

"Hello, Luke," Arnold said. He started forward.

But at that moment, behind Luke, Essie Jenkins began to cry suddenly, her mouth open and her face exposed. It reminded Arnold of Emily. He bobbed his head at Essie and turned away quickly, to where Price Benson waited, his face apprehensive, holding, as unobtrusively as possible, Exhibit A, a leather-banded, chromium-encased watch.





CADETTA—C&S



Winner of the first annual Robert Frost Poetry Award

By Thomas Hornsby Ferril



They blow the whistle and they ring the bell,
The cross-ties on the railroad in the canyon
Cadetta
cadetta
cadetta
cadetta
cadetta
Like a stick on a picket fence
A dead boy harped.

Understand there's a corpse up ahead in the baggage car,
They told the brakeman not to build a fire,
Don't tell the children.

They say he was a mountain man who went
Down to the city and died and is going back.
Don't tell the children.

The children have never ridden the train before,
The children dream the train into the mountains,
Chug of the smokestack blacking aspen catkins,
They lean way out, they see the engineer
Chasing the mountains off the track like deer,
They taste the mountains tumbling through the windows,
They smell the lightning singed by rainy roses,
The river digs a tunnel under the train,
Now it is gone,
Now it is back again.



The train goes creaking through the air,
No wheels, no track, no flick of a lid to spare
From the terrible terrible big black rocks
And the waters chunking whiter than thunder
Over the train and under.

The pick, the axe, the shovel are painted red
In the glass box on the wall two cars ahead;
Where do they go? Why does the aisle of the car
Never come twisting back to where you are?

Drawings by Joseph Papin

The corpse in the baggage car is three days new
And cool as the calico sunlight slanting through
The north-slope kinnikinnik the children stroke
With bells and eyelashes and engine smoke.

Few trendings of the world are in the corpse,
The drive wheels slip uphill, the canyon jerks
The pallid elements—lip, socket, bone,
Sagging uphill alone and home alone,
No pieces of ghost to hover or put together
But weight and tariff known to the brakeman's glove,
One box inside another,
No embers in the stove.

Bequeathed: no song of snows the forest caught,
No quit-claimed valleys time-locked in the vault,
No herds portfolio, no envelope
Of sweet grass greening up the aspen slope;
Bequeathed: no testament, no wax, no seal,
No lips to kiss, no fingertips to feel,
No files of ciphering accordion-pleated,
No ravenous heirs, no barrister mistreated,
Only a coming back from going down
To where each of the people was alone.

Now frolic, wild, and O how contrary,
The little train breaks through the canyon wall!
The mountains march away.
A valley spreads
Its grasses far and blue and over the heads
Of the children blows such pleasant earthlessness
They drowse and do not dream and float away
Beyond the yellow flowers and purple hay.

The engine stops.
The eyes, the ears of the children
Float back into their bodies sitting still
But moving, moving, why is stopping moving?
Why is the pine tree sliding up the hill?

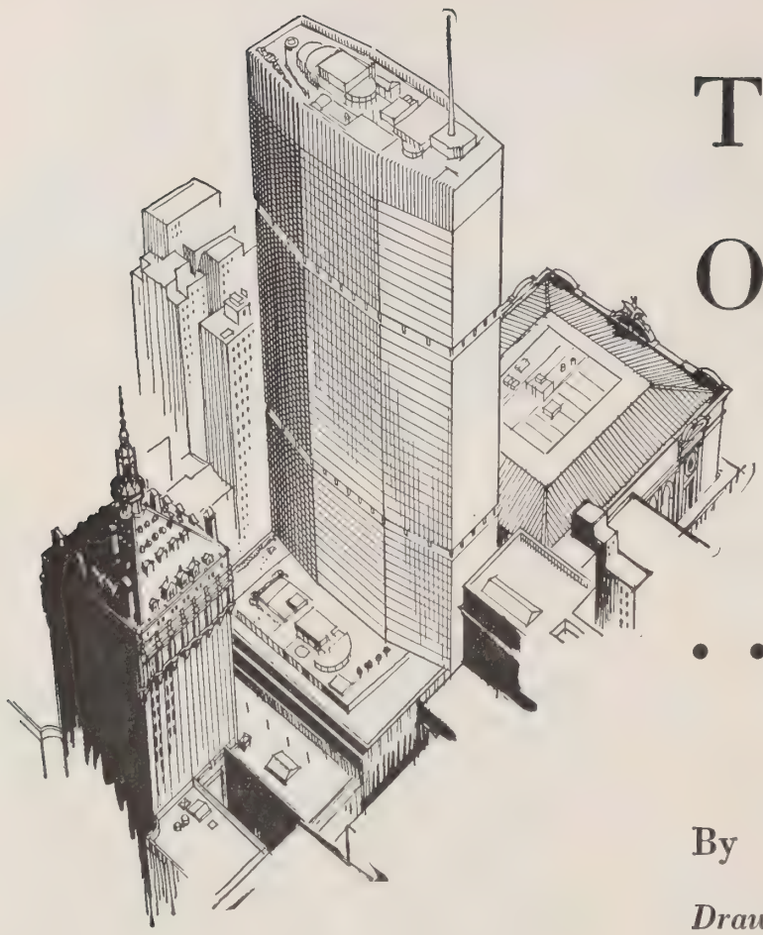
The children lean across their windowsills,
The fireman pulls the cord that tolls the bell,
The baggageman and brakeman open the door,
They lift a wooden box to the mountain floor.

The train moves on,
The box is smaller and smaller
And smaller
and smaller
and smaller
and smaller
and gone . . .

Cadetta
cadetta
cadetta
cadetta
cadetta . . .



Harper's Magazine, May 1960



The Biggest Office Building Yet . . . *Worse Luck*

By EDGAR KAUFMANN, JR.

Drawings by John Pimlott

Into one of the most congested square half-miles in the world a new building of colossal size will bring another 50,000 people each day. Why was it allowed to happen? What will it do to New York?

FROM now on, as you enter or leave Manhattan on any one of the five hundred trains scheduled daily on the tracks of the New York Central or the New Haven railroads, you will be passing inside and under one of the most extraordinary structural enterprises ever undertaken. This is a huge skyscraper beginning to be built from the tracks up, athwart Park Avenue just north of Grand Central Terminal. So far as anyone now knows it will be called Grand Central City, though the name could easily change before the building is finished sometime in 1962 or 1963.

Resources, ingenuity, and artistic skill were lavished on this venture; to some people it has seemed one of the great sagas of modern commercial enterprise. To others it threatens to be the largest and newest patch of metropolitan Hell's pavement. Here is the story of Grand Central City's development, for those who want to make up their own minds. Of course my own reactions are stated, at the end; no one could follow this story and remain neutral.

Grand Central station, New York's most familiar gateway for rail traffic, spans Park Avenue at Forty-second Street. To the north, at Forty-sixth Street, Park Avenue is similarly straddled by a tower, the New York General Building, that extends south to Forty-fifth Street. From Forty-fifth Street down to Forty-second no cross streets penetrate a continuous mass of rather low buildings linked to the station. It is on this site, from Forty-fifth down to the north wall of the Terminal, thus more than two blocks long, and extending in width from Vanderbilt Avenue to Depew Place, that the new skyscraper will be built. Grand Central Terminal itself, the big concourse, will remain, as will the New York General tower. Only some low office structures will be stripped to their steel and be skeletally incorporated into the new Grand Central City.

The building site, so tucked away within its crowded neighborhood, is in fact the biggest undivided parcel of mid-Manhattan real estate not hitherto developed. Thus the largest un-

interrupted floors in any new building could be built one on top of the other. The building code (since changed) permitted a tower of unlimited height to be erected over 25 per cent of this site; that is, the opportunity was present for a truly mammoth skyscraper in a uniquely public spot.

The most spectacular accumulation of new Manhattan skyscrapers built since the last world war is along Park Avenue just north of the New York General tower. For blocks on both sides of the avenue metal-framed glass façades—thin curtain walls hung outside the structures—shimmer back the big lights and shadows of the urban view, making an icy, craggily irregular canyon unlike any city ever built or dreamed before. Among the new buildings on the avenue, two already have made architectural history and are on every visitor's list of what to see: blue glass Lever House, its flank placed to be visible from afar up and down the avenue; and the Seagram Building, withdrawn on its plaza in somber bronze. Now the surprising terminus to this crystal chasm has been designed by two famous architects, Walter Gropius and Pietro Belluschi. Their Grand Central City is to be fifty-nine stories or 830 feet high and 300 feet wide (the length of a football field) so that it will span Park Avenue massively, dwarfing the New York General tower as well as everything else in view. From near and far Grand Central City is destined to be one of the most conspicuous representatives of New York's mid-century might.

Unlike most recent skyscrapers, this building (according to present plans) will be a white cliff of rough quartz, sharply patterned by vertical and horizontal shadows. Thus the colorful, generally feminine sleekness of the glass canyon to the north will be closed by a great, grainy, masculine slab. From the south this same slab will arise in strange contradiction to the sumptuous academic stone arcades of the station. Seen from either main approach, Grand Central City will sit adamantly eccentric among its neighbors; from east or west its tapered mass will be minimal and therefore less assertively in opposition to its surroundings. This is what the Manhattan sight-seer can expect; but what of the citizens and business visitors, how will the new colossus affect them?

"The world's largest office building"—bigger it is claimed by 100,000 square feet than the RCA Building—is planned to house 25,000 workers and to receive at least 25,000 visitors daily; thus it will be more than ten times as big in population as thousands of American communities commonly given the name of city. The building also more than warrants the name, Central, placed right at one of New York's two great railway passenger terminals, served by the Forty-second Street subway nexus, with Park Avenue dividing to either side of it, and with access from Forty-second Street through the station concourse.

In fact, isn't it too central, isn't the middle of New York quite muddled enough without another vertical "city" plugged in, next to giants like the new 277 Park Avenue and the Chrysler and Socony buildings? Bold, even *kolossal,* but grand? Architects, planners, and educators have answered: Not only not grand, it's uncomfortably out of human scale and downright ugly.

THE MEN BEHIND IT

THIS opinion may be weighed against that of the men behind the building, all experienced and esteemed in their fields, and one, at least, internationally respected as a great idealistic architect, planner, and educator. Walter Gropius was recently Chairman of the School of Architecture at Harvard; he founded the Bauhaus forty years ago in Germany and designed the United States Embassy now arising in the shadow of the Parthenon. Gropius's associate, Pietro Belluschi, is Dean of the School of Architecture and Planning at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and was until recently professional consultant to the governmental committee that passes on embassy buildings, a man recognized as a skillful, active conciliator where the architectural chips are blue.

These two were appointed by Erwin S. Wolfson, the moving force behind Grand Central City, well known as a promoter, contractor and building owner—responsible, it has been said, for probably more new office space than any other figure in New York's phenomenal postwar building boom. Gropius and Belluschi act as design consultants to the structure's original architect, Richard Roth of Emery Roth and Sons. Whatever the limitations of the job, the professional onus for design is on the two consultants. Is their work in fact awry? Any fair answer to this requires more than a set of educated architectural prejudices; a look at the situation is needed.

Great building programs gestate after enough tentative leases have been closed to interest investors (banks, insurance companies, and the like) in putting up mortgage money to see the project through. Wolfson, for instance, was ready to solicit financing for Grand Central City when he

Edgar Kaufmann, jr., who was formerly on the staff of the Museum of Modern Art and a lecturer at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, is now writing a history of architecture and design since the Industrial Revolution and co-ordinating a large exhibition on the Arts of Denmark which will open this fall at the Metropolitan Museum. He lives in "Fallingwater," the famous Frank Lloyd Wright house near Pittsburgh, and is responsible for four books of Wrightiana. Chairman of the Kaufmann International Design Award committee at the Institute of International Education, he is also consultant to Aluminium Secretariat Limited, I.B.M., Time Incorporated, and other organizations.

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had some 25 per cent of its space signed up. The initial tenants, the initial backers, are as formative for a big building as its architect or its site. Tenants may demand certain kinds of access or equipment, certain materials, they may pre-empt the building's name. Some of these demands can be anticipated, and leeway must be left for yet more demands, if leases are to be signed. Thus the developer must have a concept long before his architect can create an image. This concept will be molded by the developer's sense of three things: the market for various kinds of space; the nature and associations of a particular site; the limitations of the local building code and of those who administer it.

In these phases of Grand Central City's evolution Erwin Wolfson was the decisive figure. The original concept of a great building on this site is sometimes credited to William Zeckendorf, who announced in 1954 a scheme that would have swallowed up Grand Central station in an eighty-story Gargantua. Another huge scheme was put forth by the New York architects Fellheimer and Wagner. Wolfson at this very time was talking to Robert C. Young. At any rate these early, over-scaled plans were abandoned, and in 1958 Wolfson with some weighty associates began the present development, which leaves the station building untouched primarily because the engineers figured its replacement would be uneconomic. Zeckendorf has specialized in similar projects, and now nurses one for the Pennsylvania Station site in New York as well as an exceptionally modest and handsome one that has progressed as far as a large hole beside the main station in Montreal.

These sites have tempted developers for two obvious reasons: (1) they are in the very hearts of their cities with every kind of horizontal transportation already well connected—buses, subways, taxis; and (2) they are either open to the skies or, as at Grand Central, only lightly built over since the tracks were deemed troublesome. And so they are, but less than formerly, thanks to technical improvements in building and in equipment of buildings. Even so the tracks make for rather staggering complications during planning and construction; Grand Central City estimates about $5 million extra cost for this one reason. Such buildings must of course forgo the basement spaces usually given to machinery of many kinds and to services such as storage, low-rental food counters, and small shops; all these must be accommodated in more desirable areas.

That this can be done successfully is demonstrated by The Merchandise Mart in Chicago—after the Pentagon the biggest building in America—a four-million-square-foot wholesale center built over the railways by Marshall Field and now owned by ex-Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy. But comparing The Merchandise Mart's eighteen-story mass to Grand Central City's fifty-nine-story height brings out one of the basic facts of big buildings—the contrast between *bulk space,* generously spread out on wide floors, and *strip space,* stacked high and narrow around a core of transportation and utility ducts, each side of a floor no wider than daylight and view can penetrate.

Narrow, high-strip space is the original concept of the skyscraper, and its original, logical form, the slab—like the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center—was first proposed in 1912 by Frank Lloyd Wright to the Spreckels Estate in San Francisco. Many still consider this the architectural ideal for tall buildings; but, with the advent in the 1930s of fluorescent lighting and air-conditioning, strip space became old-fashioned from an economic point of view. The passenger elevator (first installed by Louis XV in Versailles, where a moving sidewalk would have been more apropos!) raised the skyscraper tall, but lighting and ventilating improvements have given it its bulk. These were among the facts well known to Erwin Wolfson when he began to develop his concept of Grand Central City.

THE SOMETHING EXTRA

WOLFSON claims that he merchandises space according to a classic formula of selling—give 'em what they want, where and when they want it, with just a little extra to top it off. The extra in Wolfson's buildings often

proves to be some visual embellishment: richer materials at the base or all over the exterior, more regular symmetrical masses, and even sculpture, suave half-modernistic horses, nudes, etc. The formula has proved quite successful, and no doubt like all good craftsmen Wolfson has his secret ingredients that help to keep it so. But visual quality means a lot to this man, and his predilection played an important role in the story of Grand Central City.

Once Wolfson had an option on the site he set his architects to work; Dick Roth and his associates have what one of them calls "tremendous experience" and an enviable reputation for buildings that go up fast and rent well. Over the New York Central tracks the Roth organization together with the structural engineer James Ruderman (who has figured out details for some ten postwar buildings near or on a railway) planned a structure that slipped smoothly into the spaces between the tracks. They worked out construction schedules and materials delivery and stockpiling that slipped equally smoothly into the railway schedules for some five hundred trains a day.

Ruderman also specified a shock absorber of lead, asbestos, and sheet steel to lessen the transmission of sound and vibration wherever the new building frame touches the pre-existing railroad structures. Roth's design for Grand Central City, utilizing the enormous potential of the site, wrapped up three million square feet of rental space (the code actually permitted a building as big as The Merchandise Mart) in a simple, fifty-story set of cubes aligned north-south, that would have satisfied any hard-headed businessman and might have proved a gold mine. Wolfson was not satisfied.

That something extra was lacking. Perhaps, also, even three million square feet were daunting. At any rate Wolfson asked an understandably unenthusiastic Roth to suggest names for a



Grand Central City seen from the north, straddling Park Avenue behind the tower of the New York General Building

committee of experts who would ensure that this huge undertaking would be more than mere efficient floor space. The Abou Ben Adhem of Dick Roth's list was Walter Gropius. A telephone call was put in to Gropius. The patriarchal functionalist and propagandizer of collective design at once suggested limiting the committee to two, himself and Belluschi, close at hand in Cambridge for consultation.

Based on a map drawn up by Ruderman that showed every possible column pattern permitted by the tracks, the new architectural plans began to pour in. First, a taller tower was designed, centered on Forty-fourth Street; then, the design consultants turned the slab-shaped tower to face across the avenue—two gestures of self-assertion. Then they beveled the corners of the tower mass to create an elongated octagon—a less boxy, more interesting form that eliminated some 600,000 square feet. (It is worth noting that the most urgent criticisms of the present scheme by experienced businessmen grant that its remaining 2.4 million square feet are economically sufficient.) The octagon shape approximates one developed by Le Corbusier back in 1931 when pure strip space was still economic; the long octagon is again in vogue thanks to a most elegant application in the Pirelli Building, Milan, designed by Gio Ponti and brilliantly engineered by Pier Luigi Nervi, both recently called to design American structures.

Down among the shouldering buildings on every side, the design consultants to Grand Central City further suggested a low, wide block, lower than Grand Central station, opened on the north with a rectangular courtyard. Forty-fifth Street, the northern boundary, was to be notably widened, as were the automobile ramps of Park Avenue on the east and west flanks of the structure. (Such widening, confined to the perimeter of the building, can have little effect on through traffic.)

At this point the remodeled scheme had shrunk to half the original size, indeed there was very little bulk space left at all. It is hard to believe that so thorough a reversion to the thinking of the early 'thirties—especially with the beauty of the new Pirelli tower at hand—was the result of mere foxiness on the part of the designers, an exaggeration made for bargaining purposes; yet this is what it proved to be. The fundamental economic facts thickened the octagonal tower and closed the courtyard, then raised the low block as high as the adjoining station. Roth's scheme had placed a slightly higher and wider blank mass back of the older building, so that it looked a little like a very wide locomotive issuing from a train shed. It is pleasant to hear that throughout all this, the design consultants, engineers, and architects have worked and met in friendly co-operation.

THE CLAMOR OF CRITICISM

THE new version of the building was announced. From every side objections arose. Businessmen thought the tower too thin, too high, and for no good purpose. Hadn't the Empire State Building proved once and for all that economic height and achievable height were not the same thing? Wasn't the Seagram Building's reputedly difficult rental record lesson enough to keep sensible people away from monumentality for at least another decade? Planners said it was immoral to congest the already choked Grand Central district still further; how could the subways handle it all, or the streets, or the restaurants around, especially those priced for office workers? What was the good of tearing down a well-built structure when so many slums needed replacing? It all looked like a dangerous, but fully legal, disregard for human decencies!

Architects and tastemakers were no less dismayed. A clumsy version of an elegant octagonal original, Grand Central City didn't even have the plaza that had become a passport to postwar skyscraper respectability in New York. The tower bestrode the base mass like Don Quixote on Rosinante. Where was unity? Or perhaps, where was articulation? (Articulation is exemplified in the new Time & Life Building, where tower and low, bulk-space mass are visually separated though, happily for the rental agents, joined inwardly like some impossible Siamese nontwins.) Why, some asked, those overemphatic horizontal gashes that took all the soaring height out of the tower, and turned it into a set of three lumpy building blocks set up by some child giant? Before this chorus had calmed down, the 1959 steel strike began its long-unresolved discomfitures. Erwin Wolfson went abroad.

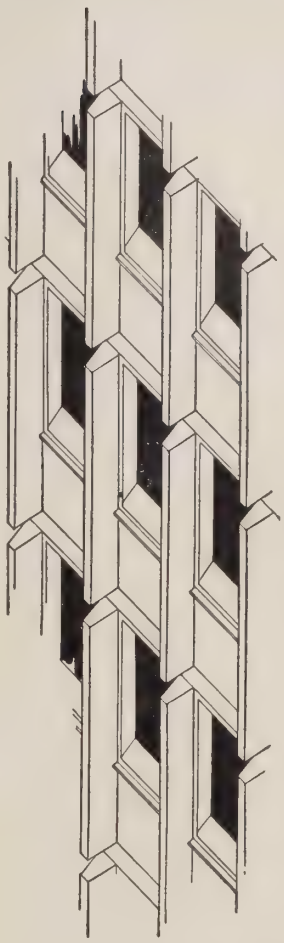
He quickly returned with $25 million (perhaps a fifth of the building cost) from Jack Cotton, an English investor. The model of Grand Central City was placed on view in the station, labeled "a new milestone in American-British co-operation." The story is that Wolfson spread out before Cotton all the economic objections to the scheme, citing business sources of the criticisms. Then the English investor said, "Erwin, if this were merely the biggest office block in the world I wouldn't

want to put my money in it." Wolfson's extra paid off again, no matter what the critics had to say.

Not all the criticisms summarized (and somewhat caricatured) here are empty or attributable, as some of them undoubtedly are, to sour grapes on the part of other developers and architects. Primarily, they come from an unresolved clash of intentions. The design consultants were not content to knuckle under to the inevitable compromises that the profit motive had imposed on their ideas. They continued to suggest feasible improvements for the building—simpler street-level detailing, more workable lobby arrangements, and smoother design at the critical juncture between the tall and wide masses. Most of these were achieved at economic sacrifices, yet small ones compared to those they proposed for the tower surface, the most visible part of Grand Central City as a metropolitan improvement.

The tower must have texture, they said. For fifty years and more—in fact since the warty Flatiron Building and the late, handsomely faceted Metropolitan Life Building—New York architects had been content to keep their skyscrapers smooth, the smoother the better it seemed. But now after Mies van der Rohe used ribs on the Seagram tower, after Wallace K. Harrison used angular patterns to strengthen the thin sheet-metal surfaces of the Socony Building nearby on Forty-second Street, smoothness was not enough. Perhaps other examples outside New York were also influential: Edward Durell Stone's and Eero Saarinen's richly textured façades for United States Embassies at New Delhi, London, and, most beautifully, Oslo. Eventually the design consultants came to equate architectural texture with sun control—they asked for texture enough, that is, to cast shadows over the whole building surface, making unnecessary the rather ordinary solution of colored glass to reduce heat and glare inside the building.

At any rate Gropius and Belluschi put full pressure on for texture; they proposed sinking each separate window back into the mass, creating a regular pattern of heavy shadows overall. Since floor space is reckoned and rented from the glass line, windows were soon pushed out to the wall line again. But now the designers proposed vertical ribs apparently like Mies's but actually extending as far inside the windows as out, creating thirty-six-inch-wide sun breaks. Further punctuation by shadow is created where the verticals break at each floor line, leaving a small, deep pocket of space inaccessible to the sun. Two huge horizontal breaks at the mechanical centers



Vertical ribs and sun breaks make a textured façade reminiscent of the Seagram and Socony Buildings in New York.

on the twenty-second and forty-fifth floors interrupt the vertical fins and make the major features of the façades. These startling breaks are far more emphatic than required for any practical reason, and will display columns that hold nothing up, introduced purely for effect like the recesses themselves. The aesthetic desirability of all this business at the breaks is as dubious as its pseudo-functional appearance, though Gropius and Belluschi have fought hard to perfect it.

The surface materials have been another moot subject. Gropius and Belluschi have urged from the start that the 40,000-ton steel frame be covered with a special precast concrete skin formed in large plaques and ribs. At one point stone suppliers, feeling the need to regain their old command of the building surface trade, lowered their prices accordingly.

The precast concrete units seem likely to remain in favor. Quartz crystals, cement, and other ingredients are poured over a steel mesh, the whole is then vibrated to ensure an even mix which hardens into a material that can take the attacks of atmosphere and weather, and the stress of skyscraper wind-sway. A warm, light-tan tone pervades the natural materials; the surface is characterized by irregularly faceted crystals. Against this handsome surface, which may or

may not be used on the lower, wider mass as well as on the tower, will be set polished, light-gray granite to cover the steel posts, visible in the various arcades and lobbies, and at the horizontal breaks above.

THE IRRESISTIBLE OBJECT

NOW, knowing something of the influences and alternatives that governed the design of Grand Central City, it is reasonable to ask, why did Gropius and Belluschi undertake the task? Such a building can only worsen the urban disorder that Gropius has talked against long and logically. Artistically the problem is ungrateful, both because so many factors are predetermined economically and practically, and because the building in all likelihood will not be seen as a whole. Nearby, only the base will be evident; from afar, only the tower. Thus Grand Central City can never expect to compete with such splendid New York structures as Lever House, the Seagram or Chase Manhattan buildings, let alone the so-far peerless group at Rockefeller Center. Is size alone the bait that hooked these men? Belluschi says that no worthy architect should turn his face away from progress nor turn down a client who wants help in building a better structure. This, Wolfson certainly did want. Gropius says he'd always dreamed of a skyscraper, ever since the Chicago *Tribune* competition in 1922, where his design was as textured and as picturesque as the functionalist style of that era could allow. Here at last was one that seemed likely to be built—"Who could resist it?" Not unreasonable statements, to be sure.

But what is one to think of Grand Central City—is it grand, is it good, did Wolfson do the public as well as himself a favor when he scaled the architectural Olympus nearly to the top? That Wolfson aimed high, and at no small immediate sacrifice, is evident, as it is that he spared no effort to make his building—straight real-estate investment as it is—the equal or the superior of its often extravagant neighbors, built by, and for the greater glory of, big corporations. With shrewd purchasing and construction Grand Central City expects to compete advantageously in rentals despite such extraordinary features as large, thirty-two-foot bays between columns, hollow steel floors liberally sprinkled with every kind of utility outlet, the most and fastest elevators and escalators yet, a garage for four hundred cars that will be a miracle of automation, the very best lighting and ventilating available, and lavish telephone and restaurant accommodations that, expertly calculated, will relieve many tenants of economic burdens commonly shouldered by them in other buildings.

Yet Grand Central City is generally careless of its influence on the crowded Grand Central district, taking more from it than contributing to it. It expresses itself regardless of its neighbors, it blocks the view, it shares no whit of style. This aesthetic independence could be a virtue were a work of art the result. From Karnak to Versailles bold interruptions of the *status quo* have been amply vindicated. But here, after all, is no independent work of art, rather a painstaking aesthetic amelioration of a fundamentally commercial concept. When Commodore Vanderbilt, surely a champion of free enterprise, organized the Grand Central area, enterprise was free enough to create order in the grand manner of Versailles, on the grand scale of the railway age. What is happening now is hardly more than what happened in Rome in the Dark Ages—men tear down great works to put up the best they can.

Grand Central City is a sincere effort, but in the very middle of the ruins of a short-lived grandeur it has failed to grasp the spirit of what is grand. Infinitely larger than any work that stood or stands nearby, its design shows none of the scale of urban grandness that is still exemplified in the station next door. The great architecture of New York at mid-twentieth century, it seems, has yet to be imagined.

And Call It Alias Jimmy Valentine's Day?

NEW YORK, March 8: A demand that Jimmy Hoffa's birthday, Feb. 14, be made a paid holiday, along with the natal days of such Americans as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, came today from one of Hoffa's most ardent followers.

Anthony Cusano, president of Teamsters Union Local 408 in Newark, made up of 6,000 drivers of construction and building material trucks in Essex, Union, and Morris Counties, asked employers to include Hoffa's birthday as a paid holiday in a new contract.

—Washington *Post*, March 9, 1960



Stop picking on Edward Taylor!

HAYES B. JACOBS

I HAVE been busy, frantically so to be exact, in recent weeks, addressing form letters to old college friends, clergymen, booksellers, poets, editorial writers, the American Medical Association's directors, and others whose aid I hope to enlist for the preservation of the literary reputation of Edward Taylor, who, readers of *Harper's Magazine* will hardly need reminding, was one of our most illustrious Puritan poets. Replies to my letters have thus far been somewhat discouraging. People are busy with P.T.A., zoning, fighting jet airports, constructing cold frames, and with disease collections and drives of one sort or another; but I am not disheartened. I still have high hope of putting down what appears to be an all-out campaign, being waged both here and abroad, to belittle and disparage the extraordinary literary output of one of the finest little writers the modern world has known.

First it was a grudging reference to Taylor by an English essayist, hiding in the anonymity of the London *Times Literary Supplement,* who wrote that "Edward Taylor . . . is a not uninteresting minor poet."

Then *The New Yorker* joined in the attack. It chose a sly, oblique tactic, passing at first over Taylor himself to quibble with the *Times* essayist. It conjectured that he had had some difficulty putting together his article. It pictured him "sitting in his study, poking up the fire in his grate now and then," and hesitating before making his final judgment of Taylor. "Was there a possibility," it asked, "that he might be wrong? . . . There was nobody he could consult, nobody he could turn to, because nobody on either side of the Atlantic had ever heard of Edward Taylor." That is the kind of thing, you will surely agree, that those of us who love Taylor must not take lying down.

I am willing to concede that lines from Taylor's poems are probably not on the very tip of every American schoolboy's tongue, but I am nonetheless certain that nine persons out of ten carry some imprint—farther back, perhaps, toward the soft palate and the uvula—of familiarity with his work. And that cannot be said of very many English-born pastor-physician-poets who came over to live in western Massachusetts during Taylor's life span (1645?-1729).

Who can forget, once he has mined it, the glint of pure, poetic gold in, say, *"Gods Determinations touching his Elect: and The Elects Combat in their Conversion, and Coming vp to God in Christ: together with the Comfortable Effects Thereof"*? I suggest you try asking the next person you meet if he knows who wrote: "Yet let my Titimouses Quill Suck in Thy Graces milk Pails Some small drop . . ." and if he doesn't say instantly, why, Edward Taylor, then I'll eat my mortarboard. And I'll wager that phrases like "Heav'ns whelm'd-down Chrystall meele Bowle," and "Mine Apples ashes are in apple Shells And dirty too," and "Make me, O Lord, thy Spinning Wheele compleat," will continue to go on, forever ringing in our ears, like it or not. Once you get a dirty Apples ash and a Chrystall meele Bowle and a Spinning Wheele in your ear, they're bound to stay there for a while, don't you think?

One of my correspondents wrote to ask if I was not trumpeting Taylor's glory merely because he and I both attended Harvard. My reply was, certainly not. Taylor was, after all, 276 years ahead of me. I might have added that time and again, when Taylor's name comes up, I am the first to point out that his grandson, Ezra Stiles (1727-95), was a distinguished president of Yale.

In fact all of us who hold Taylor dear had, prior to 1937, to read him only in that one place

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Hayes B. Jacobs, whose wry prose has appeared in "Harper's" and other magazines, is a non-poet who yet extols his alma mater, Harvard, "where required poets are respected."

where his works, including the poetry in a 400-page quarto, could be found; *i.e.*, the Yale University Library. I shall never forget that exciting year, 1937, which saw a happy end to the long-enforced proscription (Taylor's own, as we all know) against publication. How we fought and clawed our way through the crowded bookstore to reach the counter on the morning that the *New England Quarterly* went on sale! Can you picture us, tousle-maned and wrapped in our long, knit scarves, gathered in groups out on the sidewalk, absolutely electrifying passers-by as we read aloud to them the Thomas H. Johnson article on pp. 290-322? There was near panic, I assure you, when we got to the selections from *Sacramental Meditations;* one young sophomore from Philadelphia fainted dead away.



None of the screeds that would assign a minor reputation to Taylor has acknowledged the fact that for some time now a limited amount of the poetry has been available in *hard covers.* This is the result of the scholarly zeal of my erstwhile professor, Perry Miller, and of Johnson, who joined hands to publish *The Puritans* (American Book Co.). That thick, blue volume of 846 pp. was required reading in Professor Miller's English 7a (American Literature from the Beginning to Emerson), though as I recall we were allowed to skip around some after Cotton and Increase Mather. Right after Miller and Johnson joined hands, they put their collective finger on the qualities that would insure Taylor's immortality. Would it not be difficult for anyone now, more than twenty years later, to gainsay the prediction (p. 552) that Taylor was the one Puritan poet "whose stature may well develop as time reveals him"? They pay tribute to Taylor's "image-making, his rapture, his tenderness, delicacy, and intense devotion." Taylor's detractors would do well to go back to school, or at least enroll in an evening course, and re-read Miller and Johnson. They would sing a quite different tune on discovering that it was Taylor being singled out to illustrate the point that "the indigenous Puritan muse, even when tied down to the fashions of an earlier style, soared with metaphoric brilliance."

Taylor was as much at home in prose as in poetry. Can anyone match the directness, the simple, ringing clarity as expressed in some of his letters? One thinks particularly of the love letter he posted to Elizabeth Fitch of Norwich in 1674, in which there occurs this passage:

> For you having made my breast the Cabbinet of your Affections (as I yours, mine) I know not how to vse a fitter Comparison to set out my Love by, than to Compare it vnto a Golden Ball of pure Fire rowling vp and down my Breast, from which there flies now, and then a Sparke like a Glorious Beam from the Body of the Flaming Sun.

I look at that passage and all I can say is that I wish I had written it—everything but that comma there after "flies now."

It is worth noting that the American writer cited earlier, when confronted with the task of putting together a few paragraphs about Taylor, lapsed almost immediately into the use of images involving fire. If he had taken the trouble to refresh his memory of Taylor's work he would soon have seen that Taylor, whom he and the *Times* seem bent on pillorying as "minor" and "not uninteresting" has in fact had a not unmajor influence on his own literary style. Proof of this abounds in Taylor, as witness the "Flaming Sun" in the letter to Elizabeth Fitch.

And look at such lines as "My heart was made thy tinder box," "Those holy Sparks of Heavenly Fire that came," "I finde my tinder scarce thy Sparks can feel," "Hence doubts out bud for feare thy fire in mee," and "Away mine ashes, then thy fire doth glow," from his *The Ebb and Flow.* Then see, too, the stirring "That there our Veans might through thy Person bleed, To quench those flames, that else would on vs feed." And finally, the amazingly incendiary quatrain:

> But oh! my streight'ned Breast! my Lifeless Sparke!
> My Fireless Flame! What Chilly Love, and Cold?
> In measure Small! in Manner Chilly! See.
> Lord blow the Coal: Thy Love Enflame in mee.

Those lines, and the ones immediately preceding, are of course from *Meditation One, Sacramental Meditations,* and I find my fingers quite hot just from writing them out. The impassioned message they carry will, I trust, enlist support for my Save Taylor project, and if anyone wishes Further Proofe of the True Werth of the dere Fellow's Werke, I shall be glad to Tell him where he can look it vp.

ALEK A. ROZENTAL

The Strange Ethics of the Ethical Drug Industry

In spite of high profits and genuine accomplishments, it has developed some pathological habits which are doing a lot of harm to both doctors and their patients. Surgery is indicated—with Congress and the American Medical Association wielding the scalpel.

THERE are few industries whose social usefulness exceeds that of the pharmaceutical manufacturers. And there are few whose sins have evoked more indignation in recent months. The Kefauver Committee hearings have focused klieg lights on the arthritic wife of a Washington photographer who spends $50 a month on drugs; on a net income to the drug companies last year of $343 million after taxes; on the facts that bills for drugs and appliances eat up more than a fourth of the $16.4 billion we spend annually for medical care and that the average cost of prescription drugs has trebled since 1940.

Yet these disclosures do not add up to a picture of a sinister group of greedy capitalists. In fact, the ethical drug industry has made important contributions to our welfare and can claim, among other achievements, that three million people are alive today because of antibiotics developed over the past twenty years. But the nature of its product, the unique trust it enjoys, and the self-righteousness of its leaders impose a special obligation which, quite clearly, is not being met at the present time.

What can be done about it? The problem is to reform an industry which is indispensable even when intolerable. As a start, we should look closely at how and why it operates as it does.

The so-called "ethical" branch of the pharmaceutical industry produces drugs sold by prescription only. There are over one thousand such firms, but twenty of them account for nine-tenths of the $2 billion of annual sales, chiefly to druggists and wholesalers. Although it is the sick person who foots the bill, the target of drug promotion is the prescribing physician. This is a unique situation—the ultimate consumer, the patient, has no choice among products and no influence over their price and quality. The physician seldom knows the price of the drug he prescribes and in any event is unlikely to worry about cost if he is convinced that it is indicated. Drug advertisements carefully avoid any mention of price, and the salesmen—known as detailmen—who call on doctors gloss over this question. Pharmacists also tend to object if a doctor tells his patient the probable price of a prescription.

During the last decade, the traditional relationship between drug maker and doctor has been reversed. Instead of supplying the drugs he wants, the industry now tries to tell him what he *should* want. This is done by the same promotion methods that sell deodorants. Such techniques are needed because a true "wonder" drug is not likely to be developed every year, and even an improved drug must be promoted. Profitable exploitation is possible for drugs of dubious therapeutic superiority and indeed for drugs which are merely variants of some already produced by other firms. Hence, the army of some 15,000 detailmen, the heavy outlays on direct-mail promotion and journal advertising, and the substantial proportion of research which goes into the development of new dosage forms, formulations, and combinations of existing drugs.

In the past there has been within the industry the kind of competition that leads to lower prices. For example, penicillin and streptomycin, the most truly wonderful drugs of the postwar

era, could be produced by anyone who wanted to. They were not protected by patents and exclusive agreements, and their price fell precipitously a few years after their introduction. Said John McKeen, the president of Pfizer in 1950, "If you want to lose your shirt in a hurry start making penicillin and streptomycin." Pfizer announced that it would henceforth concentrate on the development of new and exclusive antibiotic specialties. Other firms had the same idea. Today the few that control production of the broad-spectrum antibiotics (Achromycin, Terramycin, Aureomycin, and tetracyclines) have managed to avoid repetition of the "unhappy" penicillin experience.

ISLANDS OF MONOPOLY

INSULATION from the cold wind of pure competition is provided by our patent system which actually encourages "limited islands of monopoly." Our laws are, in fact, more lenient than in most industrial countries, especially as they apply to drugs.

A firm secures a patent in the first instance to insure the exclusive exploitation of a new drug. But as more and more companies pursue similar research, and as existing remedies are manipulated and improved, the possibilities of true trail blazing become remote. In fact the epoch-making discoveries of the postwar period have either been developed abroad or in university clinics or concurrently by a number of firms all insisting on prior claim. This has led to the use of cross-licensing, a device which fortifies the leaders and squeezes out smaller firms. Here is how it works: In 1949 when Merck first marketed cortisone, after developing a remarkable process of synthesis from ox bile, the firm gave licenses to a number of its big brethren. "I'll take a six-months lead rather than a patent any day," said a Merck executive. In 1951 Schering developed a much cheaper process. Even before it was on the market Merck cut the price of cortisone from $150 to $4 a gram.

No such price drop has recurred as the drug firms exploited the successors to cortisone. In 1954, Schering announced new and more potent steroids, prednisone and prednisolone, developed by fermentation. Since other firms claimed identical discoveries Schering had difficulty in obtaining a patent. But this proved no obstacle to commercial exploitation. Schering signed a cross-licensing agreement with several companies including Merck, Upjohn, Ciba, Pfizer, and Parke-Davis. They agreed to pay royalties for some three years even though Schering held no patent. An interesting clause provided that the licensees were to sell to others in "specialty form only" (*i.e.*, in retail-trade dosages). This presumably meant that although Schering was buying a substantial quantity of the drug in bulk form from Upjohn the licensees could not sell in this wholesale form to any outsider. Such a clause could not be enforced in the absence of a valid patent. Yet it was apparently adhered to for more than a year. Then in 1957 other firms managed to obtain prednisone and prednisolone in bulk form. No one knows for sure whether the licensing barrier was broken by Syntex or by Pfizer and Merck, perhaps on rumors that Syntex was about to do so.

This firm, based in Mexico, is reputed to have some of the best research brains in the business. It is controlled by Ogden Corporation, an American investment firm. When Schering was granting licenses on prednisone Syntex wanted one too, on the ground that it held a number of product patents in the hormone field. However, Schering refused, largely because Syntex had a reputation for knocking down prices. Syntex then sued Schering for patent infringement and Schering replied with a countersuit. The matter was settled out of court in 1958 with Merck and Schering paying Syntex a flat sum in exchange for the right to use a broad range of its processes. Not that Syntex itself is entirely innocent of restrictive practices. Late in 1958 it was found in violation of the Sherman Act and the Wilson Tariff Act and ordered by the court to freely license most of its patents.

Whatever the legal status of the matter, the prices of prednisone to the druggist have remained unchanged since 1956. When sold under a variety of trade names such as Deltra or Meticorten, these steroids fetch a price considerably in excess of what they sell for as plain, generic prednisone. For example, the president of a large drugstore chain told the Kefauver Com-

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Now an associate professor of economics at St. Louis University, Dr. Alek A. Rozental dates his interest in drugs and their makers from his study of chemistry and biology at the Sorbonne. A native of Warsaw, he served with the French and British armies in Europe, graduated from the London School of Economics, and took his doctorate at the University of Minnesota. He was in England on a Ford Foundation Fellowship when the Hinchliffe report on the pharmaceutical industry appeared. He has been studying the American industry since his return to this country in 1958.

mittee that he bought prednisone from a reputable maker at one-tenth the price charged by the signatories of the Schering agreement. Unfortunately the price cutters can seldom crack the retail market and they have to sell chiefly to government hospitals where bidding is competitive. In that market the large drug firms compete by offering the same drug at a minute fraction of the price they charge the druggists. Thus, the president of Ciba recently admitted to the Kefauver Committee that it charges retailers $39.50 a thousand for a tranquilizer tablet it sells to the government for sixty cents a thousand.

Like the steroids, the retail prices of the broad-spectrum antibiotics have not wavered even though they were introduced by different firms at various times since 1951. The Federal Trade Commission charges Lederle, Squibb, Bristol, and Upjohn with soliciting and accepting from Pfizer licenses to make and sell tetracycline knowing that Pfizer had "submitted false, misleading and incorrect information" to the Patent Office. The licenses bind the parties never to contest any claims included in the licensed patent rights and have had the effect of "foreclosing and preventing competition." To be sure, a firm refused a license may go to court. But this is costly and often frustrating.

Clearly men like George Merck, who believed that "medicine is for people, not profits," and Edward Robinson Squibb, who did not believe in patents, are on the wane. The Merck and Squibb companies are now contesting each other's claim to the vitamin B_{12} patent and both companies do much less licensing than when these men were at the helm.

THE SEARCH FOR PROFITS AND RESEARCH

TODAY whether measured as a proportion of sales or of return on invested capital, the net profit after taxes of ethical drug makers are double those of manufacturing as a whole. In 1958, a comparatively poor year, Smith Kline & French netted nearly 17 per cent after taxes, G. D. Searle, over 20 per cent. In the same year American auto makers got less than 4 per cent. The *Wall Street Journal* commented: "The 1958 performance showed no signs that drug makers were affected by the recession that had other industries stumbling."

The drug industry's favorite defense of its high returns is the fact that it spends more than three times as much on research, in proportion to sales, as does American industry as a whole. But in fact for every pharmaceutical dollar spent on research four are spent on promotion and selling. Moreover, much of this research money goes into "development," which consists chiefly in devising new dosage forms and combinations of ingredients.

The drug makers continually strive for the impression that profits are merely the means of doing research that will benefit humanity. "A profit must be made," said a Lederle spokesman, "to pay for continuing research to develop new and better antibiotics." "We have made this growth," said Francis Brown of Schering, "on the basis of our dedication to a cause, the cause of health." No doubt some drug firms really feel this way. Several actually do develop and produce drugs without regard to profit. It would be cynical, for instance, to dismiss as mere public relations Mead Johnson's drug which cures a rare mental disorder occurring in perhaps four hundred infants in this country; Wyeth's Antivenin against snake bite; Lilly's mustard gas kit; or Abbott's radioactive isotopes. These are certainly not profitable.

But much more frequently research is directed at commercial exploitation and undertaken reluctantly or not at all when the payoff appears distant or uncertain. For example, Dr. Theodore Klumpp of Winthrop, formerly a professor at Yale and an official of both the Federal Drug Administration and the American Medical Association, once pleaded, "Give us time and enough profits to do research." Yet when invited by the National Foundation to participate in the development of the Salk vaccine he declined, saying, "We felt it would be a socialized rat race." This premonition seems to have been unwarranted. When the Justice Department indicted the makers of the vaccine for criminal conspiracy and demanded to see their books in the pre-trial examination, the manufacturers opposed the request on the grounds that disclosure of their high profits might prejudice the jury.

A different kind of research activity that badly needs airing is clinical testing to prove the efficacy of new products on human patients. Some four hundred new drugs are marketed every year. Since qualified clinical investigators are scarce, drug makers sometimes have clinical testing done by doctors fresh out of school. Others are persuaded to co-operate by prestige, publications, generous grants, and other subtle and not-quite-so-subtle lures. A mere social scientist, I was appalled by the quality of some of the resulting "studies" published in medical journals. Sometimes a smattering of cases is reported as

"evidence" of a particular drug's "efficacy." Dr. S. O. Waife, himself an employee of a drug company, states in a symposium, *Clinical Evaluation of New Drugs,* "Most clinical papers dealing with clinical trial studies do not present a complete picture." Conspicuous among the omissions are negative results.

Erudite references to clinical papers often turn out to be far from scientific. Many of the footnotes refer to "personal communications," articles in foreign or second-rate journals or those sponsored by drug makers, or simply reports of grossly inadequate studies. For example, a psycho-stimulant marketed in 1958 was a combination of two compounds. The promotional pamphlet contained thirty-two bibliographical titles of which only one dealt specifically with the drug in question. Another pamphlet about a new "coronary dilator" is weighted with impressive footnotes. But in fact only one dealt with the new drug and that was an obscure study on cats. Most of the authorities cited had never even heard of the dilator.

Clinical pharmacology is a new branch of knowledge still in need of accepted rules and procedures. Controlled experimental designs are especially essential to test the growing number of drugs whose therapeutic effects depend on subjective symptoms rather than on objective measurement of such things as urine output. One safeguard is "double blind" testing where neither the doctor nor the patient knows whether an active substance rather than a placebo (a blank pill) is being administered. These techniques present difficulties and it is doubtful whether a single individual is qualified to act as the sole clinical investigator. But it is none the less urgent that clinical procedures be improved.

SNAKE ROOT AND SNAKE OIL

DRUG makers have a split personality, not only when they speak publicly of profits and research but also in their advertising and selling practices. They can say that a life-saving drug can never have too high a price tag and, at the same time, affirm their responsibility to stockholders. (This may be why Pfizer, the "darling of the investment trusts," feels no compulsion to reduce the price of its antibiotic, Tetracyn, that costs the patient over fifty cents a tablet.) They contrast their promotions with those of the automobile industry but denounce any comparison between the two industries. Two statements were made by the president of Upjohn Company, during the recent hearings of the Kefauver Committee. ". . . We have to have a pharmaceutical industry capable of translating a discovery into a useful product," he said, "something that will bring relief from suffering, pain, and disease. This is our function. That is what motivates us." Asked later why steroid prices remained rigid in spite of a drastic decline in production costs, he answered, "Had we priced it lower, obviously Schering would have met the price and we would have gained nothing."

The story of the tranquilizers illustrates the relaxed attitude toward "ethics" of even the most respected firms. To the manufacturers, tranquilizers were much more than an important adjunct in the treatment of severe psychotics in mental hospitals. Sales could be pushed into doctors' offices and into private homes, providing a unique opportunity to reap a harvest. More than half of the $200 million worth of tranquilizers sold annually are bought by normal people who, whatever their inner tensions, lead humdrum useful lives. Reserpine derivatives, based on Indian snake root, are promoted not only for the severely disturbed but also for the "nervous, the tense, the emotionally unstable." Roerig lists twenty-five situations where Atarax is indicated, including apprehension over weddings, depression at funerals, and anxiety over examinations. Meprobamate (under the trade names of Miltown and Equanil) has become a household word and in the space of less than two years fourth among all drugs sold. Smith Kline & French's tranquilizers are said to account for over half of the firm's total profits.

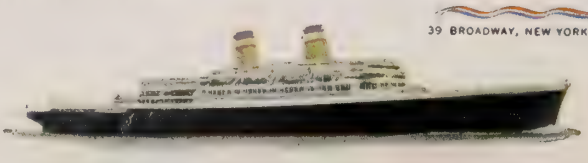
No one can deny that tranquilizers have helped the mentally ill and even made it possible to buy commercial insurance against psychiatric ailments. But many of the more potent tranquilizers have dangerous side effects, including jaundice, reduction of white cells in the blood, and suicidal depressions. Others have very debatable therapeutic value or, in the dosage suitable for office patients, are little better than older sedatives at one-twentieth the cost.

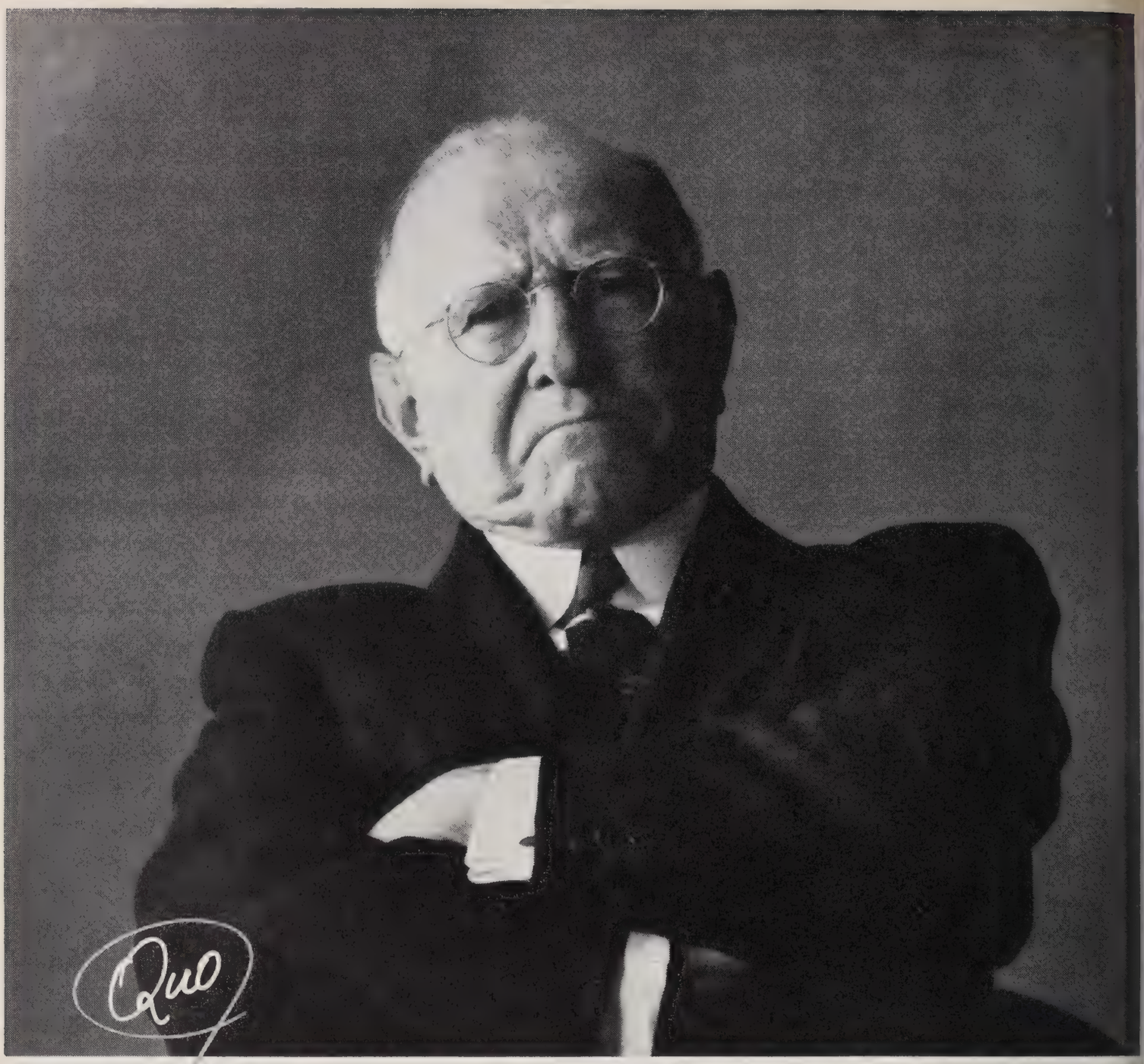
Every potent drug has some side effects and acts differently on different patients. Even so, the doctor may still consider it the therapy of choice. But it is dubious ethics for the maker to gloss over or fail to mention undesirable effects or to market the drug before these side effects can be ascertained. One of the first reserpine derivatives was marketed early in 1956 with the claim of "no known contraindications." This was so preposterous a statement about a powerful chemotherapeutical agent that the manufacturer was forced to withdraw the claim,



ght-see your way to Europe on the Sunlane. On the Sunlane, you see more than the sea. You sail rough the green-carpeted Azores and past the African coast, with its snowy peaks. You see Algeciras ort for Madrid), a quaint Spanish town nestling beside Gibraltar. Next, Cannes, the glittering French viera (only hours to Paris!), Genoa and Portofino, part fishing port, part Paradise (pictured above). You veep into Naples; can you really be seeing Vesuvius? And—the air is warm, the ship is magnificent, e ocean is relaxed. Ask your travel agent. **CONSTITUTION & INDEPENDENCE • American Export Lines**

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Status Seeker Do you recognize him? Maybe he's a family friend or business associate. Maybe he holds public office up at City Hall…or down in Washington. He meets practically all problems with—*"Let well enough alone!"* Overcrowded classrooms? Understaffed hospitals? Big city slums? Threats of nuclear war? You'll never get a suggestion for solving these problems from him! You'll hardly get a sympathetic ear. Wedded to the present, indifferent to the future, he abhors "experimentation" and resists any new idea. Yet new ideas, it seems to us, are precisely what America now needs—*really* new ideas—plus the willingness of each of us to welcome them with open minds and to speak up for all those ideas that are worthy. Otherwise, the Status Quo Seeker will prevail, and America will *not*.

P.S. "Never let well enough alone" has always been Nationwide's credo. A pioneer in new ideas, its newest idea, SECURANCE, *is its most exciting:*
Se·cur'ance (sē·kūr'ăns), *n.* A new program for true family security, originated by Nationwide Insurance. A method of providing through one representative all (or part) of one's *insurance*—life, health, home, car, property; may include car and home *financing*. Also refers to the unique system of *democratic participation* through which Nationwide's member-customers help determine the direction and scope of company services.

IN SERVICE WITH PEOPLE
NATIONWIDE
America's most progressive insurance organization

Nationwide Mutual Ins. Co./Nationwide Mutual Fire Ins. Co./
Nationwide Life Ins. Co./Home Office: Columbus, O.

but not before he made a killing (fortunately only in dollars). But equally misleading claims persist. For example, Dr. Frank J. Ayd, Jr., a widely respected psychiatrist, testified before a House Committee headed by Congressman John Blatnik about Pacatal, a tranquilizer with which serious side effects had been reported in Norway and Germany. The side effects included a few instances of agranulocytosis, a rare blood disease which is fatal in about 40 per cent of the cases. An article in the *British Medical Journal* also warned against its widespread use. Dr. Ayd tested Pacatal on his patients and reported to the firm that hired him, Warner-Chilcott, that, while effective, it presented some dangers. In promoting the drug the company "edited" his findings so as to present them in a more favorable light. When the psychiatrist protested, he was dropped out of future ads, but not before his name had been used in thousands of mailings.

In promoting tranquilizers to physicians, one firm spent $100,000 on a single mailing. In its elaborate, multi-colored spreads, the industry combines quasi-scientific information with emotional, often subconscious symbols. Atarax ads, for instance, are said to favor blue on the advice of "motivational" specialists. Thorazine for menopausal upsets is illustrated by a heart-rending picture of a woman anxiously watched by her daughter. Doctors are reached by the frequent repetition of "O.K." words such as "synergistic," "potentiating," "sure-fire," and "low toxicity."

Little presents are often sent along with the literature and samples, such as lavishly illustrated cutouts, desk calendars, pen holders, pillows, and "Queeg balls." Roerig provides woolen socks embroidered with the name of the product. Recently Wallace Laboratories sent physicians a record with an Oistrakh violin solo on one side and a product plug on the other.

TRANQUILIZING THE DOCTORS

TEMPTING though such goodies may be, no amount of promotional ballyhoo would insure the success of a drug of dubious merit if the prescribing physician could evaluate the claims made for it. But the simple fact is that he seldom can. The sheer weight of printed matter is overpowering. Advertisements appear in hundreds of medical publications, some five thousand drug company mailings pour into the doctor's office yearly, and the ubiquitous detailmen are daily callers.

At the same time there are so many new drugs that the physician cannot possibly assess them. The drug industry invariably pays lip service to the intelligence, competence, and integrity of the nation's 150,000 practicing physicians. But in practice it exploits their weaknesses and appeals to their fears, prejudices, and self-interest. In its crudest form this is done through financial rebates from drugstores or a cut to doctors who sell drugs directly to the patients. These are probably only a small minority of the profession. But a large number benefit in other ways from the distorted ethics of the "wonder drug" era. The general practitioner recaptures his declining share of the medical dollar by treating patients he used to refer to the hospital or to the specialist. He increases his "productivity" by treating more patients. The younger, more ambitious, and more adventurous physicians gain a sharp competitive edge over their older, more cautious, and less experimentally minded colleagues. Often the pressure to try a costly unproven new drug comes from patients, who may leave a physician who is unwilling to prescribe the latest remedy hailed in *Reader's Digest*.

Small gifts do not, of course, induce a doctor to prescribe a particular drug. Nor do tender attentions at conventions, cocktail parties, or tours of company facilities or the stock exchange.

But a doctor would rather prescribe a drug put out by a large than a small company and the proof of bigness is extensive advertising and a large corps of detailmen. That is why Equanil, which is identical with Miltown, outsells its competitor two to one, why Merck had to merge with Sharp & Dohme, why Pfizer, lacking detailmen, in 1950 had to spend $4 million on its Terramycin "blitz." Small firms producing identical products must confine themselves to the limited institutional market. As a result, two-thirds of the drugs sold by prescription are put out by only fifteen firms, armed with trade names and trade marks.

More than two-thirds of the new drugs launched every year are combinations of ingredients already on the market. Thus by 1957 there were thirty mixtures of two antibiotics, twenty combinations of three antibiotics, eight combinations of four, and four combinations of five antibiotics. In 1943 no antibiotics were sold under trade names. Now there are over a hundred sold under nearly six hundred trade names. With few exceptions there is no reason for using any of these mixtures. In fact, in some cases they may cause health hazards and play a part in the development of resistant strains such as those of the dreaded staphylococcus. Another hazard is

the use of multiple vitamin tablets containing folic acid. Professors M. Nickerson and J. P. Gemmell of the University of Manitoba have called this "an example of polypharmacy that may do serious harm, such as neurological damage in unsuspected pernicious anemia."

The combination of steroid and antacid is another example of how mixtures are promoted. The cortical steroids relieve the pain of arthritis but many physicians fear that they cause peptic ulcer which has a high incidence among arthritics. To allay this worry, a fluent detailman calls on the doctor to introduce a steroid preparation containing an antacid presumably to prevent ulcer. Actually the amount of the antacid is minuscule and it will vanish from the stomach long before the steroid begins to take effect. But because the idea is plausible the doctor prescribes a useless combination and is lulled into a false sense of security. Drug combinations, in essence, help maintain the fiction of large-scale research. They make it more difficult for the doctor to evaluate the drug and usurp his role by predetermining the relative doses of the components.

"The siren song of the purveyor of pills," says Dr. Ernest Jawetz of the University of California Medical Center, "helps to lull the hurried and harried physician into a tranquilized state."

Such criticism greatly annoys the drug makers. In defending high prices, high profits, and the proliferation of drugs, they point to the services they render the medical profession. Medical schools—they slyly hint—may be hypercritical because they resent the fact that drug companies are taking over their teaching functions. This benign view is shared by Dr. George Dana of Manhasset North Shore Hospital in Long Island, New York, who recently told the pharmaceutical houses, "The doctor has been twice blessed by you. You have created the product and you have instructed him as to its usage."

THE TWELVE APOSTLES AND THE FLOATING JUDAS

IN addition to its lofty aims the industry has another defense. It will concede that abuses exist, but argue that they are confined to a few firms. In this vein Dr. Ayd told the Blatnik Committee in 1958:

"The Twelve Apostles had one in their group who did not measure up to par, and this morning we have gone through some advertising which is questionable, at least. I want to point out that there are eleven apostles in the industry. . . ."

But, the committee's counsel interjected, "There were a number of different companies involved in these excesses—not just one."

"That is true," Dr. Ayd conceded. "But they are in the minority."

The president of a large drug company put it to me somewhat differently. "Every dog," he said, "is entitled to one bite."

Now it may be that the proportion of bites to barks in the drug industry is small. But few companies have been wholly innocent of doubtful ethical practices. For example, when students at Albany Medical College made a study of drug advertisements, three-fourths of the class found that the vast majority of claims were exaggerated, that undesirable effects were minimized, and that only a few companies fully co-operated in providing additional clinical information.

Much as some may deplore them, virtually all the drug houses today use questionable sales techniques. Packaging combinations is a universal practice although Dr. Maxwell Finland of Harvard Medical School has called it "a vicious distortion of the best use of medicine." The distinguished firm of G. D. Searle proudly stated in 1957 that its products are "all completely new chemicals, not combinations of existing drugs." But in 1958, they put out combinations of Pro-Banthine with Dartal, and Dramamine with a stimulant.

Nor does a drug company necessarily limit itself to "one bite." When the Federal Trade Commission issued a complaint against Pfizer for printing fictitious cards of doctors with its Sigmamycin ads, the case was dismissed as the promotion was discontinued. Even the name of the drug was changed to Signemycin. But soon Pfizer took another "bite" with its promotion of Enarax, an anti-spasmodic. Ads claimed the drug had been tested for more than a year, when actually it was under test for less than six months. Moreover, clinical results with one ingredient were applied to the whole combination, in spite of the objections of the medical director, who resigned subsequently. Physicians were supplied with free samples of the drug and report forms and encouraged to fill them out with the promise of a dollar contribution to the local medical society for every three completed forms. "This method," says Dr. Joseph Garland, editor of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, "is not usually considered as productive of reliable scientific information."

In the last few years the drug manufacturers have taken to touting slight variants of existing drugs on the grounds of their enhanced potency.

This suggests greater effectiveness when all it means is that a smaller dose can be used. A recent ad for a steroid reads: "Enhanced potency without corresponding increase in side reactions in therapeutic doses." This means that the drug has the same therapeutic effect and the same side reactions, but a very different impression is, of course, intended. Derivatives may occasionally have fewer side effects. But all too often a new analogue seems to eliminate one unwelcome side reaction only to develop another. Frequently a new drug has not been tested long enough to establish the incidence of serious side effects.

But the drug makers have a powerful economic incentive to push the more potent variants of drugs. Prices of steroids range from about $5.50 for cortisone to $215 for dexamethasone (Decadron) per gram. Many more pills of given effectiveness can be made from a gram of dexamethasone than from a gram of cortisone. But the price of all steroids per dose to the consumer varies only from twenty-three cents to thirty cents. The cost of producing more powerful drugs does not rise in the same ratio as their potency, according to John Blair, the able economist of the Kefauver Committee, so that the profit margins are much greater in the production of the more potent derivatives. It is therefore no surprise that manufacturers devote a growing proportion of their research and development resources to what Dr. Louis Lasagna of Johns Hopkins calls the "pharmaceutical numbers racket."

WHO GUARDS THE GUARDIANS?

HOW is it that the ethical drug industry has not come into sharp conflict with the several agencies that are supposed to guard its integrity—the Food and Drug Administration, the Federal Trade Commission, and the American Medical Association?

Certainly all of them must accept some blame for the lowering of standards. The Food and Drug Administration, to be sure, is primarily responsible for the safety and purity of drugs rather than their therapeutic merits. But even within these narrowly interpreted powers, the agency does not act soon enough or energetically enough. Seldom has it remonstrated about preposterous claims which have evoked protests in the medical journals. Take the case of the antibiotic dihydrostreptomycin. Years ago there were warnings that it might cause deafness. The makers then combined it with streptomycin or penicillin which did nothing to reduce the danger and the *Journal of the American Medical Association* warned against the drug. But as this article goes to press the FDA has not prohibited the compound even though staff members with whom I talked did not deny its dangers. They hinted that something is about to be done.

FDA permits a new drug to be marketed primarily on the basis of clinical tests submitted by the manufacturer. It does not usually do its own testing and to review the evidence has only a small staff, supplemented by young interns working part-time. It handles thousands of new applications every year and, except in the case of an obvious health hazard, an application to market a new drug becomes automatically effective after sixty days.

The majority of the people working for FDA are honest and conscientious but there are some curious exceptions. One high official writes panegyrics in favor of dubious combinations and up to very recently was also the paid editor of two medical journals of uncertain independence. Some of the personnel of FDA enter the agency as a stepping stone to a more lucrative career with the drug industry and indeed there is a disquieting movement of top officials back and forth between the industry and the FDA.

The performance of the Federal Trade Commission is no more comforting. The law it is charged with enforcing makes it peculiarly hard to regulate the advertising claims of the ethical drug industry. In effect, it says that ads directed to the medical profession are false and misleading only if they contain an untrue statement of a material fact or if they fail to give the ingredients of an ethical drug. This section, supposedly inserted on the insistence of organized medicine, considerably limits the police power of the FTC. All the same, it is amazing that since 1938 there has been only one court decision involving an ethical drug and only two complaints, both against the same firm, of misleading advertising of a prescription drug.

The FTC, it seems, is reluctant to take action against ethical drug makers and must be spurred into doing so by publicity. For example, FTC officials conceded to me that their complaint against Pfizer's Sigmamycin was issued only after sensational articles had appeared in the lay press; they hinted that an action against Enarax was taken for a similar reason. When I pointed out that other companies were guilty of even more serious lapses, these officials thanked me for bringing these things to their attention.

What about the American Medical Association? It too seems to have little interest in

curbing the excesses of the drug houses. Its publication, *New and Nonofficial Remedies*, reviews only a small fraction of drugs marketed every year and does not generally consider combinations. Moreover, *NNR* does not endorse any drugs, makes no efficacy and cost comparisons with competing remedies, couches its analysis in highly technical language, and, in brief, is of little use to the practicing physician.

The executives of the AMA are very sympathetic to the problems of the industry. Said a former president of the Association, "Both the medical profession and pharmacy must shoulder one major public relations objective: to tell the American people, over and over, that nearly all of today's drugs, especially the antibiotics, are bargains at any price." This presumably applied to penicillin V which costs twenty-five cents a tablet—twice as much as penicillin G which is just as good. When, in following this advice, the manufacturers used techniques more appropriate to selling soap, as Dr. Harry Dowling of the University of Illinois complained in his now famous article, "'Twixt the Cup and the Lip," the editors of the *Journal of the AMA* protested that "In a free enterprise system such as exists in the United States where there is competition and a need for some return for shareholders one finds evidence of such selling whether it be the manufacturing of cars, appliances, clothing, or foods." I do not know how much this attitude of the AMA stems from the fact that half of its budget comes from ethical drug advertising. But I rather suspect that at least equally important is the fact that stern criticism of the drug makers carries the implication that not all doctors are well trained and that they occasionally are susceptible to trickery.

OUGHT THERE BE A LAW?

WHAT then can be done? Proposals for reform range from mild self-policing to the suggestion that the drug industry be treated as a public utility.

Two codes of ethics have been promulgated by the manufacturers, one in 1955, the other in 1958. Both were toothless. The manufacturers claim that a really determined attempt at internal regulation may run afoul of the antitrust laws. Whatever the merit of this contention, the industry has no intention of giving its own house a thorough cleaning even though it may try to sweep some dirt under the rug.

On the other hand, little could be gained by trying to treat the ethical drug industry as a public utility. Our experience with the public bodies set up to regulate the railroads, the air lines, and the air waves has not been very encouraging. The local governments that grant franchises to water, gas, and electric companies in return for the right to pass on rates have not been conspicuously successful in protecting the consumer. But even if the prices charged by the drug industry could be regulated by a commission, this would not be desirable. It would impose a uniform rate of return on companies with widely differing economic characteristics and subsidize the inefficient at the expense of the more dynamic firms. It would greatly increase the degree of monopoly in the industry and put an additional squeeze on the smaller firm.

There are real advantages in a vigorous drug industry, however sharp its selling methods and however taxing its pricing policies. No regulated firm is likely to send a team of scientists into a jungle to search for a drug, or to explore new approaches to old diseases. Some way must be found to eliminate current practices without destroying the initiative of the drug companies. The question is how.

Some important clues may be found in the work of the Hinchliffe Committee, set up by the British Minister of Health in June of 1957. The committee was presided over by a jurist and included leading clinicians, pharmacologists, medical practitioners, and a first-class statistician. It studied problems very similar to ours. When its final unanimous report appeared in May 1959 it commanded universal respect and attention. Many of its recommendations are fully applicable to our own situation. For example, the committee found that when doctors prescribe by generic rather than by trade names the cost of drugs could be reduced by at least one-fourth. It urged that drug ads give not only the generic name but also the price of the drug. It recommended refresher courses in pharmacology for practicing physicians and stronger university courses in prescribing.

The Kefauver Committee is currently undertaking a comprehensive investigation of the whole ethical drug industry. Even though its hearings may be more biased and less judicious than the secret sessions of the Hinchliffe Committee, they have the virtue of stirring public opinion. There is little doubt that the Kefauver Committee will be more fruitful than the 1955 Report of the Advisory Committee to the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare that recommended added powers and funds for the Food and Drug Administration. *(Continued, p. 84)*

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WILLIAM S. WHITE

Influentials Anonymou

Four lawyer-politicians are playing an important role in the fight for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Little known outside of Washington, they serve their candidates with the impersonal skill of a boxer's manager.

WASHINGTON—The most exclusive set of professional people in the United States are some of the men behind some of the men who are running for President.

Jim Rowe . . . Clark Clifford . . . Tommy Corcoran . . . Hy Raskin. . . . You could call them compulsive politicians, men who can't just take it or leave it alone. They are simply unable to stay out of the line of fire in a Presidential year, much as Irishmen are said to be unable to stay out of a street fight.

Or you could call them the Influentials Anonymous, bearing in mind that "anonymous" is used here as a relative term. None of them is really unknown; but they do work mostly behind the scenery.

Their strange breed requires a little further definition. We are not talking of the paid staff of candidates. Ineligible also for this little club are those politicians who are in this campaign for reasons both obvious and ordinary. Men like Speaker Sam Rayburn of Texas, Governor Orville Freeman of Minnesota, Robert Kennedy, and Leonard W. Hall are more important in this struggle than are the Influentials Anonymous. But they are also less interesting.

Why would *not* Rayburn be in, once his friend and protégé and fellow Congressional leader, Senator Lyndon B. Johnson, became a determinedly unannounced but powerfully non-active candidate? Or Freeman, when his political partner in Minnesota, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, is a highly active (and tirelessly articulate) candidate? How could Bob Kennedy avoid getting into the campaign, since his Brother Jack was the first and most open candidate of all? Or Len Hall, the brilliant Republican national chairman who did so much for the Eisenhower Administration—and was thanked for it by being shunted aside for the New York governorship in favor of Nelson Rockefeller? (The fact that Hall is now a devoted adviser of Vice President Nixon is hardly surprising, either. He is an all-time, not a part-time pro.)

The staff members and office employees of the aspirants also are playing the game for ordinary reasons. Obviously, Ted Sorensen would still be at Senator Kennedy's side if Kennedy were spending these current urgent months, not in Presidential primaries, but simply in responding to the routine needs of the splendid people of the state of Massachusetts. So, too, with George Reedy for Senator Johnson, with Herbert Waters for Senator Humphrey, and a half-dozen similar aides. This is how they make their livings.

ndeed, most of the professional iticians active in the present cam-gn can be divided into three ups. All are d by this columnist, but only one eally significant here:

ection A: These—the Rayburns, Freemans, the Bob Kennedys, the nard Halls—are more *associates* andidates than workers for them. ey might be called the influentials nonymous.

ection B: The paid staff people—Sorensens, Waterses, and so on n be classified as the inevita-s anonymous—men who will go erever the boss goes, and so this e are going along while the boss ks the White House.

Before going on to the Influentials onymous in Section C, there is e other disclaimer: We are not ticularly interested here in in-nces of the devoted services of t sort of President-maker—like the e Louis Howe for FDR—who is ply a burningly loyal True Be-ver in One Man.

To be sure, the Influentials Anon-ous are not cynics. Each "believes " the 1960 candidate he is pushing. t none of them will "believe" in candidate to the point of making campaign a personal holy cru-le. If any one of them "believed" such an extent as all that it would necessary to expel him from In-entials Anonymous.

Some of my four—and maybe in pinch every one of them except e redoubtable Rowe—might per-ps wish to disclaim that central, ique quality which makes each of em an Influential Anonymous. All e same, that quality is unhesitat-gly put forward as the touchstone. is the quality of compulsive ac-n; my four can only take politics, ey cannot leave it alone. A born iter *will* write. A born painter *ll* paint. And a born politician of is kind *will* politic; he will hash er and spin out and worry with e rules and lore of the trade even he must do it alone, like a man aying solitaire in an empty card-om.

Clark Clifford will say, and mean, at he is in this campaign because old friendship and admiration for s fellow Missourian, Senator Stuart ymington. One can accept this for e record, but a large exception

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must at the same time be noted: If there were no Stuart Symington and if Missouri had nothing whatever directly to do with the pre-convention campaign, Clifford would surely be getting into the thing somewhere. If he had not got his present reason he would have another. My guess would be that in this state of affairs he would say to himself: "Well, after all, I do deeply believe in the *Democratic party;* and in these circumstances surely a fellow has a *duty* . . ."

Corcoran? He is in the game for Lyndon Johnson, though in a characteristically less urgent and day-by-day way than his law partner, Rowe is in the game for Humphrey. "Tommy the Cork" has an unsleeping taste for the strategic aspects of politics, the very high-level stuff, as he had long ago in the White House when he served FDR. He is a man of great private objectivity. He is for Johnson because he thinks Johnson is the ablest man in the race—and also, I suspect, for the sake of auld lang syne. Johnson was a Roosevelt protégé two decades ago; so was Corcoran.

So, indeed, was Rowe. And here is the embodiment, the distillate, of that quality of compulsive politic which is present in all the four. In Rowe it is markedly and undeniably rampant. He, too, was a Roosevelt White House assistant. He, too, is a tried friend of Johnson's from the long ago. But as the months went on and Johnson resolutely refused to concede his own candidacy, Rowe was unable to contain himself.

Finding it impossible longer to stay out of the action, he simply enlisted for Humphrey—whose *policies* at that, are probably nearer to Rowe's own taste than those of Johnson.

Rowe's progress, again, has a close parallel in that of Hy Raskin. Raskin was an Adlai Stevenson man in two elections. He would have been again but for the fact that he got the word long ago that Stevenson was not "going" this time—that he would accept a third nomination but wouldn't look for it. So now Raskin is a Jack Kennedy man.

It was with Rowe (and with Raskin too) a case quite similar to that of many young Americans at the onset of both world wars. While the United States long remained

lly neutral, these characters simply pped the leash and went off to join Canadians or the British. They nted to fight Germans. Rowe nted to fight Republicans. And if could not get into action along- his originally preferred cham- n, Johnson, he would do so with of the allied powers, Humphrey.

I E S E four in some things are all e, each to the other. And in some er things they are quite unlike. ey are all in their fifties, not so ch resisting the slow erosions of ldle age as unconscious of middle 's demands. They are all gray— fford only faintly so. They are all ionists—Rowe pre-eminently so, skin very much so, Corcoran etly so, and Clifford just per- tibly so. They are all great to d conversationalists; Rowe again st so, and Raskin least. Rowe and coran are profoundly non-con- mist; Raskin mildly non-conform- Clifford markedly conformist and it country-clubbish, too.

Rowe is tall and decidedly, uggedly, handsome. Corcoran is rter, tending to portliness. Raskin oth tall and wide. Clifford is, in usual American definition, much handsomest of all; a bit of a ar ad, most people would say. we and Corcoran are bookish; skin not very; Clifford definitely . Each (with the possible excep- n of Clifford) thinks himself a y tough, hard-boiled guy. Each h the possible exception of fford) is really a hard-boiled guy side and a soft-boiled guy inside. we and Corcoran—who flee all gestions of sentimentalism so des- ately as to convict themselves as n of sentiment—are collectors of y cats among mankind; though n would rather be called a usurer n an openly compassionate man. is the call of combat which the uentials Anonymous find it ab- tely impossible not to heed. They not mercenary troops. They are n whose profession, the law, has n intermixed with a long avoca- n of politics, an affair of love and all mixed together. They make money in these campaigns. Quite contrary, they lose money of r own. They neglect their law k. They are unpaid by their didates. Moreover, all of them

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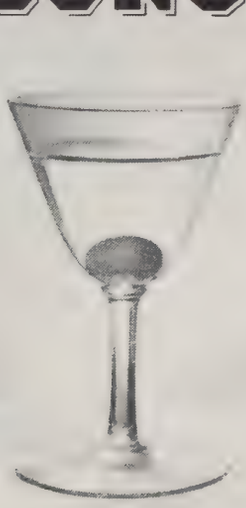
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save Raskin even pay their own e
penses. Travel is not a substanti
outlay to Corcoran or Clifford; th
work mostly at their desks, on "t
big picture." But for Rowe an
Raskin a tidy sum is involved. The
two go out endlessly to "meet t
people"—by which they really mea
the local Democratic politicians.

I T would be naïve, of course, to su
pose that any of these four would n
be better off, as a lawyer, if h
choice won the Presidency. In
hundred entirely legitimate ways
attorney will lose nothing, surely,
clients know the man in the Whi
House to be his friend. But in
larger sense these Influentials Anon
mous—such urgently partisan fello
they are—are paradoxically men of
certain disinterestedness. I have
slightest doubt that Rowe at le
(and of the four he is the one I kn
most intimately) would have
more money in the bank if he h
taken the pledge politically on
FDR left the scene and had simp
devoted himself to practicing law.

There is much more than a tra
of true generosity and large-minde
ness in this scurrying about, at t
cost of one's own comfort and pock
book, to promote another man's a
bitions. It does not follow, in t
rubrics of political reality, that d
tinguished service to a candidate
fore or even at the convention w
automatically be rewarded by, say
Cabinet post—or by anything els

In the history of the game, wha
Presidential aspirant may most
member and most reward is the
tion of some safe and canny ch
who may have come very late i
the battle—and via the draft law
that—but is able at precisely
critical time to deliver precisely wh
the candidate *then* needs in the w
of delegates or whatnot. "What h
you done for me *lately?*" is a m
frequently operative phrase th
might be supposed. And in polit
the old Army saying, "never, *ne*
volunteer," is not without meani

The inner drives of the Influ
tials Anonymous are on the whol
service to the best of the Americ
political tradition. And the fact t
circumstances have not thrown
quite such characters on Nixon's s
this time would be a pity, if it w
not that he is unopposed for

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OP nomination anyhow. When a litician is in his fortunate position, d has able staff people like Robert nch and Herbert Klein to boot, he esn't have a crying need for the mpulsive volunteers.

OR the true, best function of this all and hardy band is actually mething of the best (and basically personal) function of a good law- r toward any client. Clifford will for Symington to the end, Rowe r Humphrey, Corcoran for John- n, Raskin for Kennedy. But the iritual club house jointly inhabited the four has more rooms than e. To each man, advocacy is one ing; but violent distemper toward her fellow club members or other ndidate-clients is quite another ing. A good lawyer separates his ad from his heart. The Influentials nonymous, like most born fighting en, hit hard but never hate.

Rowe's law office and Clifford's w office, for example, are only ocks apart in downtown Washing- n. The one often meets the other, sually or otherwise. The one will y to the other: "We hear that your an (your candidate) is saying such d such about our man. Is he?" he other Influential Anonymous ll then reply with entire truth andor is part of the self-imposed de of the group) either that the mor is so or that it isn't. If it *is* and situations of undue interne- ne bitterness menacing to the long- rm future of the Democratic party self are seen to be developing, the fluentials Anonymous will un- esitatingly join together to try to it a stop to that sort of thing.

Again, and looking ahead a few onths, it is entirely sure that the ampions of Messrs. Rowe, Cor- ran, Clifford, and Raskin cannot *l* be nominated. (One or more may already out of it by the time this lumn appears.) When the decision at last made in behalf of one happy pirant, at least three others are go- g to be less than happy. At this oint, the Influentials Anonymous ill go into informal caucus. The iumphant Anonymous whose man as made it will then revert to his rofessional as distinguished from is compulsively avocational role. In word, he will propose a sensible ut-of-court settlement in behalf of



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his client to the three other lawyers in behalf of *their* clients.

Manifestly, this will be the sort of thing then most needed by the Democrats as a whole party. Equally obviously, the defeated aspirants will require a deal of straight lawyer-to-client talk to make any real peace with the winning aspirant. You rarely see litigants in a courtroom—especially where the case has been one of vast stakes and celebrity—who are able personally to make an accommodation which each can accept; for that they need lawyers who can handle such concessions without emotion. And in a political convention the case cannot go to a jury at all. The only jury hearing doesn't come along until November—and then in another case.

So, the Messrs. Rowe, Corcoran, Clifford, and Raskin will have much to do in helping draw up the settlement in the end. Call them honest brokers, of the legal sort, at this juncture. For the very fact that they *are* Influentials Anonymous has at bottom a simple explanation. They are engaged in Democratic politics neither as employees to be bossed nor as equal-level associates of their candidates—whose objectivity cannot, in the nature of things, usually be depended upon in the last crisis. Their peculiar expertise would have to be invented if they did not exist.

SO it is that the very compulsions which flung them into this struggle in the springtime, in advocacy of this or that man, will at length require them to help draw up their party into reasonable array for November. For, of course, in the end, they are advocates not so much of one man or another man as of a *party*. When you serve, say, with the First Division you will well regard its current commanding general as absolutely irreplaceable. But when he moves on—lost in action or lost to the division by promotion to higher command—you find that it was, after all, the *Division* with which, most of all, you were really involved.

So it is with the Influentials Anonymous. What really compels them is the game itself. They have to go on shooting Republicans not because they hate Republicans, but because a target is an indispensable part of the game.

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by Ed Ewing

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PAUL PICKREL

Private Life among the Foreigners. Americans, and Criminals

OCCASIONALLY a book appears that seems to have little or nothing to do with the other literature of its time and place. Such a book is **The Leopard** by Giuseppe di Lampedusa (Pantheon, $4.50), a novel about an aristocratic Sicilian family in the nineteenth century. The author, a descendant of the house whose story he tells, had no reputation as a novelist before his death in 1957, but his posthumously published book has had a great success in Europe and should attract a large audience here. (It is a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.)

Di Lampedusa gives no evidence of having read the modern Italian novelists, or any other modern novelist for that matter. If he brings to mind another writer it is Tolstoy—not the Tolstoy of vast scenes or all-embracing ideas, but the Tolstoy who excelled in the portrayal of family life in a great household, like the Rostovs in *War and Peace*. At the same time di Lampedusa has something in his tone that is not Tolstoyan, a kind of smiling detachment, a sense that human folly is both more amusing and less reprehensible than Tolstoy could bring himself to see it.

The main character in *The Leopard* is the Prince of Salina, a great Sicilian aristocrat and landowner, a man of distinguished intellectual gifts (he has an international reputation as an astronomer), but essentially, like the leopard on his coat of arms, a proud and passionate creature. He is a man whose life runs against the grain of his own nature; he lives in an age of accommodation and knows that for his family to survive he must learn to accommodate himself to new ways, but he hates the necessity of embracing mediocrity.

In part the Prince simply faces the need to accommodate himself to the conditions of life, as everyone does: He is no longer young and will soon be older; his wife is a charming woman but more limited in mind and passion than he might have hoped; his children are an unremarkable lot with narrow expectations of themselves.

But the Prince lives on a larger stage and there too he must play a role of gracefully accepting change that he is powerless to halt. He must walk the tightrope that leads to survival during the period of the unification of Italy (most of the story takes place in the early 1860s when Garibaldi's redshirts were uniting Italy under the King of Sardinia), although he knows that in a united Italy there will be less and less place for a great feudal lord like himself. In his own household he faces a similar problem. His nephew, Tancredi, a devoted follower of Garibaldi and a special favorite of the old Prince because of his bold, ambitious, and life-loving nature, has been left penniless by a spendthrift father, and in order to make his mark in the world he must marry money. Although the Prince had hoped that his own daughter would be Tancredi's bride, he recognizes that the lubricious daughter of a newly-rich man of no distinction is a better catch, and tactfully encourages his nephew's alliance with a family he despises.

The main story, the account of the events of the 1860s, is followed by two other episodes, the Prince's death years later and then an incident set in 1910, when the unmarried daughters of the Prince are in turn grown old. They have become ignorantly pious old women, unaware that the splendor of their noble house is departed, living with distorted memories of the past.

The Leopard is a rather wonderful book. It is written with an unblinking eye on the human fact, and yet it has a kind of emotional spaciousness that makes the human fact moving, however shoddy or noble it may be, because its paltriness or farce is seen across the years. The following lines describing Tancredi dancing at a ball with the girl he is to marry make di Lampedusa's point of view more obvious than it generally is, but reveal something of his quality as a writer:

> The black of his tail coat, the pink of her dress, formed a kind of strange jewel. They were the most moving sight there, two young people in love dancing together, blind to each other's defects, deaf to the warnings of fate, deluding themselves that the whole course of their lives would be as smooth as the ballroom floor, unknowing actors made to play the parts of Juliet and Romeo by a director who had concealed the fact that tomb and

poison were already in the script. Neither of them was good, each full of self-interest, swollen with secret aims; yet there was something sweet and touching about them both; those unlimpid but ingenuous ambitions of theirs were obliterated by the words of jesting tenderness he was murmuring in her ear, by the scent of her hair, by the mutual clasp of those bodies of theirs destined to die.

RETURN TO THE SCENE

The Man of Blood by Jose Luis de Vilallonga (Simon and Schuster, $3) and **The Disinherited** by Michel del Castillo (Knopf, $3.95) are both novels about the Spanish Civil War, and both are by writers of Spanish birth who live in France and write in French.

De Vilallonga is old enough to have served in the war; as a boy of sixteen he joined a regiment on the side that turned out to be Franco's, but later he became disillusioned with Franco, wrote a book unfavorable to the regime, and has been sentenced *in absentia* to long-term imprisonment in Spain.

The main character in de Vilallonga's novel—the "man of blood" of the title—is General Pizarro, a peasant boy who because of his great courage and natural military genius rose to command in the Republican armies. After the defeat he fled to Russia, where for a time he studied military science but later was reduced to menial labor. When the novel begins he is returning to Paris on foot after twenty years in Russia, looking for his sister and her husband, who run a Parisian bar that is a meeting place for Spanish exiles.

But he finds more in Paris than his sister and her circle of dispirited refugees. He finds the woman, the daughter of the rich landowner on whose estate he had been a peasant as a boy, who had been his wife for a few passionate days during the war. He never actually sees her, but he learns enough about her to discover that, instead of loving him as he had thought, she had used him to buy her own way to safety, and her power is still sufficient to destroy him.

The Man of Blood is tersely written, a little in the manner of Hemingway, and de Vilallonga recreates with brilliant economy both the remembered scenes in Spain and the life of the aging expatriates in Paris. The general plan of the novel is rather diagrammatic, at least if it is read as a political allegory (and it is not easily read otherwise): the General's long residence in Russia has completely killed his hopes for Communism as a solution to his country's problems, but the revelation of his wife's treachery reminds him that the ruling class in Spain has nothing but its own narrow interests at heart.

The author's final judgment of contemporary Spain is probably summarized in the words of the General's sister: "They've become small. Both sides"; but the character of the General himself is apparently meant as a reminder of the heroic possibilities in the Spanish character.

MICHEL DEL CASTILLO is thirteen years younger than de Vilallonga; as he says in a prefatory note to *The Disinherited*, his eyes first opened on scenes of blood, and the Spanish Civil War made him homeless. (The story of his boyhood as an international refugee he has already published in a remarkable book called *Child of Our Time*.)

But it seems likely that *The Disinherited* owes less to del Castillo's actual childhood memories of the war than to his more recent exposure to the debate among French intellectuals on the subject of rebellion and revolution—significantly, each section of his book bears an epigraph from the work of the late Albert Camus.

Each of the main characters represents an attitude toward revolution: Olny, the son of a miserable couple living in a jerrybuilt slum on the edge of Madrid, simply wants a better chance in life, primarily a job, so that he can help his younger brother and marry the girl he loves; his friend Ramirez, who introduces him to Marxism, is more bitter, class-conscious, and doctrinaire; Santiago de Leyes, for a time Olny's hero and later his patron, is the scion of a great family and has become a Communist partly out of guilt and loneliness and partly out of desire to reach and serve the people.

There is nothing dry or arid about the debate among these men as del Castillo develops it, for it is a debate of actions even more than of words; by the end of the war all the participants are dead or ruined for their beliefs. Del Castillo's own sympathies seem to lie closest to those characters who take a religious view of life's responsibilities; although in his prefatory note he denies that he has "undergone any spectacular conversion," the most moving section of his book portrays the last days of an old aristocrat (Santiago de Leyes' father) who has been an unusually good landlord and a just and generous man, but who realizes as death approaches that he has served himself rather than God.

Where *The Man of Blood* seems to be quite specifically concerned with the problems of Spain, *The Disinherited* is more generally concerned with the problems of contemporary man as they dramatically emerged a quarter of a century ago in the context of the Spanish Civil War. It is not, I think, a great book, but it is intelligent and passionate and continuously absorbing.

FROM ENGLAND

Eating People Is Wrong (Knopf, $4), a first novel by a young English writer named Malcolm Bradbury, is an amalgamation of just about everything that is fashionable in intellectual

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and literary circles. The main character is a rather ineffectual professor of English in a dreary provincial university, and so the book recalls *Lucky Jim*, but it also recalls *The Groves of Academe*, *Pictures from an Institution*, *The Liberal Imagination*, the books of various stylish sociologists, the novels of the angry young men, and so much else that a bibliography really should have been provided.

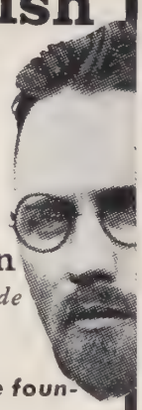
In addition to being remarkably well-read, Bradbury is also remarkably witty, so that the surface of his book is almost blindingly brilliant. But beneath the surface his real concern is with a kind of man who is a little out of place in such a novel. In the first part of the book the professor is put through so many hoops to illustrate the author's learning or wit that his character has little coherence; only at the end, when Bradbury writes much more simply and directly and sympathetically, does he emerge as the lonely, suffering figure he is, with no firm affiliations to other people and no passionate commitments to ideas beyond a genuine but not very inspiriting notion that he ought to behave decently.

Yet Bradbury is obviously a talented writer, and a good deal of his book is undeniably entertaining. He seems scarcely to have found his own voice in *Eating People Is Wrong*, but he is certainly an accomplished ventriloquist, and in time he should be an excellent novelist.

Evidence of Love (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4) by Dan Jacobson, the South African writer who now lives and works in England, is an uneven sort of novel, rather awkwardly put together and not entirely effective in its conclusion, but it contains some fine scenes and characters, and nothing about the book is trivial or superficial.

Kenneth Makeer, the main character, is a "Cape Colored," light enough to pass as white outside South Africa, and through the intervention of a rich and unconventional old woman in his native town he gets a chance to go to London to study law. There he meets and falls in love with a white girl from the same town, another protégée of his benefactress. He knows who the girl is perfectly well but she does not recog-

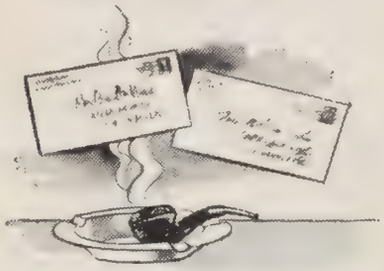
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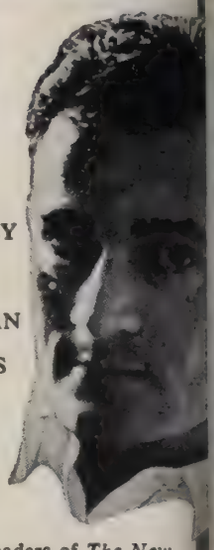


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ize him (she had seen him and even ooken to him back in South Africa, ut the difference between their ocial positions there was such that he was hardly aware of his existnce), and he succeeds in hiding his ackground from her. When his lentity is finally revealed to the girl y another South African the con-quences are not pleasant.

Jacobson's characters are all very ell drawn—the rich old woman anipulating the young people artly out of generosity and partly ut of the will to power; the gentle, lealistic girl and her fair-minded, assionate father; the girl's London mployer, hiding a filthy mind under censorious manner. But Jacobson s at his best in presenting the "Cape Coloreds"—Kenneth Makeer and his ather and brother, especially Kenneth's growing awareness that the pportunity to become educated ecessarily estranges him from his wn family, and that he has personal emotional needs in conflict with his public mission of serving is people.

SOME AMERICAN NOVELS

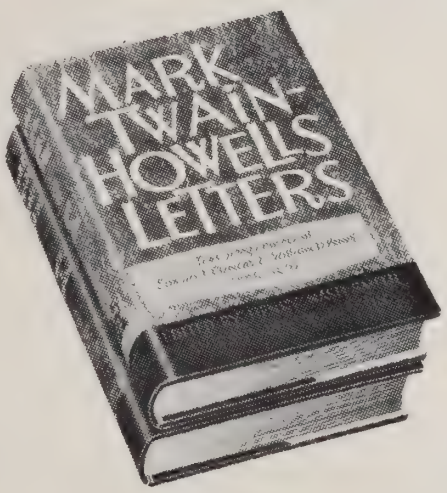
THERE are some rather interesting differences between the novels by foreign writers so far discussed and the novels by Americans to be reviewed next. All the imported books deal in some sense with the adjustment between private and public life, between the claims or ideals or repressions of society and the individual's emotional development. The American novels, on the other hand, are almost entirely concerned with private life. But it would be easy to make too much of this point on the basis of a handful of novels, and besides, two of the writers designated as American are actually of European birth (Hans Koningsberger and Ernst Pawel), and one of them (Pawel) has written a book that may strike a reader as less American than European in its outlook.

An American Romance by Hans Koningsberger (Simon and Schuster, $3.50) is an excellent book within its very limited scope. There are only two characters of any importance, a couple in their twenties: Philip, a rootless young man who has worked in various parts of the country be-

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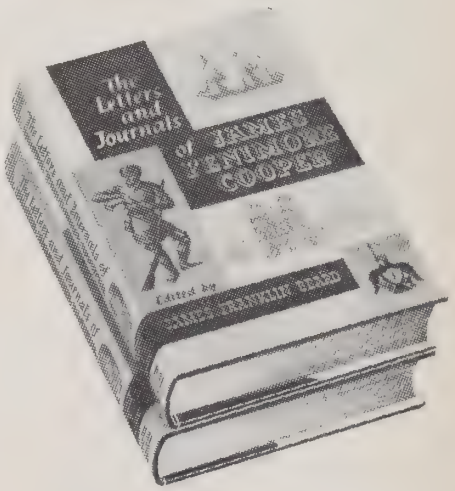
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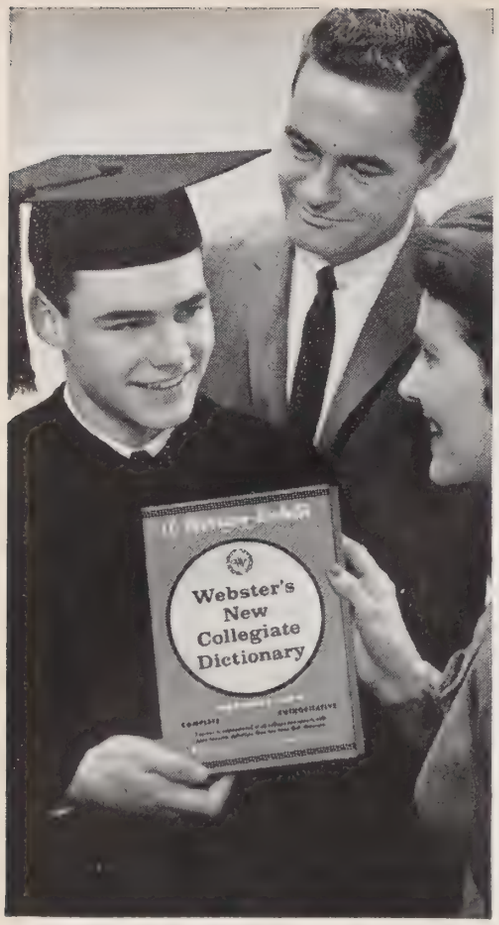
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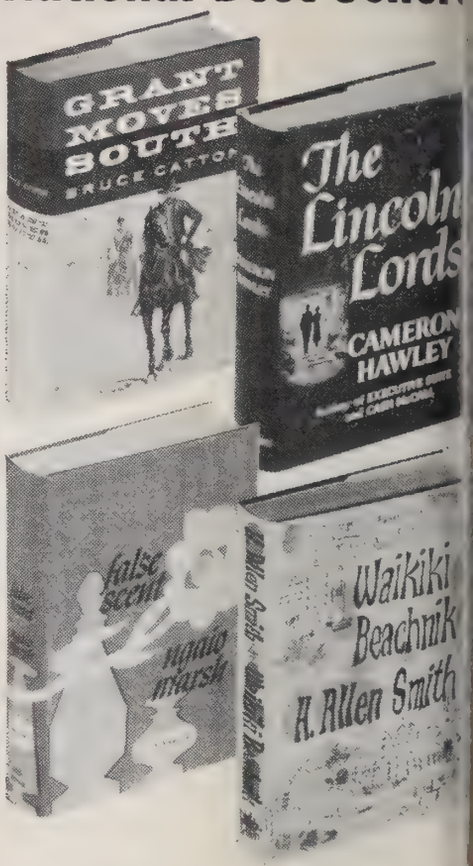
fore coming to New York, and Ann, a girl from suburban Boston who has come to New York to work for a philanthropic foundation. They meet at a cocktail party, soon he moves into her apartment, and shortly thereafter they are married. For a time sexuality holds them together, but differences in their interests, in what they want out of marriage, in their attitudes toward money and the future, increasingly separate them, and by the end of the book Philip has drifted into a casual affair with another girl and his marriage seems destined to fail.

The book is a little like one of Françoise Sagan's in its delicate tracing of the arc of passion; each scene precisely indicates a point on the upward or downward curve of the relationship. The only trouble is that Philip and Ann are a rather dull pair to read about, and it is not easy to attach much importance to what happens to them, especially since, given the kind of people they are, what happens to them is highly predictable.

The Keener Love by Sally Thompson (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.95) is a story told in reverse. At the beginning of the book a young woman named Sara Wilson returns from New England to the Maryland estate of her mother and stepfather, May and Sam Barnes, with the news that her husband is divorcing her. Then, after a large party, she proceeds to commit suicide in circumstances that make her parents feel guilty for her death. The mother has a breakdown and goes into a sanitorium, but Sam Barnes, who has always loved the girl in spite of her resentment of him as an interloper in the family, attempts to expiate his guilt by undertaking to discover what made Sara's life such a failure.

Sam turns up a good deal of nasty information: Sara had been wildly promiscuous, a heavy drinker, and in other ways no model of rectitude; and in the course of his investigations Sam begins to drift into much the same pattern of behavior. But by tracing some obscure clues he finally discovers what was really wrong with the girl: her father, his predecessor as May's husband, never loved her. Consequently Sara went to bed with any man who resembled

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er father in an effort to win the ve she had not had in childhood, id so ruined her life. Having dis-dged this secret, Sam is ready to turn home to a recuperating May. Somehow all this does not make a ry satisfactory book. The reader els cheated to have read through a ther elaborate novel simply to find e disassembled pieces of a small id pat case history. Everything of gnificance that is revealed about ra could have been put in a few ges, pages that might have been of ore clinical than fictional interest. Yet Miss Thompson reveals con-derable native talent as a writer in *he Keener Love*. In this book she s chosen a rather unrewarding sub-ct, and by telling her story back-ards she probably has put it in its ost unfavorable light, but with a tter subject presented in a more raightforward way she should pro-ce a novel of real distinction.

the Absence of Magic by Ernst wel (Macmillan, $3.75) is another vel concerned with "psychology," ough in a rather more sophisti-ted way than *The Keener Love*. ere the main characters are both en, Burt and Peter. Burt is a very ccessful writer and rich by inherit-nce; in his forties he is still youth-l in appearance and a great armer, but he suffers from a ippling neurotic disorder. Peter is double refugee, first from Europe, here he had a great reputation as a sychiatrist, and second from New ork, where he found the in-fighting nong Freud's disciples too much r him. For some time he has lived a remote island on the Atlantic ast with two adopted children, a rl of sixteen and a younger boy.

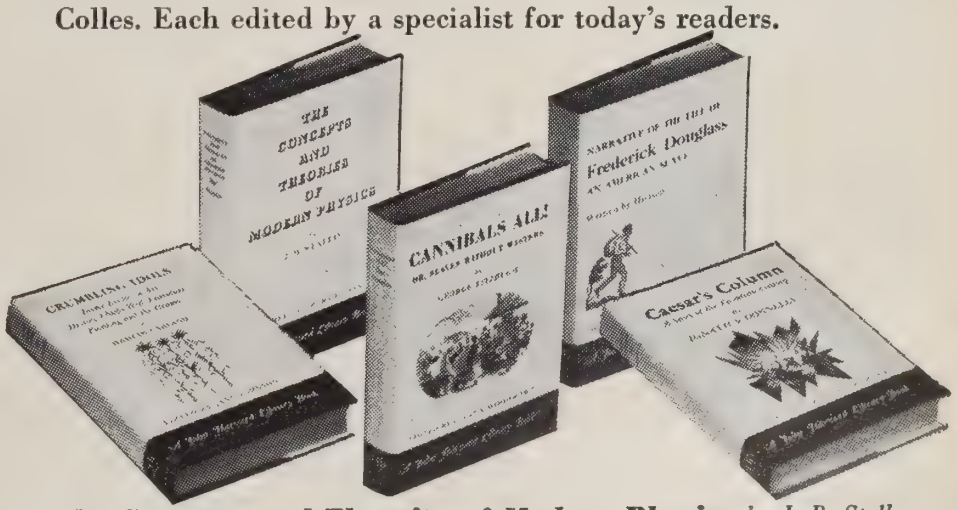
The two men have known each her for many years, ever since Burt as a student in Europe in the late wenties and a patient of Peter's. e has betrayed Peter at various mes and in various ways, including seduction of his wife; but now he nds himself so seriously disturbed hat he must have the psychiatric elp that only Peter seems to be able give him.

So he seeks Peter out on his remote land, but once in the presence of he man he is driven to re-enact his ld competition with him. Since eter's wife is dead the competition

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now centers on the adopted children, especially the girl, whom Burt undertakes to seduce away from her foster father.

It is a curious and puzzling story, and I am not at all sure that I understand what Pawel is trying to do in it. For one thing, he seems to feel a good deal more strongly about certain side issues in the book, issues that are only hinted at, than he does about the central events of the story. He speaks with strong conviction, for instance, wherever he refers to the differences between European and American psychiatry, but these differences are not explored and are of only the most tangential interest in the novel.

And the character of Burt is far from clear. Part of this is simply a failure of writing; Pawel is unable to convey the reality of Burt's neurotic suffering, and so his motive for going in search of Peter and the consequent events lack power. But once Burt locates Peter he hardly acts like a man desperate for help; he behaves a good deal more like a man on vacation.

At bottom, Pawel's problem probably lies in the difficulty that the modern novelist faces in trying to reconcile psychiatric and moral interpretations of human behavior. For Miss Thompson, in *The Keener Love*, this seems not to be a problem, for she apparently sees Sara as a young woman too sick to be morally responsible, and it is for this reason that Sara is not a good character to put at the center of a novel. But Pawel obviously sees Burt as morally reprehensible, though at the same time mentally sick, and it is not easy to see how these two attitudes are reconciled.

A Garden of Cucumbers by Poyntz Tyler (Random House, $3.95) is a novel happily without the slightest trace of psychological interest. It is a light-hearted fantasy about a devoted and ingenious butler, Mr. Buckmaster, whose beloved employer, Miss Victoria Woodhull, was left an estate of $243.12 by her father in 1934 instead of the thirty-odd millions she was expected to inherit, and has not yet found out the difference.

Miss Woodhull's merciful ignorance of her true financial state has been maintained these many yea only by Mr. Buckmaster's skillfu maneuvering of her elaborate hous hold. He has staffed it with mo than twenty servants who are as a complished and varied a bunch crooks as ever assembled outside prison. Some are pickpockets; othe are trained in Mr. Buckmaster's foo proof system of shoplifting; sti others work in shipping rooms whe they mislabel an occasional valuab package so that it ends up in M Buckmaster's hands. His brother ru a retail outlet in Philadelphia to g rid of the stolen goods.

But these are only the run-of-th mill of Mr. Buckmaster's operation the prose of his elegant crimin imagination. He gets Miss Woodhu to give her house to a foundatio dedicated to the comfort of the grie ing—an organization of which h happens to be head—and thereb makes the house tax-exempt. He a master forger of letters of recon mendations, an impostor who never caught, a man of most refine manners and most distinguishe tastes.

Mr. Buckmaster's greatest schem is to take the day's receipts fro Macy's a few days before Christma It would be unfair to reveal th masterly plan he works out for doin the job, or its amazing consequence but it may be fair to say that disast is averted from a most unlike source when it is discovered th Miss Woodhull's labor of mar years, a dictionary for people wh cannot spell, has economic value th no one had foreseen.

A Garden of Cucumbers is ce tainly not a story that will plea everyone. The joke is very elabora and wears thin in a few places, b the book has a great deal of wit an style and inventiveness. It is to h hoped that it will not fall into th hands of the criminal classes, b cause some of the schemes f separating possessions from the lawful possessors look remarkab promising.

NON-FICTIO

The End of Ideology (Free Pres $7.50), a big fat collection of essa by Daniel Bell, is probably the be collection of sociological essays a dressed to the general reader that h

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ppeared since Riesman's *Individu-lism Reconsidered,* and it will al-ost certainly interest anyone who egards himself as seriously con-erned with the present state of merican society.

The essays deal with a great ariety of subjects, but almost all of hem attack some received opinion bout American society. The source f the received opinions ranges from istinguished European sociologists nd economists to popular mythol-gy, but in each instance Bell takes he opinion and examines it against he facts. A typical example, and a ood place to start for the reader ho has no previous acquaintance ith Bell's work, is the essay "The Myth of Crime Waves," in which Bell argues that in recent years there as actually been a decline in crime n this country, contrary to popular pinion. But wherever one turns in he book there is the mark of a igorous, alert, and well-informed ind at work.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Ritual in the Dark, by Colin Wilson.

Over a comparatively short period f time several prostitutes have been orribly murdered in the White-hapel section of London. At the ame time a young writer, Gerard orme, meets Austin Nunne, critic f the ballet, and later some of his riends with whom he becomes uickly and strangely involved. Nunne is a self-confessed homosexual nd sadist, and one starts at once to uspect him of the murders which eep on happening. The atmosphere s murky, frightening, and full of uspense. But it is Mr. Wilson's in-ent to discuss the nature of violent murder from every point of view. Why does the sadist kill? What elevance has the act of murder to atisfactions of "normal" people? What does the church think? The rtist? The psychiatrist? So repre-entatives of all these points of view, ncluding the sadist himself, have at

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least one articulate moment on the subject. And the discussions are fascinating, though in view of Gerard's final actions, I at least was baffled as to what the author has meant to say by it all. He certainly is not accentuating a moral positive. But the book has a lot to suggest on the nature of violence, murder, and rape, even if one disagrees with Mr. Wilson heartily a good part of the time. He tells a compelling story meanwhile, with the resolution of the criss-cross plots a secret till the end. He is also the author of *The Outsider.* Houghton Mifflin, $4

The Rollicking Shore, by E. R. Karr.

These are boyhood recollections of Vino, Ohio—East Side (Italian) and West Side (pleasant, middle-class, non-Italian). The boy used to camp there in the summer, looking out on Lake Erie. His memories make a series of old-fashioned, elaborate jokes, each involving more or less the same set of characters. The stories are based, therefore, on certain standard joke situations—a boy's first inadvertent visit to a whore house; later a second visit arranged by the local atheist, leader of most of the escapades, named Voltaire. On neither of these occasions does he lose his virginity; that's a separate story and comes later. The final narrative is about a man's dying of cancer and preparing his own funeral to the discomfiture of everyone involved, including the town drunks whom he has chosen as pallbearers. Well, you can see how it is. Very broad humor, nicely handled, and some very sympathetic moments if you've a taste for nostalgia and for listening to the raconteur who tells all. McDowell, Obolensky, $3.50

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner, by Alan Sillitoe.

Mr. Sillitoe's first novel, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning,* was welcomed last year with enthusiastic acclaim both here and in England. It was a novel of English working-class people, and these stories are about them too. And in spite of wonderful, often bawdy humor, they are very much about loneliness and long-distance endurance. This is true whether they have to do with an old upholsterer who has lived in a lonely, dreamlike vacuum since the end of World War I, and his attemp to befriend some little girls ("Uncl Ernest"); or with a postman wh lives quietly alone for ten years afte his wife has left him ("The Fishin Boat Picture"); or with the long distance runner himself whose stor is told almost entirely in inne monologue as he does his mornin run, on his honor as a prisoner a Borstal—which he makes clear is n more a prison to him than most o his life has been. It is hard to ex plain that reading these stories i not a lugubrious experience; tha one laughs out loud; and that if pit ever starts to take over you are a pains not to let his tough Notting hamshire characters catch you in dulging in it. Their lives are buil on pride and this book of shor stories is a monument to them. Knopf, $3.5

A Choice of Heaven, by J. M. Scott

The author of this South-Sea island adventure is already wel known for *Heather Mary* and *Sea Wyf.* His story, faintly reminiscen of Jacquetta Hawkes' *Paradise Is land,* tells of men, mostly Scotsmen who set sail across the Pacific i search of science, wealth, or peace The characters seem less flesh an blood than those in Mr. Scott's othe tales, but the story burbles alon with constant excitement; there is fine plot-within-a-plot and I'm sur Hollywood will make the most of it Dutton, $3.5

NON-FICTION

Anyone who is not satisfied wit Colin Wilson's stimulating fictiona speculation on the motivations o the murderer can consult two factua studies which have recently ap peared.

The Mind of the Murderer, by Man fred Guttmacher, M.D.

The author of this book is Psy chiatrist and Chief Medical Office of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore He has professionally examine more than two hundred murderer and gives his findings here. He als includes in his book (winner of th American Psychiatric Association' Isaac Ray Award) a discussion of th value and problems of psychiatri testimony, as well as a section on th

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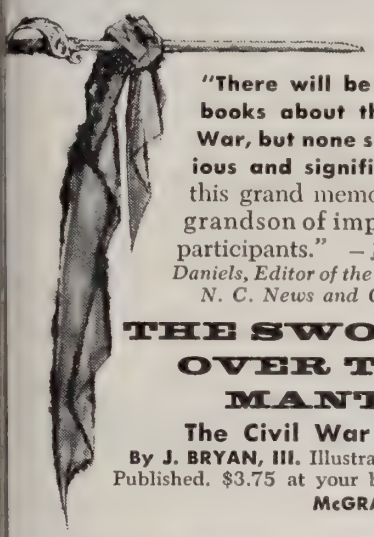
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

courts' invasion of the privacy of the doctor-patient relationship.

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A Study of Murder, by Stuart Palmer.

Dr. Palmer, who is also the author of *Understanding People* and an assistant professor of sociology at the University of New Hampshire, has interviewed over fifty murderers and their families as a basis for this book. He, too, of course, is primarily concerned with Why—and it is frightening to see, once the stories are laid out, how inevitable in each case some sort of violent outbreak seemed unless someone took the trouble to prevent it. And in these cases, alas, no one did. Crowell, $4.95

Copey of Harvard: A Biography of Charles Townsend Copeland, by J. Donald Adams.

The essential quality of a great teacher, like the essential quality of a great actor, must, I suppose, remain incommunicable to those who have never experienced it in the flesh. But Mr. Adams, himself a living example of the teaching in "Copey's" English 12, has come very close to making his quality viable. In the early part of the book (though I have always heard only the best of him) I was surprised to find myself feeling that I, personally, would not have liked this man. He seemed too clever, too much of a show-off, too self-centered. But by the time I had read the testimonials of some of his "boys" (T. S. Eliot, who didn't "hit it off with him"; Bernard DeVoto, Walter Lippmann, and numberless distinguished and articulate others) which Mr. Adams has carefully collected, sifted, and presented here, a different picture emerges.

One senses beyond question the dedication to his personalized method of teaching; the patience and quickness of mind that could listen tirelessly to one young man after another reading his paper in private interview (long before tutorial or preceptorial systems were part of the curriculum) and make his pertinent and often cruelly discerning criticisms even as the reading continued. And these sharp, contentious, but nearly always thought-provoking comments the boy was expected to write in the margin, in

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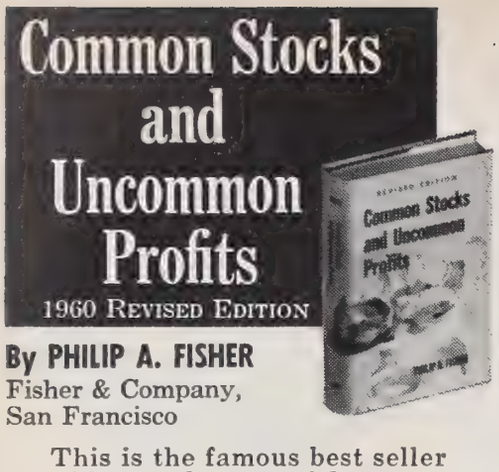
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

his own hand. This, of course is only part of the story of the boy from Calais, Maine, who grew to be a legend as "Copey of Harvard," one of the greatest teachers America has produced. It is also a most interesting picture of Harvard at the turn of the century, a golden age in Cambridge. Houghton Mifflin, $5

The Lifetime Reading Plan, by Clifton Fadiman.

It is one of those odd quirks of publishing that we should have within a month of each other J. B. Priestley's *Literature and Western Man* (reviewed last month) and this book of Mr. Fadiman's. Mr. Priestley's begins about 2,000 years later and is about three times as long. But the books share one thing in common—an electrically communicable excitement about man, books, and reading. In a mere 250 pages Mr. Fadiman discusses in short, wonderfully crisp, pithy essays—some no more than two or three paragraphs long—one hundred great books and their authors "from Homer to Hemingway." Reading the essays is a delight and an education and the enthusiasm these biographies and summaries engender have already accomplished their purpose with at least one reader. This book will never leave my shelves till the hundred books are read. World, $3.75

FORECAST

America and Americans

A long list of forthcoming books about our geography and ourselves starts in May with two about Alaska. One, *Alaska: 49th State, Land of Challenge, Land of Opportunity,* by Harry Kursh will be published by Norton; the other, *Alaska, the Story of Our Northern Treasure Land,* a guidebook, travel book, and history with more than fifty authors, will be published by Doubleday. Doubleday also lists for that month Volume I of *American Panorama*—on the West—by the editors of *Holiday* and other authors such as Hamilton Basso and A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Americans abroad will be examined in *The Overseas American* by Harlan Cleveland, Gerard J. Mangone, and John Clarke Adams, on McGraw-Hill's May list, and Lord Kinross looks at us in our native habitat in *Innocents at Home* to be published by Morrow.

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The ghost of Prokofieff haunts some of the most talented of Russia's composers today . . . and all of them suffer from the propaganda disease.

Any composer who selects Tolstoy's *War and Peace* as the basis r an opera libretto is going to have do a lot of picking and choosing. hat is what Prokofieff had to do, nd he never did come up with a tisfactory solution. He finished a rsion in 1942; was dissatisfied with ; revised it in 1946; was dissatisfied ith *that;* and kept on working on s *War and Peace* to the very end. is the final version that has been corded by the Vienna State Opera rchestra conducted by Werner Jann, with a group of Yugoslavian ngers (MGM GC2, 3 discs, mono). Essentially the opera turns out to a series of tableaux, and it repreents everything that is wrong with ussian culture of the last few decles. It is an obvious score, full of vious effects; but, then again, opaganda has to be obvious, and rge sections of Prokofieff's *War and eace* are propaganda. It is those ctions that make the listener uirm. Koutouzov's aria about glorious Mother Moscow" is uncomfortably on the order of the anthem of Evander Childs High School, and the final chorus, a hymn to Russia and its people, is actually embarrassing. But that is what happens when a composer, even a composer with a talent on the order of a Prokofieff, is obliged to direct his message to serve the state. For the state is not really interested in art as art, but art as propaganda.

That is the Russian disease. Their spokesmen, whether in politics, painting, literature, or music, simply cannot talk or create without making propaganda. Even if they start out as revolutionaries, as Prokofieff certainly did, they end up conditioned to a black-and-white set of standards. What has resulted is a school of music (and painting, and literature, with one or two exceptions) that cannot be taken seriously as a twentieth-century manifestation.

In music, this manifests itself in an attempt to "reach the masses." This means a concentration on simple harmonies, a very heavy use of folk-song elements, simple melodic statements, and an avoidance of dissonance. Dissonance is bourgeois-decadent writing; so is any form of complexity.

Now, there are composers who can use the simplest of means to make an effect. Poulenc is one such in our day, and his music is none the less "modern" for that. But Prokofieff, with his feeling for big forms, his wild rhythmic sense, and his tolerance for extremely dissonant tonal combinations, was not the kind of creator who could feel comfortable writing down. In his early days he was the *enfant terrible* of contemporary music: the Age-of-Steel composer, the wild man, the demon from Russia. And that was the kind of music he wrote. It was hard, brittle music, extremely complicated (though with clear outlines), reveling in difficult rhythms and unexpected melodic skips.

Not Sticking Out the Neck

But when he returned to Russia, his music changed. (He went back in 1934 and died there in 1953.) Always it was recognizably Prokofieffian—his style was too fully formed for any great shift to happen there. What happened was that his music became progressively tamer and blander, and far less imaginative. All of his magnificent skill was turned to what in effect are potboilers. And his Seventh Symphony, his last, composed not too long before his death, creeps sluggishly on the ground: tired-sounding, resorting to formulas that he had used again and again.

For Prokofieff—and that goes for Shostakovich, Kabalevsky, and the others—was not going to take any chances. It is true that he was working on *War and Peace* before the Central Committee put its foot down in its infamous 1948 resolution. But there had been previous rumblings, such as the criticism of Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk* in 1936 ("anti-national formalistic distortion"). Prokofieff had taken careful note. As he wrote in his letter to Khrennikov in 1948, after his rebuke by the Central Committee, "When formalistic errors in Shostakovich's opera *Lady Macbeth of the District of Mzensk* were exposed by *Pravda,* I gave a great deal of thought to creative devices in my own music, and came to the conclusion that such a method of composition is faulty." In short, Prokofieff was not going to stick *his* neck out. He apologized for his past music, admitting that he had used atonality. "In the future I hope to get rid of this mannerism."

Thus, in *War and Peace,* Proko-

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fieff was not going to use any of the satire he had incorporated into his early *Love for Three Oranges* (1919) or the slashing, bitter, jarring techniques of *The Flaming Angel* (1925). What a comparison there is between *The Flaming Angel* and *War and Peace*! The former is all of a piece, powerful, shocking, electrifying. (A recording was issued last year—Westminster 1304, 3 discs.) The latter is dutiful, cliché-ridden (true, the clichés are Prokofieff's own), and all smoothed-out: the empty shell of a composer operating with unlimited technique but obviously unable to express himself as he would have wished.

To Laugh or Weep?

Prokofieff, of course, was not the only passenger in this leaky boat. There are composers of talent in Russia, but ever since 1948 they have been writing much the same way. It is difficult these days to tell a Shostakovich from a Kabalevsky from a Khrennikov. The Russians quite possibly have the strongest school of instrumentalists in the world today, but they also have the weakest school of composition; and when one hears their music it is hard to know whether to laugh or weep.

Shostakovich, who so electrified the music world with his First Symphony, has degenerated into a composer of watery nationalism, as in the five string quartets (which can be heard on Vanguard 6021, 6032, and 6033); or pompous platitudinizing, as in the *Song of the Forest,* an oratorio so bad it was awarded a Stalin Prize (Vanguard 422); or routine symphonizing. His last symphony, No. 11, is a long movie-music sequence describing the 1905 revolution (Angel 3586 or Capitol PBR 8448, both two discs). He has nothing to say that he has not previously said. Even his Violin Concerto (Columbia ML 5077), which was so discussed a few years back, seems to have vanished from the repertoire.

Of the other Russians, the best of the lot is Kabalevsky, whose music has a certain neatness and ebullience that not even his restricted harmonic idiom can down. Like any composer, he has done his share of potboilers, such as *The Comedians* (Capitol P 8503), but in music like the Third Piano Concerto (Westminster 18456),

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If such rumors were true, the Knights of Columbus would not deserve the friendship and trust of non-Catholic citizens, which it invites and merits. Actually there is no more thoroughly patriotic organization than this fraternal order of Catholic men.

It is composed of plumbers and lawyers, farmers and doctors, business men and scientists—of Catholic men at every level of the social and economic scale. Some are rabidly partisan on political and public questions. They "choose up sides" with all the freedom and enthusiasm of any other citizens.

The Knights of Columbus was formed in 1882, by a small group of the men of St. Mary's Church, New Haven, Connecticut. They had met, at the invitation of Father Michael J. McGivney, not to form a national fraternal society, but to "render mutual aid to the members of the parish and their families."

In the years that since have ensued, the Knights of Columbus has grown into a fraternal order of more than 1,000,000 members, spread over the United States, Canada and other countries of the Western World. But is purpose of "mutual aid" and its principles of charity, unity, fraternity and patriotism . . . remain unchanged after more than 70 years.

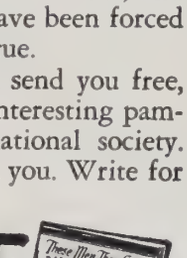
Millions of dollars have been spent by the order for the relief of victims of fire, flood and famine . . . for the support of Christian youth work . . . aid to Christian education. In both world wars, the Knights performed a service of ministering to the spiritual welfare and comfort of the armed forces regardless of creed, that brought sincerest thanks from a grateful nation.

Nearly one out of every six Knights served his country in World War II, and many laid down their lives.

Despite these and many other signal demonstrations of its principles of charity, unity, fraternity and patriotism, some people have the most absurd beliefs and suspicions about the Knights of Columbus, just as they do about the Catholic Church. Even today, misinformed people give publicity at times to a false alleged Knights of Columbus oath which has been proved to be fraudulent, and which scores of others have been forced publicly to admit is untrue.

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MUSIC IN THE ROUN

the Twenty-four Preludes (W minster 18095) or the Cello Conce (Vanguard 6005) he at least wri tastefully, with an honest and ur suming melodic gift. Lately, thou his music has been sounding m and more anonymous. Both he a Shostakovich are haunted by ghost of Prokofieff.

At least Shostakovich and Kabal sky avoid the ineffable banalities Khatchaturian, whose Violin C certo (Angel 35244) stands as monument of cheapness and v garity. With a few tricks of orch tration he dresses up folk tunes, folk-derived tunes, in a way t would make Ferde Grofé blush. there is one original idea in music, it has not been heard in a score that has been played on t side of the water.

When Did Time Stop?

And these are the big figu When it comes to composers l Fikret Amirov (little more than amateur), Tikhon Khrennikov, O Gordelli, Nicholas Rakov, K Karayev, or Otar Taktakishvili of whose music can be heard on discs), we get a mess derived fr Rachmaninoff, from Rimsky-Ko kof, from Glière, from Mahler a Balakireff. One listens in sheer wilderment. The music could h been composed eighty years ago. has no profile, no personality, urgency. It is as if time stopped the Russian composers—stopped d three generations ago. The ther are derivative and second-hand, harmonies predominantly diato the orchestrations ultra-conservat and academic. It is unbelievable

But one should not really be s prised. The same is found in all the other Russian arts. The b liance of some of the dancing in Bolshoi Ballet's American appe ances blinded many to the fact t the choreography was naïve a literal to the point of nonsense; a their vaunted essay into moderni *The Stone Flower,* was about modern as a Stutz Bearcat. And th one thinks of the paintings on vi at the Russian exhibit last year the Coliseum.

In short, he who pays the pi calls the tune. And this particu tune should be named *Fune March of the Marionettes.*

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

JOKE

Several months ago the Hanover company brought out an LP described as containing the only records ever made by a "legendary" backwoods Southern pianist, now deceased, named Buck Hammer. The jacket notes explained that "some personal peculiarity, some deep sense of insecurity," had prevented his hitherto undiscovered genius from venturing outside his native Glen Springs, Alabama, except for the occasion in the winter of 1956 when he was persuaded to make these historic sides.

"Evidently," the notes also say, striking the proper note of reasonableness and awe, "evidently the man has played better than he played the night this album was cut, but we must nonetheless accept what has been given us and enjoy it as we can."

Some of the reviewers picked up their cue. "Hammer plays with both hands," said *Downbeat*, "and has the elements of a vital blues attack in either of them." The New York *World-Telegram* allowed that Hammer's "recent death was a tragic loss." But some dissented. "Hoax?" asked Mait Eddy in the *Jazz Review*. "Parody on legendary semi-folk musicians and their enthusiastic discoverers? . . . The music throughout is . . . not good enough to be interesting for any other reason."

Nat Hentoff, in *Hi-Fi Stereo Review*, had taken a similar position, and speculated that the masquerading pianist might be a television personality who was a part-owner of Hanover. Ralph J. Gleason, in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, went further and identified him as none other than Steve Allen.

"Make no mistakes," says the jacket. "Buck Hammer is a two-handed pianist." Once warned, anyone who listened beyond a few bars into the first track could hardly mistake the fact that Hammer—as both Eddy and Gleason noted—is not only a two-handed but a *three*-handed pianist. Either that or, which seems more likely, the tape was run through twice with another hand added the second time around.

Well, it was a good try. Perhaps there is a justification for such otherwise dismal pleasantries in that they keep the critics and the customers awake. As it is, we can take some satisfaction from the three who weren't fooled. It's nice to know somebody is minding the store.

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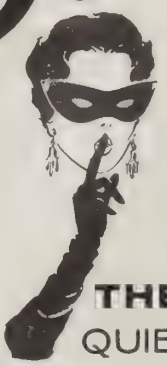
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Binding from The Pierpont Morgan Libra

Why nature so often inspires superb craftsmanship

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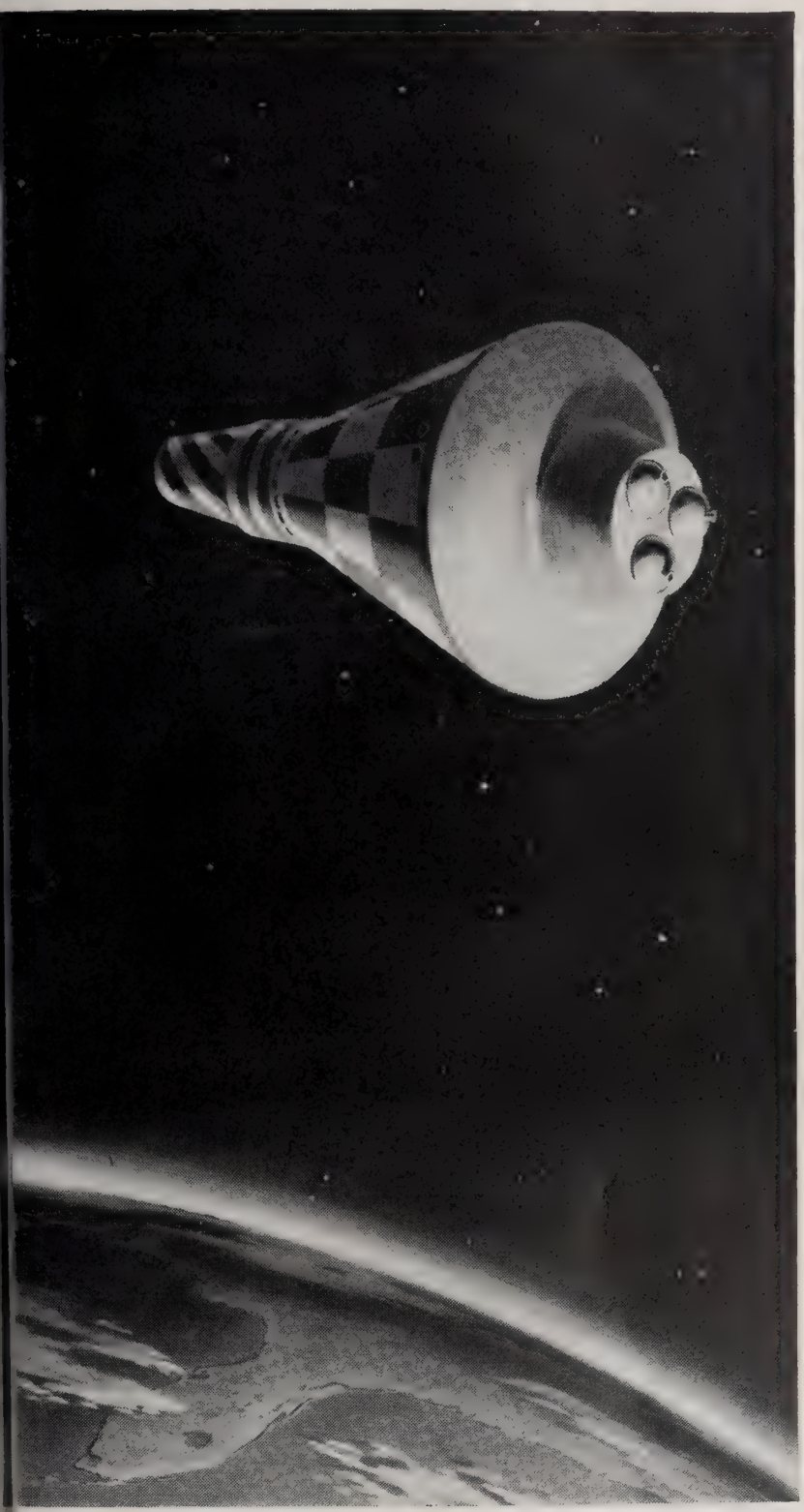
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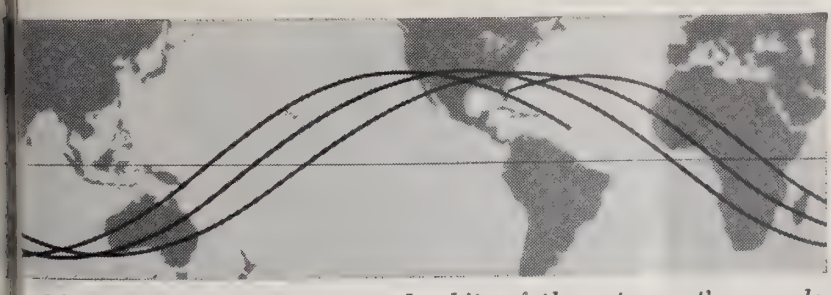
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An artist's conception of the astronaut's capsule in orbit



Black lines represent expected orbits of the astronaut's capsule. Project Mercury ground stations will be close to the orbital path

is helping to create the world-wide communications and tracking network for America's first man into space

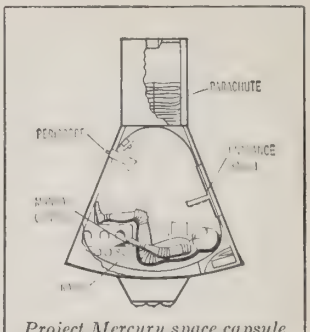
Another epoch-making space communications assignment was recently given to the Bell System.

Because of our experience in this field, we have been asked to set up a communication, telemetry and tracking network which will girdle the globe and maintain contact for Project Mercury—America's effort to put a man into orbit.

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In all, 18 stations around the world are being constructed for the network, using existing radar and communication facilities where possible. The network's mission: to track and monitor the flight of the space capsule, transmit signals to its operating instruments, and provide a dependable voice channel between the astronaut and his colleagues on earth.

Creating communications systems for the space era which are as reliable as man can make them is familiar work for the Bell System. It's a natural development of the telephone system which serves you so well today, and will serve you still better in the future.



Project Mercury space capsule

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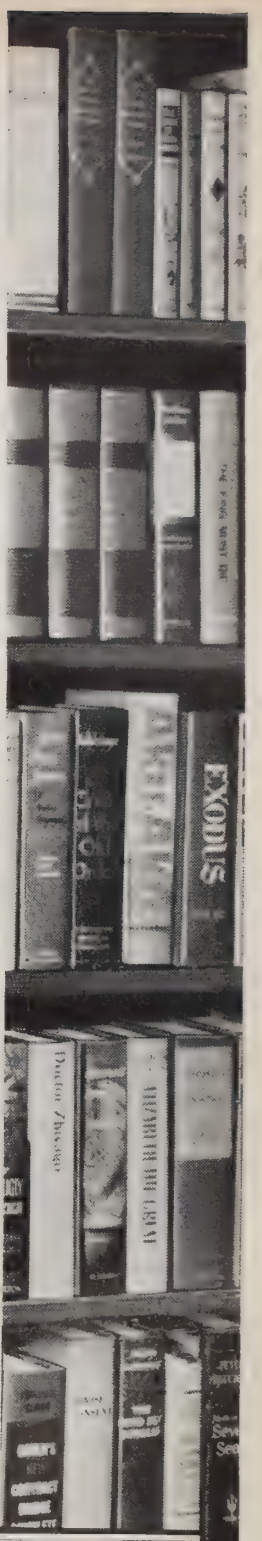
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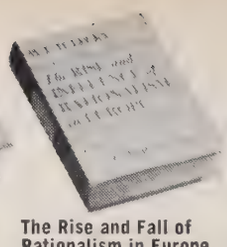
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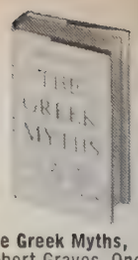
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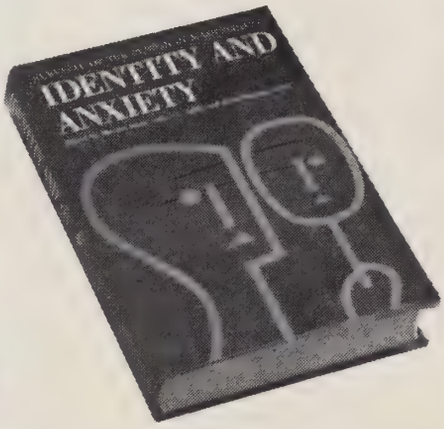
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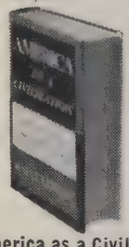
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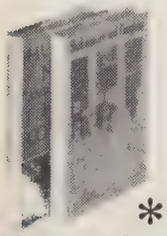
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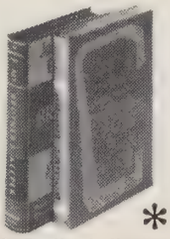
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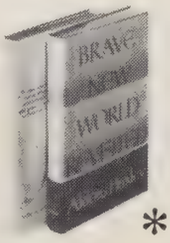
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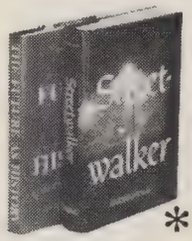
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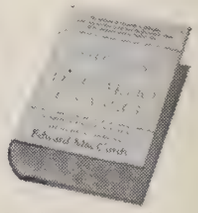


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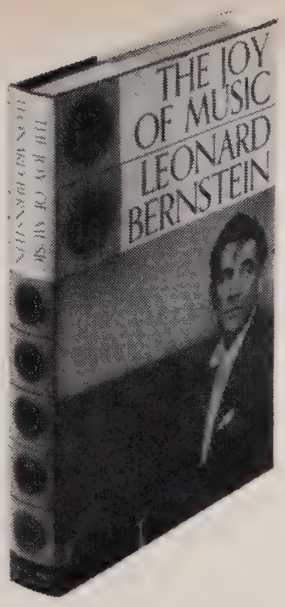
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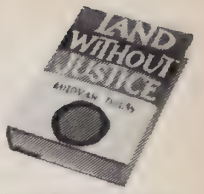
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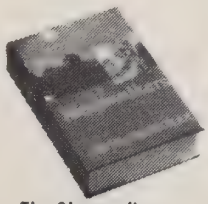
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LETTERS

Case for Small Business

TO THE EDITORS:

In "How Small Business Cuts Its Throat" [April], George S. Odiorne reveals his animus when he calls the nation's 4.6 million small business concerns —which are and always have been the foundation of our capitalist system— "this over-populated and wrongly oriented segment of the economic community."

If there are too many . . . independently operated small businesses, as Mr. Odiorne believes, shall we restrict our freedom by making it a requirement of starting a business that newcomers must provide a licensing authority with a bond guaranteeing success?

Perhaps inadvertently Mr. Odiorne put his finger on the crux of the problem when he stated: "Economic power and property are today concentrated in the hands of some two hundred corporations, and the trend shows no sign of abating."

It is . . . to provide an imperative counterbalance to this top-heavy concentration of market-place power that the federal and many state governments have adopted programs designed to help small businessmen help themselves.

JOHN SPARKMAN, Chairman
Select Committee on Small Business
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Odiorne's article may mislead the casual reader. . . . Should a small businessman be precluded from selling to the government? Of the $23 billion of goods and services bought by the Defense Department in fiscal 1959, small firms received only 16 per cent. The small firms, for the most part, only obtain government contracts after keen competition while big companies secure the bulk of theirs through non-competitive negotiation. About nine times out of ten competition from smaller companies results in lower costs to the government. . . .

The lending program of the Small Business Administration is not a means of prolonging the death agony of incompetently managed small firms. Its requirements are as strict as those of any well-run bank. . . . This is why its rate of losses on loans is little if any greater than those of commercial banks. Many owners of thriving, efficient, growing small firms testify that without th timely aid they would not be in bus ness today. The net gain to the natio is obvious.

WILLIAM PROXMIR
United States Senat
Washington, D. C

The National Federation of Independent Business with a membership of mo than 150,000 independent business an professional men in fifty states view with alarm the article, "How Small Bus ness Cuts Its Throat." . . . The artic states that Dun and Bradstreet "ha found that nine out of ten small bus ness failures were caused by lack experience or incompetence." We hav heard that charge repeatedly and i most instances it is unfounded. Th majority of failures can be laid at th door of the federal government and th states for failure to enforce the antitru laws. . . .

It might be interesting for you review the Federal Trade Commissio docket in the matter of Goodyear Ti and Rubber Co.—Sears' supplier. Th was one of the first "cost plus" contrac entered into by giant industry. Hu dreds of small tire producers were i directly ruined by this contract relatio ship and thousands of competent ind pendent tire dealers were destroye This was not due to bad manageme on their part. They could not compe because Sears could offer its priva brand at a price equal to or lower th what the small businessman had to p for an advertised brand of equal qualit As one U.S. Senator remarked later, wasn't competition—it was just suici for small business to attempt to co pete." . . .

At present our members are suppo ing the "Equal Pricing Bill" introduc by Congressman Alvin Bentley, Repu lican of Michigan. It provides that there is to be a race, it should be equal race and not a price-fixing rangement. . . . The manufacturer wou be prohibited from giving the large co mercial buyer a lower price than extends to the independent retailer.

We are also supporting legislati that has been introduced in Congr to strengthen the antitrust laws by p viding for the removal of top executi of companies found guilty of violatio in addition to the fines levied by courts. This might result in a "St look, and listen" policy by giant porations. . . .

We do not defend inefficient sm business. But we do think it is imp

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LETTERS

tant to present a true, factual picture of the situation facing small business nation-wide.

GEORGE J. BURGER, V.P.
Nat'l. Fed. of Independent Business
Washington, D. C.

It makes no sense for Professor Odiorne to say an interest-bearing *loan* is a *subsidy*. In its entire six years the Small Business Administration has only lost $6,093,505—a mere 1.1 per cent of loans disbursed. Compare this figure to the billions *spent* in the same period to subsidize agriculture. Or think of the good professor's own university which gets *five times* this amount every year from the Michigan taxpayers.

ALAN P. SUITS
Lansing, Mich.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

When is a loan a subsidy? That confusion has plagued Washington for years. Farm subsidies are usually "non-recourse" loans, and they too started out very modestly. It's true that only $6 million in SBA loans weren't repaid, but over $500 million are now tied up in SBA and it's growing fast. I'm afraid the non-sequiturs are flying too fast for me to track down how this relates to the University of Michigan which educates 25,000 students a year. The Michigan taxpayer can see 185,000 alumni for his money including 8,000 lawyers, 6,000 dentists, and 8,000 physicians. Maybe I have invented a problem. Then why are so many people screaming? What nerve did I strike?

GEORGE S. ODIORNE
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Fort Brogan under Fire

TO THE EDITORS:

With one exception I liked "A Fresh Appraisal of the Civil War" by D. W. Brogan [April]. Professor Brogan, apparently, is not a military man. . . . This is [evident] in his evaluations of General Grant and General Lee. His first error is in giving to Grant, in a left-handed way, command of the Army of the Potomac, using the word "directed." It is true that Grant had his headquarters in the field but he was not in command of that army. He was in command of all the United States troops. . . .

Regarding Lee, Professor Brogan falls for the old and outmoded reasons for raising Lee to the status of saint. The South had to have an idol. There was none but Lee and so he was credited with all of the greatness of the truly great generals of the past and not criticized for his failures on the battle field. I suggest that the good professor study his first campaign in West Virginia



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which was a complete military failure, . . . the approach march to Antietam, and the disposition of his troops for the attack on Harper's Ferry. . . . Then I suggest he reappraise Lee's Gettysburg campaign, his approach march when his troops were scattered so far they could not aid each other. . . . A further study should be made of Longstreet's activities on the march to and on the field at Gettysburg which will absolve a fine general of blame for Lee's omissions.

Finally, why did Lee continue to stand against Meade and the Army of the Potomac when a great general would have withdrawn from the Virginia field and joined forces with Johnston, Hardee, and Hampton to fight the forces under Grant's direction? A Great General?

CHARLES COULTER
Washington, D. C.

Professor Brogan's appraisal was, as advertised, fresh. However . . . it is important to remember that immediately following the War a flood of immigrants came to the United States and settled in the North and West. The losses suffered by the North were made up to some extent, while the South, because of its war-caused poverty and because of the cheap labor of the freed slaves, could not attract new blood and hence has never made up the loss in manpower. . . . Since 1865 the North has undergone tremendous changes. The North, as a section, is much less historical-minded than the South: we're busy making history right now. For the Northerner the Civil War is a romantic episode, the source of a legend. Despite the publishers' schedules for the next few years, I must insist the Civil War has become a dead issue . . . except in the South, of course.

DON DORRANCE
Whitmore Lake, Mich.

That our Civil War gave us an air of dignity and status in the eyes of European nations is only one of the significant points established by Professor Brogan. His essay on the philosophy of the War accounts for the fascination the conflict has for the many of us who have made the study of the War our principal non-vocational interest. . . .

RICHARD H. FITZPATRICK
President, Civil War Round Table
of Greater Boston
Lexington, Mass.

Charm of the Wild

TO THE EDITORS:

Thank you and William O. Pruitt, Jr. for "Caribou Year" [April], one of the more pleasant reading experiences of recent months—a keen and sensitive portrayal reminiscent of the delicacies in Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa*. Such quality is rare indeed.

MARTIN REITE
Yale Medical School
New Haven, Conn.

What Ails the Colleges

TO THE EDITORS:

In "American Colleges" [April], David Boroff says: ". . . all too often it is considered bad taste for professors to discuss ideas." . . . I know of an American university which tried to correct this [situation] . . . by observing a Be-Kind-to-Intellectuals Week. Throughout the week students endeavored to use their intellects and respect for intellectuals was mandatory. Students addressed faculty members who were certified intellectuals as Sir. All fraternities and sororities devoted the first day of the week to intellectualism and related topics. . . . On one day classes were shortened so that all students could take part in Select-a-Lecture. Seven professors gave speeches. On the final day the 35 best students were honored at a recognition breakfast. . . .

Teams of psychologists stood by to administer first aid to any students who suffered sprained brains. . . . The following week was devoted to the observance of St. Valentine.

ED ANDREOPOULOS
Topeka, Kan.

I have read David Boroff's series with pleasure and concur with his criticisms. However when he steps out of his element to criticize high-school programs which make "kids dutifully plow through 'good' books . . . and make callow judgments," I must disagree. Like too many college professors Mr. Boroff would seemingly relegate high-school teaching to . . . dull routine or writing compositions about "What I Did Last Summer" or "My Experience at the Zoo." I have found that high-school students' opinions about great literature or current affairs are often less callow than the judgments of many college professors and admirals of what high schools should teach. . . .

WILLIAM P. KEIV
English Teache
Wilmington, Del

Religion and Politics

TO THE EDITORS:

In "Hard Questions for Senato Kennedy" ["Easy Chair," April], John Fischer brackets Protestantism and Judaism as being both non-hierarchical and non-authoritarian. Like practically al Gentiles he knows very little of Orth



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Charles A. Kerner
Chief Engineer,
Systems Support,
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by Charles A. Kerner

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LETTERS

dox Judaism. . . . The very first of the 613 Commandments condemns birth control as explicitly as does the Catholic Church. Another condemns and forbids mixed marriages which the Catholic Church permits on certain conditions. Of course, [Jewish] Orthodoxy is non-hierarchical. . . . The 613 Commandments are listed and explained in *Between the Lines of the Bible* by Rabbi Theodore Goldstein of Yeshiva University. . . .

ROBERT E. MOORE
Springfield, N. J.

The unfortuate thing about all this Catholic business is that it diverts attention from the question of whether Senator Kennedy is the best-qualified candidate the Democratic party can find. I for one suspect that he is not. . . . Many Catholics are working hard for his election simply to prove that a Catholic *can* be President; I trust that after they've had their wish they'll then work equally hard to get a Negro and a Jew elected President, and perhaps after that an occasional Protestant.

RICHARD M. TITUS
Boston, Mass.

Mr. Fischer's article implied that the influence of religion is detrimental to public service. If a President must check his conscience and his religious convictions at the door of the White House we have strayed far from the high ideals upon which our nation was founded. Separation of Church and State should not mean separation of morality and religious principles from governmental affairs. . . .

MARY A. JOHN
Saint Cloud, Minn.

Which Five-year-olds?

TO THE EDITORS:

Virginia Simmons' article, "Why Waste Our Five-year-olds" [April], is well thought out in most respects. However . . . five-year-olds are simply not alike. . . . Putting 35 children in a room is the least successful method for good primary teaching. Some will be ready to learn things they will not be taught; they will be bored and restless and first grade will be too much play for them. We need more classrooms, more teachers, more of many things. We need a differential starting age for first graders (or kindergartners in areas lucky enough to have facilities for them) based on ability and maturity.

MARY ALICE WILSON
Nashville, Tenn.

I am now contending with my third five-year-old who, because of a California law, misses kindergarten by six weeks. By this time next year he will be well over six and very bored with kindergarten. "Reading readiness" is fine—but he's ready to read now. We cannot place him in a private school but we shall all endeavor to help him read *now*.

MARY E. HOPE
Los Altos, Calif.

It would be interesting to find out what Mrs. Simmons would do with a five-year-old who enters kindergarten without knowing that red and green are different colors, without the knowledge that skipping is not the same as running, that crayons are for drawing not chewing, that their first name is followed by a surname, that milk is not a floor detergent, and that a rabbit and a teddy bear are two separate animals. . . . When parents do not foster an interest in books, the children show no inclination toward reading at an early age. . . . Too many people will accept Mrs. Simmons' article for fact—a grave mistake in the opinion of many teachers.

HELENE KAPLAN
Third Grade Teacher
Belleville, N. J.

Mrs. Simmons' stimulating evaluation has vividly portrayed the shocking and inescapable fact that due to our lethargy we have been awarding to these youngsters only a legacy of archaic ideologies.

H. KRUSE
San Francisco, Calif.

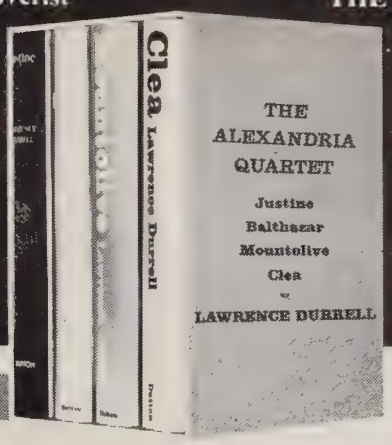
As an interested citizen, the one who tries to get school bond issues passed, who reads about education and cares about it . . . I write not to dispute Mrs. Simmons but because the constant barrage of "why don't we do this for heaven's sake" type of criticism gets pretty thick. What the article will achieve is probably another several hundred disgruntled parents who get sore at their local school district because Johnny isn't getting math now in kindergarten. The same soreheads, I might add, will be the first to holler about high taxes and vote down a local bond issue. . . .

MARY ALICE PHILIPS
Pomona, Calif.

The teaching world in general and the Cincinnati County Day School in particular will suffer because of the death of Mrs. Virginia C. Simmons [in April]. I was personally familiar with her teaching methods and her views. I only hope that when my small child enters kindergarten, she will be fortunate enough to be imbued with the magic, sparkle, and enthusiasm that Mrs. Simmons engendered in her charges.

MARY FRANCES S. MILLER
Beverly, N. J.

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Death of a Giant

The View From the Fortieth Floor is, so far as I know, the second good novel ever written about the magazine business. At least the label on the jacket says it is "A Novel" and an author's note insists that the characters are "entirely imaginary."

In the weeks following its publication,* these statements may be questioned. A good many critics are likely to argue that it isn't a novel at all, or anyhow that it does not fit their canonical formula. And people in the magazine business will read it—with the most intent interest—as a non-fiction report on the vast upheaval which is now shaking their industry.

This is inescapable, since the author, Theodore H. White, was an internationally respected reporter long before he turned to fiction; he has, in his words, "witnessed from within the collapse of three great publishing enterprises"; and he was one of the editors of *Collier's* during the months of its death struggle. Moreover, the events in his story closely parallel the final catastrophe at *Collier's*—although it is true that his main characters do not much resemble the people involved in that tragedy.

What interests me most, however, is not that story, dramatic as it is. The book's real significance comes from its insights into certain major (though little noticed) changes now under way in American society—and in its foreshadowing of things likely to happen in the field of mass communications.

In this respect it might be described as old-fashioned. The novel which examines a broad stretch of the social landscape is rare these days—much rarer than the introspective novel which tries to probe the depths of a single soul. That Mr. White does not attempt. The souls of his characters lie pretty close to the surface, and in any case he is more interested in probing the workings of a publishing-advertising-financing machine.

In other ways, too, it is out of the main stream of contemporary fiction. It is carefully plotted, and the action moves fast. It has heroes and villains. It deals with ordinary, recognizable people, trying to cope with everyday problems; none of them are junkies, perverts, beatniks, or psychopaths. It isn't sexed up; readers who want erotic titillation had better stick to Metalious and O'Hara. Its scene is the business world, where most Americans spend their lives, but which all but a few novelists regard as unworthy of their attention. (Maybe that isn't quite fair; perhaps most novelists avoid the business world simply because they don't know much about it. Mr. White does. His considerable firsthand experience obviously has been backed up by thorough research into the habits, techniques, and mentalities of bankers, liquor manufacturers, printers, lawyers, big-time real-estate men, and that peculiar sub-tribe of businessmen who track down Special Situations. Like Melville, Dreiser, and Balzac, but unlike many of his contemporaries, Mr. White is willing to put a lot of leg work into getting his facts straight.)

As a reporter, using the tools of fiction, Mr. White has set out to explore two little-understood facts about the magazine business:

(1) The mass-circulation magazines, which reached their peak during the first quarter of this century, began to slide about ten years ago; as a group, they are still slipping, in both profits and influence; and there is no reason to believe they will ever recover their old place of dominance.

(2) Magazines are created by editors; they die in the hands of businessmen.

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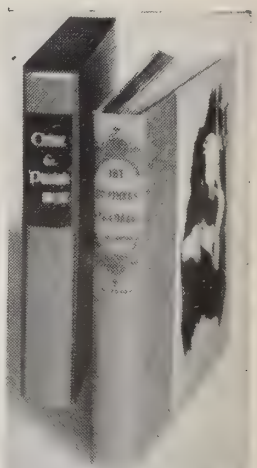
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tion of circumstances which converged during the final decades of the last century. Those were the years when American industry discovered the techniques of mass production. A factory was no longer limited to serving a local market; it could now turn out enough shirts, or stoves, or soap to supply customers all over the continent. Moreover, the railroad network was completed at about the same time, so that the goods could be delivered anywhere. For the first time, in the words of one of Mr. White's characters, "the whole country is one market, you can make one brand image for the whole nation and deliver—but only if you can find a way of talking to the whole country at once. They need a big horn . . . a horn that will reach everybody."

And just at that moment another constellation of events made it possible for imaginative editors to create such a horn. Printers were developing high-speed rotary presses, capable of spinning out millions of copies of a magazine in a few days. The railroads, again, were now ready to deliver them promptly to every village. Public schools were turning out the first mass audience, creating the first nation where practically everybody could read—at least a little. For those who couldn't, including a swelling stream of immigrants, there were pictures—which now, for the first time in history, could be reproduced cheaply and fast, because somebody had just invented half-tone engraving.

The result was a sudden flowering of a new kind of magazine—*McClure's, Collier's, The Saturday Evening Post, Leslie's, The Ladies' Home Journal, Munsey's, Cosmopolitan*, and a few others. They spoke, not to an educated elite, but to the barely literate millions . . . they reached everywhere, as no newspaper could . . . they carried a national message to a people who were beginning to feel the heady emotions of a new nationalism. At last the advertisers had their Big Horn; and they used it, to the enormous profit of themselves and the magazines, to create the first nation-wide system of mass marketing.

To run such a magazine, it was necessary (as Mr. White says) "to invent a new kind of person."

"It was the first time anybody except the President of the United States had to sit in an office and think about this whole damned country all at once. Some editor had to think not just what the local people in Chicago, or New York, or Charleston, or San Francisco might want to read, but what would hold an audience together across the whole land, from coast to coast. The first time somebody sat in this kind of office in New York and started to play with the mind of the country, things started to happen. . . .

"For the past fifty years anything this country has done, the magazines kicked them into doing—the magazines closed up the trusts, cleaned up the cities, put through the food-and-drug acts, amended the Constitution, closed off immigration. . . ." (The kind of people who created, and used, this unheard-of sort of power were indeed a special breed, as we shall note in a moment.)

ALL of this could last, of course, only until somebody invented a bigger horn. Which, in the first years of the new century, Guglielmo Marconi did. Within a generation his radio sets were in every household, and the magazine industry had lost its monopoly as The National Voice. By 1950 most Americans were spending more time looking at television than at the printed page—and the mass-circulation magazines were in real trouble. A recent survey indicates that some forty million people in this country no longer read any magazines at all.

For television offers much the same commodity as the big magazines—romance, light entertainment, pictures—and offers it to the same audience. Moreover, the pictures move, and they are free. (Or so the customers think. In fact, we all pay for TV, whether we watch it or not, every time we buy anything advertised on the air, since the sponsor has to include his program costs in the price of his product.)

Inevitably the biggest share of the mass-market advertising shifted to the air. Last year less than eight cents of the total advertising dollar went into magazines, while nearly twice that much went into TV. Obviously some of the popular magazines were bound to die of malnutrition. The weakest went first—*Collier's, The Woman's Home Companion, The American, The Country Gentleman*. The survivors—notably *Life, Look, The Reader's Digest, The Saturday Evening Post*, and the big women's publications—are now fighting desperately among themselves for readership and for the rump slice of the advertising budget. Whether all of them can survive is a nice question. *The Post*, for example, has lost advertising linage every year for the last decade.

Paradoxically, its income from advertising has gone up in at least some of those years, and so has that of its competitors. The explanation is higher rates, based on a rising circulation. A contradiction? Not at all. Although the readership of at least some of the mass magazines has grown, it has not kept pace with the growth in population and leisure time; while TV watching has grown even faster. Furthermore, the rise in circulation often has been unprofitable. Within wide limits, a magazine can acquire as many readers as it likes—if it is willing to pay for them. This means cutting subscription and newsstand prices and spending whopping sums on promotion. When the competition is using the same tactics, such warfare can become extremely costly. As a consequence, the average net profit of all the mass-circulation magazines probably was



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something less than 3 per cent last year—an ominous showing, in comparison with TV and with most other industries.

Meanwhile, magazines of a different type have been flourishing. These are the so-called special-audience publications. They make no effort to reach a mass readership, and therefore compete neither with TV nor the big-circulation magazines. Instead each of them speaks to its own small, well-defined group —an intellectual elite of one kind or another.

One example is *Scientific American,* perhaps the most spectacular success in postwar publishing. Its circulation totals only 245,000, a microscopic figure compared with the more than six million of *Life* and the *Post;* but its readers are all members of a group which is climbing fast in influence, prestige, and income. Another example is *The New Yorker,* which now carries more pages of advertising than any other magazine (except a few technical journals) because it is edited expressly for an audience far above the average in sophistication, taste, and wealth. Other such publications are *Fortune, Harper's, Holiday, The Saturday Review, The Atlantic Monthly, Forbes,* and a handful more; they differ widely in content and character, but they all have two things in common: (1) a readership which is relatively small, well-educated, well-off, and devoted; (2) a steadily rising volume of advertising.

The last fact is easy to explain. If you want to sell something that has, at most, a half-million potential buyers—a turbine, a fine wine, a sports car, a Mediterranean cruise, an idea, a new fashion, a hand-tailored investment program—it would be silly for you to advertise it to TV's thirty million viewers or *Life's* six million picture-thumbers. For your purposes, such an audience is mostly irrelevant—perhaps entirely so, since the man who is able to buy these things isn't likely to waste much time looking at pictures. He is more apt to spend his scanty leisure in reading *Fortune* or one of the other special-interest magazines —and he can be reached there at a fraction of the cost.

Furthermore, if you can influence any of these elite groups, you will in time influence a much wider circle. For they are the tastemakers and opinion formers—the one per cent of the population, roughly, who are imitated by the others . . . who hold the leadership posts in business and government . . . who can articulate their views forcefully enough to command respect. To cite a minor instance, when they began to drive small foreign cars they set a fashion which eventually forced Detroit (much against its will) to change its whole scheme of design, production, and sales.

Another paradox (the industry seems to be full of them) is that the specialized publications, on the whole, are building up their readerships much faster than the mass-circulation magazines, and at far less cost. The reason is that our society, in its growing complexity, needs more and more educated people to keep it running. As our universities turn them out, they also produce, inevitably, a growing public which is dissatisfied with the bland banalities of the mass media. Nevertheless, it is improbable that the special-audience magazines will ever try to reach more than about one per cent of the population. To do so would mean a fundamental change of character; and, since this is the last thing they want, some of them already are restricting their circulation.

THE central character in *The View From the Fortieth Floor* is Ridge Warren, a professional executive who has just become president of a sick publishing company. The board of directors hired him to do two things: raise a lot of new capital, and revive its two money-losing magazines. (Presumably it is only coincidence if they bear any resemblance to *Collier's* and *The Woman's Home Companion,* which bled the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co. to a pale mauve in the years before their death.)

Warren's first move is to "engineer an audience"—to build back circulation by a series of editorial gimmicks and expensive promotion stunts. He succeeds, but in the process he destroys the last remnants of the magazines' character. Because the audience he collects is nondescript and artificial, nobody (in-



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cluding the advertisers) has any confidence in them; because Warren never has time to figure out what he wants to say to his audience, nobody can tell what his magazines stand for.

The trouble is that Warren is a businessman, working for a board of businessmen. They think of their magazines not as a Voice but as a Property. None of them has any real interest in editorial content, or any understanding of the man who created the magazines in the first place.

That was old Ab Pepper, an editor. He never had any doubt what he wanted to say, and the most important thing in his life was to say it loud and clear. An audience gathered to listen to him, because he was saying important (though often unpopular) things—because he believed that "one man plus the truth makes a majority," because he thought he was responsible not just to his stockholders but to the country. So he made his magazines a power in American life, and incidentally made money.

When he died his publications passed into the hands of trustees, to whom making money was by no means incidental. As businessmen, they had been trained to put that first; to them, the Old Man's passion for shouting the truth as he saw it was just an embarrassing eccentricity. The Voice grew hoarse, the audience drifted away, and (though the trustees never glimpsed the connection) the money drifted with it. Because Warren, a nice honest guy, had all the right instincts except those of an editor, there really wasn't anything he could do to save the property.

This part of Mr. White's story sums up the history of many magazines, and maybe the future of some of them as well. All great publications have been created by great editors. The classic case is *The Saturday Evening Post*, a sorry starveling when George Horace Lorimer took charge in 1899. He built it into the world's biggest weekly, by making it the authentic spokesman of America's middle class. At about the same time Norman Hapgood was making *Collier's* the crusading leader of the reform movement which culminated in the Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson Ad-

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REA loans, which have enabled groups of rural people to build their own electric power lines, have paid off in many ways. Already, America has pocketed benefits that far outweigh the dollars loaned to build consumer-owned rural electric systems.

We all live better today because farmers, with the help of electricity, have tripled their output per hour of labor in the last 25 years. When the Rural Electrification Administration was created in 1935, each farm worker was producing for 10 people. Today, with fewer farmers, he's supplying food and fiber for 25. And with our exploding population, he's expected to feed 50 people by 1975!

Decentralization of industry, so vital to our defense, and country living for millions of city workers have been encouraged by electric lines stretching far beyond city limits. And rural electrification has opened a brand new market for electric appliances and equipment. This year alone, 4,500,000 families, farms, and businesses in rural areas will spend more than $1 billion for things electrical.

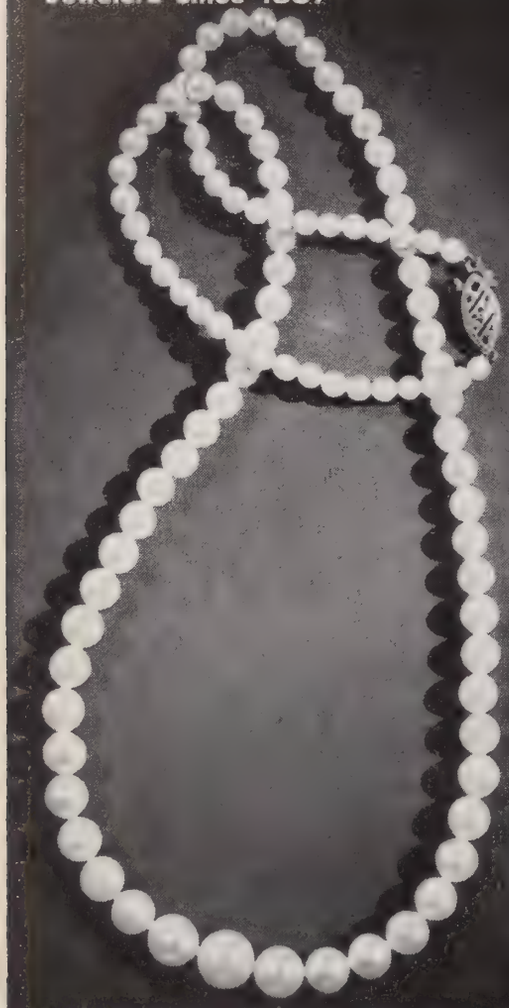
Best of all, the cost of rural electrification is borne by the people who use it. Already, 1,000 locally-owned and managed rural electric systems have paid more than $1 billion in principal and interest on their $3½ billion REA loans.

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ministrations. A generation later Henry Luce, who still thinks of himself primarily as an editor, started *Time* on a shoestring and pyramided it into the most powerful of today's magazine empires; and DeWitt Wallace accomplished a similar feat with *The Reader's Digest*.

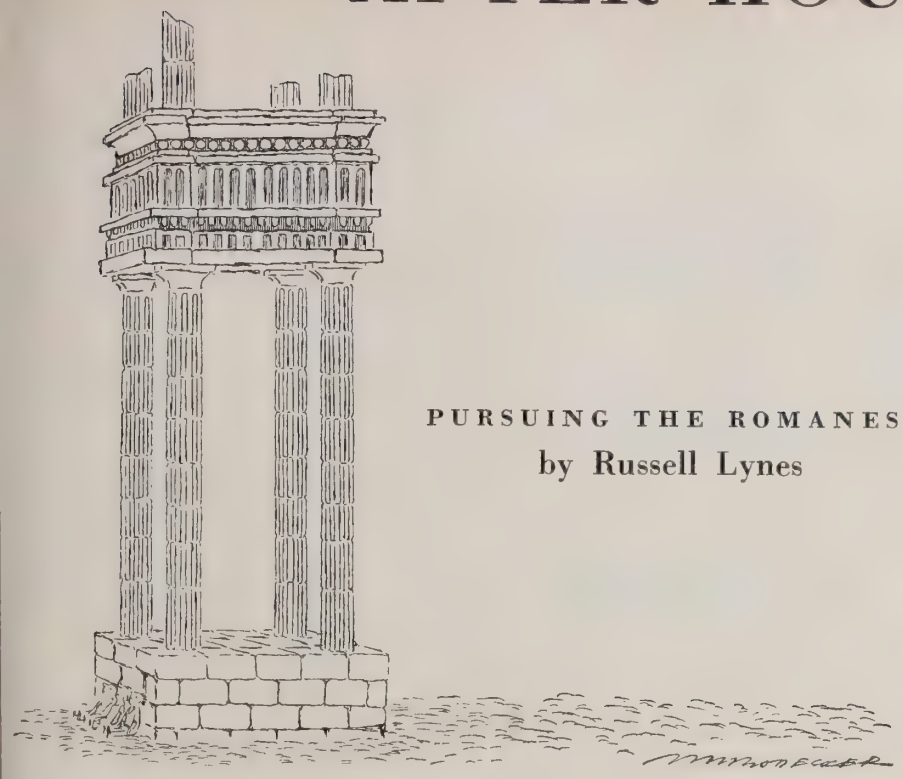
The same thing is true of the great newspapers. All of them were the products of editorial minds—Dana, Pulitzer, Ochs, Scripps, McCormick, Cowles, White, Daniels, and a score of others. When the founders died and the business office took over, many of these papers withered. William Randolph Hearst, for instance, was an evil man, but his editorial genius was beyond question; when it flickered out, his papers became The Property which they are today, respectable and juiceless. So too with McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* and most of the Scripps relics—while Dana's *Sun* and Pulitzer's *World* and many another old-time giant have simply disappeared.

MOST of the great editors were also passable businessmen, but that was not their primary role. All of them understood the absolute necessity of keeping editorial and business matters in water-tight compartments. Old E. W. Scripps once threw out of his office a merchant who came to ask an editorial favor—threw him so hard he bounced, and threw his ads out of the paper to boot. And one of the most durable legends about Harold Ross is that he never let an advertising man set foot on *The New Yorker's* editorial floor.

Such behavior would have seemed ludicrous to the well-meaning characters in Mr. White's novel; they understand the decorum expected of a sound businessman. What they never do understand is that they are attempting something beyond their competence—that the creation, or salvage, of a publication is no business for a businessman.

This, I think, is the main point Mr. White is trying to make about today's mass magazines. Those which are dominated by purely business interests may well sink into deeper trouble; while those which are guided by capable editorial minds—by men who have something to say beyond what TV can offer—will have the best chance for survival.

AFTER HOURS



PURSUING THE ROMANESQUE

by Russell Lynes

IN FIVE years one can get terribly out of practice at the game of tourism. One's forehand planning gets rusty and one's backward glance less sharp, and one misses his best opportunities for a kill. I hadn't practiced these skills since 1955 in England and Belgium, and I found that it takes at least a week to get warmed up and back in stride, to train the eye to see what it must not miss, and the legs to know when to sprint and when to take it easy.

But I can think of no more pleasant places than Burgundy and Provence in which to recapture the art of tourism, and no more pleasant time than April when I was there with my wife and son. In Burgundy the leaves are not yet on the vineyards, but the fruit trees are in flower, garden beds are tidily packed with pansies, and the thorn hedges that divide the fields are white with blossoms. In Provence, a couple of hundred miles to the south, lilac and iris are in bloom, and tulips and chestnuts. It takes no touristic skill to see and smell these pleasures of spring, but it takes some determination not to give in to them entirely.

The first temptation to the out-of-practice, but conscientious, sight-seer is visual gluttony. Here you are a long, expensive way from home; here the country offers you a thousand opportunities to satisfy your curiosity, to instruct you, and, if you don't look out, to defeat you. What will it be? Churches? Châteaux? Vineyards? Landscape? Food? You can have all of them in moderation and come away with a general glow of animal satisfaction, or you can choose a few of them and leave with a sense of accomplishment. We chose churches, landscape, and food and came away with heads full of Romanesque façades, flowering hillsides —and dyspepsia.

My wife has a lightning skill with a guidebook. She can case three in about as many minutes and have the essentials of a cathedral in hand. My son, after climbing out of the car to look at a few churches, decided that it was more rewarding to cheer us on and sit in the car and look at the more natural wonders that stroll the streets of French villages. As a tourist my speed has been reduced by the years to something like the pace of middle-aged doubles, but I was game for architecture.

The architecture we chose to look at, the Romanesque churches of Burgundy, is a rather special and slowly acquired taste. If I hadn't seen some of them many years before and looked at pictures of them since, I do not think I would have had much pleasure from them in a short visit.

Romanesque is a precisely descriptive adjective. The Romans who lived in Burgundy left their imprint



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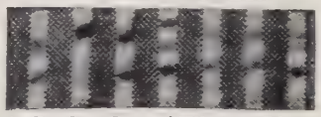


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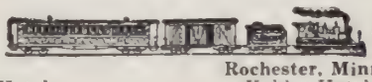


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on Christian architecture that wa built nearly ten centuries after th collapse of the Empire, so that on finds in the cathedral at Autun, fo example, fluted pilasters with almos Corinthian capitals. Medieval an Roman live happily cheek by jowl i the interior, but the special appe of the cathedral is the pre-Goth sculpture on its façade. It combine gruesomeness with wit and an almo comic-strip method of telling th story of the blessed and the damne which is a far cry from the sensuou ness of Rome. Damnation then w for keeps and the shivering litt carved souls waiting on the façade t be lifted into heaven by the seve angels above them speak of frigh and forgiveness as no other Chri tian art I know. Now the stone dead in color, but when it w painted, as it probably was, i bright blues and reds and gold, must have flashed its warning lik the mosaics of St. Mark's in Venic

There is, in my opinion, a bett reason for going to Autun than th cathedral. In a little museum on a few yards away is a painting of th Nativity by the Maître de Moulin It is possibly only part of a pictur but the figure of the Virgin, painte in the colors of silver and early ev ning sky, is one of the most touchin and exquisite pieces of virtuosi that the fifteenth century in Fran produced. I'd sooner have it tha any Van Eyck I have ever see though this, I realize, is foolhard

Of all the churches in Burgun the abbey church at Vézelay is th most rewarding. It sits, the whi crown of a village that climbs up sharp hill, so as to command a bro valley in the manner of a mediev fortress. We came on it in the la afternoon as the light was fading. should, I think, be everyone's i troduction to French Romanesq architecture as it was mine twen seven years ago. If you never see a other, you will have found eve thing Romanesque has to offer of t dignity and the toughness of me eval belief coupled with the delig of richness. As we walked throu the park behind the church a looked at the ruins of what had on been the abbey, there was no qu tion that this solemn hilltop str ture, white against a dark sky, h once commanded the lives of m

for as far as the eyes could see.

We pursued Romanesque to the south—from the gentle lush landscape of Burgundy where Chablis is the *vin du pays,* by way of the vineyards of Chassagne-Montrachet—to Provence, where the soil is tough and gray with outcroppings of white rock. There the local wine is Châteauneuf du Pape, and there, too, people grow cactus side by side with iris in their gardens, and sin side by side with salvation in the ornament of their churches. In Avignon, still surrounded by its crenelated medieval city wall, they no longer dance on the bridge (two-thirds of which has disappeared), but they exude a general spirit of gaiety and swarm in the streets as they are said to have done when the Popes lived there in the fourteenth century.

The Romanesque architecture is in nearby cities, and some of it we did not pursue, enough being enough. But Rome seems much closer in Provence than in Burgundy. In Nîmes the Maison Carrée (from which Jefferson took his inspiration for the design of the Capitol in Richmond) stands as elegant as a jewel box just a few hundred yards from the Roman arena where now bullfights are held on spring Sunday afternoons. In Orange, thirty miles away, is the ruin of a Roman theatre, the biggest ancient theatre this side of Greece; plays are again given there today. And at Pont du Gard is an aqueduct, a towering, three-tiered miracle of golden stone above a river as pale as the gray sky. Where we did find Romanesque churches in St. Gilles and in Arles the hands of Roman stone cutters might almost have been at work. Again at St. Gilles there were fluted pilasters, and among the Christian symbols the familiar Greek key wound its geometric way. In those days it took a good architectural device a millennium to die. It was not then, as later, a matter of concocting revivals, it was a matter of continuity. What was good for one set of European gods was good enough for another.

By the time we left Avignon we were beginning to recover our long-unused techniques of tourism. We were reconciled, for one thing, to the fact that three people cannot play

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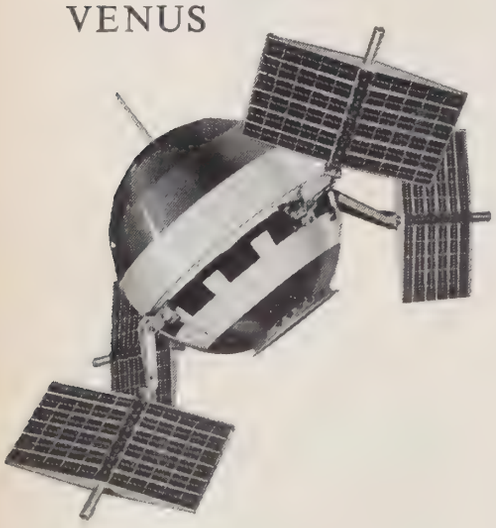
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this game at the same pace. There is a Spanish saying that it takes three children to play bullfight: one to be the bull, one to be the matador, and one to stand by and shout *"Olé!"* This is a reasonable division of labors for three people touring together, so long as the roles rotate. There's nothing like having somebody on the sidelines shouting encouragement when you go in over the horns of a cathedral.



YOUNG AUDIENCES

AS I opened the gym door in one of our local schools, in Princeton, New Jersey, I realized that the Young Audiences concert I came to hear had already begun.

"What do you do when you're right in the middle of a piece and you have to sneeze?" a third-grader asked. "How much does a violin cost?" asked another. "How long does it take to learn?" One question followed another—all of these third-, fourth-, and fifth-graders hardly able to restrain themselves. It was clear that they were all fascinated, some because of curiosity, others because they had been fired with the desire to play music themselves, others because it was their first chance to talk with professional musicians.

Then the performers played movements from Beethoven, Dvořák, and Ravel quartets, leaving plenty of time in between for questions, discussion, and wriggling. When the hour was over you didn't have to ask any of the children what they thought of it. Appreciation and pleasure beamed from their faces. The performers seemed to feel the same way.

This is what I had been led to expect from a Young Audiences concert. I had heard a good deal about the ones given in Princeton the year before by the New York Percussion Trio. They were informal, intimate, geared to the age level of the audience, but without condescension. The awesome frigidity of the concert hall was totally absent, and the performances provided some of the most valuable and exciting moments of the school year.

Our schools, like hundreds of others throughout the country, make such concerts a regular part of the curriculum. Working with Young Audiences, they can afford to do so because the cost to the school amounts to only about thirty cents for each child at the concert. In Princeton the PTA pays the bill.

Young Audiences, Inc. is essentially—though not merely—a booking agency that tries to bring chamber music into the public, private, and parochial school environment. Its chairman is Rosalie J. Leventritt; one of its vice-chairmen is Rudolf Serkin. Its music advisory committee includes Yehudi Menuhin, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Leonard Bernstein, Isaac Stern, George Szell, and others of this stature. Its roster of performing artists is carefully selected not only for musical excellence but also for ability in speaking to and dealing with children.

These artists are offered to schools for a fee of one hundred dollars a concert plus traveling expenses—a figure that is about a fifth of the normal professional fee or less. The extremely low fee is possible because performances are organized on a "block booking" plan: often the performing group is scheduled to play the same program two or three times a day for from one to five days all in the same area. The performers receive the whole fee, with no deductions for management or commissions. Young Audiences is a non-profit organization, and its overhead is defrayed by contributions—chiefly from the Leventritt, Ford, and the Rockefeller Foundations.

Local committees of interested citizens form chapters of Young Audiences and operate in close harmony with the national office. The

ommittees have the job of soliciting nough school engagements in their rea to make block booking possible. hey also select and engage perrmers, consult with the national ffice about acceptable programs, rrange for the musicians' transportion, room, and board, and in eneral see that everything runs noothly. The local overhead is sually small, covering only corespondence, concert supervision, nd traveling expenses.

The cost of the concerts is usually overed by PTAs, schools, Junior eagues, and other groups or indiiduals. Aid may also come from the Iusic Performance Trust Funds of ne Recording Industries in co-operaon with local unions. This is posble when local ensembles of top uality are available in the comunity. The trustee of the Music erformance Trust Funds of the ecording Industries, Mr. Samuel R. osenbaum, has indicated an interst in matching funds with local ommittees whenever possible. (Spefic information about this and uidance in forming a local comittee will be given anyone who rites to Miss Carol Morse, Young udiences, Inc., 645 Madison Aveue, New York 22, N. Y.)

Given the obvious value of Young udiences concerts and the amazing argain price, it is no wonder that ne organization has expanded very apidly. It began in 1950 with fifty oncerts and now gives more than 000 each year. I hope it continues expand at the same rate. The ore of these concerts we have, the ore our children will realize that igh musical culture can be a part of veryday life. Many of them will be imulated to participate in musicaking themselves.

"When I was eight," one boy rote after a concert, "my mother anted me to play the viola—now *I* ant to play the viola." It's as simple that. In a culture like ours, where much art is packaged and autoatically dispensed, intimate contact ith real, live artists can be a revelaon. Art suddenly becomes human nd approachable. As an amazed ttle girl said to Mrs. Leventritt uring a Young Audiences concert, Oh, lady, isn't this good! I thought ll music came out of a box."

—Roger Maren







Linus, when we say the new Ford Falcon Wagon has a load floor over 7 feet long—we mean 7 *long* feet. Not just any old feet! Another way of putting it: the Falcon has the longest load floor of any compact wagon. It's big enough to do everything you want a wagon to do . . . and it's compact enough to save your money in true Falcon fashion. Just one example: the new Ford Falcon is America's lowest priced 6-passenger wagon!*

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*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail delivered prices

FORD *Falcon* WAGON

CAN A MAN "OWN" A JOB HE HASN'T CREATED?

Once upon a time there were two men, Adam and Zeb.

Adam risked all his savings to set himself up as an independent neighborhood merchant.

Zeb took a factory job which required no risk from him.

Neighborhood competition finally caused Adam to go broke and give up his store. He was out of work and out of savings.

Circumstances eventually made Zeb's job unnecessary. He was out of work, but he had his savings. And his severance pay. And his unemployment compensation.

Nobody felt sorry for Adam. The neighborhood shoppers felt justified in patronizing the most efficient merchant. It was Adam's own responsibility if he couldn't keep up. Let him retrain himself and find another job.

Many people felt sorry for Zeb. They said the factory should let Zeb stand beside the new equipment and be paid even though he was not needed. By assumption, he owned the job which he had not created.

America was built by the Adams. Is it going to the Zebs?

REPUBLIC STEEL

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INFLATION ROBS US ALL

The constant search for better and better steels is one of the basic ways Republic Steel is trying to reduce costs and combat inflation.

Materials showing exceptional promise in this respect are consumable electrode vacuum-melted steels. These are now being produced by Republic in substantial quantities for the missile programs.

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Harper's MAGAZINE

POLITICS FOR A NEW GENERATION

Part I: Agenda for the Next President

PETER F. DRUCKER

When he steps into the White House, he (and the country) will cross a watershed into a brand new era in history. For the first time in twenty-eight years, they will have to face an entirely novel set of issues, political alignments, and national goals.

WHEN you, Mr. President-to-be, take over your new job—"at noon on the twentieth day of January" next, at the latest—American politics will really change course, for the first time since the end of World War II. You may be Republican or Democrat, pledged to your predecessor's policies or to "cleaning up the mess in Washington." In either case new and different tasks will be demanded of you, new and different opportunities will open up.

This is a "position paper," as they say in the Pentagon. It will not prophesy; it tries to analyze our position at this time of impending change in leadership. Neither does it propose new measures. The first need today is not for specific legislation, but for new goals, new attitudes, new visions, and new political alignments. These are not matters for the "expert"; in a free society they are the responsibility of the ordinary citizen.

Such political changes are perhaps most overdue in our international affairs—the topic of this first article. The old bearings which guided our policy since the end of World War II, fifteen years ago, are becoming irrelevant.

In domestic politics—which will be examined in a second article—the thirty-years' period that could be called "The Age of Franklin D. Roosevelt" has become history. New issues are already before us. They are as serious as any we dealt with during the last generation.

But they are quite different.

The job of the President (to which the third article in this series will be devoted) is also taking on new dimensions, realities, and goals.

"Solutions" I have none to offer. All I attempt is to spotlight key issues and to suggest what, underneath the froth of campaign slogans, will really be at stake during your term of office.

International affairs are sure to make the most exacting demands on an untried President. Six of the eight headlines the *New York Times* picked last New Year as "headlines of the 'fifties" shouted of international crisis. Our foreign policy may be bipartisan; but "experts" seem

light-years apart in appraising it. "Ours has been the most successful foreign policy in history" is the slogan of one party; "The United States is in danger of losing the Cold War" shouts the other.

Both may well be right—as are the man who says "the glass is half full" and the man who says "the glass is half empty." Viewed *historically*, the past fifteen years, the years of the Cold War, have been years of great successes. Viewed *politically*, with an eye to the years ahead, our policy is barren and our position precarious.

FOUR VICTORIES

WE HAVE had four big successes in international policy. Each is so familiar as to need only an illustration or two.

(1) Western Europe and Japan have been restored.

Ten years ago one of the large industry associations asked me to speak at their annual meeting on "Can Europe's Collapse Be Prevented?" They asked me back last year to speak on "The Threat of European Competition." The fastest increases in production and productivity, standards of living, and education during the last decade have not been in the United States or in Russia, but in the "old" industrial countries of Western Europe. And if they are undergoing a social revolution today, it is not that of any European ideology but of "Americanization." Automobiles and traffic jams are mightier levelers than Karl Marx; the most class-conscious Europeans are finding that behind the steering wheel all men are equal.

(2) An international economy has been rebuilt in which goods and men move freely.

The end of World War II is as far away this year as was the end of World War I when Franklin D. Roosevelt was first sworn into office. Now the immediate problem in the international economy is that it is growing too fast. International trade is outgrowing its credit base. The supply of international investment capital, though an all-time record, simply cannot keep up with the demand. Yet not much more than ten years ago, most economists (especially the Europeans) were sure that the history of the 'twenties would repeat itself. They saw the United States as a kind of "Typhoid Mary" who would spread the germs of chronic depression around the world and therefore would have to be quarantined.

(3) Colonialism no longer divides the free world against itself.

In the late 'forties, just before Korea, it was a diplomatic triumph to talk an Indian university into inviting an American professor to lecture. Today Indian universities complain that they cannot get enough American guest teachers or lecturers; yet there are two or three of them on every plane into New Delhi. There are, of course, still "colonial problems." No solution is yet in sight for the most difficult one—the relationship between "Europeans" and "Africans" where both are "natives" of the same area, living together.

But the great majority of former colonial people have now gained independence and nationhood. And a number of the very rulers who led their countrymen in the anti-colonial crusade —the Nehrus, the Nassers, or the Nkrumahs— increasingly take for granted a community of interest with the "European," rather than conflict. They now see in Western knowledge and Western capital—yesterday's "tools of imperialist exploitation"—the means to their own salvation. This is sometimes true even of people who look with fascination at Russia and China as models of a new system for fast economic growth.

(4) Finally, we have stood our ground in the Cold War.

If the era since 1947 had been "peace," it would have been a wretched, frustrating, and treacherous one. Every few months we have trembled through another real-life installment of the "Perils of Pauline" in full Technicolor. Each installment found us, like Pauline, tied hand and foot to the railroad tracks, the Alsops at the Wurlitzer breaking into the funeral march and the Communist Express thundering down the tracks.

But it was a period not of "peace" but of political war. We have not won it; but neither, so far, have the Communists. The Cold War is, of course, not over yet. We might have lost it by tomorrow in the next crisis. But if there is little cause for a victory parade down Broadway, there is just as little cause for dancing in the streets of Moscow.

Peter F. Drucker has written several far-ranging surveys of changing American society for "Harper's." Some of these were subsequently developed into important books—for example, "America's Next Twenty Years" (1956) and "Landmarks of Tomorrow" (1959). Mr. Drucker is an industrial consultant and professor of management in the Graduate School of Business at New York University. His other books include "The New Society" and "The Practice of Management." Educated in Austria and in England, he came to this country in 1937.

One more thing needs to be said. These were largely American accomplishments. They required very bold decisions to commit ourselves to the defense, recovery, and renewal of a war-shattered world, instead of letting it fall meekly to the Communists and their outriders, chaos, hunger, and despair. They represent great imagination and great effort. These achievements did not just happen; they were earned.

. . . AND SOME FRUSTRATIONS

BUT all this belongs to the historians. The politician, concerned with today and tomorrow, sees the United States and the free world in deep trouble. Again, this needs illustration rather than explanation.

Diversity in the free world should be a source of strength for us, and of pride. Surely, we have no case at all unless it is the freedom to differ. Yet we today seem to say, "Whoever is not with us is against us," while the Russians, since Stalin's death, seem to be able to act on, "Whoever is not against us is with us." We, and not the Russians, have made the term "neutral" come to mean something like "anti-American," if not "pro-Communist." This flaws the moral foundation of our position and policy.

In country after country we have committed ourselves deeply to the party in power—yet Dr. Adenauer and Syngman Rhee are in their eighties and, as Korean events show, not invulnerable in office. This makes the American connection a partisan issue rather than a bond of common unity. The present troubles in Cuba and elsewhere in Latin America show how dangerous this can be.

We are panicked by our very achievements. That the leading countries of the free world have regained independence, prosperity, and self-confidence makes us fret rather than exult. They are so uncomfortably independent, so aggressively competitive.

Finally, we all know that, rightly or wrongly, it is Russia today rather than the United States which draws mankind's imagination: to her space victories, her disarmament proposals, her industrial achievements. This is not a matter of facts and figures. We know that the Russians are ahead in the one crucial area of missile and space technology. In all other fields the non-Communist world *as a whole*—as distinct from the United States alone—probably has been pulling ahead of the Soviet bloc.

But leadership is not held by weight, but by energy. We may be the richest, most virtuous, and best brought-up girl on the block, and Russia may be a painted hussy—but she is drawing the wolf whistles, and not just from the bad boys. We have taken our leadership for granted, while the Russians have worked. We have asked: "What is the least we can get by with?" The Russians have asked: "What is the most we can possibly do?"

Where have we failed? We, rather than the Russians, are today's doctrinaires. We insist on imposing the assumptions of 1947 on the realities of 1960. We are, rightly, critical of Mr. Khrushchev's inability (or unwillingness) to see the obvious: that twentieth-century American capitalism is not nineteenth-century European capitalism. But we refuse to see that Communism can remain Communism, and yet subordinate Marxist dogma to the demands of modern physical science, technology, and industry. This does not necessarily make it one whit less a tyranny, but it makes it twice as dangerous.

We can no longer hope to prevail through the "inner contradictions" of Communism—that is, through Communism defeating itself—as Mr. Dulles still thought to his very end. Communism may collapse eventually, for dictatorships are brittle beneath their stainless steel surface. Few have escaped cracking under the strains of the fight for succession—and Mr. Khrushchev is not a young man. Moreover, we do not know what impact mass education and rising standards of living may have on Communist society. But in the short run—and this may mean decades rather than years—we can hope to prevail only through our own strength.

We similarly cling to the 1947 view of the Cold War. But it can no longer be won by military force; it can only be lost through military weakness. It cannot be won any more through economic performance, though it can easily be lost through economic weakness. It can now be won only as a political conflict: a conflict for the imagination, the moral energy, and the aspirations of people everywhere.

THE SAME OLD TUNE

WE ARE most doctrinaire in respect to our position among our allies—the very field where we have been most successful. Our policy still assumes that the military and economic hegemony which the United States enjoyed at the end of World War II should be an unchangeable law of nature. Yet this hegemony was abnormal and bound to be short-lived. It has long since disappeared.

The Eisenhower foreign policy has been largely a continuation of Mr. Truman by other slogans. The key changed; the tune remained the same. If it can be criticized, it is for not going through with the "agonizing reappraisal" that it promised. When Mr. Truman left, the 1947 assumptions could still, perhaps, be maintained. As soon as Stalin died, a few months after Eisenhower took over, they ceased to be tenable. But this we have refused to accept.

The new and overriding need of American foreign policy which the next President will be expected to satisfy is for new goals. Using our successes of the 'forties and 'fifties as a foundation, we now have to build up a long-term strength, rather than to shore up temporary weaknesses. We have to train ourselves for a ten-mile race rather than for the hundred-yard sprint.

Above all, where we once performed as soloist, we will now have to learn to serve as the conductor of an ensemble. Each nation of the non-Communist world has its own part to play, its own way. Our new role is to persuade all of them to play together and play the same piece. To deserve this leadership we, at the very least, have to demand of ourselves what we demand of others. We have to regain, therefore, strength and initiative in defense policy. We have to restore our threatened economic lead and our lagging industrial productivity.

To persuade others to follow our leadership, the United States must become again the spearhead of the drive for disarmament and control of nuclear weapons. Above all, we must switch from American "foreign aid" to common constructive endeavors of the free-world community.

THE NEW TASKS

THESE new tasks are quite concrete. Far too many people, though, seem to believe that they can be accomplished by speech-making. Hence a few words might be in order about the specific work ahead of you:

(1) The Job in Defense

Closing the missile gap may require a crash program. But it is even more urgent (and more difficult) to restore our ability to think clearly about our military policy and to make some necessary decisions. The Russian lead in space technology is bad enough. But worse, much worse, is the disordered imagination that can dismiss a Soviet moon shot as "of no military value."

There are many causes for the confusion in our defense effort. In research, for instance, we have put too much emphasis on "development"—the application of existing knowledge to the design of new hardware. We have slighted real research—the quest for new knowledge. We have acted like the pharmaceutical manufacturer who spends all his research money on developing a sugar-coated aspirin with the sure-fire market, and so has nothing left for work on new antibiotics. We have spent more than enough money—but we have wasted far too much. In the space program alone, two or three billions' worth of projects had to be written off; their focus on immediate "practical" results made them obsolete even before they were completed.

In defense procurement and defense production, it takes us apparently two or three times as long as the Russians to bring a new design into production. Here we are largely organized for the technology of World War II—that is, for mass production of identical products by standard industrial processes. Today's weapons are, however, not lineal descendants of the automobile, as were the tanks, fighter planes, and landing craft of World War II. Strategically, the intercontinental missile is a descendant of the Trojan Horse—used once only, but then to win the war. Technically, it is not a "weapon" but a "system"—it resembles a battleship rather than a tank. Structurally, it is akin to the Great Pyramid which had much the same ratio of "payload" to mass. It is a unique product, built one at a time, in special-purpose plants, from special-purpose materials, and by processes without parallel in peacetime industry.

Our main defense disease is, however, even more fundamental: The Armed Services Unification of 1948 has failed in its major aim. It has failed to give us an effective defense policy. What is amiss in defense is not the bickering and feuding among the services. It is not even the administrative chaos in the Pentagon with its platoons of assistant secretaries and its choirs of committees, task forces, study groups, coordinators, and special advisers. These are symptoms, though nasty ones.

Armed Services Unification assumed that there would be one overall American strategy, set by political decision. It had in mind the kind of decision Franklin D. Roosevelt made when he threw our main strength in World War II into Europe rather than into Asia. Within such a decision the Joint Chiefs of Staff could then allocate manpower and money according to the specific missions of each service. But each service

has today come to stand for a different strategy, rather than for a specific mission. And the new weapons do not neatly fit into the historical "missions" of the services. Each time we develop a major new weapon, a new strategy is created for it.

The nuclear-powered missile-carrying submarine, such as the just completed *George Washington,* may well be the most nearly invulnerable launching pad. It may at the same time be the only hope that the civilian population might, after all, escape being the one certain casualty of a nuclear attack. Even if not a substitute for the land-based missile (as such authorities as Princeton's mathematician-economist Oskar Morgenstern believe), it is certainly a strong competitor. Is it "Navy"? And what about tomorrow's likely successor: the unmanned missile pad, submerged for years maybe and directed by remote control? That, surely, would be neither "Navy" nor "Air Force."

The Joint Chiefs of Staff cannot answer such questions and ought not to be asked to do so. Such decisions are no longer "military." Everyone of them is a political decision, affecting both national safety and the survival of a service. But the civilian secretaries of the armed services can't make them either, for every one entails grave military consequences and risks. The result is that all decisions are being debated endlessly by both military and civilian authorities. Another result is the tremendous premium on not making decisions—on not facing up to the unpleasant and risky, on seeking the compromise that satisfies no one but also hurts no one.

Only the President can end all this, by making the few basic decisions which will give firm guide lines to both his civilian and military subordinates. How will the defense effort have to be organized so that these key questions can be isolated and presented to the President for decision? What organization is then needed to make sure these decisions are carried out?

(2) Maintaining Industrial Productivity

We enjoyed economic preponderance in 1947 as we enjoyed military preponderance. We took it for granted as a normal, if not God-given, condition. It was in fact abnormal, dangerous, and transitory. We worked hard to restore others to health and growth. Now we will have to learn that we ourselves cannot have productivity and economic growth unless we work at them. We have been preaching this to others, very successfully. We now have to practice it ourselves.

We hear a great deal today of the "narrowing of the gap" between the Russian economy and ours. Much more serious, however, is the narrowing of the gap between our productivity and that of our allies.

This showed dramatically last year in the sinking spell of our exports, which caused a deficit of almost $4 billion in our balance of payments and made the whole world talk about "the weakness of the dollar." We are now recovering; but the fundamental problem remains. We need steadily expanding raw-material imports to grow ourselves. We can only pay for them by exports. But our exports find it increasingly hard to compete in the free-world markets—not with the Russians, but with the Swiss, Dutch, Japanese, French, Italians, Germans, and British.

There is no quicker way into serious domestic depression than loss of our ability to compete in the world economy. (Every tenth American worker gets his pay check from an export sale; every fourth depends on imported raw materials.) There is also no quicker way into a free-world depression and into dismantling the whole international economy—which is as vital a part of our national defense as the Strategic Air Command. Any wavering of the dollar would create world panic; for we are the free world's banker.

One popular explanation for our recent difficulties is the foreign-aid payments. But those are largely hidden export subsidies, especially for our farm products. We would be even worse off without them.

Another popular explanation is the low wages of foreign labor. But hourly wages in many other countries have gone up twice as fast as ours, and

How Is It Where You Are Going?

Harper's readers seem to have a remarkable number of tastes and interests in common. One of them is a taste for travel; a quarter of our subscribers expect to go abroad this year.

If you are one of them, and if you feel that your experience might be useful to other readers, would you like to send us a note? It might be merely a few lines about something which you found especially interesting, and which is not covered in the standard guides—or a word about a hotel, restaurant, place, or route which turned out to be unexpectedly good (or bad).

If we get enough such letters, we'll try to put them together next fall to make a report by and for *Harper's* readers which could prove uniquely useful to future travelers.

—*The Editors*

"fringe benefits" even faster. In a large Japanese transistor-radio plant which I visited last summer, total labor costs were barely lower than ours, with much higher fringe benefits offsetting the much lower hourly wage rate. But there were far fewer "rejects," finished transistors that had to be thrown out as defective. Quality control enabled the Japanese to undercut the Americans; they had learned it from us, but did it better.

Quality control is, of course, only one of many managerial techniques. The other industrial countries of the non-Communist world have caught onto what we fancied to be our exclusive secret: how to make high-wage labor productive, not by working harder but by "working smarter." To stay competitive—and we have no choice—we must learn to match their rate of growth. This, by the way, would be ample to keep us ahead in the race with the Russians.

This has bearings on taxes and on education, on the farm program and on money management. As the next article in this series will show, it may require new wage and price policies, and change the role of government in the economy.

(3) Arms Limitation and World Opinion

We have worked patiently at armament limitation and control. Yet we are widely known as the "atomic warmongers"—and by many people who are neither Communists nor fellow travelers. Why?

We blame the armaments race on the East-West conflict, and hope for relaxation by "settling" this or that specific crisis. But this is a dangerous delusion. We need only imagine how the present East-West conflict would look if all nations possessed the weapons of 1918 or even those of 1944 rather than those of today. We would be a long way from Utopia, to be sure; but we would be even further away from the brink on which the world now teeters.

Whether we like it or not, crises are the rule in international life. In the most placid years of Queen Victoria there were as many as there are now. Every crisis now concerns us. Above timberline even the softest breeze blows a gale; and we are way up.

But the "absolute" weapons endow every such crisis with the threat of total destruction. Limitation and control of these weapons will not do away with the crises or the East-West conflict, but it may make them bearable again. Nothing else will.

"If you, in the United States, are really serious about inspection of nuclear tests," the American visitor to Japan or Pakistan is asked by impeccably anti-Communist and pro-American friends, "why do you not set up your own inspection system as a common enterprise of the free world?"

There are good answers to this kind of question. But there is no answer to the underlying view that this is not just an issue between the two "super-powers" but one to which the entire world is a party. We know this—but we do not, it seems, understand it.

For the world, control and limitation of the "absolute" weapons is *the* agenda. For us, it is one item on it, and not always the first. The world sees itself as having a vital stake in this issue; we see it as an issue between America and

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COUNTRY BLESSING by Thomas Whitbread

I KNOW how it must be, anywhere
    In the United States, where through roads run
    Through villages. I was a child in one,
Paper Mill Village, village without a square,
With one paved road, Route 9, going everywhere
    In two directions, toward West Cummington
    Or else East Windsor. I knew all the fun
It was possible to have bicycling there.

And I knew there, and know how it must be
    Anywhere, in bed, tucked in, early at night,
        To wait, awake, awaiting, before sleep,
The incontestable future, adult, free,
    And far-seeing, in the lights, brilliantly bright,
        Of the nine o'clock bus going by my soul to keep.

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up by a young couple on the ladder they used to elope. It requires long-term constructive tasks and enduring achievements. Only tasks that are "for" something can fire hearts and minds, can give challenge and fulfillment to the mountain-mover and the true patriot. The tasks are there—and we have been doing some of them rather well. But because we are so busy darning the network of our military alliances, these great constructive works remain "American" achievements instead of becoming "ours"—that is, undertakings in which our friends can feel a genuine partnership.

USE OF "SPECTACULARS"

ECONOMIC development is the most urgent of these jobs. It is the one we now understand fairly well in terms of economics—but do rather poorly in terms of politics.

Certainly it requires money; and probably more rather than less. But the money should now come from all developed countries in the non-Communist world. The United States cannot shoulder the whole burden. And it should not. The economic development effort will be politically effective only if it becomes a visible symbol of the genuine concern of the "developed" (and mostly white) countries for the "underdeveloped" (and largely colored) nations of the world.

Such development needs plan, purpose, selectivity, and priorities even more than it needs money. We discuss whether we should be more or less "generous." What we ought to worry about is how to be more effective. In areas which, like India and Latin America, are on the threshold of fast and self-sustained growth, we might push industrial investment. In Equatorial Africa, on the other hand, we may need for the next decade to work mainly on the foundations for future development. This may require money less than knowledge—knowledge by the rulers of the newborn nations about where to start; knowledge on our part of their resources, needs, and aspirations.

We need to think in terms of "development" rather than in terms of separate "projects." Economic development is not "sound"; it is a leap into the unknown. The Aswan Dam, the glittering new capital of Brasilia, or the big steelworks going up everywhere may be "impractical"—but all the same they lead to more development than, say, roads or shoe factories with their more immediate but prosaic benefits. "Spectaculars" can create vision, pride, and hope; our own TVA is a good example.

Yet we also must be able to say "No" to a government that wants to build monuments to bureaucracy, or an air force to keep its generals happy. We must be able to say "No" to the Congressman who wants us to force surplus wheat on a foreign country and call it "economic aid."

All this requires that economic development be a common effort, backed by the respected men abroad as well as here. We could say "No" in the Marshall Plan; and it was taken for an answer because the best brains of Europe—such as Jean Monnet of France—worked as full partners with the Americans and shared in the decisions. The best development job anywhere is being done by Puerto Ricans such as Muñoz-Marín or Teodoro Moscoso. Yet we rarely find a way to use these fellow citizens in our overseas projects—much less the young Peruvian or Chilean agronomist, the Indian industrial engineer, or the public-health doctor from North Africa.

Finally, we ought to realize that *we* cannot develop anybody, no matter how much money we spend. Ninety per cent of the effort, talent, and even money ought to come from within the developing country. We can only encourage, counsel, and provide the first seed-corn capital.

Economic development, while the most urgent, is only one of the joint tasks we should be tackling in partnership with our overseas friends.

"fringe benefits" even faster. In a large Japanese transistor-radio plant which I visited last summer, total labor costs were barely lower than ours, with much higher fringe benefits offsetting the much lower hourly wage rate. But there were far fewer "rejects," finished transistors that had to be thrown out as defective. Quality control enabled the Japanese to undercut the Americans; they had learned it from us, but did it better.

Quality control is, of course, only one of many managerial techniques. The other industrial countries of the non-Communist world have caught onto what we fancied to be our exclusive secret: how to make high-wage labor productive, not by working harder but by "working smarter." To stay competitive—and we have no choice—we must learn to match their rate of growth. This, by the way, would be ample to keep us ahead in the race with the Russians.

This has bearings on taxes and on education, on the farm program and on money management. As the next article in this series will show, it may require new wage and price policies, and change the role of government in the economy.

(3) Arms Limitation and World Opinion

We have worked patiently at armament limitation and control. Yet we are widely known as the "atomic warmongers"—and by many people who are neither Communists nor fellow travelers. Why?

We blame the armaments race on the East-West conflict, and hope for relaxation by "settling" this or that specific crisis. But this is a dangerous delusion. We need only imagine how the present East-West conflict would look if n nations possessed the weapons of 1918 or eve those of 1944 rather than those of today. W would be a long way from Utopia, to be sure; but we would be even further away from the brink on which the world now teeters.

Whether we like it or not, crises are the rule in international life. In the most placid years of Queen Victoria there were as many as there are now. Every crisis now concerns us. Above timberline even the softest breeze blows a gale; and we are way up.

But the "absolute" weapons endow every such crisis with the threat of total destruction. Limitation and control of these weapons will not do away with the crises or the East-West conflict, but it may make them bearable again. Nothing else will.

"If you, in the United States, are really serious about inspection of nuclear tests," the American visitor to Japan or Pakistan is asked by impeccably anti-Communist and pro-American friends, "why do you not set up your own inspection system as a common enterprise of the free world?"

There are good answers to this kind of question. But there is no answer to the underlying view that this is not just an issue between the two "super-powers" but one to which the entire world is a party. We know this—but we do not, it seems, understand it.

For the world, control and limitation of the "absolute" weapons is *the* agenda. For us, it is one item on it, and not always the first. The world sees itself as having a vital stake in this issue; we see it as an issue between America and

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COUNTRY BLESSING by Thomas Whitbread

I KNOW how it must be, anywhere
    In the United States, where through roads run
    Through villages. I was a child in one,
Paper Mill Village, village without a square,
With one paved road, Route 9, going everywhere
    In two directions, toward West Cummington
    Or else East Windsor. I knew all the fun
It was possible to have bicycling there.

And I knew there, and know how it must be
    Anywhere, in bed, tucked in, early at night,
        To wait, awake, awaiting, before sleep,
The incontestable future, adult, free,
    And far-seeing, in the lights, brilliantly bright,
        Of the nine o'clock bus going by my soul to keep.

Russia in which the others are, at best, admitted as kibitzers. We rightly stress the safeguards; but in the meantime both Russia's and our arsenals grow, and new countries of dubious stability join the atomic club.

The world demands from us on this issue the fervor, the burning conviction and the obsessive urgency of the crusader. What it sees instead, when it looks at us, is the stance of the first-rate corporation lawyer.

(4) All these—defense policy, economic policy, disarmament policy—are only preludes to the big job: to develop a sense of common purpose in the non-Communist world through our leadership in joint endeavors.

The one common effort we sponsor today is the military alliance. "When *you* want to talk air bases in our country," a thoroughly pro-American diplomat complained (with some exaggeration), "you expect our President to drop everything and come running. But when *we* want to talk Latin American Common Market, your third assistant under-secretary has no date free for the next three months."

Common purpose can no more be built on military alliances than housekeeping can be set up by a young couple on the ladder they used to elope. It requires long-term constructive tasks and enduring achievements. Only tasks that are "for" something can fire hearts and minds, can give challenge and fulfillment to the mountain-mover and the true patriot. The tasks are there—and we have been doing some of them rather well. But because we are so busy darning the network of our military alliances, these great constructive works remain "American" achievements instead of becoming "ours"—that is, undertakings in which our friends can feel a genuine partnership.

USE OF "SPECTACULARS"

ECONOMIC development is the most urgent of these jobs. It is the one we now understand fairly well in terms of economics—but do rather poorly in terms of politics.

Certainly it requires money; and probably more rather than less. But the money should now come from all developed countries in the non-Communist world. The United States cannot shoulder the whole burden. And it should not. The economic development effort will be politically effective only if it becomes a visible symbol of the genuine concern of the "developed" (and mostly white) countries for the "underdeveloped" (and largely colored) nations of the world.

Such development needs plan, purpose, selectivity, and priorities even more than it needs money. We discuss whether we should be more or less "generous." What we ought to worry about is how to be more effective. In areas which, like India and Latin America, are on the threshold of fast and self-sustained growth, we might push industrial investment. In Equatorial Africa, on the other hand, we may need for the next decade to work mainly on the foundations for future development. This may require money less than knowledge—knowledge by the rulers of the newborn nations about where to start; knowledge on our part of their resources, needs, and aspirations.

We need to think in terms of "development" rather than in terms of separate "projects." Economic development is not "sound"; it is a leap into the unknown. The Aswan Dam, the glittering new capital of Brasilia, or the big steelworks going up everywhere may be "impractical"—but all the same they lead to more development than, say, roads or shoe factories with their more immediate but prosaic benefits. "Spectaculars" can create vision, pride, and hope; our own TVA is a good example.

Yet we also must be able to say "No" to a government that wants to build monuments to bureaucracy, or an air force to keep its generals happy. We must be able to say "No" to the Congressman who wants us to force surplus wheat on a foreign country and call it "economic aid."

All this requires that economic development be a common effort, backed by the respected men abroad as well as here. We could say "No" in the Marshall Plan; and it was taken for an answer because the best brains of Europe—such as Jean Monnet of France—worked as full partners with the Americans and shared in the decisions. The best development job anywhere is being done by Puerto Ricans such as Muñoz-Marín or Teodoro Moscoso. Yet we rarely find a way to use these fellow citizens in our overseas projects—much less the young Peruvian or Chilean agronomist, the Indian industrial engineer, or the public-health doctor from North Africa.

Finally, we ought to realize that *we* cannot develop anybody, no matter how much money we spend. Ninety per cent of the effort, talent, and even money ought to come from within the developing country. We can only encourage, counsel, and provide the first seed-corn capital.

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There is even danger in putting too much weight on it. It is slow; and it is a task in which the West always gives, and the others always ask for more. We need other tasks too—preferably some in which non-Westerners can give a good deal.

India, for example, clearly needs big industry. But she needs also to learn how to make the most of her handicraft and village industries. We are not much good at this. But Japan's whole economy rests largely on just this kind of small, highly productive family enterprise.

All underdeveloped countries need new educational thinking as badly as they need schools. Western education, if transplanted, often produces unemployables, educated for gentlemanly ease or for an unproductive clerkship in a government office. The classic example is the Indian victim of a transplanted Victorian public school with his "B.A. failed." Or it produces trained barbarians who know only one god, the slide rule. Education is needed, and fast, which teaches the knowledge of the modern world and yet prepares for citizenship, which is focused on effectiveness and yet uses the values of the indigenous culture. There are examples—a few mission schools in Africa and some American county farm agents in India and Iran. But the big job is yet to be done—and people from the "underdeveloped" countries working together (with our encouragement) will have to do most of it.

Our purpose should not be to do things for other people, but to help them do things for themselves.

OUR SPECIAL BLEND

IN SUM, our next President will have to create an American international policy. We have none today and in effect have had none for at least eight, if not ten, years. We have to decide what to do, what to aim at, what to be.

For most people today Robert Taft is but a dim memory. But in denying him the nomination in 1952, the Republican party abandoned not only a man but an axiom: Except in a shooting war, domestic affairs always come first and always are decisive in American politics. This was not just Taft's personal conviction. It had been held just as fervently by the Woodrow Wilson of the "New Freedom" and the Franklin D. Roosevelt of the "New Deal." Indeed, for these hundred years most Americans believed implicitly that it was our unique destiny to build on our own shores—untainted by power politics and uncorrupted by the greed and rivalries of nations—the New Jerusalem of the American dream. Insofar as we had a foreign policy in peacetimes, it had always been the one for which Taft stood.

We had to abandon it, as we all know, irrevocably. But we have not yet replaced it with another consensus about our role in the world. We are fighting temporary emergencies—and on the whole quite well. But what do we strive for as a long-range goal? Dropping Taft was like dropping the first shoe; where is the second one?

We need a policy that takes the restored strength of the free world for its basis, welcomes its diversity, and sees opportunity rather than threat in the yearnings and strivings of the awakening peoples.

We need a policy that brings out the central fact of the world of 1960: the interdependence between all nations of the free world, the United States included. It is no longer true that our policy has to be either in "our" interest or in "theirs." We have as much of a stake in their independence, security, and prosperity as they have themselves. Conversely, "they" have an equal stake in the strength of our defense and our economy. We are recovering fast from the dollar crisis of last year, largely because England, Germany, and Japan immediately removed restrictions on American imports. They did this from neither gratitude nor kindheartedness. They simply realized that lower profit margins for their industries and even some unemployment are less of a threat to them than the slightest tremor of the dollar.

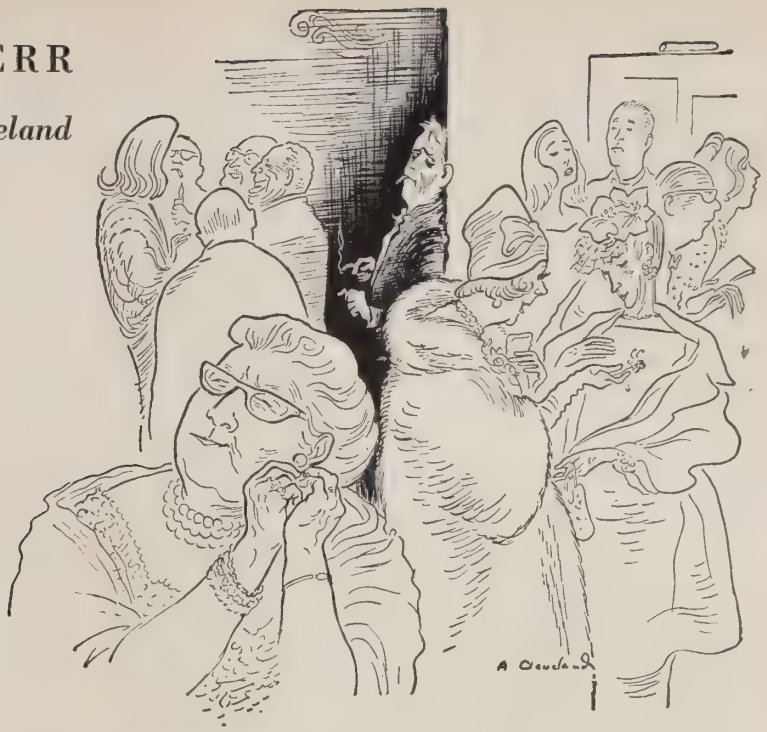
Above all, we need a policy that is "American"—one that understands that our successes in international affairs these last fifteen years were all achieved by the very beliefs, practices, and methods that built this nation. Wherever we have been effective since the end of World War II, it has been neither through "idealism" nor through "self-interest." It has been through that unique blend of the moral and the expedient, the pragmatic and the visionary, the concern for one's neighbor and the concern for one's pocketbook—the blend which is the essence of American politics.

To have an effective American international policy we need not, as Robert Taft believed, abandon all this country stands for. On the contrary, we have to use it now to bring together the men of hope everywhere to join in the building of the good society. Such a policy has become possible. This is the measure of our success these last fifteen years. But no such policy has yet been developed. And this is the real "crisis"—and the next President's first and biggest challenge.

Harper's Magazine, June 1960

By JEAN KERR

Drawings by Anne Cleveland



What Happens Out of Town

The process of trying out a show (especially in Philadelphia) is cleverly designed to break a playwright's spirit, digestion, and heart. It can be survived, however, if you keep all dogs, alcoholics, and children out of the cast.

I USED to love to go out of town with a show—you miss so much at home. Oh, the exhilaration of being in Philadelphia just as the air is turning nippy, and knowing that somebody else back in Larchmont will have to find the storm windows. Indeed, when I was younger and still in love with room service, I felt, like any other red-blooded American housewife, that a whole day spent rewriting the first act was a small price to pay for the privilege of having somebody else make my breakfast and bring it up to me on a tray. I don't know just when the truth caught up with me. But I have noticed, recently, that the mere thought of going to Boston with a musical causes me to tremble and drop small objects.

Many people have asked me—well, my father has asked me several times—why playwrights have to take a show out of town to try it out. Can't they tell anything from rehearsals?

The truth is that the playwright learns a great deal from rehearsals. He learns that the play is brave, haunting, luminous, tender, and hilarious and that a cardboard container of coffee sent in from the delicatessen costs thirty cents. Everybody tells him how great the play is—the producer's secretary, the press agent's wife, the leading lady's mother. In fact, after spending only twenty minutes peering at a rehearsal from the back of an empty theatre, they squeeze the author's trembling hand and mutter hoarsely, "This is *it,* Sam—it can't miss." Not wishing to dispel the universal euphoria, Sam dismisses as unlikely his own secret theory that the play was badly cast, is being badly directed, and may have been badly written. Soon he is making discreet inquiries as to when the balloting closes for the Pulitzer Prize, and finally he comes home to tell his wife, "Honey, I don't see how it can miss."

And that's why he goes to Philadelphia: so he can see how it can miss.

Out of town, the first thing he is up against is Murphy's Law. In Abe Burrows' definition, Murphy's Law states simply: If something *can* go wrong, it will. Now you wouldn't think it to look at me, but I just happen to be the world's expert on the things that can go wrong out of town, and I would like to point out a few of the simpler rules for survival, for those of you who may be thinking of writing a play.

(1) Learn to cope with room service.

We will start with the idea that the play will have to be entirely rewritten (there is no other possibility). This means that you will have to spend twenty-two hours out of every day closeted in a small hotel room with a rented typewriter and a very bad reproduction of a Utrillo.

Entombed as he is, the playwright usually makes the foolish mistake of supposing that he can count on room service to sustain the slender thread of life. This is patently ridiculous, as anyone who has ever waited three hours for two pots of black coffee will know. The thing to do is to bring along a couple of Care packages, or even a tin of biscuits. This will eliminate that air of panic which brings out the beast in room service and will allow you to order with the proper air of detachment. With any luck, you may stun the girl on the other end of the wire into instant action. A good method is to begin by asking her what day it is. Greet the news that it is Thursday with real appreciation. Then say, in an offhand, casual way, "Thursday, eh? Well, look, sometime over the weekend send me up a chicken sandwich, but there's no rush, I won't be checking out until the end of the month." Sometimes you'll get it in ten minutes.

The worst possible thing you can do, however, is to throw yourself on her mercy and suggest that you are dying of starvation. I know one playwright who swears he could have "fixed" that play if he hadn't spent all his time calling to inquire what had happened to his breakfast. And a pitiful sight he was, too—a large man of fifty-four shrieking into the telephone, "Yeah, yeah, yeah—I'm the scrambled eggs in 412!"

Many writers of comedies exhaust their best energies composing humorous insults to hurl at room service (one I know went so far as to send a large funeral wreath to the kitchen "in memory of all those who have passed away in the last twenty-four hours"). I've never been up to anything so daring or original. I'm not the rugged type, and in the total absence of food, sleep, and clean laundry I tend to sink into childish incoherence. I take the phone in faltering hand and say, with what I assume in my enfeebled state to be dignity, "Hello, Room Service, is this Room Service—well, you're the *worst Room Service I ever met!*"

I know one hotel in Philadelphia (name supplied on request) in which there is only one possible way to get room service. If you take off all your clothes, climb into the shower, and start to lather, the boy will start banging on the door with your tray. You will go through a great many bath towels in this way, which will lead to further quarreling with the maid, but at least you'll get something to eat.

(2) Stay out of the lobby.

Most authors waste a great deal of valuable energy slinking about the lobby during intermissions in a foolish effort to overhear the comments of the paying customers. They do this, mind you, even on those occasions when the audience has coughed and muttered throughout the entire first act with an animosity that has caused the actors to fear for their safety and the producer to leave town. Even in these circumstances the playwright somehow imagines that he will overhear a tall, distinguished man (clearly a United States Senator) say to his companion, "Egad, Helen, it's plays like this that make theatregoing worthwhile."

Alas, this never happens. The people who attend the theatre in tryout towns do not seem to recognize their obligation to discuss what they have just seen. Indeed, there is something downright perverse in the way they persist in believing that they are free to chat about their own affairs. Should you rub shoulders with a vivacious group out on the sidewalk, all you'll hear is a lady saying, "That's Jim for you, he *will* drink Manhattans when he knows how I hate to drive the station wagon."

When I was in Philadelphia four years ago with a comedy called "King of Hearts" I brushed so close to so many strangers that it's a wonder I wasn't arrested for soliciting. However, in two weeks of eavesdropping I only heard one remark that was in any way relevant to the show. This happened when a lady got up after the first act with dismay written all over her perplexed face. She turned to her husband and said plaintively, "George, this *can't* be 'Dial M for Murder'!"

Even this wasn't as devastating as the experience a friend of mine had in Wilmington. It was opening night of his new melodrama, and after the second act he flew to his lookout in the lobby, where he was rewarded by hearing two couples actually discussing the play. "Well, Bill," asked the first man, "how did you like it?" My friend held his breath. Bill's answer was not

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Jean Kerr's report on "Out of Town" will be part of a new book to be published this fall. She is the author of "King of Hearts" and other plays, and of "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," a best-selling book which can now be seen in movie form. Married to Walter F. Kerr, the critic and playwright, she has four sons.

long in coming. "You'd better ask Grace," he said, "she stayed awake."

Another reason why authors should stay out of the lobby is that they look so terrible. Last season I spent three weeks in Boston with a musical, and of course went rapidly to seed. Now, a certain random, helter-skelter look is absolutely native to me. But on this occasion I sank into a really spectacular state of disrepair. Dear friends would take me aside and say, "I know all about the second act, but you do have a *comb,* don't you?"

(3) Insist that all midnight conferences be held in somebody else's hotel room.

Each night after the performance it is customary for all members of the production staff to meet with the author to discuss the somber past, the doubtful future, and the plain fact that the new comedy scene which just went into the show is falling rather flatter than the old one. This session, coming as it does at the end of a perfect day, may loosen your last grip on sanity. But most playwrights accept the inevitable nightly post-mortem because they have learned that it is one-tenth of one per cent less taxing to talk about the rewrite than to do the rewrite.

However, all of this talking should definitely be done in the producer's suite. Should the merry little band assemble in your room, not only will you have to sign the tab for all those chicken sandwiches and all that Scotch, but, what is more to the point, you will have cut off your escape hatch.

Sooner or later as soft voices die and tempers rise, the director (or maybe the producer) will see fit to add to the many true remarks spoken in jest. "Look, Sam," he will say, still smiling, "we all know the first act is lousy—what you don't seem to realize is that the *second* act stinks." At this moment you should be free to arise and go without a backward glance. It might take twenty minutes, if you have to throw them all out of your room.

MAN VS. DOG

THESE nuggets of advice which I am dispensing so freely are all, as you can see, concerned with protecting the sanity of the playwright. Playwrights are an unstable crew at best, and they tend to become unglued in the face of the most trivial mishaps. I remember one who was carted right back to Menninger's because, at the climactic moment of his play, the bit-player who had to call for the police cried out loudly and clearly, "Help! There's been a murder—call the poloose!"

But if the author standing at the back of the house gnashing his teeth is painfully aware that the leading man has just answered the telephone before it rang, the audience tends to remain blissfully unconscious of technical mishaps, unless, of course, the leading lady actually tumbles off the stage into the first row of the orchestra.

I recall an experience I had while tending an ailing musical in Philadelphia. For complicated reasons of the plot, there was a big snowstorm effect at the finale of the show. One night the ropes that controlled the snow-bags (enormous canvas bags filled with tiny pellets of white paper) somehow became intertwined with the ropes that pulled up the main curtain, so that from the beginning of the second act it snowed. Gently, evenly, peacefully, down through the crystal chandeliers of the ballroom, all over the sunny farm scene, without pause during the night-club scene, it snowed on the just and unjust alike. Indeed, the prodigal flurries continued right up to the moment, at the very end of the show, when the leading lady had to say, "It's snowing, Max." She said the line looking up to the empty heavens, because by that time, naturally, we were fresh out of snow—and I sat there with my face buried in my hands, praying for guidance. When I dashed outside, still feeling



murderous, I stumbled into a friend who was seeing the show for the first time.

"Oh, Lord," I said, "you *would* have to catch this performance. Of course, things go wrong every night, but this—this is the worst, the absolute worst!"

He surprised me by being entirely philosophical about the whole matter. "You worry too much," he said, patting my shoulder. "Sure *I* noticed she was flat on that first song, but I don't think anybody else did."

By the way, many of the problems that cause faintness and loss of appetite out of town begin with simple mistakes in casting. Some performers that should never, in any circumstances, be cast are:

(1) Known alcoholics. You will have trouble enough with the unknown ones.

(2) Small children. It's not just that unless, happily, they are orphans, you will have to cope with their mothers. Much worse is the fact that children, being quicker, brighter, and in a better state of preservation than their elders, can and do memorize the entire script in three days. Thereafter they conceive it to be their civic duty to prompt the star any time and every time he seems to be groping for a word. This unwise practice not only exposes the child to unsuitable language but, in general, lowers the morale and defeats the efforts of the director to create a tight ship with a happy crew.

(3) Dogs. Dogs, of course, don't have mothers, which makes them a little easier to deal with, though not much. I was once connected with a production that required the services of a large English sheepdog. We began rehearsals with a beast that was supposed to be so highly trained that I imagined he would be able to do the rewrite. As it turned out, he was not trained even in the conventional sense. The circumstances over which he had no control eventually elicited howls of outrage from the manager of the theatre and resulted in our being urged (in the most intemperate language imaginable) to "go hire another hall." Furthermore, this same unfortunate animal had a tendency to bite the actors during performance, which not only lost him audience sympathy but lost us several actors.

He was replaced out of town by an enchanting dog who, unlike her predecessor, was well-adjusted and emotionally secure and limited her nibbling to the bits of liver we deposited at various key points on the set. However, she commanded a salary that was well in excess of that paid to most of the company, a circumstance which did not endear her to the other performers, several of whom claimed that, in any case, she had a habit of scratching her ears on their best lines. (I don't think she did this deliberately, but then you never know; and the actors were already unhinged from having to compete with two very cute child actors who crept into any hearts left vacant by that dog.)

ART AND HAM

IN addition to talking about the pitfalls that must be sidestepped, I might say a word about the really bad moments that may be inevitable. A playwright who is required to attend the premature closing in New York finds this is a very grim occasion indeed. Since objectivity doesn't begin to set in for about six months, he still doesn't grasp what happened. The play may be a poor thing, alas, but it's his own, and around the dear ruin each wish of his heart is entwined verdantly still.

To me, however, there is a worse moment. This occurs during one of the final performances out of town, after all of the changes have been made. You stand at the back of the house and observe the results of all the work, all the sleepless nights, the conferences, the rehearsals, the arguments. And the show is better, oh, definitely better, and the audience seems to be enjoying it. You should be happy—and then, suddenly, you experience a brief but exquisitely painful moment of clarity in which you realize that what you are seeing is not really the show you had in mind at all.

This always reminds me of a story about a friend of mine. One Easter she had to prepare dinner for fifteen people, counting children and relatives. For reasons of economy she decided to make a ham loaf instead of the traditional baked ham. Obviously, it was going to be four times the trouble, since the recipe for the ham loaf was extremely elaborate. There were a dozen different ingredients and the whole thing had to be made in advance and allowed to "set" overnight in pineapple juice. But she went gamely ahead, convinced that she was going to produce something tastier, if anything, than baked ham. As she took the square pink loaf out of the oven, a sinister thought crossed her mind. She cut off a little slice and tasted it, her worst suspicions confirmed. In tears, she flew out of the kitchen to find her husband.

"Oh, Frank," she said, "do you know what I've *got?* I've got Spam!"

All I can say is God love you, honey, if you're in Philadelphia and you've got Spam.

Harper's Magazine, June 1960

LOUIS E. LOMAX

The Negro Revolt Against "The Negro Leaders"

For nearly a century a small "ruling class" has served as spokesman—and has planned the strategy—for all American Negroes. Now it is being overwhelmed by an upsurge of aggressive young people, who feel that the NAACP is far too conservative and slow-moving.

AS Pastor Kelly Miller Smith walked to the lectern to begin his Sunday sermon, he knew his parishioners wanted and needed more than just another spiritual message. The congregation—most of them middle-class Americans, many of them university students and faculty members—sat before him waiting, tense; for Nashville, like some thirty-odd other Southern college towns, on that first Sunday in March of this year, was taut with racial tension in the wake of widespread student demonstrations against lunch-counter discrimination in department stores.

Among the worshipers in Pastor Smith's First Baptist Church were some of the eighty-five students from Fisk and from Tennessee Agricultural and Industrial University who had been arrested and charged with conspiracy to obstruct trade and commerce because they staged protests in several of Nashville's segregated eating places. Just two days before, Nashville police had invaded Mr. Smith's church—which also served as headquarters for the demonstrators—and arrested one of their number, James Lawson, Jr., a Negro senior theological student at predominantly white Vanderbilt University, on the same charge.

The adult members of the congregation were deeply troubled. They knew, as did Negroes all over America, that the spontaneous and uncorrelated student demonstrations were more than an attack on segregation: they were proof that the Negro leadership class, epitomized by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was no longer the prime mover of the Negro's social revolt.

Each protest had a character of its own, tailored to the local goals it sought to achieve. Neither the advice nor the aid of recognized Negro leaders was sought until after the students had set the policy, engaged the enemy, and joined the issue. Despite the probability that the demonstrations would be met with violence, the students took direct action, something Negro leadership organizations consistently counseled against. By forcing these organizations not only to come to their aid but to do their bidding, these militant young people completely reversed the power flow within the Negro community.

"Father forgive them," Mr. Smith began, *"for they know not what they do."* And for the next half-hour, the Crucifixion of Christ carried this meaning as he spoke:

"The students sat at the lunch counters alone to eat and, when refused service, to wait and pray. And as they sat there on that southern Mount of Olives, the Roman soldiers, garbed in the uniforms of Nashville policemen and wielding night sticks, came and led the praying children away. As they walked down the streets, through a red light, and toward Golgotha, the segregationist mob shouted jeers, pushed and shoved them, and spat in their faces, but the suffering students never said a mumbling word. Once the martyr mounts the Cross, wears the crown of thorns, and feels the pierce of the sword in his side there is no turning back.

"And there is no turning back for those who follow in the martyr's steps," the minister continued. *"All we can do is to hold fast to what we believe, suffer what we must suffer if we would win, and as we face our enemy let us say, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'."*



THE NEW GOSPEL

THIS new gospel of the American Negro is rooted in the theology of desegregation; its major prophets are Christ, Thoreau, Gandhi, and Martin Luther King. But its missionaries are several thousand Negro students who—like Paul, Silas, and Peter of the early Christian era—are braving incalculable dangers and employing new techniques to spread the faith. It is not an easy faith, for it names the conservative Negro leadership class as sinners along with the segregationists. Yet, this new gospel is being preached by clergymen and laymen alike wherever Negroes gather.

Negro businessman John Brooks temporarily deserted his place in a picket line around Thalhimers department store, in Richmond, to make this comment to newsmen:

"The Bible says, 'A little child shall lead them,' but it didn't say these children should have to drag us. We should willingly follow these young people's example. I am suggesting that mothers picket one day, ministers the next, doctors the next, and so on until we bring segregation to its knees."

And all over the South the Negro masses said, "Amen." So ran the litany as the once reluctant elders walked and shouted in cadence behind their offspring. Without doubt, the students had delivered a telling blow against the centralization of Negro leadership.

The demonstrators have shifted the desegregation battle from the courtroom to the market place, and have shifted the main issue to one of individual dignity, rather than civil rights. Not that civil rights are unimportant—but, as these students believe, once the dignity of the Negro individual is admitted, the debate over his right to vote, attend public schools, or hold a job for which he is qualified becomes academic.

Thus, the Negro question, as Tocqueville called it, comes full circle, back to where it started late in the seventeenth century when Christian and puritan America, supported by a good deal of spurious scholarship, downgraded the Negro from villenage (a state he shared with the entire servant class of that era) to slavery, by arguing the inferiority of the Negro as a human being—a soul to be saved, most certainly, but a being somewhat lower than the white Christian with respect to the angels. This concept endured during Reconstruction in the South after the Civil War and formed the foundation upon which the complex and sometimes contradictory structure of segregation was built.

Negro leaders spent seventy-five years remodeling that structure, trying to make it more livable by removing such horrible reminders of the past as lynchings, denial of the ballot, restrictive covenants in housing, and inequalities of public facilities. Only after the intractable Deep South emasculated every move toward equalization did the Negro leadership class sue for school integration. Even then it was a segmented, room-by-room assault. But these student demonstrators have—in effect—put dynamite at the cornerstone of segregation and lit the fuse.

This revolt, swelling under ground for the past two decades, means the end of the traditional Negro leadership class. Local organization leaders were caught flat-footed by the demonstrations; the parade had moved off without them. In a series of almost frantic moves this spring, they lunged to the front and shouted loud, but they were scarcely more than a cheering section—leaders no more. The students completed their bold maneuver by jabbing the leadership class in its most vulnerable spot: the Southern schoolteachers. Many of these, as the Norfolk *Journal and Guide* put it, "were ordered to stop the demonstrations or else!" Most Negro school administrators kept silent on the matter; a few of them, largely heads of private colleges, supported the students; while others—notably Dr. H. C. Trenholm of Alabama State College—were forced by white politicians to take action against the students. As a Negro reporter from New York, I talked with scores of Southern Negro leaders and they admitted without excep-

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tion that the local leadership class was in dire difficulty.

National leadership organizations fared only slightly better. The NAACP rushed its national youth secretary, Herbert Wright, into the area to conduct "strategy and procedure" conferences for the students.* Lester Granger, the executive director of the Urban League, issued a statement saying the demonstrations were "therapeutic for those engaged in them and a solemn warning to the nation at large"—this despite the fact that, in Mr. Granger's words, "the League does not function in the area of public demonstrations."

The NAACP does not always move with such swiftness when local groups, some of them laced with NAACP members, set off independent attacks on racial abuse. The Montgomery bus boycott is a classic case in point. But the impact of these new student demonstrations was such that the NAACP was forced to support the students or face a revolt by its Southern rank and file. This does not impeach the NAACP's motives for entering the demonstrations—its motives and work have the greatest merit—but it does illustrate the reversal of the power flow within the Negro community.

"The demonstrations are not something we planned," NAACP public-relations director Henry Moon told me. "The students moved on their own. We didn't know what was going on until it happened. However, it should be kept in mind that many of the students involved are NAACP people."

THE NAACP ON TOP

THE NAACP's frank admission that it had no part in planning a demonstration against segregation that resulted in upwards of a thousand Negroes being jailed—coupled with its prompt defense of the demonstrators—marks the end of the great era of the Negro leadership class: a half-century of fiercely guarded glory, climaxed by the historic school desegregation decision of 1954, during which the NAACP by dint of sheer militancy, brains, and a strong moral cause became the undisputed commander-in-chief of the Negro's drive for equality. These demonstrations also ended a two-century-long *modus vivendi* based on the myth of the Negro leader.

The phrase "Negro leadership class" pops up, Minerva-like, in most histories and essays about the Negro. White writers generally take its validity for granted, but Negro writers, of late, when they speak analytically of the Negro leader, do so with contempt.

The myth of a Black Moses, the notion that Negroes had or needed a leader, began to take shape in the early years of the nation when a troubled America viewed the Negro as an amorphous mass undulating in the wilderness of ignorance rather than as individuals, each to be dealt with purely on merit. When the myth took on flesh, the Negro leader had the provincial outlook of the white community that fashioned him: in the pre-Civil War North, Frederick Douglass, leading his people out of slavery; in the South, the plantation preacher.

Had Emancipation meant that the Negro would become just another of the racial strains to be absorbed into the American melting pot, the myth of the Negro leader would have evaporated. But as Abraham Lincoln so clearly stated, this is precisely what Emancipation did not mean. Consequently, the myth not only continued but took on even greater significance.

There were three chief prerequisites for becoming a Negro leader: (1) approbation of the white community, (2) literacy (real or assumed), and (3) some influence over the Negro masses. Each community spawned an array of "professors," "doctors" (not medical men), "preachers," "bishops," "spokesmen" who sat down at the segregated arbitration table and conducted business in the name of the Negro masses.

These leaders received their credentials and power both from the white community and from the Negro masses, who stood humble before their white-appointed leaders. This status was heady stuff for the early twentieth-century Negro elite, many of whom could remember the snap of the master's whip, and they began to function as a social class. As a result, three generations of educated Negroes dreamed of an equal but separate America in which white power spoke only to black power and black power spoke only to God, if even to Him.

But the Negro leadership class has produced some practical and positive results: the concept provided America with an easy way of doing business with a people it had wronged and did not understand; it provided a platform for talented Negroes—many of whom were dedicated to the interests of the masses. During the last

*The NAACP was not the first organization to offer aid to the students. At the invitation of Dr. George Simkins, president of the Greensboro, North Carolina, NAACP branch, the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) sent field workers to the scene several days before the NAACP moved into action. An unimpeachable source told me that Dr. Simkins has been severely criticized by NAACP officials for this.

three decades, however, Negro leadership organizations, based in the North and with a national approach to the Negro's problem, eclipsed the local leaders. The heads of these organizations assumed the general title of "Leader of Leaders."

The NAACP rose in power during the decade of the 'forties by winning a series of court victories which broke down restrictive covenants and ordered Southern states to equalize the salaries of Negro and white schoolteachers and the facilities of Negro and white public schools. Its position was further strengthened when the Urban League fell into disfavor, as far as Negroes were concerned, because of its reluctance to give aid to Negro labor unionists. Then, in 1949, two of the Negro members of the League's board of directors resigned, claiming that white real-estate operators controlled the League.

The NAACP, on the other hand, saw the sign in the sky and was more definite in its support of the Negro labor unionists. As a result, the NAACP also eclipsed A. Philip Randolph and his Pullman porters' union—the third of the "Big Three" Negro leadership organizations—and at mid-century it stood atop the heap.

But the NAACP's main ally was the upsurge of freedom that swept the world in the wake of Nazism and in the face of Communism. Far-reaching social change was in the air. It *could* happen here. Who would bring it? How? The NAACP had the center of the stage; its position was based on solid performance; Negroes—smarting under the charge that they forever fight among themselves—closed ranks around "Twenty West Fortieth Street," the New York headquarters of the NAACP.

And so a curtain was lowered between the opponents and the advocates of a broader desegregation. It was a sham curtain, to be sure, for there was no unity on either side. But for the Negro, as has been true so often in the past, the well-reasoned lie worked. Negro writers, clergymen, schoolteachers, lawyers, social workers—all who commanded a public platform—agreed without conspiring that we would not disagree in public with the NAACP. Many of us felt that the NAACP was too committed to legalism; not committed enough to direct action by local people. There was an endless parade in and out of the NAACP's national office of Negroes who felt that the desegregation fight should take on a broader base. But until the spring of 1958, four years after the school desegregation decision, not a single desegregation-minded Negro engaged in serious open debate with the NAACP. Even then, unfortunately, the debate came in terms of personalities rather than policy.

The decade of the 'fifties was an incredible era for the Negro leadership class, particularly for the NAACP. That the NAACP hung together at all is a monument to its vitality as well as to the effectiveness of its muffling curtain.

First off, by suing for school integration the NAACP immobilized the majority of the Negro leadership class. The entire structure of the Negro community was designed to function in a separate but equal America. Negro newspapers, in addition to being protest organs, were the social Bibles of Negro society. They had their "400" and a list of the year's best-dressed women. The Negro church was ofttimes more Negro than church. Negro businesses depended upon the concept of a Negro community for survival (as late as 1958 Negro businessmen in Detroit criticized the NAACP for holding its annual convention at a "white" downtown hotel, which meant that local Negro merchants failed to benefit from the gathering). The dilemma of the Negro teacher was even more agonizing. If Negroes really meant business about integration, then it was obvious that the Negro leadership class could remain leaders only by working to put themselves out of business.

THE BITTERNESS UNDER THE GLAMOR

TO THIS one must add the internal problems of the NAACP itself. In 1948-49, Walter White, then the executive secretary of the NAACP, divorced his Negro wife and married Poppy Cannon, a white woman. This brought on an organizational crisis that might have resulted in ruin if the board of directors had not given Mr. White a year's leave of absence. Nobody expected Mr. White to return to his post and Roy Wilkins, who had been Mr. White's loyal assistant for almost twenty years, turned in an excellent performance as acting executive secretary. But the following spring Mr. White did return. Another organizational crisis was averted by making him secretary of external affairs and Mr. Wilkins secretary of internal affairs. Things remained that way until 1955, when Mr. White died. Nor was that the only separatist movement going on within the NAACP. Since 1939 the entity known to the public as the NAACP has actually been two organizations: the NAACP, headed by the late Walter White and now by Roy Wilkins, and the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund, headed by Thurgood Marshall.

The initial reason for the separation was to provide tax relief for contributors to the Legal Defense and Education Fund, which functions solely as a legal redress organization. The NAACP, on the other hand, maintains a lobby in Washington and so its contributors are not entitled to tax exemptions. For fifteen years, however, the two organizations maintained quarters in the same building and shared an interlocking directorate. In 1952 the Legal Defense and Education Fund moved to separate quarters and in 1955 the interlocking directorate was ended. The tax matter aside, the cleavage came about as a result of deep internal troubling, the details of which are still in the domain of "no comment." In the midst of all this, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt left the NAACP board for reasons that have never been fully disclosed.

The lynching of Emmett Till in Mississippi produced yet another crisis for the Negro leadership class. Mrs. Mamie Bradley, Till's mother, became a *cause célèbre* and Negro leadership organizations became locked in a bitter struggle over just where Mrs. Bradley would speak and under whose auspices. But even before Mrs. Bradley started her speaking tour there was the famous Chicago wash-pot incident. Till's body lay in state in a Chicago funeral home; somehow—nobody, including the funeral director, knows just how—a wash pot covered with fine chicken wire was placed at the head of the bier. Thousands of Negroes filed by to see the grim remains, and as they passed they dropped money in the wash pot. How many times the pot was filled and emptied, nobody knows; nobody knows where the money went. I was among the newsmen who went to check the wash-pot story but when we got there the pot, complete with chicken wire and money, had vanished.

After the funeral, Mrs. Bradley embarked on an NAACP-sponsored speaking tour, traveling by air, with secretary. Bitter disputes about money raised during her appearances came from all sections and her tour finally petered out.

Nevertheless, these were glamorous years for successful Negroes; almost all got the title of Negro leader. Their names and faces appeared on ads endorsing soap, cigarettes, whiskeys, and ladies' personal items. Adam Clayton Powell endured in Congress, always reminding his flock that, some ten years earlier, he was the first Negro to call the late Senator Theodore Bilbo, of Mississippi, a "cesspool"; Paul Robeson called a press conference and announced that Negroes would not fight with America against Russia; Jackie Robinson took a day off from the Brooklyn Dodgers to assure the House Un-American Activities Committee that Mr. Robeson was wrong. Indeed we would fight. Joe Louis, who had dispelled doubts during the dark days of Dunkirk by proclaiming, "America will win 'cause God is on our side," made an all-expense-paid visit to a Washington, D.C., courtroom and embraced the defendant, James Hoffa, in full view of the jury, peppered with Negroes. Father Divine announced that he brought about integration, and he had a white wife to prove it!



ENTER THE STUDENTS

THESE incidents—some humorous, some tragic, but all of them significant—had a grave impact on the Negro leadership class; a less stout-hearted group would have exploded from so much internal combustion. But it was the tense drama of school integration that provided the bailing wire for a show of unity.

I was there and it was a moving and unforgettable experience to see Negro students at Clinton, Sturgis, Clay, and Little Rock dodge bricks as they raced to and from school under armed guard. It was a magnificent hour for these fortuitously elite youngsters, many of whom became international heroes. But few of us lost sight of the Negro masses in these cities. They were still called "Jim," "Mary," "Aunt Harriet," and "Uncle Job"; they had to buy clothes they were not allowed to try on; their homes were searched by police without warrants; their heads were bloodied, their jobs threatened if they dared protest. They darted in and out of drug and department stores where they dared not sit down. They were denied free access to the polls, and if they received a just day in court it was usually when all parties concerned were Negroes.

Despite the march of well-scrubbed, carefully selected Negro students into previously all-white schools, it was crystal clear that the fundamental question of the Negro's dignity as an indi-

vidual had not been resolved. The glory was the NAACP's and nobody begrudged it. Yet, there was a widespread doubt that a nationally directed battle of attrition that took so long and cost so much to bring so little to so few would ever get to the heart of the issue.

There were many local heroes during the decade of the 'fifties: they all had a brief hour, were clasped to the breasts of national leadership organizations, but when their public-relations and fund-raising value slipped they fell into disuse.

Mrs. Daisy Bates, president of the Arkansas State NAACP and the undisputed moving spirit behind the integration of Little Rock's Central High School, affords an example of life behind the monolithic curtain.

The Spingarn Medal of 1958, voted annually by the NAACP to the person or persons who have contributed most to racial advancement during the previous year, was awarded to the Little Rock Nine. When the students received notice of the award and realized that it did not include Mrs. Bates—whose home had been bombed, her business destroyed—they rejected the citation. The powers-that-be at Twenty West Fortieth Street reversed themselves and Mrs. Bates was included in the award, which she and the students accepted with full smiles, amid thunderous ovations. The Negro press reported the Bates case in great detail and interpreted the incident as overt evidence of the covert pressure the NAACP had been exerting on local Negro leaders for some time.

DR. KING AND MR. WILKINS

THE curtain had begun to lift; it had achieved a great good, for it had produced a façade of unity; yet it had cloaked some terrible wrongs, including the smothering of homegrown, local Negro leaders who, even then, sensed the restlessness of the masses. The Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was the lone successful exception, and even he came into international prominence mainly because the NAACP refused to help the Montgomery bus boycotters when they at first demanded something less than full integration.

Acting on pleas from Negroes in other Southern communities, Dr. King organized the Southern Christian Leadership Council (the organization has undergone several name changes but this is the current one) to instigate nonviolent protests in Southern cities. The NAACP has a most active program all through the South and a clash between the two organizations—that is to say, Dr. King and Mr. Wilkins—seemed inevitable. To end rumors of a power struggle between them, Dr. King flew to New York and made a public show of purchasing life memberships in the NAACP for himself and his Montgomery Improvement Association. Dr. King and Mr. Wilkins then embarked on a series of infrequent private talks that may go down in history as the Negro leadership class's great and final hour.

The King-Wilkins talks of 1957-58 undoubtedly covered the issue of just who would do what and where, but central in the discussion was the common knowledge that many NAACP members were disenchanted with Wilkins' leadership. The two men came out from the talks as one, each co-sponsoring the activities of the other's organization.

Dr. King and Mr. Wilkins joined also with A. Philip Randolph to sponsor the highly successful Washington Prayer Pilgrimage of 1957, during which Dr. King emerged, to quote editor James Hicks, of the *Amsterdam News*, "as the number-one Negro leader." But the following year King and Wilkins ignored the sentiments of some five hundred Negro spokesmen, representing three hundred leadership organizations, at the Summit Meeting of Negro Leadership and gave their reluctant endorsement to the Senate's watered-down civil-rights proposal. The Negro press reacted with shock.

The criticism was even worse when, a few months later, King, Wilkins, and Randolph met with President Eisenhower to explain why Negroes were displeased with the first civil-rights bill to be passed in eighty-three years. The *Afro-American's* Louis Lautier wrote: "Ike charmed the Negro leaders and neither of them uttered a word of criticism."

Little Rock kept the NAACP in the foreground, while a near-fatal stiletto wound at the hands of a crazed Harlem woman—and internal difficulties with his own Montgomery Association—rendered Dr. King almost inactive for some eighteen months. But this year, Dr. King moved to Atlanta and began to give the lion's share of his time to the Southern Christian Leadership Council. Mr. Wilkins was on hand and the NAACP appeared as co-sponsor when the Council launched a South-wide voting drive on behalf of the Negro masses.

In one sense it was 1958 all over again. Congress was locked in a civil-rights debate that we all knew would culminate in some kind of legislation. Both Dr. King and Mr. Wilkins

were on hand backstage as liberal Congressmen planned their moves. But in another, perhaps more significant, sense the early months of this year were unlike 1958. Negroes, particularly the youth, were restless; they were tired of compromises, piecemeal legislation, and token integration which, as Martin Luther King phrased it, "is a new form of discrimination covered up with certain niceties and complexities." A small but growing segment of the Negro population had joined a Muslim faith that preaches the superiority of the black man and the imminent destruction of the white man. Then there is the matter of Africa: hardly a week passes that that awakening giant's cries for "Free DOOM" don't ring out over the radio and television into the ears of American Negroes —ashamed, as they most certainly are, that they are still oppressed. The law, particularly in the South, was against them; but for the militant young people this was the time for all good Negroes to be in jail.

Meanwhile the Negro leadership class—itself often guilty of rank, class, and color discrimination—was continuing to operate under a concept that begged the question of the dignity of the Negro individual. The literature of Negro progress is littered with such terms as "the talented tenth," "the exceptional Negro," "the new Negro," "the break-through Negro," and in recent years "the accepted" and "the assimilated Negro." Sharing the outlook of the white liberals who finance them, and sincerely so, Negro leadership organizations have focused their attention, by and large, on matters that are of interest to the talented Negro rather than the Negro masses. By so doing the Negro leadership class ignored the basic problem of human dignity in favor of themselves and their white peers—a distinction which the segregationists refused to accept. Thus an impassable void has separated the leaders of both sides for the past decade; and the ordinary Negro has been in the no man's land between.

The lunch-counter demonstrations moved to the center of the void, and menaced both principals: the recalcitrant South, by striking closer to the heart of segregation than any other widespread local movements have ever struck before; the Negro leadership class by exposing its impotence.

The Negro leadership class, still torn by jealousy, dissension, and power struggles, rushed to the aid of the students and their mass supporters, and attempted to make complete recovery by "correlating" and "co-ordinating" the movements. But as one Southern NAACP branch president said to me, "how can I correlate something when I don't know where and when it's going to happen?"

I found that established leaders don't have the same fire in their stomachs that the students and the rallying Negro masses have. As the Southern Regional Council interim report on the demonstrations reflects, Southern leaders, Negro and white, are saying, "Before this happened we could have integrated lunch counters. Now it is almost impossible." What the report does not explain is why the lunch counters were not already integrated. This, again, is black power talking to white power about something neither fully understands.



THE GENIUS BEHIND IT

WHEN I talked to the students and their mass supporters I heard them quote the *Wall Street Journal,* of all things, to show that they had hit the segregationists in the pocketbook. I also discovered that in March five Southern cities had already yielded to the demands of the demonstrators and were serving Negroes at lunch counters without incident. Eighteen other cities had interracial committees working to resolve the matter. In each case the students have made it plain that they will not accept segregation in any form.

But neither the students nor their real supporters dwelt unduly on such practical results. For them, individually and as a group, the victory came when they mustered the courage to look the segregationists in the face and say, "I'm no longer afraid!"

The genius of the demonstrations lies in their spirituality; in their ability to enlist every Negro, from the laborer to the leader, and inspire him to seek suffering as a badge of honor. By employing such valid symbols as singing, praying, reading Gandhi, quoting Thoreau, remembering Martin Luther King, preaching Christ, but most

of all by suffering themselves—being hit by baseball bats, kicked, and sent to jail—the students set off an old-fashioned revival that has made integration an article of faith with the Negro masses who, like other masses, are apathetic toward voting and education.

Now the cook, the maid, the butler, and the chauffeur are on fire with the new faith. For the first time since slavery the South is facing a mass revolt against segregation. There is no total explanation for what has happened. All I know is that as I talked with the participants I realized that people were weary of the very fact of segregation. They were no longer content "to let the NAACP do it"; they wanted to get into the fight and they chose the market place, the great center of American egalitarianism, not because it had any overwhelming significance for them but because it was there—accessible and segregated. Tomorrow—and they all believe there will be a tomorrow—their target will be something else.

Few of the masses who have come to the support of these students realize that in attacking segregation under the banner of idealism they are fighting a battle they refused for five years to enter in the name of legalism. But there is a twinkle in the Southern Negro's eye. One gets the feeling that he is proud, now that he has come to full stature and has struck out with one blow against both segregation and the stifling control of Negro leaders.

In all truth, the Negro masses have never been flattered by the presence of these leaders, many of whom—justifiably or not—they suspected were Judas goats. The Negro masses will name leaders and will give them power and responsibility. But there will never again be another class of white-oriented leaders such as the one that has prevailed since 1900.

WHAT'S LEFT?

FOR THE Negro masses this is the laying down of a heavy burden. As the deep South is slowly learning, it faces a race of Negro *individuals*—any of whom, acting out of deep religious faith, may at any moment choose the most available evidence of segregation and stage a protest. And when he does the entire Negro community will close ranks about him.

If Negro leadership organizations accept this verdict of change gracefully they can find a continuing usefulness as a reservoir of trained personnel to aid the local Negro in pressure techniques and legal battles. Indeed, within four weeks after the lunch-counter demonstrations began, just such a pattern was established. I have investigated the mechanics of the demonstrations in twenty-six cities and in each instance I found that the students and their local supporters moved first on their own; CORE came in by invitation and provided classes in techniques of non-violence; and the NAACP provided lawyers and bondsmen for those who were arrested. If Negro leadership organizations don't accept this state of affairs, they will be replaced, as they were in Montgomery.

Thurgood Marshall and the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund have already set an excellent pattern which other leadership organizations will do well to study. As a symbol, Mr. Marshall inspires local citizens to act; when they do act, and at their request, Marshall brings the skill of his organization to their defense. Thurgood Marshall's role as the inspiring servant of the masses accounts for much of what has been accomplished to date in and for the United States—including his appearance in London as counsel to the Kenya natives.

Negro leadership organizations know what the revolt means and are about reconciled to being servants rather than catalysts—at least I think so. I cannot say the same for the Negro leadership class as a whole. My month-long investigation unearthed a good deal of foot-dragging by moneyed Negroes in high places. They are not too pleased to see young Negro students sit down at the conference table with Southern white city officials. Some Negro college presidents are set to execute strange maneuvers. I would not be surprised, for example, if some of the student demonstrators who are studying under grants from foundations suddenly find their scholarships have been canceled on recommendation from their college presidents . . . for "poor scholarship." But nobody noticed their scholarship until they sat down at a previously all-white lunch counter.

The student demonstrators have no illusions. They know the segregationists are not their only enemies. But the students told me they are not prejudiced—they are willing to stand up to their enemies, Negro and white alike.

It is not premature, then, to write this epitaph to the Negro leader while at the same time announcing the birth of the Negro individual. The christening has already begun; the funeral is yet a few days off. This is as it should be, America being committed, as it most certainly is, to orderly social transition. But there is no reason whatsoever to doubt that both events will come off on schedule.

Harper's Magazine, June 1960

HAROLD C. SCHONBERG

THE FAR-OUT PIANIST

David Tudor has made himself the No. 1 virtuoso of a new kind of music—or, anyhow, noise.

ABOUT the closest thing to a monopoly in the field of music is exercised by a quiet, noncommittal, and uneccentric pianist named David Tudor who plays what probably is the noisiest, brashest, and most eccentric music composed today. This young man's habitat is not normally Carnegie Hall or Town Hall. Rather it is the Living Theatre, or Carl Fischer Concert Hall, or the Carnegie Recital Hall, or any small auditorium (usually in New York) in which the faithful will not rattle like a handful of pebbles in a barrel. There, to the astonishment and admiration of his audience, Tudor can be found more or less simultaneously hitting a keyboard, manipulating one of several tape recorders, standing up to lean into the piano and sweep its strings, kneeling down to lean under the piano and rap its sounding board, swiveling around to blow a whistle or a kazoo, or at times merely looking intently, with frozen immobility, at the keyboard for four minutes or so.

Tudor is the world's outstanding piano specialist in music so arcane and rarefied that it leaves all other contemporary tonal manifestations far behind. In fact it may even leave music far behind. It is music of randomness and silences. To most listeners it is a haphazard series of single disconnected sounds: a ping in the high treble of the piano, followed a few moments later by a plunk in the bass, interspersed with the unearthly chuckle of a tape recorder. It is the music of John Cage, of Morton Feldman, of Christian Wolff, Earle Brown, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Pierre Boulez, Sylvano Bussotti, and several other experimentalists. More and more this music continues to be talked about and written about, reducing some commentators to incoherent rage, others to equally incoherent praise.

Tudor himself, a black-bespectacled, medium-sized, fairly stocky man with black hair that is beginning to get gray, takes these manifestations mildly. He has never aimed at a popular success, has never tried to promote himself, and has never even made a formal New York debut. "What's the sense?" he asks. "With my kind of repertoire, people wouldn't come. It is much better to have a small hall and an interested public." He is perfectly content to remain, here and in Europe, the protagonist for his chosen school; and the stranger the music, the more content he is.

Very little of the music he is called on to interpret is written in standard notation. Cage once wrote a piece for him called *4'33"*—a work of silences, in which the pianist merely looks at the keyboard, a stop watch in his hand. The end of the first movement is signified when the piano lid is put down; ditto the other movements. Tudor is fairly ecstatic over this piece. "Don't you think it's *silly?*" he was once asked. He doesn't think it silly at all. "It is," he says, "one of the most intense listening experiences one can have. You really listen. You're hearing everything there is. Audience noises play a part in it. It is cathartic—four minutes and thirty-three seconds of meditation, in effect."

Cage, says Tudor, calls this process "ear-cleaning." This piece is not very hard to play. (Henry Cowell, the veteran American avant-gardist, is dying to compose a set of variations on a theme by John Cage, the theme, of course, being *4'33"*.) Cage has posed much tougher problems. Here is a set of directions, prefacing his *Variations,* that Tudor has had to work out and execute:

> Six squares of transparent material, one having points of four sizes. The 13 very small ones are single sounds; the 7 small but larger ones are 2 sounds; the 3 of greater size are 3 sounds; the four largest 4 or more sounds. Pluralities are played together as "constella-

tions." In using pluralities, an equal number of the 5 other squares (having 5 lines each) are to be used for determinations, or equal number of positions, each square having 4. The 5 lines are: lowest frequency, simplest overtone structure, greatest amplitude, least duration, and earliest occurrence within a decided-upon time. Perpendiculars from points to lines give distances to be measured or simply observed. Any number of performers, any kind and number of instruments.

Tudor spends hours and hours realizing (that is, transcribing into usable—to him—notation) instructions like this, entering the results in a small music notebook. He cannot say that the composer doesn't give him leeway. Cage, along with many composers who write in his style, does not care how many instruments are used, what combination of instruments is used, what part of a composition is used, and how long or how short the part that *is* used is going to take the performer to play. But Tudor is meticulous in observing the instructions of the composer, no matter how complicated they may be. Sometimes they are complicated indeed, and the realization may come out in a manner that would appear impossible of execution. The irony is that nobody, least of all the composer, would know if Tudor were simplifying. But no matter how the notes fall, he plays them, and many consider him one of the great keyboard technicians of the present day. His performance of the Boulez Sonata No. 2 is still discussed in hushed tones.

A MAN WITH FOUR ARMS

IT WAS that performance that first attracted attention to Tudor. He had come to New York from Philadelphia (he was born there on January 20, 1926), where he had been an organist. In 1947 he settled in New York and concentrated on accompanying modern dance groups. Two years later Cage was introduced to him by Morton Feldman. Cage had just returned from Paris with the manuscript of the Boulez sonata and was looking around for somebody to play it. The Boulez is twelve-tone, inordinately difficult, completely dissonant, with great clusters of notes proliferating over the staves like a briar patch gone insane. Tudor expressed interest, and Cage lent the music to him.

A few months passed. Then Cage learned that Tudor had spent the entire summer with the sonata. He had mastered it, memorized it, and he had studied French so that he could read Boulez' articles in various publications. Cage was impressed and so was everybody else. In 1950 Tudor gave the first American performance. "I was there," Henry Cowell recalls. "I had the score, and he played it with fantastic accuracy. I couldn't think of a living pianist who could have done it." Soon after, Tudor became a regular member of the Cage-Feldman-Wolff group.

He had always been fascinated with avant-garde music. His teacher in Philadelphia was Irma Wolpe, and she remembers that he always swooned over new sounds and new ways of composition. "He had a mind that only the most challenging things could stimulate," she says. "If he had been interested in Bach he could have been another Glenn Gould. As a student he was methodical and systematic. Even at the age of seventeen he had an extraordinary library. Whatever he looked into, he looked into thoroughly. When he played Bach he studied ornamentation, fugue, construction. When he used to work on standard repertoire he was interested only in the big, difficult, complicated things, things like Liszt's *Transcendental Etudes,* Bach's *Goldberg Variations,* Beethoven's *Diabelli* and the *Hammerklavier.* He also is a fabulous reader."

Tudor's ability to read at sight is almost legendary. Cowell, one of Tudor's great admirers, says that the young pianist read off his music without any trouble, "with all four arms going at once, including taking care of the tone clusters." Tone clusters, popularized by Cowell in the 1920s but used previously by Ives, are simultaneous groups of notes played by the fist, palm of the hand or entire forearm. "It was phenomenal," Cowell says. "Usually it takes pianists months to work some of my music out. Tudor went through it at sight." His former composition teacher, Stefan Wolpe, says that Tudor can read "with the speed of light." Tudor, even though he seldom practices anything that by the wildest stretch of the imagination could be conceived as traditional music—Webern is a dated relic in his circle—has kept up his reading ability. Not long ago, while talking about Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the Civil War composer, he pulled out a great pile of Gottschalk's music and, continuing to talk, ran through piece after piece without missing a note.

Harold C. Schonberg was recently appointed chief music critic of the "New York Times." He has written books on chamber music and on Chopin and Schumann. During World War II, he served as a first lieutenant with glider and parachute troops of the First Allied Airborne Army.

As the unsurpassed keyboard executant of the new music, Tudor is in constant demand on two continents. He makes appearances all over America, and since 1954 he has participated in European avant-garde festivals. At first he included "classic" works like the Boulez sonata in his programs, but now the demand for his special services is such that he plays only experimental music. Composers all over the world are writing scores expressly for him. He has no manager, nor has he ever had one. He makes what he calls "a decent living." It is safe to say, though, that his bank account has not swelled to unmanageable proportions. Tudor is not especially concerned. "My requirements," he says, "are not too great."

Swirling around him and his school is a furious mélange with components that include modern art, mysticism, Zen Buddhism, higher mathematics, polemics, and a type of musical aesthetics that surpasseth man's imagination.

IS IT RANDOM?

MUCH has been spoken of the analogy between random, or indeterminate, music and Heisenberg's Theory of Uncertainty. Because much of the experimental music deals with chance—Cage would evolve a composition using a Tarot deck; or a composer may work up something by spattering dots on paper at random—there is a strong feeling in some circles that these composers are deliberately making use of arcane scientific principles that have to do with the theory of numbers or what have you. A voluble composer like Stockhausen, for example, spouts talk of mathematics and physics.

But other composers who have had a strong background in pure mathematics—there are not too many of them—think that Stockhausen is a scientific infant. "Phony" is the kindest word they use about him. Milton Babbitt, the twelve-tone composer of Princeton, grins a great grin when he hears talk about music of indeterminacy associated with Heisenberg.

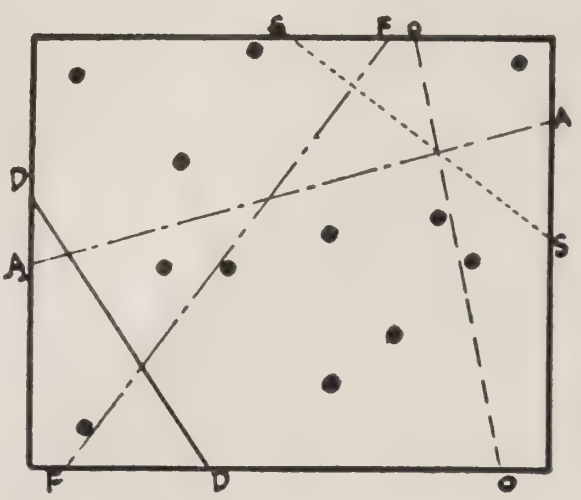
"What they term 'total organization' usually is, from the strictly mathematical point of view, random," he says. "And what they term 'random' cannot be random unless the performer happens to be a random machine. Strictly speaking, randomness means zero redundancy. In music that would mean that one event is as likely or as unlikely as any other. Then what happens to organization? To large-scale musical structure?"

Both Cage and Feldman, however, deny that they have any higher mathematics in mind. Cage has never read Heisenberg. Feldman, who started working in random music before Cage or possibly anybody else (though Charles Ives in some of his music has given the performer various alternate choices of procedure; and the electronic and percussion experiments of Edgard Varèse have exercised a great influence on music of indeterminacy), laughs out loud at Heisenberg and indeterminacy.

"Phooey!" he says. "If you want me to be honest, I'll tell you that we've ridden along with it. People want to talk indeterminacy, random selection, O.K. They're happy, we're happy. But when we sit down to compose we sit down and work all day. We know what we're doing. If we introduce random elements we introduce them quite calculatingly. Another five, ten years, all will fall into place. Cage and myself—people will say: '*Those* guys didn't take any chances, for crying out loud. *They* knew how they were organizing their music.' Hell, don't you think Jackson Pollock knew exactly where his paint was going to dribble? Do you think it was just luck, or random, with *him*?"

Score for BB by John Cage: from Concert for Piano and Orchestra

Dots, placed at random, represent single sounds. These dots are read off in relationship to the five lines, representing (F) frequency, (D) duration, (S) overtone structure or timbre, (A) amplitude, and (O) occurrence within a given time, or succession. To realize this score, perpendiculars are dropped from the points to the lines (or extensions of the lines). Having obtained these measurements, the pianist must decide how to interpret them. Perpendiculars to line (O), for example, determine the succession of the notes.



Feldman says that if there is one major influence in his music, it comes from the world of non-objective painting. "That's what started me off—the company I kept. Pollock, Kline, de Kooning. I'm an expressionist, actually. I try to paint with tones." Cage too is a close friend of many of the important abstract expressionists. The audience at a Feldman or Cage concert consists overwhelmingly of avant-garde painters and writers. Surprisingly few musicians are present.

Feldman's method of painting in tones has been to write a sort of sub-atomic schematic of pinpoint tones that would be pointillistic if grouped together. But those tones occur at fairly wide-spaced intervals. Rhythm, he says with satisfaction, is "pulverized." Normally he graphs his music instead of notating it, leaving it up to the performer to translate. He doesn't even bother to work with Tudor. He gives him the music and the instructions. "Then I go to the concert and hear a miracle. This kind of music is more than merely a specialty of Tudor's. In some ways he's entirely responsible for it. Meeting David enabled me to hear and see possibilities I never dreamed of. I'm sure that's true for Cage too."

While Feldman works with what he considers highly controlled means, Cage can be more improvisatory. "I think in terms of what's practical, not what's impossible," Feldman says. "John is the visionary-philosopher." It was Cage who was responsible for the prepared piano—a piano whose tone is modified by sticking screws, bolts, wood, bits of rubber and other materials into the strings. Cage doesn't like the term "random music." He prefers "indeterminate." The performer, it is true, may have almost an infinity of choice, but once he makes the choice he has to work on a rigid set of principles. So says Cage. But where Feldman's music comes out pretty much the same every time, Cage's will vary wildly. He allows the performers such latitude that the same performance twice running in such a work as the *Concert for Piano and Orchestra* would be inconceivable. This, to some observers, is nothing else but Dada. The charge does not bother Cage.

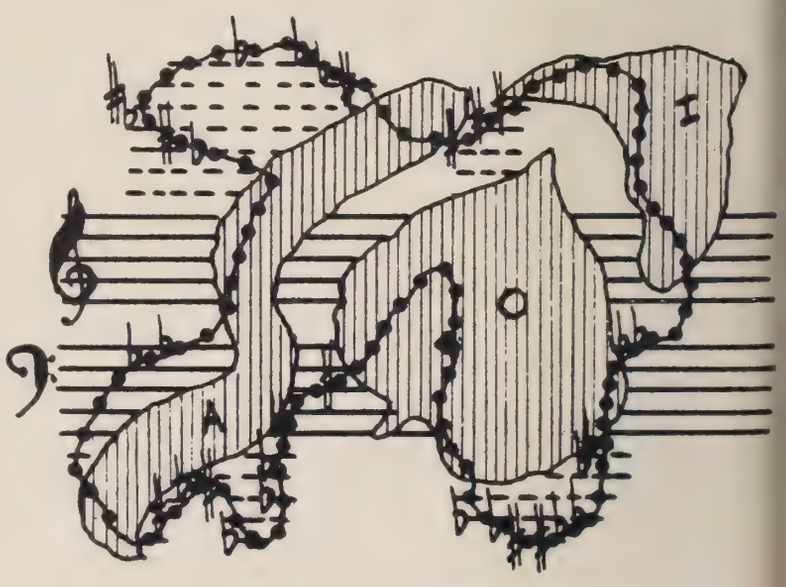
"Virgil Thomson once said to me," says Cage, "that Dada was one of the strongest intellectual forces of the twentieth century. I'm pleased. If Dada is meant to mean a silly sort of nose-thumbing, I don't agree. But as I understand Dada, it is anything that breaks away from the Academy, moving out into the unknown. That is my necessity, my conviction: moving out into the unknown." He carries the battle right to his enemies by making a virtue out of the very thing they accuse him of lacking. "Most musicians can't hear sounds," he maintains. "They hear only relationships of sounds." To Cage, "relationships" is a naughty word. To most musicians it is the alpha and omega of music.

John Cage wants to reassess all the boundaries of the musical art. He hates boundaries; would like to abolish them; thinks that his ideas may end up in a sort of musical theosophy. (Zen strongly interests him.) He quotes with approval Jung's statement that "the axioms of causality are being shaken to their foundations: we know now that what we term natural laws are merely statistical truths." And why is it wrong, he asks, to abdicate to the performer? "The composer resembles the maker of a camera who allows someone else to take the picture." Once Cage

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Score for BK 50:44 by John Cage: from Concert for Piano and Orchestra

The construction is essentially a circle, having notes at different points. The pianist can begin at any point. The circle goes through areas of noises, A, O, and I. The area I consists of notes played inside the piano, or on its frame or sounding board. The area O consists of noises made on the exterior of the piano, such as rapping the frame. The area A consists of accessory sounds, such as percussion, tape recorders, whistles, tin pans—anything. The numerals 50:44 indicate the proportions. Starting from one direction, 50 notes are played with one hand. At the same time 44 notes are played in the opposite direction by the other hand. The actual tones notated on the score are played. This piece can take any length of time—from 15-20 seconds to 15 minutes or 3 hours. But the same proportions are always observed.



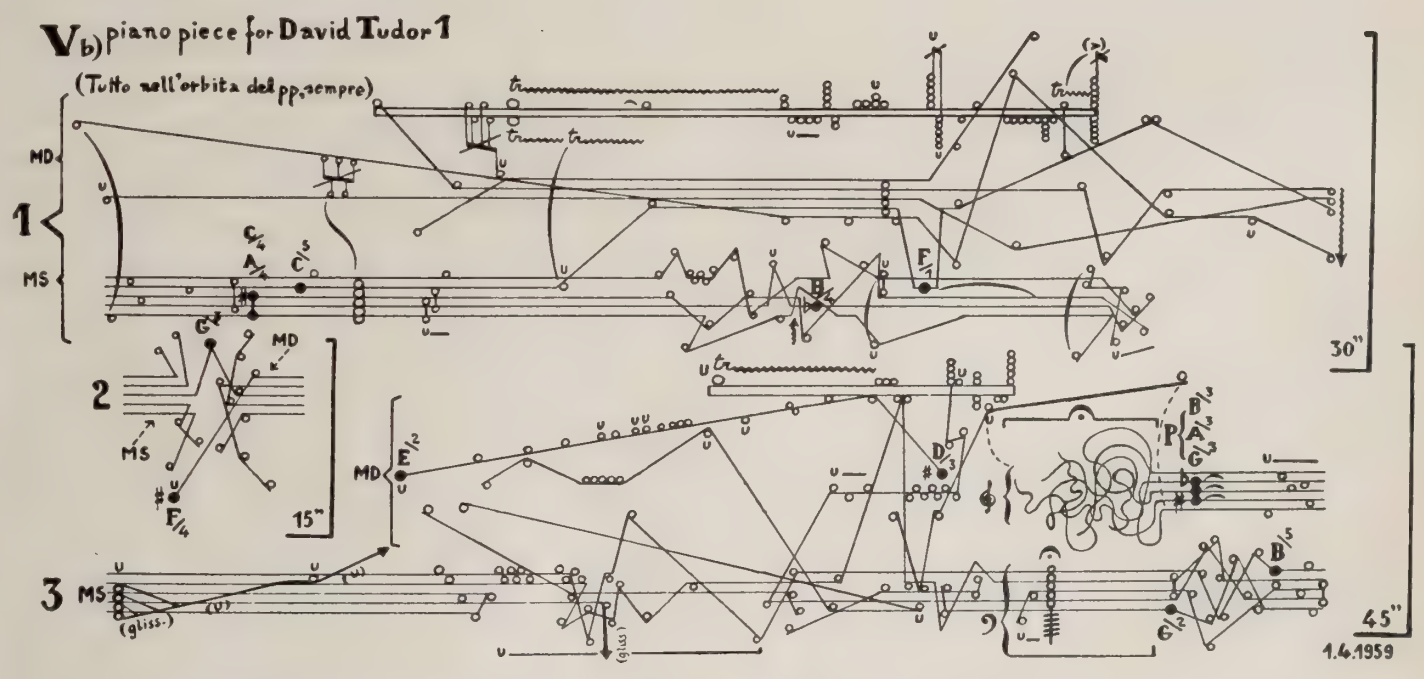
finishes a score he lets the performer work it out any way he pleases; and if what comes out may be entirely different from his original concept, that's all right with him. There is nothing invigorating, he says, about "a situation where you know precisely what is right and what is wrong."

Cage, Feldman, and the others feel, along with Tudor, that the public is becoming more and more receptive to music of indeterminacy. Some of this may be wishful thinking. When Cage's retrospective concert was given at Town Hall on May 15, 1958, there was a good-sized demonstration—whistles, catcalls—in the balcony. (Those interested can hear the entire concert, demonstration and all. A three-disc album, recorded at the event, has been issued by George Avakian, Box 374, Radio City Station, New York 19, N.Y.) Even among the faithful there are occasional titters at a particularly *outré* idea, such as the concert where Cage had a bunch of differently tuned radios playing at once.

Yet some respected critics, notably Virgil Thomson and Alfred Frankenstein, have startled the public by taking the music seriously.

"There's nothing wrong with any of it as far as I can figure out," Thomson says. "Cage took it up in order to avoid the monotony of multiple serialism and electronic music." Thomson holds that all of the indeterminates are pupils of Schoenberg, directly or indirectly, and that they are applying the principle of the tone row to other elements—to heights of sound, duration, dynamics, timbre. "It's like wallpaper," he says. "You can use a little or a lot, according to your purpose. Or you can start in the middle. It makes no difference. None of Cage's music has a beginning, a middle, or an end. All you can do is agree to follow his non-symmetrical permutations. I find the music jolly and pleasing, and it has a special climate of its own that I like." Thomson thinks that this kind of music will be chiefly used as an applied art, such as accompaniments to films.

Tudor himself appears singularly uninterested in all the controversy. Most people consider him a strange character. Words used to describe him are "enigmatic," "mystical," "an enigma," "shy," "not shy but wrapped up in himself," "permanently concentrated." On stage he goes about his business with a poker face, no matter how wildly his fingers are flying, no matter where he may be located physically (inside the piano,



Vb) by Sylvano Bussotti: from Piano Pieces for David Tudor

This work is completely written out. It is to be played on the top of the keys, tapped by the nails or by the flesh of the fingertips. The keys are never to be depressed on purpose. The lines are not staff lines but represent the actual movement of the fingers. The letter "U" indicates that the fingernail is to be used; the letters "MD" mean right hand. The first piece is to take 30 seconds to play; the second, 15 seconds; the third, 45 seconds. The scrawl at the lower right indicates a glissando on the strings inside the piano, ending with a plucked G-sharp, A, and B-flat. A few notes in which the keys are supposed to be depressed are notated in black.

say). On the rare occasions he smiles, the extreme corners of his lips turn up literally at right angles. It is a very mysterious, inner smile.

People who have heard him in action in all kinds of music say that he handles the standard repertoire with flair. He has in his time played through virtually everything, but these days the effort involved in preparing for concert the awesome complexities of the new music leaves him no time to practice the orthodox literature. New scores contain so many variable components that he ends up almost composing them himself. He has to, for the composers leave him so many choices that he must select the one that appeals to him and follow it through to the end. Having defined the general areas, he goes on to decide how long the piece must be, whether or not to use other instruments, determine the limits of the parameters, read all the dots and lines, and then write out a score for them. He feels that if he decides on a plan of action and sticks to it, he remains a performer and not an improviser.

His tastes in music aside from his special field are quite broad. He likes things with "clear contours and clear colors." Two of his passions are near-forgotten composers of the nineteenth century, Gottschalk and Alkan. Charles Henri Valentin Alkan was a pianist-composer of the middle nineteenth century who wrote a remarkable series of transcendental studies, à la Liszt, that deserve revival. Egon Petri used to play his music, but it has not been heard for many years.

Rather surprising is Tudor's interest in Gottschalk, for Gottschalk was in many respects a salon composer. He did, however, write music (in the two decades preceding the Civil War) inspired by Negro, Creole, and South American tunes, and can be considered America's first nationalist. Gottschalk, too, was probably a great pianist (he was admired by Chopin and Berlioz, and created a furor in Europe), and his music has some extraordinary pianistic figurations, far in advance of nearly anything composed at the time. Tudor, who has been collecting for years, has a splendid library of both composers, and he would not be averse to recording them. What a switch that would make!

JUMPS AND THINGS

SINCE 1954 Tudor has been living at Stony Point, near Haverstraw, New York, in a co-operative named Gate Hill. This co-op, adjoining Harriman State Park, was founded by Paul Williams, the architect, who purchased the property and built houses for most of the eight families currently residing there. (Cage is one of the residents.) Tudor's home is an old farmhouse that originally was on the property. His wife, Mary Caroline Richards, to whom he was married in 1951, teaches English at City College. They have no children. Three cats, each about the size of a young lion, roam around the house.

For relaxation Tudor likes to cook. He is a specialist in Oriental food, and people from all over the world keep sending him spices and vegetable preparations. This involves a great deal of hand grinding, and he has a variety of implements. "I can make a meal out of practically nothing," he says. "One potato and one tomato, and I can feed four people. I use everything, even the peelings." When he is short of herbs he walks to the fields and takes a look around, coming back with mushrooms, dandelions, and other delicacies.

His studio is in an unheated shack a few hundred yards from his home. It is just about large enough for a grand piano and a few music shelves. The piano may or may not be there, depending on circumstances. A few months ago it was away for a good spell, for a German composer had sent Tudor a work in quarter tones, in which the three strings of each note were to be tuned to a different pitch. Thus by striking one key it would be possible to produce a sort of triad. Tudor could have tuned the piano himself, but he didn't have the time.

Pianistically speaking, Tudor has had to work out his own methods of practice. All the scales in the world would not help him with the kind of music he plays. He has had to evolve exercises dealing with the density of sounds, or with co-ordination, or with "jumps and things." All of his exercises are derived from the problems of a specific piece.

He is serenely confident about the future of his music. "Of course the future will accept the Cages and the Feldmans," he says. "I can see it everywhere. The time has gone when all this music is misunderstood. Music of the avant-garde is getting more personal, more individual, easier to identify for performer and listener. Everybody's receptivity is constantly being increased. Reproduction media, television, and movies have made the new sounds familiar to everybody. You never hear any fuss any more at a Webern or Schoenberg concert. In ten years you won't at a Cage or Feldman concert." Tudor says this patiently, simply and matter-of-factly, and he is so convinced of it that one walks away almost believing him.

A Story by Katherine Anne Porter

Drawing by Henry Markowitz



THE FIG TREE

OLD Aunt Nannie had a habit of gripping with her knees to hold Miranda while she brushed her hair or buttoned her dress down the back. When Miranda wriggled, Aunt Nannie squeezed still harder, and Miranda wriggled more, but never enough to get away. Aunt Nannie gathered up Miranda's scalp lock firmly, snapped a rubber band around it, jammed a freshly starched white chambray bonnet over her ears and forehead, fastened the crown to the lock with a large safety pin, and said: "Got to hold you still someways. Here now, don't you take this off your head till the sun go down."

"I didn't want a bonnet, it's too hot, I wanted a hat," said Miranda.

"You not goin to get a hat, you goin to get just what you got," said Aunt Nannie in the bossy voice she used for washing and dressing time, "and mo'over some of these days I'm goin to *sew* this bonnet to your topknot. Your Daddy says if you get freckles he blame me. Now, you're all ready to set out."

"Where are we going, Aunty?" Miranda could never find out about anything until the last minute. She was always being surprised. Once she went to sleep in her bed with her kitten curled on the pillow purring, and woke up in a stuffy tight bed in a train, hugging a hot water bottle; and there was Grandmother stretched out beside her in her McLeod tartan dressing gown, her eyes wide open. Miranda thought something wonderful had happened. "My goodness, Grandmother, where are we going?" And it was only for another trip to El Paso to see Uncle Bill.

Now Tom and Dick were hitched to the carryall standing outside the gate with boxes and baskets tied on everywhere. Grandmother was walking alone through the house very slowly, taking a last look at everything. Now and then she put something else in the big leather portmoney on her arm until it was pretty bulgy. She carried a long black mohair skirt on her other arm, the one she put on over her other skirt when she rode horseback. Her son Harry, Miranda's father, followed her saying: "I can't see the sense in rushing off to Halifax on five minutes' notice."

Grandmother said, walking on: "It's five hours exactly." Halifax wasn't the name of Grandmother's farm at all, it was Cedar Grove, but Father always called it Halifax. "Hot as Halifax," he would say when he wanted to describe something very hot. Cedar Grove was very hot, but they went there every summer because Grandmother loved it. "I went to Cedar Grove for fifty summers before you were born," she told Miranda, who remembered last summer very well, and the summer before a little. Miranda liked it for watermelons and grasshoppers and the long rows of blooming chinaberry trees where the hounds flattened themselves out and slept. They whined and winked their eyelids and worked their feet and barked faintly in their sleep, and Uncle Jimbilly said it was because dogs always dreamed they were chasing something. In the middle of the day when Miranda looked down over the thick green fields toward the spring she could simply see it being hot: everything blue and sleepy and the mourning doves calling.

"Are we going to Halifax, Aunty?"

"Now just ask your Dad if you wanta know so much."

"Are we going to Halifax, Dad?"

Her father twitched her bonnet straight and pulled her hair forward so it would show. "You mustn't get sunburned. No, let it alone. Show the pretty curls. You'll be wading in Whirlypool before supper this evening."

Grandmother said, "Don't say Halifax, child, say Cedar Grove. Call things by their right names."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Miranda. Grandmother said again, to her son, "It's five hours, exactly, and your Aunt Eliza has had plenty of time to pack up her telescope, and take my saddle horse. She's been there three hours by now. I imagine she's got the telescope already set up on

the hen-house roof. I hope nothing happens."

"You worry too much, Mammy," said her son, trying to conceal his impatience.

"I am not worrying," said Grandmother, shifting her riding skirt to the arm carrying the port-money. "It will scarcely be any good taking this," she said; "I might in fact as well throw it away for this summer."

"Never mind, Mammy, we'll send to the Black Farm for Pompey, he's a good easy saddler."

"You may ride him yourself," said Grandmother. "I'll never mount Pompey while Fiddler is alive. Fiddler is my horse, and I hate having his mouth spoilt by a careless rider. Eliza never could ride, and she never will . . ."

MIRANDA gave a little skip and ran away. So they were going to Cedar Grove. Miranda never got over being surprised at the way grown-up people simply did not seem able to give anyone a straight answer to any question, unless the answer was "No." Then it popped out with no trouble at all. At a little distance, she heard her Grandmother say, "Harry, have you seen my riding crop lately?" and her father answered, at least maybe he thought it was an answer, "Now Mammy, for God's sake let's get this thing over with." That was it, exactly.

Another strange way her father had of talking was calling Grandmother "Mammy." Aunt Jane was Mammy. Sometimes he called Grandmother "Mama," but she wasn't Mama either, she was really Grandmother. Mama was dead. Dead meant gone away forever. Dying was something that happened all the time, to people and everything else. Somebody died, and there was a long string of carriages going at a slow walk over the rocky ridge of the hill toward the river while the bell tolled and tolled, and that person was never seen again by anybody. Kittens and chickens and specially little turkeys died much oftener, and sometimes calves, but hardly ever cows or horses. Lizards on rocks turned into shells, with no lizard inside at all. If caterpillars all curled up and furry didn't move when you poked them with a stick, that meant they were dead—it was a sure sign.

When Miranda found any creature that didn't move or make a noise, or looked somehow different from the live ones, she always buried it in a little grave with flowers on top and a smooth stone at the head. Even grasshoppers. Everything dead had to be treated this way. "This way and no other!" Grandmother always said when she was laying down the law about all kinds of things. "It must be done *this* way, and no other!"

Miranda went down the crooked flat-stone walk hopping zigzag between the grass tufts. First there were pomegranate and cape jessamine bushes mixed together; then it got very dark and shady and that was the fig grove. She went to her favorite fig tree where the deep branches bowed down level with her chin, and she could gather figs without having to climb and skin her knees. Grandmother hadn't remembered to take any figs to the country the last time, she said there were plenty of them at Cedar Grove. But the ones at Cedar Grove were big soft greenish white ones, and these at home were black and sugary. It was strange that Grandmother did not seem to notice the difference. The air was sweet among the fig trees, and chickens were always getting out of the run and rushing there to eat the figs off the ground. One mother hen was scurrying around scratching and clucking. She would scratch around a fig lying there in plain sight and cluck to her children as if it was a worm and she had dug it up for them.

"Old smarty," said Miranda, "you're just pretending."

When the little chickens all ran to their mother under Miranda's fig tree, one little chicken did not move. He was spread out on his side with his eyes shut and his mouth open. He was yellow fur in spots and pin feathers in spots, and the rest of him was naked and sunburned. "Lazy," said Miranda, poking him with her toe. Then she saw that he was dead.

Oh and in no time at all they'd be setting out for Halifax. Grandmother never went away, she always set out for somewhere. She'd have to hurry like anything to get him buried properly. Back into the house she went on tiptoe hoping not to be seen, for Grandmother always asked: "Where are you going, child? What are you doing? What is that you're carrying? Where did you get it? Who gave you permission?" and after Miranda had explained all that, even if there turned out not to be anything wrong in it, nothing ever seemed so nice any more. Besides it took forever to get away.

Miranda slid open her bureau drawer, third

Katherine Anne Porter, one of America's most distinguished storytellers, wrote "The Fig Tree" in Paris in 1934. It is the last of the Miranda stories and would have been included in "The Leaning Tower" but the manuscript was lost—until Miss Porter came on it in her house in Washington this year, and revised it for publication. Among her other books are "Pale Horse, Pale Rider" and the long-awaited novel, "No Safe Harbor."

down, left-hand side where her new shoes were still wrapped in tissue paper in a nice white box the right size for a chicken with pinfeathers. She pushed the rustling white folded things and the lavender bags out of the way and trembled a little. Down in front the carry-all wheels screeched and crunched on the gravel, with Old Uncle Jimbilly yelling like a foghorn, "Hiyi, thar, back up, you steeds! Back up thar, you!" and of course, that meant he was turning Tom and Dick around so they would be pointing toward Halifax. They'd be after her, calling and hurrying her and she wouldn't have time for anything and they wouldn't listen to a word.

IT WASN'T hard work digging a hole with her little spade in the loose dry soil. Miranda wrapped the slimpsy chicken in tissue paper, trying to make it look pretty, laid it in the box carefully, and covered it up with a nice mound, just like peoples'. She had hardly got it piled up grave shape, kneeling and leaning to smooth it over, when a strange sound came from somewhere, a very sad little crying sound. It said Weep, weep, weep, three times like that slowly, and it seemed to come from the mound of dirt. "My goodness," Miranda asked herself aloud, "what's that?" She pushed her bonnet off her ears and listened hard. "Weep, weep," said the tiny sad voice. And People began calling and urging her, their voices coming nearer. She began to clamor, too.

"Yes, Aunty, wait a minute, Aunty!"

"You come right on here this minute, we're goin!"

"You *have* to wait, Aunty!"

Her father was coming along the edge of the fig trees. "Hurry up, Baby, you'll get left!"

Miranda felt she couldn't bear to be left. She ran all shaking with fright. Her father gave her the annoyed look he always gave her when he said something to upset her and then saw that she was upset. His words were kind but his voice scolded: "Stop getting so excited, Baby, you know we wouldn't leave you for anything." Miranda wanted to talk back: "Then why did you say so?" but she was still listening for that tiny sound: "Weep, weep." She lagged and pulled backward, looking over her shoulder, but her father hurried her toward the carry-all. But things didn't make sounds if they were dead. They couldn't. That was one of the signs. Oh, but she had heard it.

Her father sat in front and drove, and old Uncle Jimbilly didn't do anything but get down and open gates. Grandmother and Aunt Nannie sat in the back seat, with Miranda between them. She loved setting out somewhere, with everybody smiling and settling down and looking up at the weather, with the horses bouncing and pulling on the reins, the springs jolting and swaying with a creaky noise that made you feel sure you were traveling. That evening she would go wading with Maria and Paul and Uncle Jimbilly, and that very night she would lie out on the grass in her nightgown to cool off, and they would all drink lemonade before going to bed. Sister Maria and Brother Paul would already be burnt like muffins because they were sent on ahead the minute school was out. Sister Maria had got freckled and Father was furious. "Keep your bonnet on," he said to Miranda, sternly. "Now remember. I'm not going to have that face ruined, too." But oh, what had made that funny sound? Miranda's ears buzzed and she had a dull round pain in her just under her front ribs. She had to go back and let him out. He'd never get out by himself, all tangled up in tissue paper and that shoebox. He'd never get out without her.

"Grandmother, I've got to go back. Oh, I've got got to go back!"

Grandmother turned Miranda's face around by the chin and looked at her closely, the way grown folks did. Grandmother's eyes were always the same. They never looked kind or sad or angry or tired or anything. They just looked, blue and still. "What is the matter with you, Miranda, what happened?"

"Oh, I've got to go back—I forg-got something important."

"Stop that silly crying and tell me what you want."

Miranda couldn't stop. Her father looked very anxious. "Mammy, maybe the Baby's sick." He reached out his handkerchief to her face. "What's the matter with my honey? Did you eat something?"

Miranda had to stand up to cry as hard as she wanted to. The wheels went grinding round in the road, the carry-all wobbled so that Grandmother had to take her by one arm, and her father by the other. They stared at each other over Miranda's head with a moveless gaze that Miranda had seen often, and their eyes looked exactly alike. Miranda blinked up at them, waiting to see who would win. Then Grandmother's hand fell away, and Miranda was handed over to her father. He gave the reins to Uncle Jimbilly, and lifted her over the top of the seat. She sprawled against his chest and knees as if he were an armchair and stopped crying at once. "We can't go back just for notions," he told her in the reasoning tone he always talked in when

Grandmother scolded, and held the muffly handkerchief for her. "Now, blow hard. What did you forget, Honey? We'll find another. Was it your doll?"

Miranda hated dolls. She never played with them. She always pulled the wigs off and tied them on the kittens, like hats. The kittens pulled them off instantly. It was fun. She put the doll clothes on the kittens and it took any one of them just half a minute to get them all off again. Kittens had sense.

Miranda wailed suddenly, "Oh, I want my doll!" and cried again, trying to drown out the strange little sound, "Weep weep"—

"Well now, if that's all," said her father comfortably, "there's a raft of dolls at Cedar Grove, and about forty fresh kittens. How'd you like that?"

"Forty?" asked Miranda.

"About," said Father.

Old Aunt Nannie leaned and held out her hand. "Look honey, I toted you some nice black figs."

Her face was wrinkled and black and it looked like a fig upside down with a white ruffled cap. Miranda clenched her eyes tight and shook her head.

"Is that a pretty way to behave when Aunt Nannie offers you something nice?" asked Grandmother in her gentle reminding tone of voice.

"No, Ma'am," said Miranda meekly. "Thank you, Aunt Nannie." But she did not accept the figs.

GREAT-AUNT ELIZA, halfway up a stepladder pitched against the flat-roofed chicken house, was telling Hinry just how to set up her telescope. "For a fellow who never saw or heard of a telescope," Great-Aunt Eliza said to Grandmother, who was really her sister Sophia Jane, "he doesn't do so badly so long as I tell him."

"I do wish you'd stop clambering up stepladders, Eliza," said Grandmother, "at your time of life."

"You're nothing but a nervous wreck, Sophia, I declare. When did you ever know me to get hurt?"

"Even so," said Grandmother tartly, "there is such a thing as appropriate behavior at your time of—"

Great-Aunt Eliza seized a fold of her heavy brown pleated skirt with one hand, with the other she grasped the ladder one rung higher and ascended another step. "Now Hinry," she called, "just swing it around facing west and leave it level. I'll fix it the way I want when I'm ready. You can come on down now." She came down then herself, and said to her sister: "So long as you can go bouncing off on that horse of yours, Sophia Jane, I s'pose I can climb ladders. I'm three years younger than you, and *at your time of life* that makes all the difference!"

Grandmother turned pink as the inside of a sea shell, the one on her sewing table that had the sound of the sea in it; Miranda knew that she had always been the pretty one, and she was pretty still, but Great-Aunt Eliza was not pretty now and never had been. Miranda, watching and listening—for everything in the world was strange to her and something she had to know about—saw two old women, who were proud of being grandmothers, who spoke to children always as if they knew best about everything and children knew nothing, and they told children all day long to come here, go there, do this, do not do that, and they were always right and children never were except when they did anything they were told right away without a word. And here they were bickering like two little girls at school, or even the way Miranda and her sister Maria bickered and nagged and picked on each other and said things on purpose to hurt each other's feelings. Miranda felt sad and strange and a little frightened. She began edging away.

"Where are you going, Miranda?" asked Grandmother in her everyday voice.

"Just to the house," said Miranda, her heart sinking.

"Wait and walk with us," said Grandmother. She was very thin and pale and had white hair. Beside her, Great-Aunt Eliza loomed like a mountain with her grizzled iron-colored hair like a curly wig, her steel-rimmed spectacles over her snuff-colored eyes, and snuff-colored woolen skirts billowing about her, and her smell of snuff. When she came through the door she quite filled it up. When she sat down the chair disappeared under her, and she seemed to be sitting solidly on herself from her waistband to the floor.

Now with Grandmother sitting across the room rummaging in her work basket and pretending not to see anything, Great-Aunt Eliza took a small brown bottle out of her pocket, opened it, took a pinch of snuff in each nostril, sneezed loudly, wiped her nose with a big white starchy-looking handkerchief, pushed her spectacles up on her forehead, took a little twig chewed into a brush at one end, dipped and twisted it around in the little bottle, and placed it firmly between her teeth. Miranda had heard of this shameful habit in women of the lower classes, but no lady

had been known to "dip snuff," and surely not in the family. Yet here was Great-Aunt Eliza, a lady even if not a very pretty one, dipping snuff. Miranda knew how her grandmother felt about it; she stared fascinated at Great-Aunt Eliza until her eyes watered. Great-Aunt Eliza stared back in turn.

"Look here, young one, d'ye s'pose if I gave you a gumdrop you'd get out from under foot?"

She reached in the other pocket and took out a roundish rather crushed looking pink gumdrop with the sugar coating pretty badly crackled. "Now take this, and don't let me lay eyes on you any more today."

MIRANDA hurried away, clenching the gumdrop in her palm. When she reached the kitchen it was oozing through her fingers. She went to the faucet and held her hand under the water and tried to wash off the snuffy smell. After this crime she did not really dare go near Great-Aunt Eliza again soon. "What did you do with that gumdrop so quickly, child?" she could almost hear her asking.

Yet Miranda almost forgot her usual interests, such as kittens and other little animals on the place, pigs, chickens, rabbits, anything at all so it was a baby and would let her pet and feed it, for Great-Aunt Eliza's ways and habits kept Miranda following her about, gazing, or sitting across the dining table, gazing, for when Great-Aunt Eliza was not on the roof before her telescope, always just before daylight or just after dark, she was walking about with a microscope and a burning glass, peering closely at something she saw on a tree trunk, something she found in the grass; now and then she collected fragments that looked like dried leaves or bits of bark, brought them in the house, spread them out on a sheet of white paper, and sat there, poring, as still as if she were saying her prayers. At table she would dissect a scrap of potato peeling or anything else she might be eating, and sit there, bowed over, saying, "Hum," from time to time. Grandmother, who did not allow the children to bring anything to the table to play with and who forbade them to do anything but eat while they were there, ignored her sister's manners as long as she could, then remarked one day, when Great-Aunt Eliza was humming like a bee to herself over what her microscope had found in a raisin, "Eliza, if it is interesting save it for me to look at after dinner. Or tell me what it is."

"You wouldn't know if I told you," said Great-Aunt Eliza, coolly, putting her microscope away and finishing off her pudding.

When at last, just before they were all going back to town again, Great-Aunt Eliza invited the children to climb the ladder with her and see the stars through her telescope. They were so awed they looked at each other like strangers, and did not exchange a word. Miranda saw only a great pale flaring disk of cold light, but she knew it was the moon and called out in pure rapture, "Oh, it's like another world!"

"Why of course, child," said Great-Aunt Eliza, in her growling voice, but kindly, "other worlds, a million other worlds."

"Like this one?" asked Miranda, timidly.

"Nobody knows, child . . ."

"Nobody knows, nobody knows," Miranda sang to a tune in her head, and when the others walked on, she was so dazzled with joy she fell back by herself, walking a little distance behind Great-Aunt Eliza's swinging lantern and her wide-swinging skirts. They took the dewy path through the fig grove, much like the one in town, with the early dew bringing out the sweet smell of the milky leaves. They passed a fig tree with low hanging branches, and Miranda reached up by habit and touched it with her fingers for luck. From the earth beneath her feet came a terrible, faint troubled sound. "Weep weep, weep weep" . . . murmured a little crying voice from the smothering earth, the grave.

Miranda bounded like a startled pony against the back of Great-Aunt Eliza's knees, crying out "Oh, oh, oh, wait . . ."

"What on earth's the matter, child?"

Miranda seized the warm snuffy hand held out to her and hung on hard. "Oh, there's something saying 'weep weep' out of the ground!"

Great-Aunt Eliza stooped, put her arm around Miranda and listened carefully, for a moment. "Hear them?" she said. "They're not in the ground at all. They are the first tree frogs, means it's going to rain," she said, "weep weep—hear them?"

Miranda took a deep trembling breath and heard them. They were in the trees. They walked on again, Miranda holding Great-Aunt Eliza's hand.

"Just think," said Great-Aunt Eliza, in her most scientific voice, "when tree frogs shed their skins, they pull them off over their heads like little shirts, and they eat them. Can you imagine? They have the prettiest little shapes you ever saw—I'll show you one sometime under the microscope."

"Thank you, Ma'am," Miranda remembered finally to say through her fog of bliss at hearing the tree frogs sing, "Weep weep . . ."

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By FRANCES BURNS

Drawings by Gil Walker

what it takes

to make a great hospital

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL

Only Boston could produce the peculiar blend of conservatism and boldness which has earned world-wide respect for its oldest hospital—plus a few secret curses.

IF YOU say MGH to any Boston taxi-driver he will head, without further questions, for the narrow streets back of Beacon Hill where a cluster of hospital buildings—some century-old granite, others bright modern steel and glass—sprawl along the Charles River Basin. Like the Common and Faneuil Hall the "General," as it is known to its own people, is a local landmark. It is Boston's past, present and—very likely—future. The same qualities that once made Boston *sui generis* have been preserved here—a unique blend of conservatism coupled with bold assurance in which social, academic, and scientific freedom flourish.

Chartered in 1811, Massachusetts General was not the first voluntary hospital in America. (Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia and New York Hospital in New York were earlier.) Nor, with its 925 beds, is it the largest. And it may not be the best hospital in the country. But there are men and women all over the world who will contend fiercely that it is. Among them are some of the most gifted graduates of medical schools here and abroad. Quite typically, the roster of new interns last June included the top men from Johns Hopkins and Columbia's P & S and five of the first ten from Harvard Medical School. As many as forty-five different foreign countries are commonly represented among the physicians in training there. And the General's patients come from the corners of the earth by plane, ship, and train.

MGH has been, since its founding, a working partner of Harvard Medical School. However, unlike most university hospitals, which are dominated by the teaching institution, the relationship between this pair has always been one of equal collaboration. (This is true also of Harvard and its other teaching hospitals—Children's, Peter Bent Brigham, Boston Lying-In, Beth Israel, Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, and Free Hospital for Women.)

Certainly for the MGH this balance has always been one of the great sources of the hospital's strength enabling it to fulfill, in every sense, the mission laid down when it was chartered as "a receptacle for patients from all parts of the Commonwealth afflicted with diseases of a peculiar nature, requiring the most skillful treatment, and presenting cases for instruction in the study of surgery and physic." Thus it is both a community hospital and a great teaching center.

Respected and admired, the General is also envied and sometimes privately cursed for its assurance and independence. This happens when

MGH raises its nurses' pay, forcing other hospitals in the area to follow suit, or when the word spreads about the modest fees charged by renowned physicians and surgeons. Virtually every member of the General's active staff has an appointment on the Harvard Medical School faculty. The two institutions share the salaries of all full-time doctors, who may also earn by private fees an amount equal to their salaries—an arrangement which is policed only by a gentlemen's agreement.

Although some of its innovations have evoked mixed feelings, MGH has been steadily in the van of humane and scientific progress. Here in 1846 surgeon John Collins Warren operated in the first public demonstration of the effectiveness of ether anesthesia. Here, at the turn of the century, Dr. Richard Cabot and Miss Ida Cannon established the first medical social-service department in an American hospital. Here in 1930 a then-daring experiment was launched to help the widely forgotten "middle-income" patient. This is the 330-bed Baker Memorial unit which has both private and semi-private rooms for use today by people with incomes up to $12,500. The unique feature of the Baker plan is the fact that doctors' charges are strictly limited. There are four ceilings, according to income—$250, $375, $500, $650. (This must cover the charges of *all* doctors, including the surgeon and any others who see the patient in the hospital.) It is, not surprisingly, one of the most sought-after services in Boston. Also not surprisingly, there were mutterings and protests from organized medicine.

MGH is largely unruffled by such tempests. Its freedom to look toward the future stems, in a specially Bostonian way, from its firm roots in the past. Current guardians of its proud tradition are the trustees, lineal descendants of those "opulent and charitable citizens of Boston" who were its incorporators in 1811. They are a remarkable group.

THE BOLD BRAHMINS

IN BOSTON, as in most American communities, a hospital trusteeship is a badge of distinction, and the MGH Board is as much respected as the Harvard Corporation. Though at times the two directorates interlock, there is competition on State and Federal Streets about which board has invested its awesome endowment more shrewdly.

Four MGH trustees are named by the Governor of Massachusetts, in part because the Commonwealth contributed funds and the services of convicts to cut the granite for the original building. (It was designed by Charles Bulfinch, architect of the Massachusetts State House and Faneuil Hall.) The board still includes an Adams, a Lowell, and a Lawrence. One member resigned after eighteen years to become presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in America. The "newer Boston" is represented by an Irish Monsignor and a leading Jewish philanthropist.

The board—eleven men and one woman—meet on alternate Fridays (or oftener if necessary) from September through June, in a somber oval room paneled in rubbed mahogany and adorned with portraits of the founders, three of them by Gilbert Stuart. Punctually, as a tall clock strikes nine, the chairman, Francis Gray, Boston banker, raps for order. The agenda consist of reports carefully prepared between meetings by subcommittees working with staff and other experts. When action is taken it is nearly always by unanimous agreement.

Money is, of course, a major board responsibility. Last year the budget was $17.5 million. Like hospitals everywhere, MGH is grappling with mounting costs and community complaints about rising charges.

"It's outrageous," one angry ex-patient wrote. "I've just had a long stay in Baker at $27 a day and there was dust in the corners and I had to share a bathroom with people I didn't know. . . ."

The standard reply at MGH is that baby-sitters in Boston get $1 an hour. For round-the-clock care—which is what the hospital gives—that would be $24 a day, which is the present charge for ward care (within memory it was only $2). Charges to patients do not, at a teaching and research hospital, come close to covering costs. The annual deficit is a fact of life which the trustees face without wringing their hands over it. They are careful but also imaginative and resourceful.

Money comes to the hospital from all sorts of people and places. A Midwesterner, for instance, left a gift of $10,000 in gratitude for the care given his mother-in-law who was a private patient for four years (and paid a bill of $74,000 in a day of much lower rates). An unexpected and unrestricted bequest of more than a million dollars was made in 1952 by Hetty Green's daughter whose spiritual adviser had been an MGH patient. Last winter a former house officer, now a medical missionary in Borneo, sent $5,000 with regrets for his inability to attend the annual MGH alumni reunion.

However, the purse of private philanthropy no longer is bottomless and MGH, like other hos-

pitals, today relies heavily on payments from Blue Cross and other insurance plans. But in any event, the trustees consider money a minor problem compared, for instance, to the resurgent staphylococcus, which is a major concern of hospitals everywhere. And they worry far less about deficits than they would if the hospital should stop getting ten applications for every internship.

Under the national intern-matching system (run by the country's chief hospital and medical associations) medical-school seniors list their preferences for hospitals in order of desirability and from these applicants the hospitals choose in order the interns they prefer. The two lists go to a center where they are run through an IBM machine to bring man and hospital together.

The trustees carefully scrutinize the record of every intern offered to MGH under this system. For it is the board that appoints the 145 interns and residents, as well as the five hundred physicians on the active staff and some two hundred clinical and research fellows. Like Harvard with its student admissions, the General tries to select some of its interns and residents from far afield, as a means of drawing in new strength and extending the hospital's influence. Around 1910, the late Dr. David Edsall, chief of the East Medical Service, who later was dean of the Harvard Medical School, began sending some of the brightest young MGH residents to study abroad. Many returned to win international reputations in medicine, surgery, and clinical research and to become great teachers of future generations of doctors.

AURA FOR THE WELL-TO-DO

THE same sense of mission that pervades the hospital's staff is shared by the trustees. Secure socially, financially, and intellectually, they can and often do ignore querulous objections and pursue their chosen course of action according to their own standards.

As a group, their aura is one of dignified conservatism. They are, for example, extremely fond of Phillips House, the private pavilion built in 1916 when MGH finally decided to end its only form of discrimination, against the well-to-do. Elegantly patterned after the rather gloomy Back Bay residences of its early clientele, Phillips House has high ceilings, big, deeply-recessed windows, and in the corner rooms fireplaces in good working order. Floors of the private washrooms are icy stone mosaic. There is a minimum of modern gadgetry—elevators are slow and stately and if you want a nurse you press a button and wait without benefit of electronic intercommunication. Last year the board gave its cautious blessing to a proposal to expand the private wing.

"You may go ahead," they told the administrators, "provided the new rooms have the look and feel of Phillips House."

The trustees are by no means alone in their sense of tradition. For instance, a few years ago Miss Ruth Sleeper, the director of the school of nursing, decided it was time to modernize the student nurse uniform which dates back to 1873. A doctor's wife who is a Back Bay couturière volunteered to do the re-styling. But the suggestion was coldly received by the students. Accepting only minor modification of length and neckline and sleeve, they unanimously preferred their black and white shepherd-checked gingham dresses, bibbed white aprons, and black shoes and stockings. Particularly sacrosanct is the fluted upside-down-pudding-dish organdy cap which identifies an MGH nurse from Maine to Melbourne.

Attached though they are to such symbols of a proud past, the people of MGH—and particularly the trustees—feel no need to conform to current custom, if their conscience dictates otherwise. Such an occasion occurred in 1950 when Dr. Nathaniel W. Faxon, the hospital's administrator, was nearing retirement age. After canvassing the available local replacements, the trustees calmly took the most un-Bostonian step of going to New York to find a successor. The man they chose was Dr. Dean Clark, a physician who belongs to the advance guard of social medicine. Personable, energetic, strong-minded, and intellectual, he is a Minnesotan and a former U. S. Public Health Service doctor. When he was approached by a two-man MGH committee, representing trustees and staff, he was medical director of the Health Insurance Plan in New York, a prepaid comprehensive health-care plan which conservative doctors consider almost as sinful as Britain's socialized medicine.

"Before we go any further," Dr. Clark said when asked if he would consider the job, "I must tell you that I never ran any kind of hospital."

"Perfect," said the committee.

"And although I've never been a fellow-traveler, all my friends consider me a radical."

"Great," responded the Bostonians.

Frances Burns, a writer for the Boston "Globe" who specializes in medicine, came to Boston from Oregon in 1920. She has two sons.



The Bulfinch Building opened its doors in 1821.

The rapport established in this first interview has persisted, and neither Dr. Clark nor the trustees have felt any need for a contract to cement their relationship. In fact Dr. Clark fits perfectly into the MGH tradition which includes a quiet pride in nonconformity. (One of its most celebrated dissenters is distinguished Dr. James Howard Means, former chief of the medical service, who has firmly and vocally differed with the AMA on most socio-medical questions over the past two decades.) Like Harvard, MGH cherishes the freedom to hold one's own beliefs, provided it is done with gentlemanly decorum, and provided, too, that it does not conflict with the institution's basic commitment. This dedication pervades the whole hospital from chiefs of service and trustees to the youngest student nurse. The first obligation of the hospital—all its people agree—is to its patients. Their records fill several acres of filing cabinets—well over a million have accumulated in the past twenty years. In these records is written the story of the General. In them, too, one can trace the tortuous upward climb of medical science in terms of the people it has healed or failed over more than a century.

THE PATIENTS

ON January 23, 1822, Francis Vanvactor, described in the record as a "black man aet. 60" was "assisting in getting the wheel from off the axle of his cart loaded with ashes when the axle tree slipped from the wheel and struck him on the leg."

He was delirious and suffering from a compound fracture when brought to the hospital where, eleven days after the accident, his leg was amputated. In another week the 8:00 A.M. report was "good night—no opiate." The next entry is "10 o'clock—dead." On the dissecting table he was found to have had a half-dozen ailments including narrowed arteries and a damaged kidney —any one of which might have killed him. In any event his chances were small of surviving the risks of surgery in the days before asepsis and anesthesia.

For dramatic contrast, let us leap to December 1958, when a Boston window washer whom I will call Bill Jones arrived by ambulance after a fall of three stories. He had suffered concussion and in Emergency was found to have broken both thighs, a knee cap, an ankle, both wrists, and his jaw. A resident at once started intravenous fluids and took a blood sample for cross-matching in the bank. It was AB Rh negative, which occurs in about one of every two hundred persons, but there was an adequate supply on hand.

The senior doctor on duty in Emergency called X-ray, orthopedic consultants, a neurosurgeon, and a general surgeon. Within an hour Bill was in one of the main operating-rooms of the comparatively new and impressive White Building. He was placed under anesthesia which the neurosurgeon had pronounced safe despite the concussion. A team of four orthopedic surgeons (three summoned from their private offices in Back Bay) operated simultaneously on his arms and legs while a general surgeon explored for internal in-

juries. Meanwhile a resident was getting a special bed ready with slings, weights, and ropes to hold the more badly injured leg in suspension.

In the weeks that followed, more surgery was needed to put his jaw back in alignment, a second operation was performed on one thigh, a urologist operated for kidney complications. A specialist from the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary next door was called in to treat eye trouble that developed.

Slowly, incredibly, Bill's broken body healed. Within ten weeks he was out of bed and able to get around with the aid of crutches and a walker. By spring he was well enough to take off in bathrobe and wheel chair on an unauthorized jaunt to some neighborhood bars with another ex-Marine. A nurse off duty unobtrusively pursued them and brought him back. "Patient left hospital without permission and returned two hours later," his record chronicles.

"Didn't retard his recovery a bit," one staff doctor said with an amused tolerance which also is part of the healing art as practiced at MGH.

One can sense it in many a venerable record—as, for instance, in the case of Fong Whang who was admitted December 29, 1842, with the simple identification "cannibal" after his name. He had been picked up floating in the China Sea by a clipper speeding to Boston. In port he was transferred to another ship to be returned to his homeland. But when a doctor approached him with a needle to vaccinate him against smallpox, Fong jumped overboard into the icy bay. Three days later he was found on the Chelsea beach across the harbor with both feet badly frozen. He was brought to the hospital where the doctors, instead of amputating, decided to treat him with the best conservative remedies at their command —sodium chloride and water, magnesium sulfate, ipecac, camphor colchici, and elixir of opium. They fed him whiskey—which he regurgitated—broth, vegetables, and meat. No one could speak his language and Whang was a troublesome patient—noisy and feverish, who once attacked a patient in the next bed and had to be watched constantly. Miraculously, his feet healed completely and his general health was recorded as "good" when he finally left the hospital where, as a public charge, he had received the best that the science of the day could offer.

So have hundreds of thousands of patients who have followed him. Last Christmas Eve, for instance, the doors of ambulance and Emergency swung open and blue-coated police officers, with the help of a young doctor in white, lifted out a stretcher and wheeled it into an examining-room. Under the blanket was a gray, unshaven old man in rumpled clothes, found sleeping it off in an abandoned tenement basement entrance.

"One of the poor old bums from around the square," said one of the attendants.

"Yes, but we shoot people who say that," replied the young doctor heatedly. "Clean or dirty, alcoholic or not, moral or amoral, they're all people who come here."

This patient had been huddling outdoors in the New England winter for perhaps two days. His temperature was an unbelievable 72 degrees —theoretically too low for life, ten degrees below the controlled freezing known as hypothermia that is used as anesthesia in some heart and brain surgery. With all the skills in their arsenal, the young doctors fought for this life. Gradually they warmed the body with blankets and moist com-



presses. They stayed on the job around the clock. Though it proved impossible to save his legs, the patient slowly improved and survived to defy all theoretic probabilities.

Cases such as this afford, of course, a unique opportunity to teach and learn. But no MGH doctor is allowed to think of human beings merely as "clinical material."

"We all owe so much to the patient," said Dr. Walter Bauer, chief of medicine, "for the hundreds of years he has sat collectively on the benches of clinics, waiting—for what he has taught us."

And of course, what has been so learned, adds up to what is known as medical progress.

MEDICAL PIONEERING

MANY of the hospital's contributions to medical science had their beginnings in Ward IV, which Dr. James Howard Means set up in 1925 as a joint research project with Harvard Medical School, dedicated to investigation—by patients and doctors—of unsolved medical problems. The ward is located in a venerable building, Bulfinch, with grubby-looking laboratories tucked away in odd corners and crannies.

"Thank God," observed a visiting Englishman to Dr. Means, "at last I have found an American laboratory that doesn't stink of money!"

MGH, of course, is not oblivious to dollars; but the accent is on brains. In Ward IV, for instance, Dr. Joseph C. Aub with the late great physiologist, Dr. Walter Cannon, made major strides in combating a serious industrial hazard of workers in paint factories.

More recently, Mrs. Thomas Edward Clarisse of Gulfport was admitted to Ward IV. For twelve years she had been suffering from a rare form of adult rickets which cost her ten inches in height and was growing progressively worse. For six months on Ward IV she lived on steamed chicken and meatballs; everything she ate, drank, and excreted was measured and analyzed. Heroic doses of phosphorus finally arrested the disease, which now is known by her name in medical literature. There are only ten beds in Ward IV, which is dedicated primarily to the study of metabolic disorders.

Elsewhere in the hospital, teaching and research are part of the day's work along with the care of the sick. There is, for instance, the cardiac clinic founded soon after the turn of the century by Dr. Paul Dudley White when he was one of the bright young men of MGH. Today the clinic is directed by one of his gifted students, Dr. Edward F. Bland, and doctors come from everywhere to take the intensive eight-months postgraduate course in cardiology which the clinic offers.

There are heart clinics all over the world that include men trained at the General. From this clinic came awareness of the importance of recognizing and classifying the different types of heart disease and tailoring specific treatment for each. As a result of studies here, too, the first successful operation for the removal of a constricting pericardium, or heart covering, was performed by Dr. Edward D. Churchill, now chief of surgical services and Homans professor at Harvard. It might be said to be the forerunner of all today's great heart surgery. The patient herself, still followed in the clinic, is a grandmother now.

Clinical innovations may be developed almost anywhere in a hospital whose staff are research- and teaching-minded. One such occasion was the horrible Cocoanut Grove fire of 1942, when 114 casualties were crowded into the emergency ward. Treatment was begun within ten minutes and the innovations—born of the urgency of the disaster—resulted in a new treatment for burns which was subsequently adopted by the Armed Forces. This consisted of no cutting away of tissue, no cleansing, a bland ointment with protective dressing, and internally administered chemotherapy. (In the years since the treatment has been further modified.)

The strides of modern science—and the new interdependence of medicine, chemistry, physics, and physiology—have enormously increased the cost and complexity of medical research. At MGH research—both clinical and basic—costs around $3.5 million a year. Under study may be the regeneration of a rat's liver or the rapid but controlled growth of antlers in a fundamental comparison of normal and cancer cells; the structure of living bone; the relationship of chemical balance to growth; the use of radioactive chemicals to pinpoint brain tumors; the host response factors to rheumatoid arthritis.

A great medical center affords the opportunity for collaboration between the many kinds of specialists which modern science requires. Dr. William B. Sweet, chairman of the hospital's research committee, cites the team work in a revised method for the treatment of Parkinsonism with a beam of protons from Harvard's 150-million-volt cyclotron. A hospital neurologist evaluates the patient and his disease to choose a suitable candidate. The psychologist makes sure that the patient has a reserve of cerebral func-

tion to insure that his memory and thinking will not be unduly limited by the treatment. The neurosurgeon decides on the precise zone of destruction by the proton beam in the brain; and a Harvard physicist determines the voltage to be used.



THE SECRET

TEACHERS and researchers though they may be, the men of MGH are above all doctors. "Our young residents are tremendous clinicians," said one administrator proudly. "They bring to the patient incisive decision and the wonderful enthusiasm of youth. They stay with the impossible. They give unstintingly of themselves. They are on their feet sometimes for twenty-four to forty-eight consecutive hours and do many things far beyond the call of duty."

To this, many thousands of grateful human beings can attest—I among them. Not long ago, as a patient, I went through the physical and emotional experience of an illness that could have led to death or crippling. Before that I had come to know the MGH perhaps as well as any outsider may, for I had covered the hospital and its achievements for fourteen years as a medical reporter on the Boston *Globe*. But it was not, I think, until I was myself so deeply involved that I began to fathom fully what it takes to make a great hospital.

It was Christmas Eve in Phillips House. I could hear the sound of the elevator carrying a private patient, perhaps with valet or maid bearing a suitcase filled with fine sheets and a silk coverlet.

On the hard benches in the lobby of White, shabby men and women would be waiting and staring at the glittering blue fruit espaliered against the walls for Christmas by the Ladies Committee. In the eerie world of twenty surgeries, doctors still were operating. There was the clang of a police ambulance bringing another broken body to the red doors of Emergency.

Phillips House was quiet. Outside across Charles Street there was ice in the river running black and cold to the dam. A single lighted tree stood in the center of the court on the other side of the pavilion. Save for the shadowed light at the nurse's station the place might have been deserted. I thought of the doctors who had dropped by earlier in the day. "Stop being sorry for yourself," said one surgeon, an old friend. "Think of the poor woman whose jaw I just took off."

"There is a banker going around with a hole in his head," another surgeon commented. "Hit it on the door frame as he got out of a taxi and a big clot formed under the skull—he'd have died in a few hours if someone hadn't happened to look for it. As it is he's good as ever. . . ."

Through the door into the corridor from the stairwell, winding down from the top floor, came a procession of student nurses, glowing at the end of a long day, each carrying a single lighted candle.

"Deck the hall with boughs of holly, fa la la la . . ." sang the clear lovely young voices as the girls passed swiftly down the hall, then back to the stairs.

"No more," said the floor nurse as I listened wistfully to the voices die away. "There are patients who came in for operations now to escape the fuss of Christmas. We'd hear from them."

The quiet settled in again. Then in spite of the "No Visitors" sign, one of the house officers I had known before he entered medical school walked in, sank wearily into a chair, and lit a cigarette. He was still in whites.

"What can society do about this sickness?" he asked. "I've just sent a fish cutter home from the wards. He's been in for his third heart attack. He has had the best of care here, but his illness has used up everything he had. His wife has been coming in and making scenes because she feels lost and insecure with the few hundreds they'd saved bit by bit all gone now. I don't know what he'll do. I don't know what I can do. But I feel responsible for him."

Now, as then, I cannot provide the answer. But surely it will one day come from those with the wisdom and dedication to perceive the full dimension of their responsibility. In this awareness perhaps lies the secret of the great institution that is MGH.

EDWARD T. CHASE

How to Rescue New York from Its Port Authority

A brilliant political invention, the PA has worked splendidly for thirty years. The only trouble is that it's now doing the wrong job and stubbornly refuses to take on the urgent task that it ought to be handling.

WITH the possible exception of the Yankees, New York's most splendidly successful institution has been the Port of New York Authority. The PA, as it's called, is the agency principally responsible for metropolitan New York's transportation well-being. The last thirty years of its thirty-nine-year life span have nearly all been vintage.

But, like the Yankees, it now seems to be heading for troubles. These are nowhere discernible in its annual reports, however. Last year it took in a record $105 million from its facilities and its net revenues were $60 million. Ninety-five million cars, trucks, and buses paid record tolls on its bridges and tunnels, a new high of 15 million passengers used its air terminals, over a million buses took off from its bus terminal. About $12.5 million of its income came from non-vehicular sources like its $5-million hotel at Idlewild International Airport. It relocated 1,800 families in upper Manhattan to make way for the cars that will converge on George Washington Bridge when its new $183-million lower level is finished in 1962. It even handled 50,000 animals at its Idlewild Animalport, which it proudly calls "the first shelter in the United States built exclusively for the care of animal air travelers."

Despite these awesome tidings the PA is uneasy. In recent months there have been demands that Congress investigate its powers, performance, and tax-free status; and mass protest meetings against its proposed jet airport. Important groups and planning organizations have called for a full-scale review of its responsibilities, and its wisdom has been questioned by the press. In sharp contrast to New York's prevailing aura of official dishonesty, there is no talk of corruption or incompetence. On the contrary, the PA's integrity and accomplishments are undisputed.

Why all the fuss, then, and is it important? A long-time transportation buff and a native New Yorker, I recently set myself the task of answering these questions. What I have learned may shed light on the mess in most big cities.

First off, I found that on its own terms the PA is doing a grand job. But those terms, today, are cockeyed. The world has changed but the PA stubbornly refuses to cope with the new problems.

It cheerfully reports one achievement after another. Yet at the same time, mass transportation serving New York is faltering and the city is foundering under the weight and pollution of traffic. The situation is a matter of deep concern to nearly every adult New Yorker. There are a few exceptions, of course. They include Austin Tobin, the PA's executive director, and his public relations chief, Mrs. Lee Jaffe. Talking with them and a PA engineer not long ago I was offered a rather different picture.

Tobin is a well-groomed executive in his fifties, whose impressive head of gray hair and forthright manner more than compensate for his rather diminutive stature. He feels we should be grateful for heavy traffic. "If Thirty-fourth Street weren't congested, we'd be in trouble," he told me. Mrs. Jaffe, a lady now in her sixteenth year with the PA, reminded me that

pressed rail systems. "The funds of these authorities are not the treasure of the Count of Monte Cristo." He failed to add that they *are* the treasure of the general public within the Port District.

The practical effects of ranking bondholders first, public second, are these: The PA is indestructible so long as it can arrogate virtually all the area's money-making transportation facilities. Self-perpetuation of the organization is assured. As a result, unless the PA is forced to change its ways, or is superseded by a differently oriented body, New York is indefinitely committed to an un-unified transportation system. The whole metropolitan area thus remains in jeopardy of worse congestion and pollution and of mass-transportation bankruptcy.

There is, in other words, a basic conflict of interests between the Port Authority's narrow specialists and the people who live in the vast New York metropolitan region which today extends into three states—Connecticut as well as New York and New Jersey. Yet the PA is neither inept nor venal. It consists of skilled and honest if stubborn and unimaginative men. One villain has been identified by Mr. Tobin himself. Discussing Manhattan's traffic problem, he blamed "Detroit and the whole automobile economy."

What he failed to say was that the PA has neither volunteered nor been forced to adapt its role to ease the hardship wrought by this "automobile economy." The dereliction isn't the PA's alone. The Governors and legislatures of New York and New Jersey and even the national Congress have also shirked responsibility. They have awakened to it only as the commuter rail crisis has reached truly alarming proportions.

THE BROCHURE APPROACH

UNTIL the present crisis few politicians have dared tangle with the PA. Its successes have been massive and public esteem has been assiduously cultivated through self-congratulatory brochures, slick reports, a high-powered community relations program, press conferences, news releases, and speeches. After witnessing the public relations director, Mrs. Jaffe, in action I rather sympathize with the timid politicos. When I visited her to ask a few questions she was in a state of high tension over an allegation by a New Jersey paper that the PA was living pretty high on the hog for a tax-free public agency. Such was her agitation that she could not concern herself with my pedestrian inquiries until she had delivered a ferocious and unsolicited defense of the PA and had led me to the pantry next to the board room to demonstrate that no booze or other goodies were stored there. I am not untutored in the aggressive ways of public relations. But her concentrated hard sell, unrelieved by the faintest hint of objectivity, has the effect, as one news reporter said to me, of making one distrust the whole PA operation. One discerns a similarly shrill defensiveness in the speeches in which Mr. Tobin seeks tirelessly to justify the PA's indifference to rail transit without, however, at any time, proposing remedies.

Over the years the state legislatures and the Governors have rubber-stamped practically all the PA's plans. The current outcry, paradoxically, has not been caused by the debacle in mass transportation but by the PA proposal to build a huge jet airport in New Jersey, about twenty-five miles west of New York City. It would eliminate a village and a number of large estates, and, spurred by popular protest, the New Jersey legislature overwhelmingly voted it down. Nonetheless, a PA official assured a New Jersey audience that the project was far from dead. Denouncing the Authority for arrogance, the Assembly then went on to order a full-scale investigation of it and Senate approval is awaited. Findings of the inquiry would go to the Governor by next January.

On top of this there have been demands for Congressional investigations of the PA. The most recent came from Senator Clifford P. Case, a New Jersey Republican. Earlier, the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, Representative Emanuel Celler, Democrat of Brooklyn, introduced a bill calling for Congressional approval of future changes in the Port Compact and requiring the Authority to report regularly to Congress. On the day he took this action, Mr. Celler and other Congressmen had been guests of the Authority in a public relations-inspired "exchange of views" breakfast.

Celler sat through what he described as host Tobin's presentation of "brochures picturing the glories and grandeur of its operations and little more." Then he delivered a resounding attack and accused the Authority of "growing almost to a super-state."

Subsequently a legal expert of the House Judiciary Committee has begun a study of the Port Compact to discover what revisions, if any, may be in order. It has not been so scrutinized in nearly forty years and clearly the PA's performance is of more than local concern. In its quite legitimate effort to push the interests of

New York to the competitive disadvantage of other American ports, it fought strenuously, for instance, against the St. Lawrence Seaway. It spends a million dollars a year on New York trade-promotion offices in cities here and abroad. It is appropriate that a *national* body determine whether the *national* interest is being best served by these assorted activities. For, unlike most regional authorities, the PA has grown so large and powerful that its program affects the whole nation.

In the past, its autonomy and freedom from politics have been virtues. But such privilege carries great responsibility. A dogmatic indifference to problems of commuter railroads and rapid transit pervades the pronouncements of Tobin and of Robert Moses (who is never loath to speak ex cathedra for Tobin's empire although it is separate from his own). There is good reason to wonder whether the Port Authority can, any longer, take the long, comprehensive view of its role.

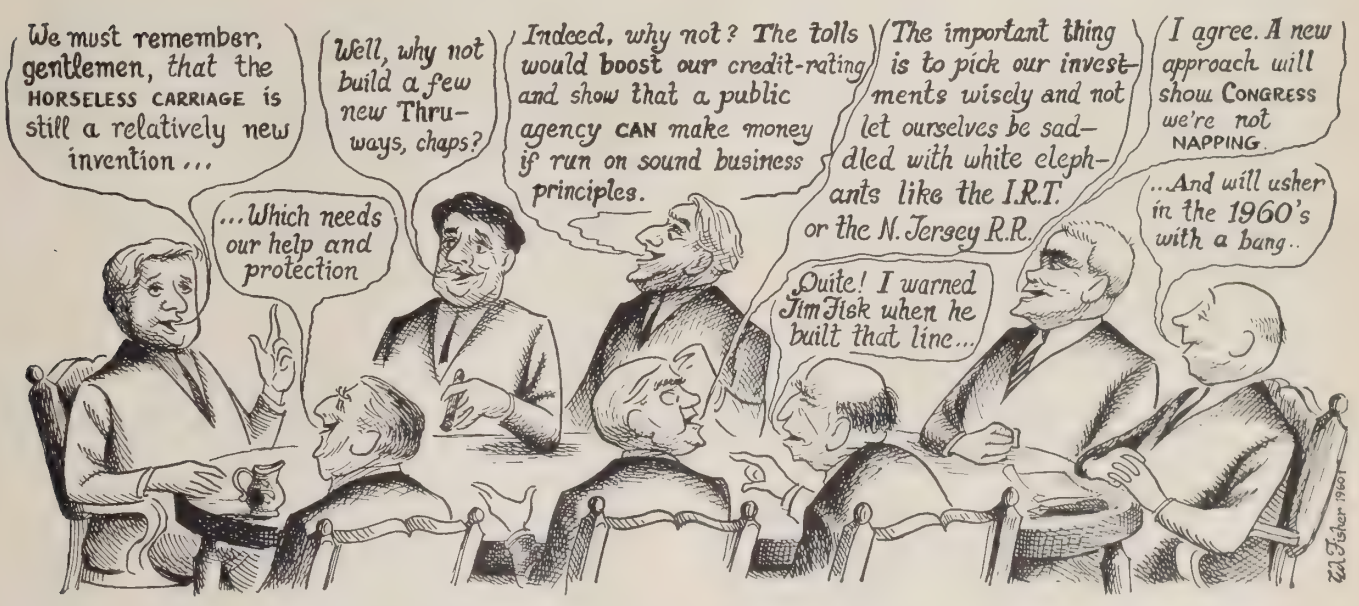
The quarrel over the New Jersey jet airport, which has caused perhaps unwarranted irritation, is a case in point. Many aviation men question the validity of the PA's case but concede it is a difficult question calling for expert judgment. Yet, to the consternation of the industry, the PA presented its proposal before even consulting the airlines. This came about, to be sure, because the PA was forced to issue its report prematurely after reporters got wind of the proposal. But the PA now refuses to admit this and declines to budge.

In view of this self-righteous rigidity, it is perhaps foolish to hope that the PA redefine its own role. It is, for one thing, a creature of the "automobile economy," which lifted it from obscurity to renown in the 1940s, as a torrent of cars poured through its toll booths. Sheer volume of traffic is its gauge of success. This is what pays the interest on bonds, builds up hefty reserve funds to ease the banker-commissioners' worries and pay handsome staff salaries.

To other planners, however, the experience of recent years has been sobering. Watching every new arterial highway become immediately overloaded, they now accept as axiomatic the fact that new roads, bridges, and tunnels stimulate new traffic. Without land-use planning the facilities rapidly become obsolete, precipitating an apparent need for more new highways—ad infinitum.

The fact that facilities beget the need for more facilities does not disturb the engineering mind. Lacking the planner's vision, it can conceive of nothing more important than traffic flow. Congestion is indeed a virtue to the traffic engineer or to a lawyer like Tobin who relies on engineering counsel. New York City's Traffic Commissioner, T. T. Wiley, is another fine example. He hopes to build fifteen parking garages costing $52.5 million strategically located to attract 10,000 more cars daily into the heart of Manhattan, already the most congested area in the world. But the clogged city and roadside blight that dismay residents and planners are reinterpreted in the engineering mind as "desirable concentration."

Most businessmen have yet to learn that traffic



Eye-witness Account of a Meeting of the Port Authority's Far-sighted Board (1975)

jams threaten their own economic interests. The engineers and financiers who dominate Port Authority thinking are technicians, absorbed with their bridges, tunnels, terminals. Perpetuation of the Port Authority is their prime goal. But this was not the intent of the Port Compact. It envisaged a very different kind of body dedicated to the Port District's overall economic well-being, using transportation as a means not as an end.

A NEW AUTHORITY?

So wretched is New York's traffic and mass-transportation plight that many citizens consider it hopeless. Apathy and confusion prevail. As an example, the *New York Times,* which generally laments traffic congestion, endorsed the Wiley midtown garage scheme. Lewis Mumford, the sage of upstate Amenia, New York, is practically alone in warning that new rights-of-ways for cars don't necessarily increase urban mobility. Demonstrably they spoil what recreational and rural amenities still remain in the metropolitan hinterland.

This situation is so insufferable because we now know enough to do better. And in the Port Authority we have a huge going transportation organization that should logically set about doing it.

But to continue in its present pattern can only spell disaster. It would be catastrophic for New York to place all reliance on automotive transport as, for example, Los Angeles has done. Conversely, rail transport is adapted only to mass movement of travelers in a short period of time. A metropolitan area requires a rational balance of all means of travel, including walking. (Forty million square feet of new office space built in midtown New York since 1947, incidentally, is creating pedestrian congestion that rivals the vehicular jam.)

Just what this balance should be depends on many criteria, not simply traffic flow. The preservation of residential areas is important, including space for schools and parks. These factors must be weighed along with the transportation needs of the commercial and industrial interests that dominate PA thinking. As Mumford and Owen have shown, transport facilities interact with every aspect of urban life and growth.

How then can the New York region reinvigorate its decrepit commuter railroads and mass transit to achieve a rational balance? The rail services are not likely to become substantial money makers. (For example, Philadelphia is experimenting with reduced rail fares and improved equipment in a nervy attempt to attract new riders and discourage driving to work. With commendable realism, the city has guaranteed to make up the operating losses which continue despite an encouraging increase in passengers.)

The passenger-carrying railroads have never recovered from the shift to the five-day work week, which eliminated one-sixth of their load. At the same time, the ICC, to protect the traveling public, has held rates too low to support improvements in equipment or to keep pace with inflated operating costs. Finally, the private motor vehicle, which enjoys free rights-of-way and other subsidies, has delivered all but the *coup de grâce.* The commuter lines, in fact, have lost all *except* their commuters, who are "discount" passengers (a quarter of a million of them in the New York area). But nearly all the weekend, holiday, and off-hours travelers are now motorists. The PA by sticking stubbornly to its self-chosen assignment has accelerated this trend to a point where petitions for the termination of rail service have become commonplace.

On an average business day, 3.3 million people enter central and downtown Manhattan.* This is 10 per cent fewer than in 1948, reversing a long upward trend. But a new high of 519,000 rubber-wheeled vehicles was reported, 137,000 more than in 1948. In the same year less than a third the number of passengers carried in 1927 used the Hudson Tubes (rail service between New York City and New Jersey under the Hudson River). Quite evidently the PA's deference to automotive transport has had a tremendous effect.

We have paid dearly for our preference for automobiles, not only in highway costs but also in blighted and even decimated residential and park areas. And, in the end, mass rail transportation remains of crucial importance. An express highway can handle only one-tenth the hourly passenger load of a comparable mass transit system. The PA's facilities for cars and buses would surely collapse under an impossible burden without New York's subways and suburban trains.

So—like it or not—the PA's own destiny is now engaged in the mass-transport crisis. Interestingly, Tobin seemed to be shifting his position on this matter when I recently saw him. The PA, he hinted, might be willing to run the railways so long as the states would underwrite deficits and

* "Hub-Bound Travel in the Tri-State Metropolitan Region," Regional Plan Association report, 1959.

guarantee the bonds that must be issued to resuscitate the railroads financially. This was a surprise after long years of very different PA propaganda. But he persisted, saying, "We'd do a better job than most people in the railroad business." The idea was put a bit differently years ago by the gifted lawyer who worked out the original Port Compact, Julius Henry Cohen. Referring to the PA's career of uninterrupted success, he said, "Handed a lemon, we'll make lemonade out of it."

Surely this is the treatment New York's railroads need. Tobin's apparent change of heart is encouraging; it may mean that, as they say in sporting circles, the opponents are getting to him. (He has not suggested, however, that the PA's general pooled revenues from all its facilities might be tapped to assist the railroads.) Of course a private comment by the PA's director accomplishes nothing in itself. Formal action is needed. Specifically, the following steps seem to be in order:

(1) The PA must be reorganized to fulfill its original mission. It must be directed to take responsibility for all systems of transportation within the area, and strive for the unity that was the goal of the Port Compact. Its pooled resources must be used to bolster all essential transport, including rails. (Reporters who have covered the PA for years find its finances formidably abstruse. I haven't the competence to judge whether its reserves are excessive and its fiscal policies absurdly overcautious, as alleged.) In the face of a bona fide railway and transit crisis the PA has remained immobile. It must be goaded into action. In assuming responsibility for all transportation the PA will acquire some non-self-supporting enterprises. If deficits result the states' public credit and funds must be used to protect the PA's bondholders.

The commuter railroads would contract with the PA and operate under its direction within the New York metropolitan region. The Compact must be amended to include Connecticut in what is now a tri-state region. Thus the New Haven Railroad as well as the New York and New Jersey commuter lines would qualify for financial aid from pooled resources under a fair formula. The "new" PA would logically absorb the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority and the Transit Authority.

(2) With the PA responsible for all transportation in the area, a comprehensive long-range transportation study must be made of the entire tri-state metropolitan region. Federal aid is available for it. Chicago has a study under way

MAXINE W. KUMIN

A HUNDRED NIGHTS

DARK came first and settled in
the pin oak rubbing on my screen.
Ten lightning bugs sealed in a milk
jar on my bureau winked and sulked.
I washed into a dream of a hunchback
chasing me with an empty mailsack

until the terrible mouse with wings
notched like breadknives came skittering
down the chimney next to my bed;
rudderless, raving, flapped and shied
against the ceiling, bedclothes, table.
I screamed as soon as I was able.

Father in a union suit
came a hundred sultry nights;
came like an avenging ghost.
He waved a carpet beater, trussed
with scrolls of hearts and cupid wings;
a racket with rococo strings.

Two uncles one floor up ran down
a hundred nights to cheer and groan
as Father swore and chipped the plaster;
a game he never cared to master.
My father had his principles.
He smacked to stun them, not to kill.

Frozen underneath the sheets,
I heard the bats mew when he hit.
I heard them drop like squashing fruit.
I heard him test them with his foot.
I knew when he unlatched the screen
and sent them skimming by one wing.

The fall revived them, so he said.
I cried. I wished that they were dead.
I begged him stuff the chimney stack.
I pinched my lips to stay awake
to keep those flapping rats outside,
sang to myself, told riddles, prayed.

I memorized those crepey nights
with dying fireflies for pets:
the heave of wings come down horn-mad
to thump and thwack against the shade.
No matter that my parents say
it only happened twice that way

and all the rest are in my head.
Once, before my father dies,
I mean to ask him why he chose
to loose those furies at my bed.

as do Philadelphia, Detroit, St. Louis, Washington, and Pittsburgh.

From such a study we may learn, among other things, how best to use the pricing mechanism in transport. Parking charges, for instance, can be manipulated so as to encourage drivers to leave their cars in new public parking areas on the city's periphery and use mass transit for the final leg into midtown or downtown. To moderate the peak-hour crush on expressways, bridge and tunnel tolls might be lowered during off-hours.

Similarly, graduated fares might be instituted in the subways. It is uneconomic to maintain immensely expensive equipment, unused most of the time, but needed for a three-hour onslaught morning and evening. New York's flat fifteen-cent subway fare, unrelated to length of ride, is a further aggravation, resulting in inadequate average revenue per passenger mile. As a consequence the New York Transit Authority presents the biggest item in the city's funded debt—$1.1 billion, costing $100 million annually in debt service.

Also to be answered is the question of commuter fares. Probably both subsidy and tax relief will be necessary, for fares alone can't cover costs. Information is needed about the point at which higher fares force commuters into car pools, to create more traffic jams. Another question, a difficult one, has to do with the equity of subsidizing commuter services out of public tax funds for well-heeled exurbanites. The dilemma is that many low-income families are also commuters, forced out of the city by the dearth of decent housing and schools.

(3) Hopefully, the new PA would in due course zero in on the toughest problems, with daring and imagination. It would experiment with transportation zoning, whereby areas of supreme congestion and fabulous shops such as midtown Fifth Avenue in New York, would be reserved for pedestrians only. And to moderate the peak-hour crush, the PA might promote staggered working hours for business and industry. It would also thoroughly explore the merits of physical integration of the commuter and subway lines as has been done to some extent in Boston. This might well involve extending New York City's present rapid transit through a new Hudson River tunnel to connect with New Jersey's commuter railroads and with its highway terminals. (Such a plan was recommended in 1957 by the New York Metropolitan Rapid Transit Commission and explored by the PA itself many years ago although the resulting plan was consigned to the dust bin because among other defects it was not "self-liquidating.")

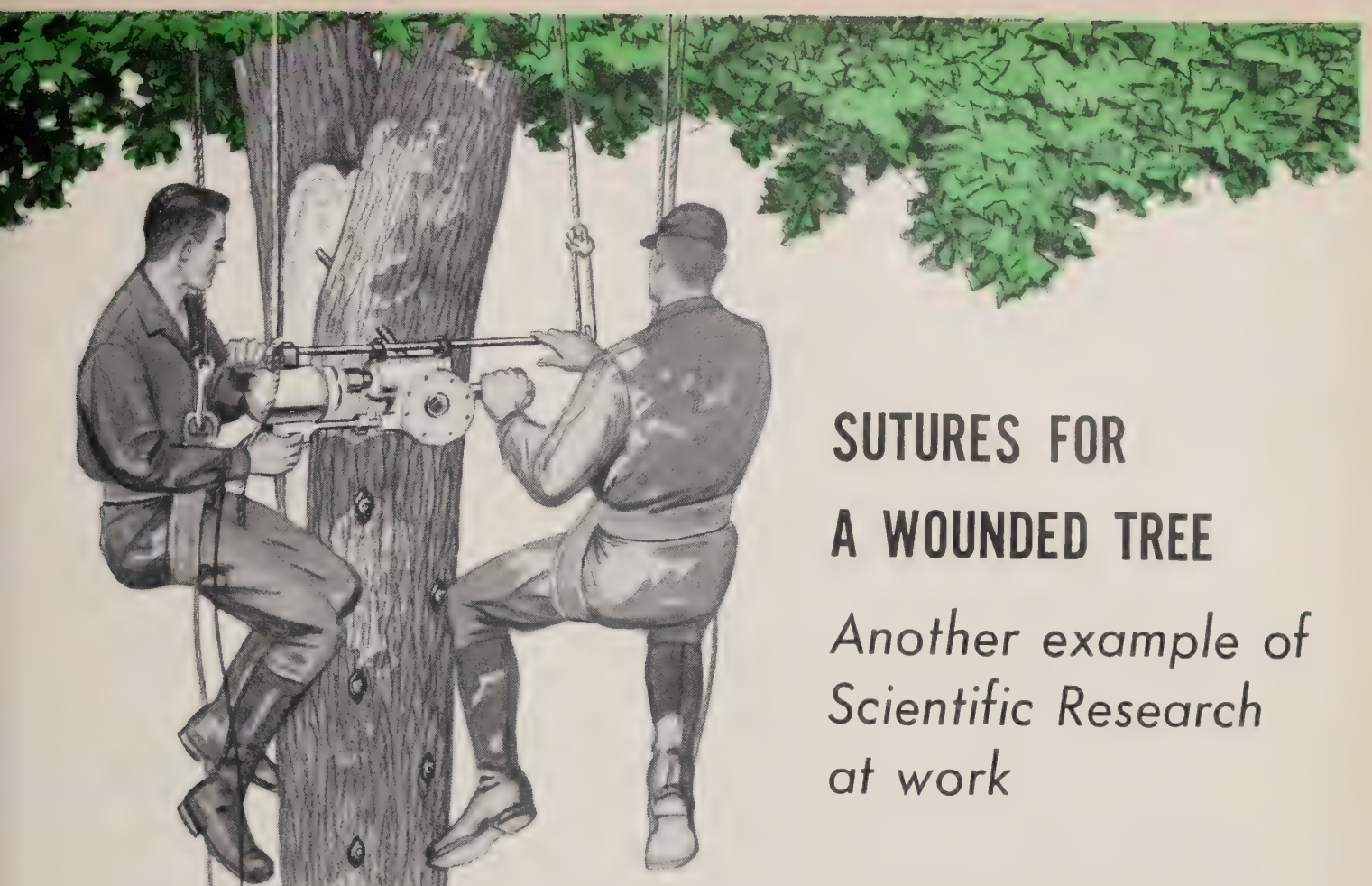
The new PA must be alert to innovations in transportation technology. It would be a service to every major city in the world, for example, if a definitive judgment were made on the merits of monorail. This kind of railway, in which cars move not on conventional double tracks but on single steel beams supported by pylons, is believed by its champions to be lighter, cheaper, faster, quieter, less obtrusive than conventional transit. Opponents say that monorail systems are too costly overall since they won't integrate with existing rail systems, and raise other serious objections.

(4) Obviously the kind of transportation agency needed in the New York region (as well as elsewhere) calls for a change in the PA's Commission. It must include younger men with less vested interest in the past. More important, they must be less provincial in their response to social change and more sensitive to the public's, as opposed to the business community's, needs. Acumen in financial dealings shouldn't be the prime desideratum in choosing the men whose decisions so powerfully affect the living conditions of the whole metropolitan area.

The board should include one or more outstanding planners, a social scientist of stature, and a figure from organized labor. Thus reorganized, the new PA would face the fact that how land is used determines traffic magnitude. Although it would not have jurisdiction over land use or building height and bulk, it would study such matters and weigh them in shaping transportation plans so as to prevent future congestion and preserve or create amenities. The new PA would operate under the general guidance of and in close co-operation with a sorely needed Tri-State Planning Agency which would co-ordinate all the elements that go into regional development. The PA would be required to play ball with this body, forgoing the splendid isolationism of the past.

All these questions are among the most pressing that will face urbanized America in the immediate years ahead. In the past, action has too often awaited the catalyst of tragedy, such as the frightful train wrecks of a few years back on the moribund Long Island and the Jersey Central railroads. If constructive criticism of the PA sparks action in New York, the whole nation stands to gain. Given the support of an aroused community, a reformed Port of New York Authority could be the chief agent in arresting the present decline of the country's greatest metropolitan area.

Harper's Magazine, June 1960



SUTURES FOR A WOUNDED TREE

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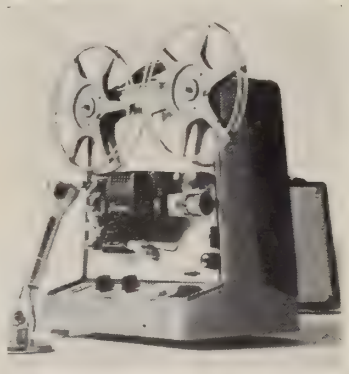
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The Greeks Come to the Isola

"IT WOULD be best," said the concierge, "to make a reservation. Tomorrow is Sunday and many people may wish to go to the *isola*."

"But," I protested, "if many people wish to go on Sunday, *I* do *not* wish to go. I will go on Monday."

This childishness he smiled aside, tolerant, gentle, and unmoved. "It is best," he said, "to make a reservation. Many people is not too many people. For Sunday at one o'clock."

"For four," I added meekly.

"For four—Sunday at one. The launch will be waiting at eleven." He wrote it all down as he spoke; and that was settled.

On Sunday morning the launch was waiting at the stone steps down to Lake Como, made fast, bow and stern, to wooden piles gay in their red and yellow corkscrew stripes. A touch of gaiety was not a bad thing, I thought, as I handed my companion down the steps to the boatman, who stood steadying the craft, holding an umbrella against a rain squall and offering a hand to the lady with solemn and imperturbable courtesy.

"E nulla, Signora," he murmured, waving aside the low scudding clouds which shut off the opposite shore; then, closing us in the minute cabin, he shoved off. His confidence was contagious. Though he sat in the open, driving the launch into a blinding squall with the rain running off his cap and ears down his neck, yet we knew that the course was set for luncheon for four on the terrace of the *isola*.

And so it was. In the short hour's run up the lake to pick up our friends, the sun was out, tearing the clouds apart; and Italy was looking as only Italy, drying her eyes, can look. Our friends were waving on the quay. In a moment they were aboard; the top of the cabin was rolled back; we headed for our island, while the boatman steamed gently in the October sun.

"It was there," said our friend, pointing, "right beside that white church halfway up the hill that Mussolini and his mistress were shot." The sun lost its warmth. *That* world had no place in this Sunday morning. No one spoke. Then everyone did; but not about the white church halfway up the hill. In a moment we had rounded a point and it was lost to sight.

OUR friends had bought a villa just where the lake divides. When we had visited them there, our car wound up a steep road built for donkeys and cattle to a village of stone and stucco. In its center the road widened a bit before an arched carriage entrance on the left, set in solid masonry and closed by massive wooden doors. At the sound of our horn they swung wide to

let us into what had been the stable and now opened onto a colonnade along the front of the house. We emerged from its cool dimness—and caught our breath.

Far below, beyond the treetops and roofs along the terraces through which we had climbed, lay the lake, flashing back the dazzling sunlight with, here and there, dark shadows on its surface from the few clouds still left. We stood there looking.

"Do you ever become so used to this that you look without seeing?" I asked.

"No," she said, "never. But still I like to go down the hill, because coming back this first look always stops me here, as though I had never seen it before."

The villa was stone even to its marble floors and stairs, the new part eighteenth-century, the rest centuries older. No one knew when the terraced garden with its exotic trees and shrubs had been laid out. The gardener had cared for it all his life. When the former owner died, he readily got another job but asked to be allowed to stay on with his family over the stable, so that he could tend his beloved garden until someone else came to do it. Now he was back full-time, ecstatically happy, and teaching his son how to work with the earth and nature.

When my host told me this, it brought back a remark of Harold Nicolson's: That people thought of statesmen as architects drawing on blank sheets plans for structures to be; but in fact they should be thought of as gardeners who must work with the earth as they find it and for whom achievement could come only by understanding and using the eternal processes of nature.

How would it be, I wondered, if there were fewer lawyers and more gardeners in public life? Then I recalled that our host was a banker, turned diplomat, a rare combination, I used to tell him, of cold-blooded calculation. Would a gardener be a match for him in negotiation? Or for an ex-coal miner turned dictator? Perhaps lawyers had their usefulness, after all.

TO MAKE talk while thoughts of the white church faded, I said, "You are good to leave your beautiful villa and try a Sunday lunch at the island. I hope it is not crowded. The hotel has made a reservation."

Our guest had never been there, she said, but she had heard that it was pleasant at the island and that one had a good meal. The boatman, who had been standing well offshore, turned into a strait about a hundred yards wide between a small island and the shore. Then he cut the motor and drifted in for a landing.

A raft made of a few logs with slats across them connected by a plank with the shore. Its buoyancy was low. To stand on it to help the ladies ashore would land them in ankle-deep water. So it became every woman for herself, with rescue waiting on the bank. Then a slow climb up the stone steps cut around the cliff to the restaurant forty feet above.

We heard the chatter and laughter before our heads rose above the brick floor of the terrace. Some fifteen tables seating from two to eight—mostly families with children, a few lovers, all Italian—were scattered about up to the low wall beyond which lay the lake. There was no empty table. A few trees threw spotty shade. On a path leading to a slightly higher grassy knoll a few more people sauntered; dogs barked at one another; children chased the dogs. The laughter seemed directed toward a large man standing in the center of the terrace. As we gained the level he turned and greeted us.

Here, one knew at once, was a notable character. He had the look of a paunchy satyr, blended with that of a middle-aged Dionysus without the beard. Black hair, curly and long, was thinning on top and receding. His eyes squinted in quizzical amusement. A long nose for knowing, and white teeth for smiling, were set in a plump (but not fat) South Italian face. His sports shirt opened at the neck, revealing a black bushiness; an embroidered Greek waistcoat with brass buttons hung unbuttoned. Around his paunch was tied a red-and-white checked tablecloth, below which protruded black pantaloons and bare feet in wooden clogs.

"A table," said our guest in Italian, looking about doubtfully, "was reserved for the *signore*." This produced a half-subdued roar from the proprietor.

"Ah, *Signora*, all one need do is to take a sensible man, dress him up like a drum major, make a concierge of him, and he becomes all puffed up and makes a great fuss about nothing. A reservation, is it? Who wants reservations? You shall have your table, the best."

Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, who has been practicing law in Washington since 1953, occasionally writes or speaks on political and international affairs in tones that ring round the world. But in leisure hours he travels and writes for enjoyment. His last story in "Harper's" was "The Great Fish of Como."

He walked over to a shed by the side of a long, low, red-tiled brick building—which was evidently restaurant, kitchen, and house all in one—threw back a tarpaulin, and produced with a flourish a round wicker table in one hand and two chairs in the other. A shout produced a small replica of the proprietor, with a smaller tablecloth about his smaller waist, who brought two more chairs and a red-and-white checked tablecloth.

"Your table, *Signore, Signori.*" He bowed us to our places and had the table set almost as we sat down. At this point my companion took charge of matters. She is a lady of sophistication, who knows her way about, and could see that this sort of thing, all very well within limits, could get out of hand and was already amusing our fellow lunchers. With that touch on the reins and tone of voice which has told many a spirited horse and some other mammals who was in command, she said, "May we have menus, please?"

For a moment not a sound, not a movement came from Dionysus. Then through the amazement registered on that mobile face dawned sympathetic understanding merging into the solemn, amused tolerance with which adults respond to children who are doing their best to act grown up.

"Menus," he said. Then, as though trying to put a difficult idea simply, "Menus are all very well in their place. To be sure, they can confuse the irresolute and embarrass those who do not know the dishes or the language." A glint in her green-gray eyes led him to add hastily during the translation, "Neither of which, of course, applies to the *signora.*

"But we have no need of menus here," he went on smoothly. "I know food, the markets, and how my wife, a good woman, cooks. I choose the meal. It is very good. My patrons like it; see how happy these people are." And, indeed, they were happy, if not hilarious. "So," he ended, "enjoy yourselves, drink some wine, and, in a moment, you shall see."

THE strife was over. Dionysus was in command and we had joined in the rites. They began almost at once. A large bottle of local wine, and very fair it was, was soon followed by another; then the hors d'oeuvres, largely unknown to me, except for the *prosciutto,* the paper-thin Italian ham wrapped around pieces of melon. After that came fish broiled over charcoal, skinned and filleted by Dionysus, and covered with lemon juice, herbs, and butter. After that, chicken broiled the same way, juicy and tender, served with beans and Italian bread with garlic butter.

By this time my companion seemed to be falling behind the rest of us. Dionysus, who had been clattering about serving and talking to everyone, was onto it in a moment, standing at her side, peering anxiously at her plate. "Delicious," she murmured, "but you are too generous."

"Ah, no, *Signora,* it is not good for ladies to watch their figures. Nature intended that others should do this." A satyrish glance indicated that this was by no means an unpleasurable occupation, and brought a slight blush.

"To look like this (sucking in his cheeks) is not good for ladies, and makes them unkind to gentlemen. When the cheeks are full (blowing them out), ladies smile more and everything goes better. Think of my wife when I say, 'Your best did not tempt the *signora*'."



So there was nothing for it but finish the chicken and the salad and the wine.

Things began to get complicated with dessert. A little table was put beside us and on it two bowls, one of sliced apples, the other of sliced pears. Over the apples Dionysus poured gin, over the pears, Cointreau. Innumerable lemons were squeezed over each, and lots of sugar. Finally apples and pears were well mixed. The result seemed food for gods—that is, gods who would like the island on a Sunday afternoon, not egg-head gods like Athene or Apollo. A great sense of well-being came over us as we waited for coffee and liqueurs.

They came in an unexpected way. By skilled conducting, Dionysus had brought all his patrons to the concluding point at the same time, regardless of when they had begun. All were ready for their coffee. The boy, a solemn acolyte, placed on a table in the center of the terrace a large bowl resting in a frame containing a spirit lamp which he lighted and trimmed. Dionysus appeared with a number of bottles and some packages of sugar. As conversation died, the acolyte scurried back and forth to the kitchen pouring pots of coffee into the bowl, and carefully arranging the bottles as for a rite. The quiet deepened as we all strained to catch the opening words.

"This is the time of year," Dionysus began, gently touching his bottles, "for the harvest festival, as it was over two and a half thousand years ago in my Sicily, in those beautiful Greek temples we still have, built when Rome was a village and before there was even the little Etruscan temple to Demeter on the Aventine. Then it was that the rites were held to Demeter, the mother of all, to Ceres, who brought life and growth, and to him who had in special charge the vine which drives away the cares of man and smoothes his brow, Dionysus." I would have sworn that at the last word he gave the merest suggestion of a bow.



"The rites began," he went on, "with the bowl placed on the altar and filled, as it has been here." From a table off to one side came, *sotto voce,* "I didn't know that the Greeks had coffee."

"Ah, my friend, there is much that one does not know about the Greeks. One does not know, for instance, that they did *not* have coffee. But it matters little what liquid filled the bowl. Importance lay in what was added. To Demeter, greatest of all, the distillation of the grape." The boy handed him a bottle of brandy, and in it went. "To Ceres, who cherished and nourished her children, the soothing and gentle white wine." In went a bottle of Suave. "And to him who gives strength for gaiety and laughter and dancing when the day's work is done, the foaming red wine." A bottle of Chianti. "For the god of each village and each field, the flavoring which they have given." Cinnamon, cloves, and grated nutmeg. "Finally to honor all those, young and old, men and women, whose backs have bent and whose hands have gathered, innumerable as the grains of this sugar, I add it also."

"But, you are no *agricoltore,*" a voice came from behind me. "What do you harvest?"

He exploded with a burst of triumphant laughter. "My friend, my dear friend, I began to fear that I must talk all afternoon before one of you would help me by asking that. My harvest? My harvest will be the lira, the beautiful lira, you will soon pay me. Is not that the most precious harvest? To be sure, the rest of the world does not think much of our lira. But we Italians are true to it, so true that the less it is worth the more we want."

"Isn't it the truth?" someone remarked amid the laughter, clapping, and bravos. The sacrificial coffee was served. The sun was dropping toward the hills. There was a general scraping of chairs. We moved toward the steps where the harvest was being stored in another bowl, a sort of classical cash register, to the accompaniment of farewells and much joking. As my change was being retrieved from the bowl, I said quietly, *"Addio, Dionysus dell'isola."* He looked up quickly. "The *signore* spoke?"

"Only to say thank you and good-by."

"Mille grazie," he beamed. *"Ma non addio, arrivederci ad un'altra volta."* Not good-by, so long, until another time.

The second of two articles by
RICHARD H. ROVERE

Measuring the Presidential Candidates

A veteran political reporter, who knows them all, tells why none of them would make a really "frivolous or dunderheaded" chief executive, but why it is so hard to guess which one might show the most capacity for growing up to the job.

AS PRESIDENT, Mr. Eisenhower has relied far more on the prestige he brought to the office than on the prestige it conferred upon him. Among those seeking the Presidency or likely to be sought by it in 1960, there is no one who would be in a position, at least at the outset, to do anything of the sort. There are some Americans and some Europeans, perhaps, who feel that their respect for the American Presidency might increase if the institution were graced by Adlai Stevenson, but this kind of sentiment has been as much a liability as an asset to Mr. Stevenson, and he is in any case the only man who could have any problem in weighing its value. For better or worse, the next President will have to get along with the strengths and weaknesses inherent in the office in 1960, and he will have to create, on the job, the kind of personal authority Mr. Eisenhower had when he took the office. Whoever he is, he will have no choice but to face and solve what Richard E. Neustadt says is the first and largest problem of any man entering the White House—"How to make those powers work for *him*."

"The search for personal influence is at the center of the job of being President," Mr. Neustadt has written in *Presidential Power*, the most perceptive of recent works in its field. This is particularly the case when party lines and loyalties are weakening—and in the 'sixties, as Mr. Neustadt suggests, we may reach a point at which it will seem downright un-American to have the same party in control of the White House and the Congress. In terms of personal influence, Mr. Eisenhower had it made from the beginning, but he seldom harnessed his authority to the Presidency, and at times he would not even use it to influence public opinion. In the racial crises of the late 'fifties, for example, he declined to throw *either* his own prestige or that of his office into the balance. Indeed, he often said that his notion of the Presidency excluded intervention of any kind in such matters. In other matters—notably defense policy—he used personal influence in many ways and with extraordinary success in accomplishing what he wanted.

Be that as it may, no one capable of conducting the affairs of the White House in Mr. Eisenhower's manner is available this year, and if any one thing is true of all the present candidates, it is that each has a deep appreciation of the need to make the powers of the office work for its holder. Furthermore, the appeal of each—with the possible exception of Senator Symington—is based on his approach to the uses of Presidential power.

This is surely Mr. Nixon's most formidable asset among people who are in any degree liberated from the lower political passions. Why is it that over the years a number of persons—including many within the Eisenhower Administration—who have had no difficulty in resisting Mr. Nixon's personal attractions have been heard to say that the country would be better off if the President could retire in the Vice President's favor? It has been, plainly, because they felt that Mr. Nixon would bring energy and determination to the problem so simply stated by Mr. Neustadt and so unsatisfactorily solved by Mr. Eisenhower. That and nothing else. One could dislike what one felt to be Mr. Nixon's view of life, one could regard his record and his declared values as inadequate, one could even distrust his personal influence, yet one could feel that, given the limited choices available to a President in any particular situation, Mr. Nixon could make his choice and then —because he does, after all, cherish success—work like a dog to make it prevail. The least commendable of the qualities attributed to him—

personal ambition, opportunism, rampant pragmatism—seemed to give assurance that he would allow no powers to atrophy by disuse. And the most commendable of his known qualities—intelligence, political skill, political insight—seemed to give assurance that in use they would not be dissipated.

WHO WANTS TO BE LIKE IKE?

ONE feels more or less the same thing about the leading Democratic candidates. Senator Kennedy is banking heavily on those agreeable endowments of personality which can be seen and felt in the back rows of auditoriums and on the television picture tube, but when he speaks seriously of serious matters it is almost always to say in one way or another that he is committed to the *use* of the Presidency in behalf of the President's policies. This is one matter on which no one has accused him of lack of candor, and the most thoughtful of his supporters advance it as his principal claim to the favor of the as yet uncommitted.

Senator Humphrey is more specific and forthright about policies, and it is the forthrightness as much as the policies that many people admire. He, too, would leave no powers lying idle. Senator Johnson is in some ways the most striking case; he comes before us with almost nothing but a reputation for achieving what he wishes to achieve by the adroit and resourceful use of his powers as Majority Leader in the Senate. Senator Symington's case is admittedly different, but to the extent that it does not rest on his Border State neutrality and Mr. Truman's Border State belligerency, it rests on his promise of alertness and vigor in matters of national defense.

It is a curious circumstance of 1960 that every man who has been under consideration—including Governor Rockefeller—stands in some way as a reproach to Mr. Eisenhower's conduct of affairs and to the bland, sleek, detached view of public matters that is so often said to be characteristic of the age. No one is seeking to emulate Mr. Eisenhower, and no one is really taking advantage of that distaste for grit which we keep telling ourselves is now our greatest shortcoming as a people.

And this is rather odd, or so at least it seems to me. Politically, the Eisenhower Administration has been little less than triumphant. The people have liked it and trusted it. The President has held their respect and has made some significant contributions to Presidential style. One would think that he, like Ernest Hemingway and Brigitte Bardot, would have imitators. To be sure, he is inimitable in the sense that he is a hero-statesman and the only one about. But he could certainly be echoed. No one is doing it.

Mr. Nixon, of course, must have, and does have, the President's support. He must, and will, campaign on the Administration's record and on his own record within the Administration. But he is doing as little of this as he can possibly get away with, and the image he projects —it is a Madison Avenue phrase, but I fail to see anything wrong with it—is one that bears hardly any relation to that of his patron. He puts forward not his talent for conciliation and accommodation, which has often been most impressive, but his nerve, his iron, his toughness in debate, his doggedness, his preference for action over inaction. To some extent, obviously, he must play it this way because he must use his strengths, not another man's. No one running for the Presidency can sustain a fundamental illusion about his character for very long. Mr. Nixon, however, does not give the impression of running his campaign as a mere exercise in political cunning. He knows very well, it would appear, that his own good and the good of the country demand the active, intelligent, energetic use of the powers of the Presidency in the years ahead.

In some ways, Senator Kennedy comes closer than Mr. Nixon in seeking to capitalize on Mr. Eisenhower's appeal. He, too, is relaxed and smiling and an embodiment of optimism. But he is, as John Fischer pointed out in these pages a couple of months ago, a tough-grained and tough-minded man who is willing to face the hardest of questions, and he is the one candidate who has sought to make the uses of Presidential power a campaign issue. The others may be measured by their degrees of closeness to Mr. Kennedy's position, but the fact remains that the ideal of a President making profitable use of the office is one that is shared by everyone now in the race. This may be an intellectually and morally slack time in American history—but the chroniclers of it ought to note that there are really no frivolous or dunderheaded men seeking to be spokesmen for the time. There are no Paul McNutts or John Brickers, no Hardings or Coolidges, no Alfalfa Bill Murrays. It would seem to me fair to say that no one who may become President next year should give any reasonable-minded man who is not either of the far Right or the far Left any cause to tremble for the future of the Republic.

These men differ, of course, programmatically, and some are almost unknown quantities in this respect. Since Governor Rockefeller removed himself from the race—or at least from the Presidential primaries—Mr. Nixon has been saying very little, and Senator Symington has never said very much of anything about what are generally called "the issues." Among the enlightened of both parties, "the issues" are always at the heart of the matter, and it is because of this that Senator Humphrey and Governor Rockefeller have enjoyed the kind of respect that Mr. Stevenson alone enjoyed in 1952 and 1956. "I like Humphrey," one often hears, "because I know just where he stands," and one heard, and may hear again, the same thing about Governor Rockefeller. No doubt there is great value to the electorate in having candidates who discuss and debate public policy freely and take firm stands.

TO COMMIT OR NOT TO COMMIT

BUT it may be one thing to appreciate programmatic commitment and another to assert that the man most willing to tell where he stands is the one who will, on that account, make the best President. It is commendable to discuss "the issues" and boring as well as cowardly to evade them, but it does not necessarily follow that commitment even to what is unmistakably virtuous is always preferable to lack of commitment.

For one thing, history has a way of making sudden new demands on statesmen, and the statesman who sees this clearly may wish to retain the maximum of flexibility. Campaigning in 1932, Franklin Roosevelt gave many people the impression that he was a man who knew where he wanted to lead the country; the impression was by no means false, but the fact is that his discussion of the issues as he saw them in 1932 bore practically no relation to the issues as he saw them a year and two years later.

Harry Truman was much admired for the down-to-earth way in which he discussed policy in 1948. He went up and down the country denouncing the Taft-Hartley Act and the farm legislation of the Eightieth Congress. He talked of little else. But it is not for what he did or failed to do about these matters that he is now so widely conceded to have been an admirable President. It is for the courage he displayed at the time of Korea, for his role in the formation of NATO, for his defense of the Presidency in the altercation with General MacArthur, and for his resistance, incomplete and ineffective though it was, to the ravages of Senator McCarthy. He dealt successfully with issues that arose almost from nowhere. He failed to win repeal of Taft-Hartley, and a time came when Taft-Hartley, suitably amended, no longer seemed so dreadful to liberals. He won a bit and lost a bit on farm policy, but no one was happy about any farm program, and no one is today.

It could be argued that it is not the stands that a man takes but the fact that he takes them at all that should count in his favor. One can hardly be against this without seeming to elevate political timidity and to be resigned to a foreclosure of debate. Because the role of the campaigner is a broad one, in theatrical terms, it is useless to say that issues can be discussed with enlightenment rather than commitment as the end. It is hard enough to do this in a classroom or a living-room, and it is just about impossible in a political campaign. If the man who commits himself on everything may say too much, the man who avoids commitment generally says nothing at all. But it does seem to me possible to insist that sophisticated voters recognize that one man is not inevitably more desirable as a President than another simply because he displays a greater willingness to make a public record of his stand on issues.

As a case in point, let us assume that the stand on farm policy taken by Senator Humphrey in Wisconsin in March is vulnerable in at least some respects. Let us at the same time concede that he laid stress on it both because he believes it to be sound and because he knows it to be attractive to certain voters. In the circumstances, it seems to me, Senator Kennedy's efforts—which turned out to be rather futile as the campaign wore on—to avoid being too much drawn out on the issue were as commendable, morally and politically, and as much an expression of "candor," as Senator Humphrey's flat commitments.

Presidential timber cannot be accurately graded because it is not wood. Presidents are

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Richard H. Rovere usually spends about half his working days in Washington, preparing political commentaries for "The New Yorker." But when the candidates hit the road, so does he, and he dogs them off and on until election day. He is the author of "Senator Joe McCarthy" and other books, and has contributed many brilliant political profiles to "Harper's."

human beings capable of growth and capable of stagnation. They change, and their times change, and their problems change with the times. Herbert Hoover did not give the United States the leadership it needed in the early 'thirties, but he might have been a great President in the post-Civil War period or even in the Federal period. He had more courage, dignity, intelligence, and devotion than many of our Presidents and lacked only the capacity for swift adaptation and what Mr. Neustadt calls the feel for "the grain of history" that have distinguished the great crisis Presidents.

The ideal candidate, it might be said, is a man whose stature at the time of election qualifies him for the office and whose capacity for growth is equal to the need of the time. The definition may be sound, but it describes nothing that is human, and it begs all the important questions. There is no academy for Presidents, and among those who have held the office in the twentieth century only Woodrow Wilson and Herbert Hoover were public men of indisputable stature and accomplishment prior to election. One had the capacity for growth, the other did not. But this could not be determined with any certainty in advance.

THE STARTING LINE

IN 1960 it is more difficult than at any time I can recall to generalize about the stature and accomplishments of the leading candidates. The field at the time of writing is dominated by a Republican Vice President and four Democratic Senators. Later a Republican Governor and Democratic ex-Governor may be added to the group. Up to now, neither the Vice Presidency nor the Senate has been well regarded as a training ground for Presidents. The first attracted second-raters and made them, as Vice President Marshall once said, political cataleptics. The second attracted many first-raters but undid them for executive service by imbuing them with the legislative outlook. But the situation may have altered greatly.

There has been a good deal of nonsense written about the experience acquired by Mr. Nixon in the last eight years and about the changed nature of his office under the Eisenhower Administration. Yet Mr. Nixon *has* in many ways been a Vice President unlike any other. For eight years he has seen the office not as a place of semi-retirement but as a starting line. He has been preparing himself. He has seized all the opportunities there have been to learn and to act. Whether or not he would grow in stature as President, he has surely grown as Vice President. And the old generalizations about the Senate are no longer as valid as they were. More and more, Senators have had to become spokesmen for the nation. Their authority in foreign affairs has forced something like executive responsibility upon them. The nationalization of issues has nationalized Senate outlooks and has tended, on the other hand, to increase the parochialism of Governors. Six years of divided government have required Lyndon Johnson to act on many occasions as if he were an executive of all the people.

In Mr. Nixon's case, it has always been his moral stature that has raised doubts. If morality is put to one side, his qualifications are, if not commanding, about as imposing as those of most Presidents of the last hundred years. There is nothing to suggest that he is unequal to the job—at least for voters whose tastes run to middle-ground Republicanism—except the ease with which he shifts ideological gears. There is no doubt that he is a good deal more facile at this than the run of politicians who attain an eminence comparable to his, and it is a disturbing thing. If constancy is a great virtue, Hubert Humphrey, Adlai Stevenson, Senator Kennedy, and—from all we know—Nelson Rockefeller lead the ranks, with Lyndon Johnson, an almost professional swing man, and Senator Symington, who has very little to be constant to, trailing. It must be noted, though, that Franklin Roosevelt was surely Mr. Nixon's equal, while Mr. Eisenhower was, even in his most unsatisfactory periods, steadfast. If one reverts to experience and performance, none of the leading candidates is manifestly deficient. Surely there is not one whose qualifications are quite as questionable as those of Mr. Eisenhower in 1952.

The capacity for growth can be appraised in retrospect but not in prospect. If we did not assume that it existed in all men, Western religions and social philosophies would be nonsensical in their view of human nature, but at least we know, after the experience of the last eight years, that the Presidency does not invariably enlarge the outlook, fortify the spirits, or multiply the talents of Presidents.

Mr. Eisenhower survived the experience unaffected. What was it he lacked that Harry Truman, say, had? It was basically, one imagines, a desire for the kind of experience that promotes growth—a zest for the job, a love of political life, a curiosity about the arts of government. This is more likely to be found, probably, among

professional than among non-professional politicians, among those who seek the job than among those who are sought by it. Mr. Eisenhower came to the White House a completed man; the Presidency was not an earned degree, if I may use an academic metaphor, but an honorary one. He was favoring the country by accepting it, but it had nothing—or certainly very little—to give him that he did not already have. And his mandate was to invest the Presidency with those attainments and virtues he brought to it—his own prestige, his disdain of low politics, his knowledge of a way of getting things done in the national rather than the partisan interest. He could even have assumed that had he changed or grown in office, he would have been perpetrating some kind of fraud, for he had no call to explore or experiment but only to go to the White House and be himself, Ike.

The only figure who remotely resembles him in this way today is Adlai Stevenson, and the resemblance is quite remote. Mr. Stevenson is really closer to the Wilsonian tradition, which has proved itself in politics. Mr. Nixon and Senators Kennedy and Humphrey are about as professional as they come and have that desire for mastery that so often enables a President to adapt himself to mastery's requirements. For each, the office would be a fulfillment; none is complete without it. Senator Johnson's professionalism has a purity lacked by the others, but his case may be somewhat different, for he represents a tradition that has had no connection with the White House in this century. Governor Rockefeller and Senator Symington are relative newcomers and more difficult to figure out. They are more kin to a pair of defeated aspirants—Wendell Willkie and Averell Harriman—than to anyone who has actually held the office.

WHY BOTHER TO CHOOSE?

I HAVE written, perhaps, as though differences in policy were a matter of slight importance. If by "policy" one means conviction, outlook, and philosophy rather than "program," then it seems to me a matter of the highest importance. In the mere process of selecting nominees and electing Presidents, we tend to arrive at a kind of programmatic consensus—or rather to force one on the candidates bidding for our favor. The leading aspirants tend more and more to borrow from one another's platforms and to assume one another's commitments; by election eve, they are practically united in their schemes for the future and divided principally by their views of the past. They promise more or less the same America but we know them apart by a quality—in their visions and in the words that convey them—that survives, and in some ways becomes sharper, as they go about marketing the same wares. Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson were programmatically very close on election day in 1952 and 1956, but their views of American life were very far apart. The last eight years would have been very different if Mr. Stevenson had won on either day. Mr. Nixon and Senator Kennedy may describe the same America, and they may have much in common as politicians, but their values and outlooks are very different and these weigh heavily in determining the kind of society we are to have.

The President is a spokesman for the country; the world gets to know us and we get to know ourselves when he speaks, and in a way we become cast in the image he creates. We are a very different people today because Eisenhower has been President, and we shall be different tomorrow if Mr. Nixon succeeds him or Senator Kennedy, or Senator Humphrey, or any of the rest—different as each is from the others in perspective and conviction.

Harper's Magazine, June 1960

JUDSON JEROME

CRABS

if you were to leave a burlap bag,
bunching and clicking, full of live crabs,
on the beach, tied at the top, stuffed
with shifting shells inside its sag,
each sticky stalk-eye blind and tender,

claws pinching claws—or nothing—clacking,
hard, hollow bodies scraping as
legs worked them through the bodies, backing,
you would know how full of things I lie,
dry, out of reach of the folding sea,

inert and shapeless, were it not
for rattling crabs inside of me
that hear, perhaps, the long waves crushing,
the flute of the wind through grass and sand,
remember the water, the cool salt hushing,

struggle to slit the burlap and
scatter in sideways, backwards courses,
like beetles, devils, flat as clocks—
these snapping wants, these shelled remorses—
to drag themselves beneath the rocks.

Drip and hang up to dry



MALCOLM BRADBURY

An East Yorkshireman who teaches at Hull University and is the author of a new novel called "Eating People Is Wrong" once made an important discovery in the U.S.A.

I ONCE came over from England, a tall, feckless youth with long hair and thick tweedy suits that made me sweat even in winter, to teach a course in English composition to uninterested freshmen in a state university in the Middle West. I taught classes in the comma, and in underlining, and in the use of the library. The only advice that I could think of on underlining was not to underline in books which the student might want, subsequently, to sell again; and the class on library use was devoted to telling the students how to recognize the library from a distance (I drew a map), what to do with their cigarettes when they entered the building, and whom to ask for at the desk to do all their research for them.

My teaching became a strangely unchallenging experience. Dulled freshmen used to come into my office and say: "You have a big problem here, Mr. Bradbury. It's me." And once, when I bought a bottle of sherry to give my students in tutorial, in the best British academic tradition, people made me hide it in case the maid reported it to the administration. Since it was a state university, the campus and the town about it were dry, and you could see faculty members, at dusk, furtively driving back from visits to liquor stores in the adjoining county, in preparation for cocktail parties to be given in soundproofed rooms, behind closed drapes.

After I had been teaching at this university for a while, one problem began to bulk a good deal larger than most. It was the problem of getting my clothes washed. I was re-reading, the other day (in the academic world, as you know, one never reads; he always re-reads), John Malcolm Brinnin's account of how Dylan Thomas, whilst rampaging about the American continent, would buy shirts by the dozen, to wear and discard; and I was reminded that, unbeknownst, and at about the same time, much the same sort of thing was happening to me in the sock world. Almost every Saturday morning I would shamble out of my room, where decaying socks clustered odiously together in the late summer heat, and inveigle the men's stores in this certain Midwestern town into parting with a large proportion of their wares.

The reason for the problem was a simple one. In England, socks are made of wool, and they develop holes, and there exists a thing called darning wool, with which one repairs them. In America, where socks are made of miracle fibers, and are thrown away anyway after a few wearings, there is no such thing as darning wool. The English, however, are sentimentalists about their socks, as about all their possessions; they want, in a most un-American way, to make them last. As for me, I had accumulated a large, wretched pile of tattered, dirty socks, of which it seemed impossible to dispose. I tried dropping them on the campus, but they were promptly handed back to me. Eventually, you might have seen me, late at night, venturing out and dropping them on the nearby railroad tracks, where they might somehow get caught up in the expresses and taken clear through to Chicago.

One day, reading through the student newspaper and gazing with quizzical eye on the photographs of the most popular professor of the week, I was caught by a small advertisement, which called forth all my native horror at what America had done to English prose. It read, in its entirety, as follows:

UGLIEST COED GETS MARRIED

Two pretty Sycamore Hall girls were starting to "bed down" last night. "How come your fall semester's roommate got married?" one asked. "You say she's got a face that would turn a pig's stomach?"

"And she has," came the answer. "But she's a corker of a knitter. All fall she kept going round there on Lincoln Street to East's Yarn Shop, getting Bear Brand sock yarn. She socked that guy so many times he didn't have any more sense than to propose."

"That gives me an idea," said the new roommate, folding away a brief. *(Advt.)*

When I had overcome my shock at this, I was reminded that, although I had wandered through every store in town, trying to find darning wool, this establishment had not met my gaze. For weeks I had been painfully aware of my foreignness as I had gone into shops and been pitied for the strangeness of my request by elderly Middle Western salesladies. I was inured to the process. It was a rainy day as I wandered, in my careless English way, about the town in search of the Yarn Shop. I finally found it up a back alley; it was the living-room of a white clapboard house in the residential portion of town, packed with such goodies as knitting needles, doilies, and lengths of wool. I remained there about a quarter of an hour, opening and shutting the door to attract attention, and was about to leave when a small, dapper man appeared from the back.

"Hi," he said, "make yourself at home, folks."

I told him what I wanted.

"Pip, pip, old top," he said, charmed beyond words that he had tempted an Englishman into his establishment. He told me how much he loved England—the Queen, the Black Watch Regiment, Buckingham Palace, Notre Dame Cathedral. He asked me what had brought a cosmopolitan like myself to this neck of the woods, and on learning that I was a teacher of English went into transports of glee. Suddenly his hands were full of manuscripts—poems of his that had been published in, among other places, *The Drapers' Gazette* and *The Corseteers' Quarterly,* and more of his gruesome advertisements. The poems were all about the American Civil War and a large majority of them appeared to begin with the line: "Tramp, tramp, tramp . . ." I said they were very nice. I told him about the socks business and, scarcely pausing in a recitation of his verses, he went about the room, clipping short pieces of the balls and lengths of wool there. He presented these to me and it took me but the rest of the afternoon to make my escape. I never had the courage to go back there again; I just went on buying socks.

SOCKS were not all; I was beginning to look very tatty overall. With typical English incompetence, I was unable to wash clothes at all; unaccustomed to looking after myself, I felt perplexed and frightened by the extraordinary accumulation of linen that was piling up in my wardrobe.

"Why not try the Doozy Duds?" asked a friend. I went round to the Doozy Duds; it was filled with pregnant American housewives, telling stories to one another while their children tore up comic books in a corner. I got frightened and went away again.

Finally I discovered that there was, on campus, a scrappy, damp little basement, filled with coin-operated washing machines. One dark night I emerged furtively from my room, my arms filled with a large bundle of smelly clobber and hied thither. I found an empty machine, inserted my coins, and peered in hopelessly through the glass while the machine made them into a soggy, turgid mass of linen, knotted violently together. I had forgotten to put in soap flakes, or to separate the whites from the coloreds, or do any of the simple things that are common knowledge to all who have ever skimmed through the instructions on a packet of soap powder. When I



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took my things out they seemed as dirty as ever; one thing, however, had come of it all—they had all changed color. White shirts were red, blue shirts were purple. I gathered it all together and slunk, frightened, away.

Some days later I sneaked back again. Something had to be done. I noticed a pretty girl at the next machine and asked her to explain to me the whole seedy process. I hid my beastly clothes behind my back. She told me about the soap flakes. She made me show her the clothes, sort them into categories so that they wouldn't stain each other, and put them properly into the machine. We stood and watched it. I said I was unmarried and inexperienced in this sort of thing. She said she was unmarried too. We talked a bit more and then decided to go into town, to the movies. I didn't think about the clothes again until two days later and when I got back to the washroom I found that someone had dumped them on the floor. They were very dirty and frozen solid.

Still undefeated, I decided after some cogitation to offer them, with profound apologies, to the local laundry, which claimed to be in business to solve this kind of problem. Unfortunately the institution, absurdly called the Kwickie Washie, was startlingly unfamiliar with that kind of English shirt which has loose collars. When the shirts came back, the front had been hardened to the consistency of cement, and the collars were so stiff that I had to bend them back into shape round a coffee percolator. But I was less upset by this than by the fact that the shirts came back in a cellophane packet, pinned and fixed on a cardboard back, with a little wrapper round it, on which was written the odious legend:

"GOOD MORNING, SIR! YOUR CLEAN SHIRT, COURTESY OF THE KWICKIE WASHIE."

After a few mornings of this, I became so infuriated with the legend that I resolved to transfer to another laundry. When I unbundled their offering, I turned to the wrapper much as an occasional gambler turns with trepidation to the racing edition of the evening newspaper. The wrapper this time said, pithily:

"HAVE YOU KISSED YOUR WIFE TODAY?"

After I grew calmer, I was possessed with a desire to go back to England, just to get my clothes washed; to go back to England, to get married—something. At least in England, though the laundries take three times as long and spend the extra interval crushing the buttons on your shirt to powder, they give your laundry back to you in a dirty paper bag, with no wrappings at all, and hazard not a word of comment about your private life. At least in England, too, it is not a disgrace to be in an unmarried state.

In time, I found a useful interim solution. It was called Wash and Wear. I bought a whole outfit which, with the exception of the shoes, could be laundered at night in a hand basin and worn again the next day. Even that had its difficulties. I used to have to leave parties early in the evening: "I have to go home and wash my clothes so that they'll be dry for the morning," I used to say.

No one seemed convinced; it appeared to them a low excuse. Sometimes, when I'd been at a party and had been unable to leave, I would appear next day, natty in my drip-dry tan suit, looking perfect save for a large wet stain across my behind, where the liquidity had concentrated. Moreover, I had strange encounters with persons who, seeing me in the men's showers in the residence hall, standing under the flow fully dressed in a smart suit, had come to the conclusion that I was excessively modest; I was not; I had simply discovered that the best way was simply to get under the shower fully clad.

WORST of all was the incident with Mr. Ting. At night I would lie in bed, naked, while all around me on lines and hangers wet clothes were draped, dripping themselves dry. Huge drops of water kept smacking onto the floor like bombs, keeping me awake. It transpired they kept others awake, too. One night there was a knock at the door. I got out of bed and opened it, to find a little face peering at me. "Yes?" I said.

"I am Ting," said the face.

"Hi," I said.

"You are making experiment?" said Ting. "I have room underneath, hear loud noise, all night."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I can't imagine what it can be."

He peered past me. "I come in?" he said. I held open the door and he entered, scooping the washing aside with his hands. He looked about, carefully, and could see nothing.

"Noise go all night," he said. "No sleep."

"Perhaps it's something wrong with the heating system?" I said. Ting looked dissatisfied. He left, giving me a malevolent glance.

Perhaps, somewhere, Mr. Ting is still wondering what I *did* to make little explosions over his head. But I've now found a final solution to the laundry problem. It is called marriage and is the most expensive way of getting your clothes washed that there is.

Harper's Magazine, June 1960



WHEN MOST PEOPLE SAY "I THINK..." DO THEY REALLY THINK?

A THOUGHTFUL DISCUSSION **by Dr. D. Alan Walter**

"We all have occasion to express our opinions a dozen times a day, and our progress in our jobs . . . our standing in any group depends in large part on how sound our opinions are. A person who says 'I think' about any given subject, and then expresses attitudes which are clearly not informed thoughts, but a jumble of emotional misinformation, is rarely listened to with respect.

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PUBLIC & PERSONAL



WILLIAM S. WHITE

Home Town, Washington

In spite of its sorry hotels, indifferent food, and hopeless ball club, the Capital can be a charming place to live. But its joys are strictly reserved for the natives, so that a visitor can't even guess where they are hidden.

WASHINGTON—This dispatch is a salute to the Washington nobody outside really knows.

It deals not with Washington as a world capital, nor as the scene of political struggles, nor as the great tourist center it has long since become. So please put out of mind all the familiar symbols—the Capitol Dome, the Washington Monument, the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, and the other piles of stone you see weighing down the flat banks of the Potomac when you fly into our charmingly inadequate airfield.

I am talking here about Washington as a good home town—pleasant always but incomparably so in the softly green and flowering spring.

Reno, Nevada, is called, in neon signs of hotly appropriate vigor, The Biggest Little City in the World. But really Washington is the littlest big city in the United States, and, so far as my experience runs, also on earth.

To its established residents it is peculiarly a *home* town. It is a bleak stop for the transient or otherwise unestablished; as bleak in spirit even in the sunshine as, say, Steubenville, Ohio, is in the rain. Our hotels mostly are not something to write to friends about, except in helpless anger. Our restaurants, with few exceptions, can be described as bad to very bad. Our liquor laws are such that some of us take every possible occasion, out of ordinary charity, to warn the hapless traveler. For the appalling fact is that no public place—not even a hotel in which a man is a duly registered guest—can serve a drink of hard liquor on Sunday. Outside of clubs, moreover, no one can be served a hard drink at a bar on *any* day.

In the now dimly-remembered resolves that accompanied the repeal of Prohibition, Congress took special care to keep Washington free of that dreadful thing once called "the open saloon." So, to this day, we have no saloons, open or otherwise. We only have cocktail bars, ranging from the scrofulous to the grandly ill-lit. Into these one may go (and somehow it seems he always goes rather furtively) to sit with decorum at a table. The bar rail? Never, never.

The effect of this curious reform is that various authorities have found Washington to be the hardest-drinking place in the United States. For there is no question here of simply popping into a bar, standing up for a quick one, and then going on one's way.

By the time you have checked your hat and coat, found a distant table, and finally persuaded a reluctant waitress to bring you a drink, there is only one sensible thing to do. Aware of the effort that has been put into this logistic enterprise, a man concludes that for *one* drink it hasn't been worth the trouble. So he will have more than one and then, maybe, more than that.

Wherever unnatural restrictions are placed on alcohol in public places, you can expect poor food, or at best food that is only passable. For the bar profits carry the freight. Moreover, Washington's night clubs (in case anybody cares any more about night clubs) are not much more memorable than those little pine shack beer-eats-dance "clubs" one sees along the roadside in the rural South and Midwest.

But one man's poison is another man's meat. Tough as all this is for the visitor or the resident who hasn't got a home of his own, there is beer and there are skittles for the true home bodies. And these amenities come to full bloom in the spring.

THE BUILT-IN ESCAPE HATCH

We have in this big-unbig city, of a million-odd people in the metropolitan area, a place of extraordinary comforts, decencies, and civilities. They are strictly unofficial. I'm not extolling the delights of the Mellon and Corcoran Art Galleries, the Smithsonian, or our orchestra and theatres. What I am talking about is the odd ability we have here to live a wholly non-governmental kind of urban life, and at the same time to enjoy the best of rural life.

My own house stands just three blocks from the border between the District of Columbia and Maryland. From this house, I can be in Virginia within twenty minutes and in Maryland, of course, within a minute. True, in either state one has got to run for a bit through the damnedest jerry-built suburban areas to be seen outside the environs of such cities as New York and Philadelphia.

But in no time at all one can be in another world in every sense, including even the sense of time. Northward and westward from the flats of Washington, there are, only

minutes away, the hills that rise toward the western mountains of Maryland. Turn south and, again with no trouble at all, one can get to Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, which to me is the most charming "historical area" in all the United States. Go into Virginia in a slightly different direction and you can cross an immense history, where Washington and Lee, Madison and Jackson are still quick in minds, memories, and even, here and there, in the surviving architecture.

Now I know that the mere ability to reach a country area quickly is not unique. But something here *is* unique. It is not only the easy exit from city to country, but also from the present to the past.

For living in Washington becomes hard going at times. The city often breathes an aura of a special bitterness and backbiting, of a horrifying awareness of how very many Sammys run so frantically and with so crude a ruthlessness. This can become suddenly overpowering to the spirit and (if I may dramatize a bit) even to the soul. But when this happens you just get into your car and drive away to what is, in a spiritual sense, another land in another time. When you draw up at a restaurant in Hagerstown, Maryland, or in Leesburg, Virginia, in Washington's very back yard, the characters who now surround you are as much away from all you are trying to escape as though you had come down in a remote Wisconsin lake district.

Better yet, momentary escape is possible without so much as a car to drive. Nearly everybody who is in any way mixed up in the political trade—whether as participant, diplomat, commentator, or bureaucrat—lives automatically in Northwest Washington. But there are also a Southwest, a Northeast, and a Southeast Washington. A short bus ride will take you to any of them. All of them are wholly different from Northwest Washington, and from each other. The city collectively is a cake; each of the four slices is absolutely, and not merely relatively, distinct. Nowhere, for illustration, can one go to a major-league baseball game so usefully—because the ball park, though right in town, is as distant in every way, except the literal, as though it were in St. Louis.

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good hot Saturday or Sunday you will see more than the one inevitable spectacle: that is, our baseball Senators losing to somebody's Yankees or Tigers or Red Sox. You enter a scene that takes you out of yourself. I don't go so far as to say that the people at Griffith Stadium never heard of words like "missile gap" and "Republicans" and "Democrats." But they do make up a little home-town crowd, watching men engaged in an uncomplicated but beautifully exact and thus artistic contest, free of all bile, if quite honestly combative all the same. Perhaps you will say that a man can do this sort of thing anywhere. But I suggest that nowhere else will you have gone so far so soon—from so much of one atmosphere to so much of another and infinitely different one.

SOCIABILITY WITHOUT POLITICIANS

THESE are rather crude joys? Perhaps so. But this is not all. Our town as a place of a highly renascent culture—again, private rather than federalized culture—is an agreeable thing in itself. The art of painting flourishes here, quietly but strongly, and several local artists are approaching national recognition. The legitimate theatre, after many years of drabness, is waxing. We have serious, perceptive dramatic critics of a kind not found elsewhere in America except among the best in New York. Nobody interested in the theatre, however sophisticated, needs any better guide than Jay Carmody or Richard Coe.

Again, our local press is, quite simply, unmatched. Few American cities, minor or major, have papers that could be in any way compared with the *Star* and the *Post*—for craftsmanship, for general coverage, for large-mindedness, for an easy competence. They are by many miles less parochial than the national average. And they are at least as well-written as anything we have in daily journalism in this country. Moreover, there is still authentic and ceaseless local press competition here. And this is always a healthy thing, though its absence is not necessarily always evil.

As to the private aspects of living, this is an extraordinarily sociable town—but again only in the home. The regrettable strictures on public conviviality are accompanied, by some law of compensation, by great conviviality in the community's sitting-rooms. (There are, as elsewhere, also "rumpus rooms" here, I regret to say. But you can't have everything.)

You can see more people in pleasant surroundings and on pleasant occasions here than anywhere else I ever lived, except possibly London. London is infinitely different from this home-town Washington, but in certain real (if hard to define) ways the social air has something in common. London is so vast and so old that the government seems to function only as a small, set-apart afterthought around Westminster and part of the West End. You could walk many a mile in London without confronting a single politician or bureaucrat or anybody else frantically and forever engaged upon Topic A. In Washington, irrationally, it is much the same. Conditions here are, spatially, exactly the reverse from those of London. It has many industries; Washington, but one. London had long since been London when Whitehall was a pup. But Washington, by the decision of the Fathers, was made for what is legally only a federal convenience. It was an early instance of *apartheid*, to insulate the good folk of the surrounding country from the alarms and manifold evils of politics. As I have shown, however, it has mostly not worked that way.

Actually, you can take politics here or you can leave it alone. Totally alone, if you are not attached to the political trade; adequately alone, when you feel like it, even though you are attached to a life work both stirring and rewarding and also sometimes desperately tiring to body and spirit.

This indeed is a truly *civilized* town, the most agreeable on the upper Eastern seaboard. It is free of the gloomy soot of Wilmington and Philadelphia; of the tired, graceless decay of Baltimore; of the archly and excessively conscious Yankeeism of otherwise charming Boston; and of the long-outdated and now merely tiresome ante-bellum nostalgia of Richmond. Even our local slums—and God knows we, too, have more

than enough of them—somehow are not so squalidly hopeless as in these other cities. A crazy cheerfulness breaks through in them—perhaps because they are made up of shacks rather than tenement houses.

THRENODY FOR NEW YORK

THE greatest contrast of all, however, is with New York. With many others here I once loved it when, long ago, it was my adopted home town. In the years since Franklin D. Roosevelt's second Administration, Washington has become the real and not merely the nominal capital of the United States. And since the second world war, it rather than New York has become the true national metropolis in the spiritual and intellectual sense.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that the most painful retrogression I have ever seen in a great community has been occurring in New York. Compared with the big cities abroad—London, Paris, Rome, Berlin—New York is now without distinction, except of the wholly undesirable kinds. It is loutish. It is dirty. It is profoundly inefficient and politically absurd. The smallest necessities of life are increasingly hard to come by, whether it be locomotion in or under the streets or a comfortable night's rest in a decent hotel.

Moreover, it seems to me that the *élan* of living that used to characterize a bright New York has moved southward to Washington along with the leadership of the nation. From the great Manhattan towers the sheen has departed; from the well-remembered streets and avenues the gaiety has gone. The easy friendliness of the old New York days—where is it now, when a communal, unlettered snarl seems to be the one language from canyon to canyon?

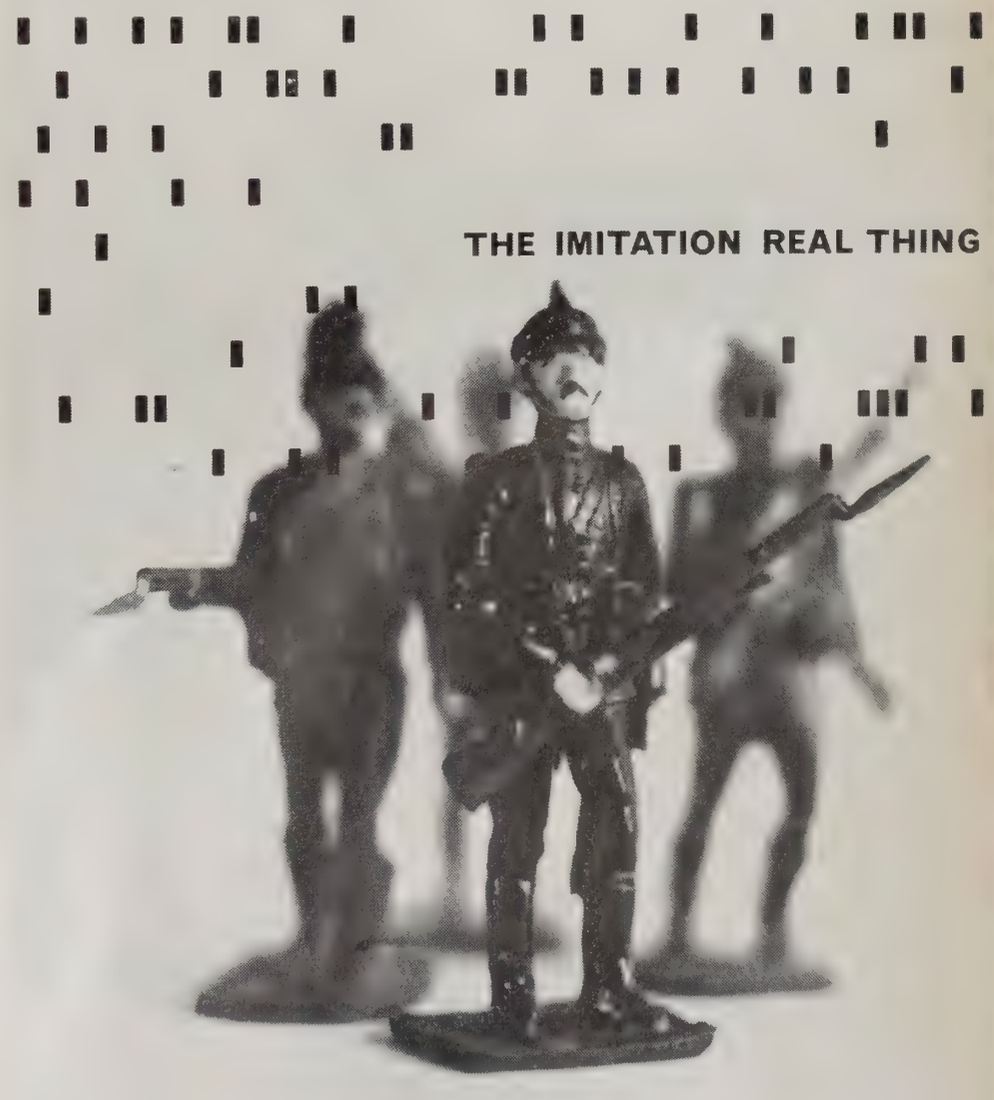
Many Washingtonians having occasion to go to New York on business used to make automatic arrangements to be detained there overnight. Now, most of us dash to La Guardia field, when our business in Manhattan is done, with one thought: the return plane to Washington.

There is, in Congress and elsewhere, constant talk about "voteless Washington." No one must depend upon me for valuable information

The first warning alerted posts all over the United States and Canada. Unidentified airborne objects seemed to be approaching at supersonic speeds from many directions. ¶ Simultaneously in control centers throughout North America men and machines dealt with torrents of data. Watching blips on radar scopes, crews made decisions which ordered weapons to destroy the attackers. Interceptor pilots reported over loudspeakers. As the enemy reacted and shifted, fresh instructions crackled through command phones. ¶ But no rockets were fired. No bombs fell. The blips came from magnetic tapes made by a single high-speed computer. Called Operation Desk Top, this was a simulated raid —the most gigantic ever arranged—to exercise the North American Air Defense System. In planning it, SDC made four billion calculations and six and one-third miles of magnetic tape. ¶ To train managers in decision-making, to exercise decision-makers under realistic stress, to make sure of avoiding costly errors in actual operations — these are some of the benefits to all kinds of military and non-military systems which SDC envisions for the future.

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on this issue, for it is about as old and as complicated as the question of free trade. It now looks as if there is some chance, this year or the next, that Congress will grant us the right to vote in Presidential elections and to choose non-voting delegates to the House of Representatives. No right to select a mayor and a city council is in sight.

So far as I have any expertise in this matter—and that is about from here to the nearest corner—I would be happy to settle for opportunity to vote again for President. (I did so last in 1940. In 1944 there apparently was much ado here at home about the vote for "our soldier boys." In my own case on election day in 1944, however, there sure wasn't no ballot boxes, as a certain corporal observed to me, in the municipality of Eschweiler in what was then the immortal Third Reich. In all subsequent elections I have been a Washington resident—thus no vote.)

So, though perhaps I ought to be, I am not worried about their giving me something. Rather I am full of that anxious appeal which was expressed for different reasons, in the Democratic campaign song of 1952: "Don't Let Them Take It Away." "It," to me, is my deeply valued home town. "Them" are those persons who would drag "industry" into here. "Them" would include also any bureaucratic planners who might add much more to our population by increasing federal jobs. It is big enough as it is—not so much the population of the District itself, as the population of the outlying bedroom areas through which one must pass to get into Virginia and Maryland.

"It," in the indispensable cliché, is, I suppose, really a whole way of life in which the North quietly merges with the South and the past is always there to soften the abrasive present and to give some kind of reassurance toward the unknowable future.

NEXT MONTH

William S. White will examine

THE CANDIDATES FOR VICE PRESIDENT . . .

especially the Republicans

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

People with Power

C. P. SNOW'S new novel, **The Affair** (Scribner, $4.50), brings Snow and his readers back to the Cambridge college that provides the setting for one of his best and most popular books, *The Masters*. Sixteen years have elapsed since the election of the new master of the college described in the earlier novel, and it will soon be time to elect another. But meanwhile a nasty problem has come up: One of the younger fellows (faculty members) of the college, a scientist named Donald Howard, has been accused of committing a scientific fraud, and after an investigation conducted by the senior officers of the college he has been "deprived of his fellowship," or, as it would be put in less ceremonious societies, he has been fired. His firing not only deprives him of his means of livelihood, but because of the grounds it also cuts him off from almost any kind of scientific career.

Donald Howard is a charmless man, uncouth and uncommunicative, and well known to be at least a fellow traveler. His wife, tirelessly energetic in his defense, is an unlovely "party biddy." None of this has helped his case in the least. But the suspicion remains among some of the fellows, not one of whom has the least liking for him as a person, that he has been the victim of an injustice, that he was in fact telling the truth when he said that the fraud must have been perpetrated by his old teacher, a man now dead. And what seems to be a piece of evidence in the form of a mutilated notebook of the old professor's comes to light.

Those who believe in Donald Howard's innocence contrive to agitate for a reopening of the case, and finally there is a kind of academic trial, conducted by lawyers associated with the college but adjudicated by the same senior officers who held the first hearing. Their verdict must remain Snow's secret.

The Howard affair (the book takes its title from an allusion to the Dreyfus affair) is like a single jackstraw delicately held in place by several other issues—politics, social class, the relation between the scientific and non-scientific fellows, and so on. And in the background always looms the question of who will be the next master of the college; since he will be elected from and by the fellows, hardly a move in the whole elaborate maneuver can fail to have an effect, or fail to be interpreted as having an effect, on the election of the new master. The essential problem posed by the action is a matter of justice: Will the men directly involved in deciding Howard's fate, and those indirectly involved by the pressures they have brought to bear on the senior officers, have sufficient passion for justice to rise above their various other passions—for self-vindication or self-advancement or peace in their time or whatever?

SUCH a situation brings out the best in Snow's talent. He has a wonderful skill in portraying people with power, in catching the depth and force and diversity of motive that lie behind group decision. A good many of the scenes in *The Affair* are in effect committee meetings, certainly one of the dullest ways of filling time the human race had devised before television; yet Snow is so sure in locating the living nerve in the mass of manipulation going on that each scene has its dramatic and moral effect.

It would have been very easy to destroy the delicate balance of the novel's structure, and a lesser novelist would have done it. Donald Howard would have been a better scientist or a more likable man; his chief advocate among the fellows would have been more generous-spirited and less class-bound; the whole issue would have been susceptible to greater clarification. But Snow is fair to the moral complexity in which such situations arise, and fair to his characters.

In drawing character Snow is particularly interested in what limits men. He excels in presenting the character of very great gifts who is nonetheless not quite first rate and knows it, who, because of some failure of will or assurance or ability, cannot or does not make the mark in the world he expected to. But Snow is equally interested in the limitations that can result from the realization of great gifts: how the awareness of accomplishment can make a man cold, or long and successful experience of the world can lead a man to put excessive trust in his own judgment.

There is nothing cynical about Snow's interest in human limitations. On the contrary, *The Affair* is one of the most moving of his books, because a reader finishes it realizing how difficult it is for men, even for men of remarkable perception and insight, with cultivated minds and high standards for their own behavior, to act well. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

BIGGER AND CRUDER ISSUES

AFTER Snow's book, James Reichley's novel about a struggle for political power in America, **Hail to the Chief** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95), seems a rather offhand performance.

The book is an account of a Republican nominating convention. Reichley sets his convention sometime in the later 1960s, and he assumes, perhaps prematurely, that the Eisenhower Administration has been followed by a period when the Democrats have held the Presidency, and that the time has come for the Republicans to return to power. He further assumes, perhaps optimistically, that the international setting of American politics is unchanged. And finally he assumes, probably realistically, that politicians will behave in the future much as they have in the past.

There are three candidates for the Presidential nomination in *Hail to the Chief*—an old senator, high-principled and deeply conservative, a perennial candidate (he seems to have been suggested by the late Senator Taft); the young governor of Oregon; and a retired army general. The young governor is the aggressor; he knows that the only way he can destroy the old senator's lead is to wage and win a floor fight over the civil-rights plank in the party's platform, which he does. But the old senator, seeing his last chance at the Presidency lost, is still in a position to choose between the governor and the general as candidates, because he knows that the governor's chief source of financial aid is Texas oil money, and that the Texans who dislike the governor's position on civil rights can be manipulated to destroy his candidacy. So the loser can choose the winner.

The great weakness of the book lies in the characterization. By the end a reader knows a good deal *about* the governor and the general; he knows where they come from and where they were educated and what kind of experience they have had with women and so on, but he does not know the men themselves; he has little or no senses of their depth or intensity; he has no way of knowing whether either of them would make a good President.

Possibly this is in part Reichley's design; the governor may be meant to be a kind of motiveless nonentity too primitive as a moral being to have definition. But the general is even less successfully characterized; he is presented through his stream of consciousness, a good way to capture certain aspects of character but a very bad way to indicate how a man will deal with public issues. The long stream-of-consciousness passage at the end of *Ulysses* tells a sufficiently dedicated reader a great deal about Molly Bloom but it does not seem altogether relevant to the question of whether or not she would make a good mayor of Dublin.

Except for the old senator's moment of decision, when he must decide either to let the governor get the nomination or to demolish him in favor of the general, there is no living connection between the candidates and the issues. Possibly that is the way American politics works, but it is not the way good fiction works. What is fictionally interesting about the struggle for power is how it cuts through ambitions and convictions and prejudices. Otherwise the power struggle is just a dog fight, a diverting spectacle perhaps but nothing to read a book about.

IN FASCIST ITALY

Venetian Red, a first novel by the Italian-American scholar and critic P. M. Pasinetti (Random House, $4.95), is not directly concerned with the struggle for power, as Snow's and Reichley's books are, but it is a good deal concerned with the effect of power on character.

Pasinetti sets his novel in Venice just before and just after the beginning of the second world war, and populates it (thickly) with two families and their friends and followers. One family, the Partibons, are artists and have been for generations; they believe that the life of feeling is the most important thing in the world. They are the children of light. The other family, the Fassolas, are lawyers and politicians, who believe in power and position and are on the make in the Fascist state. They are the children of darkness.

Presumably the relations between the two families, though perfectly "realistic" in presentation, may be read as an account of the conflict in the human spirit between creativity and destruction, between the impulse to realize a more abundant life of the senses and emotions and mind on the one hand, and the will to power on the other. The passion for power in the Fassolas and their sycophants is actually a kind of death wish; the toughest and most successful member of the clan is fascinated by death and power because, he says, in both a man is absolutely alone. The Partibons are outgoing; they give their art and their hearts. But the Fassolas are in-gathering, users of people and the world.

But all this is to allegorize too rigorously a book whose virtue lies less in its grand plan than in its incidental observation and detail. One of the most ingratiating features of Pasinetti's descriptions of Venetian interiors is his mention of

the play of light on the ceilings, a light reflected from the canals outside; and it is only a little too fanciful to say that he is at his best as a writer whenever he presents the play in experience—the waywardness, unexpectedness of emotion or event. The single finest passage in the book is a beautiful woman's account of how a man who had treated her cruelly suddenly relented and fell in love with her when he saw her wolfing down her supper, alone and abject, in a cheap restaurant. It is a startling reversal, but perfectly convincing.

Venetian Red is an old-fashioned Continental novel, something like Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* in its emphasis on family relationships and traditions, on the place of the artist in society, on houses and furniture and old aunts. Especially at the beginning it is rather slow and heavy, with something of that combination of stolidity and romanticism that is more often associated with German than with Italian culture.

But the book develops more fluency as it goes on, and it is unmistakably the product of a distinguished mind, broad sympathy, and uncommon perception.

WORDS AS POWER

JOHN FRANKLIN CARTER, author of **Power and Persuasion** (Duell, Sloan, & Pearce, $3.95), is a prolific writer under various pseudonyms (his mystery stories are signed Jay Franklin), but for more than a quarter of a century he has written important political speeches, before 1949 for Democrats and since for Republicans, and his book is an informal, anecdotal discussion of the role of language in politics.

In the more theoretical parts of his book Carter often makes claims for the importance of words in altering political situations that may strike a cautious reader as excessive. He says, for instance, that radio and television, by their ability to carry political speeches across the land, have "produced two national parties" in place of the older parties based on sectionalism. But surely there have been great economic changes, particularly in the South and West, that have played a more significant part in breaking down sectionalism in the parties than the microphone. And when Carter writes of Coolidge's announcement that he did not choose to run, "this simple statement knocked the props from under the speculators and led to Hoover and the depression within two brief years," the reader has a feeling that a good deal of fairly complex history has been assigned a totally inadequate linguistic cause.

Some of the principles Carter lays down for political speeches are also questionable. He repeats the frequent assertion that Stevenson's speeches failed with the common man because "the mass of Americans . . . prefer a man who doesn't seem too unlike themselves." This may be unfair. It is quite clear that in many fields people like to see displays of an ability that exceeds their own; nobody leaves a ball park in disgust because the players are playing ball better than he does or boos the Rockettes because they can keep in step better than he can.

In fact, the great political speakers in English of recent decades—Roosevelt and Churchill—did not speak just like the man on the street. Nor did such a successful speaker to workingmen as John L. Lewis. I once talked at length with a miner who had attended a union meeting addressed by Lewis, and he had enjoyed every minute of the oratory; he was immensely proud to have a spokesman who could handle language more thrillingly than he could. (On much the same principle Eva Perón used to wear her latest gowns from Paris and her flashiest jewels when she went out to address the "shirtless ones" in Argentina, and in their rags they loved her finery.)

Those who argue that Stevenson's speeches have been too highfalutin fail to realize that an election is not merely an oratorical contest. Eisenhower's promise to go to Korea in 1952, for example, was a promise of action that could not be easily countered with rhetoric; and many a great orator has lost elections—William Jennings Bryan, to name one. If Stevenson's speeches lost him votes, it may have been less their intellectual level than their elements of irony and self-depreciation. It seems to be necessary for the candidate for

"Probably the best thing that's going to happen all year."*

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**In an unprecedented article in the* Saturday Review, *April 2, Alexander Chakovsky, editor of "Foreign Literature," a leading Soviet literary magazine, made an impassioned plea: "Open the doors to Soviet books for American readers."*

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power to show great self-confidence, stability, and wholeness of purpose. Roosevelt and Churchill made fun of many things in their speeches, but I doubt that they ever made fun of themselves.

At the same time that Carter often assigns words ("persuasion") a greater influence on events than they may have, he also seems to think of them as mere subterfuge, a cloak of decency thrown over the naked and brutal struggle for power that is the reality of men living together in society. At one point he says that persuasion is to power as marriage is to sex: "a dignity and adornment which gives the fierce purposes of life a form and harmony that are denied to mere appetite and violence."

Either view—that words make things happen or that they are a screen behind which things happen—is a rather inadequate description of the relation between power and persuasion. But fortunately not very much of Carter's book is taken up with such theoretical considerations. Most of it is concerned with such practical problems as the timing of a speech, when and when not to make use of humor, statistics, appeals to the Almighty, and other loaded weapons, and so on, all of these points illustrated with stories about politicians and their speeches. Since Carter has worked closely with political figures as commanding as Roosevelt, Truman, Dewey, and Rockefeller, and knows how to tell a story, all this part of his book is fascinating. The spirit is frankly Machiavellian; Carter thinks that both political parties are corrupt and cannot be otherwise—an opinion that may very well be right but is certainly convenient for a man who has worked for both.

A CLOSER

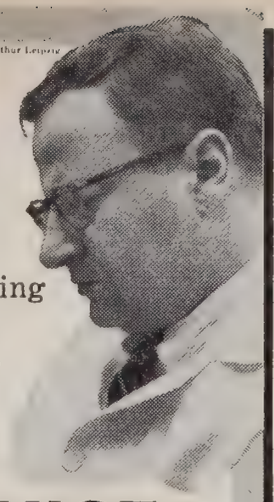
Taken at the Flood: The Story of Albert D. Lasker by John Gunther (Harper, $4.95) is an account of a man who was a pioneer in what is now one of the chief areas in which language is used to influence human behavior, advertising. As a gangling boy of eighteen, Lasker left his very prosperous German-Jewish family in Texas and went into the advertising business (Lord and Thomas) in Chicago, and by the time he closed down the business forty-four years later (1942) he was taking a million dollars a year out of it, and had probably done more than any other single man to make advertising what it is today.

Lasker set the style of the radio commercial when a good many people hoped that it would amount to nothing more than a dignified announcement; he introduced advertising techniques into politics in Harding's campaign of 1920; he helped to establish such entertainers as Bob Hope and Amos 'n' Andy; he made the American public aware of many new products like Kleenex and Kotex; he did a great deal to make smoking by women acceptable ("Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"); he made important contributions to what, for lack of a better name, must be called the philosophy of advertising.

In many ways Lasker would have agreed with Carter's *Power and Persuasion* on how language should be used to sway a mass audience. He believed in short sentences, simple words. He distrusted humor, would have nothing fancy or esoteric in language or layout, believed in repetition of simple slogans. He was strictly a "hard sell" man, as Carter is in politics; he scorned the man who was "not a closer"—that is, a man who hesitated to walk in for the kill.

But all this came in time to satisfy him less and less. He had always been a man of tremendous energy and ready to leap into any cause that seemed to him right. As early as 1913 he poured time and money into a finally unsuccessful effort to save the life of Leo M. Frank, condemned to death for a murder in Atlanta that Lasker and many others believed he did not commit. He was a leader in reorganizing baseball after the White Sox scandal of 1919. He was very active in the effort to prevent American participation in the League of Nations. And so on.

By the late 1930s Lasker wanted to get out of advertising. "I am the most superficial man in the world," he told Robert M. Hutchins, "and yet I am dean of my profession. So there must be something wrong with my profession." He got out, and the rest of his life was a series of sur-



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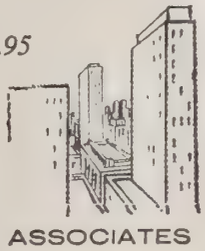
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A LITERARY GUILD SELECTION

WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES

prises. He underwent psychoanalysis to get, as he said, the hate out of him that advertising had put there; he discovered that his restlessness, his tireless expenditure of energy, came from his unconscious rivalry with his father. Lasker reversed himself in many of his major beliefs—he had been a bitter critic of the New Deal but came to think that some government planning of the economy was necessary; he became as ardent in support of internationalism as he had once been in support of isolationism; he became a devoted and discriminating collector of modern painting when in his advertising days he had never thought much of "art work."

Psychoanalysis was immeasurably aided in this transformation by Lasker's third wife, who first interested him in (and now continues) the work for which he is most likely to be remembered: his work for public health. Together they set up a fund for medical support; they lobbied for increased federal appropriations for research; they were leading figures in setting up the Planned Parenthood Federation and the American Cancer Society, where Lasker's skill in advertising was put to public service.

Lasker is a fascinating figure. He exemplifies in an extreme form what has been almost the central contradiction in American life. A man could hardly have worked harder to make money, to bend other people to his will, and yet he was extraordinarily generous and public-spirited.

Gunther has written the story of Lasker's life in a very broad journalistic style. This may enlarge the readership of the book (it will certainly be very popular), but many readers would have preferred more serious analysis of Lasker's career and his relation to American society.

THE POWERLESS

The Big Ward is a small novel by a Dutch writer, Jacoba van Velde (Simon & Schuster, $3). It is an account of an elderly woman's last days in a nursing home. Nothing much happens—the woman gets acquainted with the other patients and the nurses; she remembers her life with her husband; occasionally she has a letter or a visit from her daugh-



Tribes of the Sahara

By Lloyd Cabot Briggs. The Sahara is not an unending sea of sand but a vast region composed of an incredible variety of cultures. An expert who has lived for many years in Algeria describes the problems of the people — nomadic and sedentary. Beginning with the dawn of the Christian era, he writes of the forces that have shaped their language, dress, food, and way of life. Here is sober truth that is more mysterious than any fairy-tale. 16 pages of photographs; maps. $6.00

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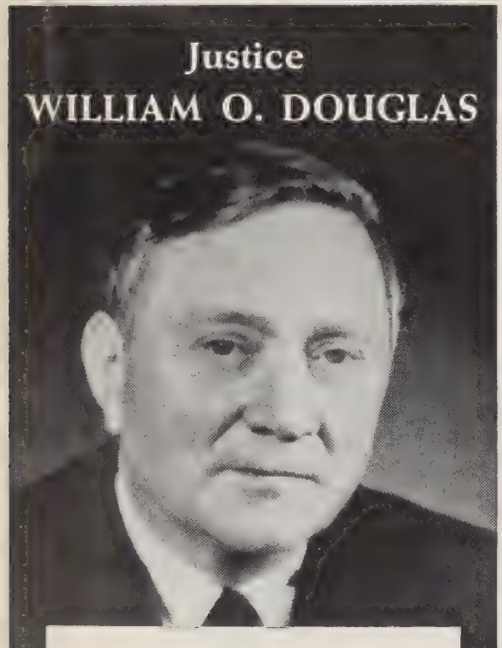
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ter, whom she loves but has never understood and who now lives in Paris with her impoverished painter-husband.

The book might have been called "Death in the Welfare State"; the competent bureaucrats quietly take over the management of the woman's life while what little meaning it had ever had for her gradually fades. Yet *The Big Ward* is written with such dignity and sympathy, such freedom from sentimentality or theatrics of any kind, that it achieves a kind of nobility. Some of the scenes are unforgettable, especially one in which an old woman desperately hungry for sweets steals from a box of candy that has been brought to another patient. The hurt feelings and the shame at the naked display of animal appetite are remarkably indicated.

THE main character in **A Lonesome Porch** by Ovid Williams Pierce (Doubleday, $3.95) is also an old woman, Mrs. Gray. The time is the end of the Civil War and the scene is a plantation in North Carolina. Mrs. Gray, with her war-widowed daughter-in-law and little grandson, has spent the war years with relatives in Raleigh, but at the end of the war she is determined to go back to her plantation and rebuild it. *A Lonesome Porch* is essentially the story of her slow realization that she cannot do the job, that the future belongs to the young, and that the best thing for her to do is to go back to the Raleigh relatives and leave the management of the plantation to her daughter-in-law and the young man who wants to marry her.

Pierce is an accomplished writer, but his book is dull in an inoffensive way. Mrs. Gray is so high-minded as to have almost no character; her relations with her daughter-in-law have an elevation and purity of love rarely achieved in that relationship; and the kind of life she had before the war as a petted and overprotected wife has left no limiting mark upon her.

The writing too is sometimes a little obvious. To take a very small example, Pierce once lists various mementoes of the war: "a smoke-dim daguerreotype of a youth already belonging to the past; a Bible; and a yellowed wedding ring." These seem rather standard appeals to the emotions, and a good many wedding rings are yellow even without going through a war.

The Kissing Fish by Monique Lange (Criterion, $2.75) is one of those very tiny, very delicate, very perverse novels that young Frenchwomen seem to produce in the post-Sagan era the way girls in a wiser if more innocent age made fudge.

The main figure in *The Kissing Fish* is a girl of eighteen who is attracted to men who are not attracted to women. This is understandably no fun for her and lands her in a series of painful situations, which are well described. There is no attempt to investigate the psychological basis for the girl's predicament, but it is difficult not to think that a little more than the luck of the draw is involved.

PHYSICIANS TWO

The Seeker by Allen Wheelis (Random House, $3.95) is a novel told in the first person by a psychiatrist. At the beginning of the book he is thirty-eight, married and the father of two children, and successfully established in practice and research in a private hospital in upper New England. But more and more he feels that his life is meaningless, and finally he leaves his family and work and goes out to California.

There he lives a consciously selfish life. He publishes papers designed solely to enhance his reputation; he takes only very rich patients; he has many affairs with women. But after seven years he finds a woman as selfish as himself, and he realizes that this kind of life has failed him too. Then he returns to his family and a more legitimate kind of practice, and in the end he is dying of cancer, "his senses and his heart unsatisfied." Insofar as he has reached any conclusion about life it is that we just have to put up with the confusion the best we can.

This is a nugget of wisdom that I am not at the moment in a position to improve upon, but it does not come as a dazzling new insight into the human condition. In fact, *The Seeker* as a whole is a rather thin book; it has little vigor; the prose is essayistic; except for the narrator no character has much

reality, and the narrator has so little interest in other people that one wonders if he would be a good psychiatrist. At the same time the honesty of the book recommends it. The writer has obviously tried to put the truth as he sees it.

THE English novelist Gabriel Fielding (in private life a psychiatrist) has recently published a sequel to his wonderful novel of a few years ago, *In the Time of Greenbloom*. Although the earlier book seems not to have been widely read, it is a remarkable account of a boy estranged from life when his childhood sweetheart is murdered by a psychopath. In time the boy becomes a friend of an immensely rich, eccentric, sensitive young Jew named Greenbloom, who endeavors to win him back to life from his grief and shock.

The sequel is called **Through Streets Broad and Narrow** (William Morrow, $4.50), and the same boy, John Blaydon, is now eighteen and arriving in Dublin to begin his medical training. (The time is 1935.) He spends several years there, then finally realizes that a satire on the Dublin medical world which he has written has offended too many people for him ever to become "qualified" there, so he returns to an England already at war to finish his work.

Through Streets Broad and Narrow is a less arresting work than its predecessor, possibly because it has no one central subject. It is partly concerned with John Blaydon's love affairs (usually complicated by his tendency to look for the murdered girl of his childhood in every girl he meets); partly concerned with an Irish medical student named Groarke who is apparently supposed to represent the enigmatic spirit of Ireland (Groarke is enigmatic all right, but not in any very fascinating way), and finally concerned with Greenbloom again. Greenbloom at the end of the book comes to neutral Ireland in the hope of working through the German embassy there to get his brother out of a German concentration camp. The final scenes, those in which Greenbloom figures, are very brilliant, and the whole book has touches that reveal a novelist of more than commonplace talent.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

South of the Angels, by Jessamyn West.

Anyone who thinks that pioneering days were over by 1916 will find in reading this book how wrong he is. It is the story of a group of people settling on a Tract south of Los Angeles. They have been lured from other parts of the country by a real-estate promoter who falls down on his promise to supply them with water at the time specified. The novel is the story of their first year on the Tract and the book is full of loving, both sacred and profane, of hating, too, of marrying and birth, of much work and some play, of death and dying. In short it includes the life cycle in slow credible tempo, matched to the land and the seasons, among a whole community of real people whose problems become one's own and whose moments of violence and passion become as frightening as if one were in the midst of them. It is a thoroughly earthy book but with plenty of heaven thrown in, and Miss West's sure gift of insight to show the paradoxes whereby the two are so often mixed. A novel whose scope is very large indeed, whose people are thoroughly real, whose humor and tragedy have the unpredictable quality of life itself.

Harcourt, $5.95

The Golden Deed, by Andrew Garve.

One has only to report "another Garve" (this time murder with a trailer-camp background) to know that there are 184 pages of the happiest kind of involvement to look forward to—mystery, anxiety, suspense, and some of the nicest people and prettiest places ever. Ghoulishly satisfying.

Harper, $2.95

The Party at Cranton, by John Aldridge.

Mr. Aldridge, like some of the new French writers, is rebelling against the novel form. In his leap from criticism to a first novel he has abandoned narrative pace in favor of



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

what seems to me witty but interminable literary embroidery. The apple —or onion—at the center of his story, if story it can be called, is that hardy perennial, the academic cocktail party. Through the eyes of a professorial observer, one Waithe, he proceeds to peel off the layers of the situation, one by one, till the main participants at its core are all figuratively and some literally laid bare. But the peeling, ruthless as it is, causes no tears, not even the crocodile variety, for there is no emotional involvement; the eyes must be kept dry for clinical, trenchant, and as I have said, often immensely witty observation. All those college towns where Mr. Aldridge has been teaching will start looking avidly for their reflections. Much of the physical background is surely a translated Princeton, here called Cranton. Following are a few examples of his prose (he is writing about the self-satisfied inhabitants of his academic community):

> If the horn of plenty had been emptied upon Cranton and its contents scattered all over the main street, no one would have moved to pick anything up unless it had a label showing that it had come from S. S. Pierce.

Of a Southern student who had come North:

> He became as heavily eloquent in the clinical vocabulary of his time and generation as he had formerly been in Southern rhetoric, and could hold forth for hours in all the insufficiently unknown tongues of psychiatry, sociology, anthropology, and *Life* magazine editorials. He was especially persuasive on the subjects of "silence" and "conformity"—the double crosses on which so many of the would-be Christs of his age group had been Luce-ified.

At one point the author describes the central character of his academic brawl:

> He affronted the world with a clownish disarray of incongruous shocks—deliberately outrageous *faux pas* and *non-sequiturs*, unbelievable brilliances, unforgivable nastinesses, unforgettable greatnesses, immeasurable largenesses and smallnesses of mind and heart—and no one could have told whether beneath the grease paint he laughed or cried.

One feels rather the same way about the author. Clever, I keep saying, witty, but quite humorless.

McKay, $3.50

NON-FICTION

The Innocents at Home: A Visit to the U. S. A., by Lord Kinross.

Lord Kinross' work is well known to readers of *Punch* and *The New Yorker* as well as to readers of his excellent and charming travel books about Greece and Turkey. Unlike most of his countrymen who visit the United States (he was here for eight months in 1956) he crossed the country up and down by bus. Wherever he went he saw, and cared about, and was amused by things at every social, financial, and intellectual level. No one-class tour, this. He went everywhere and talked to everybody, from the Twenty-one Club and cold-water flats in New York to the Grand Canyon and California, to Texas and the South, the coast of Maine and the north of Vermont, from literary and artistic circles to Presidential press conferences and political conventions, from discussions of New Mexican art to contemplations on the life of a truck driver in Las Vegas. Lord Kinross communicates an enormous zest for life in all its aspects and makes an American review his ideas of his own country. Morrow, $3.50

Born Free, by Joy Adamson.

It is Elsa, the lioness, who was "born free" and Joy Adamson, the Kenya game warden's wife, who adopted her and her two cub siblings when the warden was forced to kill their mother in self-defense in 1956. Their story since then is incredible. Two of the cubs were given to zoos, but Elsa stayed as a pet with the Adamsons and grew in affection for her adopted parents as she grew in size. She slept and ate with them. They took pictures of everything she did as one photographs a first child. The time came when they knew they would have to leave her to her own kind. They *taught* her to kill and fend for herself. They went away and left her, coming back for visits from time to time to see that she was all right. She found a mate. She produced a litter of her own. Yet she still comes "bounding out of the

bush" to welcome them when she hears their car or their signals. A really amazing story, straight out of every child's dream world, but true, and documented by most unusual and engaging photographs.
Pantheon, $4.95

The Sword over the Mantel: The Civil War and I, by J. Bryan III.

This book is by a born storyteller and a born Confederate (Richmond). It tells Southern stories ranging from New Georgia in the South Pacific (where Mr. Bryan was a lieutenant in Air Combat Intelligence in 1943) all the way back to Lee and Washington. Most of them belong to the laugh-cry school—more laugh than cry—and recreate in the most personal way a world that is vanishing fast. Yet Mr. Bryan's Great-Aunt Annie who called the author Joe, called Robert E. Lee by his first name, too, and she only died in 1957 at the age of 104. His stories, most of which happened in a time we now call "history," have an eerie way of making that history very truly a part of the present. McGraw-Hill, $3.75

The Natives are Restless, by Cynthia Lindsay.

Those who enjoyed "The Procals: Their Habits and Habitat" in our May issue will want to read more about those remarkable inhabitants of Southern California, written in the same wide-eyed, observant, and more or less affectionate vein. Our article was an adaptation from parts of the book. Lippincott, $3.95

FORECAST

Novels for Summer and Fall

What with Summit Conferences and Presidential campaigns there will be exciting news and no doubt brilliant reporting in the next few months. But there will also be, as always, some outstanding fiction to go with it. Knopf announces for June *The Stars in their Courses,* by Harry Brown whose *A Walk in the Sun* created such a stir a year or so ago. Lippincott is very excited about Harper Lee's first novel, *To Kill a Mockingbird,* which they are publishing in July, and their excitement seems not misplaced for both the Literary Guild and *The Reader's Digest* have made it a summer choice. July will see, too, Jerome Weidman's new novel, *They Told Me You Were Dead* from Random House and from the same publishing house during the summer and early fall will come Anthony West's *The Trend Is Up,* Honor Tracy's *A Number of Things,* and two collections of short stories, William Goyen's *The Faces of Blood Kindred* and Isak Dinesen's *Shadows in the Grass.* Brian Moore who wrote *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* has a new novel, *The Luck of Ginger Coffey,* coming from Atlantic-Little, Brown in August when Coward-McCann is publishing *The Many-colored Coat,* a new novel by Morley Callaghan whose *The Loved and the Lost* (now about to be reprinted by the New American Library) Edmund Wilson called one of the high points in contemporary American literature. Altogether a lively summer season.

More About America

The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen as its July selection Harper's *The Good Years: From 1900 to the First World War,* by Walter Lord, author of *A Night to Remember.* It will be published in June. Frank C. Hibben, professor of anthropology at the University of New Mexico, takes a look at Americans underground in *Digging Up America,* a study of the lost nomadic tribes that wandered our continent 10,000 to 25,000 years ago. Hill and Wang plan to release it June 6. On the 8th Little, Brown has scheduled a regional volume, *The Story of Mt. Desert Island, Maine,* by Samuel Eliot Morison, the great naval historian; and in September Coward-McCann will issue the first book in their new American Vista Series. The first will be *Land of the Long Horizons: The Midwest,* edited by Walter Havighurst; the second, which will not appear until the fall of 1961, is to be *The Romantic South,* edited by Harnett Kane; and Nancy Hale will edit the third, still unscheduled, *New England Discovery.* In another regional series (Regions of America) *South Carolina* by Frank W. Guess will appear under the Harper imprint in the fall, as will another book which will undoubtedly wrap us all up in a neat—not to say gaudy—package: *Steinberg's America.*

Truman Speaks

by Harry S. Truman

In April, 1959, the former President gave three informal lectures at Columbia University on the Presidency, the Constitution, and the dangers of demagoguery. His speeches — followed by panel discussions — resulted in lively debates. Recorded in this book, they faithfully preserve their original humor, wisdom, and plain common sense. Illustrated. $3.00

Philosophy Today

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FROM FIGHTER TO WEEPER

Beethoven's struggle with the Infinite . . . Mahler's neurotic grudge against the world . . . and the descent of music with a Message.

The line from Beethoven to Bruckner and Mahler is really less a line than an umbilical cord. There was something in the Beethoven Ninth that sheerly hypnotized those two composers. The Bruckner symphonies have a tendency to start out with a tremolo over which the tonic chord is broken up by the orchestra—just as the Ninth starts. The long melodic sections of the Ninth's slow movement are echoed again and again in the music of both composers. And Beethoven's choral finale is something that Mahler tried to emulate in at least two symphonies.

Nor is it only a matter of technical devices. The entire German *Zeitgeist* of the late Romantic composers is already prefigured in Beethoven's Ninth. It is music that transcends music: it has a Message; it is a direct personal expression of the artist in relation to his world; in it the listener readily identifies with the composer in his struggle with the Infinite. Truth to tell, there is a certain amount of sentimentality in the Beethoven Ninth, just as there is more than a certain amount of sentimentality in Bruckner and Mahler. Looking at the entire nineteenth century in retrospect, one can only say that if the Ninth Symphony had not been written it would have had to be invented. It exercised much the same force for its century that Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* did for this.

Several recent recordings give one a chance to compare major Beethoven with major Mahler and note the interaction between the two.

Of Beethoven, there are his two mightiest scores *(Fidelio* excepted)—the Ninth, and the *Missa Solemnis.* Franz Konwitschny leads the Leipzig Gewandhaus and a chorus from Leipzig in the Ninth, with a vocal quartet consisting of Ingeborg Wenglor, Ursula Zollenkopf, Hans-Joachim Rotzch, and Theo Adam (Epic 6036, mono; BSC 107, stereo; both 2 discs). In the *Missa* the participants are the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Herbert von Karajan, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig, Nicolai Gedda, and Nicola Zaccaria (Angel 3595, mono; S3595, stereo; both 2 discs).

Both performances are good. Konwitschny, an experienced man, leads a firm, strong interpretation, the only let-down being a rather matter-of-fact run-through of the slow movement. His chorus is fine, his soloists almost first-rate. Theo Adam cuts a fine figure in his last-movement entrance, and so would Discus if the microphone were thrust next to his vocal cords. The soprano is lusty and enthusiastic but unreliable, and toward the end she lets out a fortissimo yell that would be impressive if on pitch. Unfortunately she is a good quarter-tone off.

No complaints can be made about the singing in the *Missa Solemnis.* Each of the quartet is a stylist. And von Karajan is one of today's masters of the podium. He is never particularly poetic, but his control is amazing, his feeling for balances about perfect, and his phrasing always intelligent and secure.

The *Missa* is one of Beethoven's most respected works, though many find it puzzling. It was composed around the time of the Ninth, and both scores have much in common. Nowhere in the *Missa,* though, is encountered the vulgarity heard in many sections of the Ninth's last movement. That finale is Beethoven's devoir to humanity; the *Missa* is Beethoven's prayer to himself. It is a colossal edifice and a tortured one; but these are the struggles of a Titan. No self-pity is involved; there is no romantic blight, no neuroticism to *this* music.

Self-pity with Horns

With Mahler, though, one is acutely conscious of the neuroticism and self-pity. This is not a novel observation and has been said many times before. But listening to Mahler's Ninth Symphony, just recorded by Leopold Ludwig and the London Symphony (Everest 6050, mono; 3050, stereo; both 2

AND ALSO . . .

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica). Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. Victor LM 2387 (mono only).

This disc has been made from the Carnegie Hall broadcast of December 6, 1943. It is a typical Toscanini performance—taut, almost ferocious, with tremendous emotional impact. Considering its date, the recorded sound is good.

Rachmaninoff: Preludes. Stewart Gordon, piano. Washington 426 (mono only).

Two Preludes from Op. 23 and the entire Op. 32 set, played with technical freedom and a good deal of color by a fine young American pianist.

Bartók: Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta; Hungarian Sketches. Fritz Reiner and Chicago Symphony. Victor LM 2374 (mono); LSC 2374 (stereo).

A twentieth-century masterpiece, conducted with flair by a specialist in the idiom. And the recorded sound is unusually realistic. An outstanding release.

Mozart: Arias. Anna Moffo, soprano, and Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Alceo Galliera. Angel 35716 (mono); S35716 (stereo).

The arias here are not only operatic but from several of the religious works. Moffo sings with lovely tonal quality and a high degree of musicianship.

discs), in juxtaposition to Beethoven's Ninth and the *Missa Solemnis*, one discovers those elements brought into high relief.

Beethoven is a fighter. Mahler is a weeper. The first movement of Mahler's Ninth is all gloom, gloom, gloom. And they say Tchaikovsky is neurotic! This movement is full of restless figurations, mysterious blats from the horns; hysterical sounds from the strings. And it goes on for almost a half-hour (the entire symphony runs, in this recording, an hour, fifteen minutes, and thirty-one seconds). Mahler never did have much sense of proportion; he was too interested in himself, in his worries and his insecurities and his grudge against the world. After the first half-hour one feels that *nobody* is entitled to such sorrows and lamentations. It is embarrassing.

Mahler's Crowbar

What saves Mahler is a musical mind that in many respects was original and far in advance of his day. He can be redundant, but he also comes up with harmonic ideas that make one gasp. In this the man was visionary. The second movement of the Ninth is a monstrous, swollen Landler (an Austrian dance) that has some wild dissonances, one spot that anticipates Shostakovich (who knows his Mahler very well), and another that suggests late Strauss. The most amazing movement of all is the third, a burlesque, which has a type of melodic line that leads straight into the music of the twelve-tone composers. Here Mahler pitches everything out of the window and puts a crowbar to the house of music.

But in the last movement we are back to the neo-Beethoven type of self-conscious nobility. Mahler flaps vaguely in the empyrean. It would not be so bad if his ideas were first-rate in sections like these, but they aren't. He is at his best only when he can bring his sardonic imagination into play.

This kind of imagination can be heard, up to a point, in the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* ("Songs of a Wayfarer"), and almost none at all in the *Kindertotenlieder* ("Songs on the Death of Children"), both of which have been recorded by Maureen Forrester, contralto, with the

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But there are practical and common-sense reasons why so many millions of people are Catholics. And they are such convincing reasons that a young Catholic lawyer... with all the analytical exactness of his profession... has been moved to publish them in a booklet explaining "Why I Am A Catholic."

The Catholic system of thought, he says, provides him with reasonable and consistent answers to the basic questions which trouble mankind. He finds it reasonable to believe, as the Catholic Church teaches, that man has a physical body and a rational soul... that man and his world were created by God... and that man lives primarily "to return to God by saving his soul through love of God and his neighbor."

With these principles to guide him, the Catholic finds it both logical and necessary to fulfill his obligations to other men... to obey the civil laws... and to labor for the improvement of society as well as personal gain. For him, the basic principles of democratic freedom are not merely a political code of ethics but a fundamental part of his religion. Human rights, the right of private property, and government with the consent of the people, are essentials of Catholic philosophy of life.

Communism, the lawyer says, is a deadly menace to the world because the solutions it offers to men's problems, though definite, are false and often hideous. Catholicism alone, he adds, offers answers equally as definite and forceful, and backed up by an equal unity and zeal.

"Catholicism," he continues, "gives me confidence and courage to face the present and the future... the confidence of one who has a map upon which the path to a sound, secure and peaceful future is well outlined, the courage of one who knows that the guide has behind it the experience of 2,000 years, the viewpoint of the world itself, and the devotion of countless millions. I am a Catholic because I am convinced that the Catholic Church is the true Church founded by Christ."

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Boston Symphony under Charles Munch (Victor LM 2371, mono; LSC 2371, stereo).

The *Kindertotenlieder* are indescribable bathos, and even Mahler's own wife found the conception hard to take, all the more in that two healthy children were running around the house. Rückert's poems are thick German sentimentality at its worst. The skill of Mahler's orchestration and the richness of his harmonic scheme cannot hide the essential banality of the text. At least in the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, which does not have the musical intensity of the *Kindertotenlieder*, there is a certain bracing, healthy, out-of-doors quality. Forrester, incidentally, sings both scores beautifully. She is relatively new on the scene but already has developed into one of the best Lieder singers before the public.

Bread Baked by Angels

Of all the Mahler symphonies, the Fourth is the easiest to assimilate, the most untroubled and the sanest. Also the shortest. It has been beautifully recorded by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, with Lisa Della Casa the soprano soloist in the last movement (Victor LM 2364, mono; LSC 2364, stereo). Only in one spot does Mahler hark back to the Beethoven Ninth. That is in the third movement, an unconscious rewrite of the *adagio* in the Beethoven. It is the movement in Mahler's Fourth that most Germans greatly admire, and it also is the weakest. The others have a strange sort of intellectual stimulation. Wry little dissonances pop up here and there. The second movement has an implied programme (Death tuning his fiddle?), and the grotesque distortions are handled, for once, in a faultless manner.

Most unusual is the last movement, which is nothing but a wistful and even amusing song about Heaven—a Heaven where all is joy and merriment, where the bread is baked by angels, where Herod is the butcher and St. Martha the cook. Mahler is not taking himself seriously, and the results are enchanting. It is our loss that he spent so much time contemplating his navel and so little time contemplating the world.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

TRANE

John Coltrane is one of the musicians who try to make certain that jazz shall not be too easy. He is a tenor saxophonist, who arrived by way of bebop, made a name for himself among the "cool"—most famously with the Miles Davis quintet—and is now a leading exponent of the style that is called, in several senses of the word, "hard": hard to play, hard in its attack on the notes, hard in its surge against the rhythm, and (not least importantly) hard to understand.

For all that, he finds himself classified—by John Mehegan, in a precedent-shattering gesture of attentiveness to jazz by the New York *Herald Tribune*—as part of "The Mainstream." (This is the supreme compliment, putting him in opposition to members of the "avant-garde" like Charles Mingus, a "folklorist" like Jimmy Giuffre, a "chamber group" like the Modern Jazz Quartet, or a "sensualist" like Ahmad Jamal—which gives you a rough idea of how hard it is these days to satisfy a jazz critic.)

It is also another way of saying that Coltrane—granting the wails, honks, and rapid-fire runs that have been obligatory saxophone sounds since Charlie Parker—conveys warmth and excitement to both the new- and the old-fashioned ear. He pours it on, and one of the conventional (and safe) statements about him has come to be that he tries to do too much, plays too many notes, and would be better off with more realistic aims. While such counsel has probably been offered to all those who accomplish anything worth doing, I must agree that Coltrane's relatively slow numbers—like "Theme for Ernie" on Prestige 7142 or "You Leave Me Breathless" on Prestige 7123—are to me the most compelling.

John Coltrane. **Giant Steps.** Atlantic 1311.
Blue Train. Blue Note 1577.
Coltrane. Prestige LP 7105. With the Red Garland Trio. Prestige LP 7123.
Soultrane. Prestige LP 7142.

See also: Miles Davis. **'Round About Midnight.** Columbia CL 949. **Milestones.** Columbia CL 1193.
And: **Miles.** Prestige LP 7014. **Relaxin'.** Prestige 7129. **Cookin'.** Prestige 7094.